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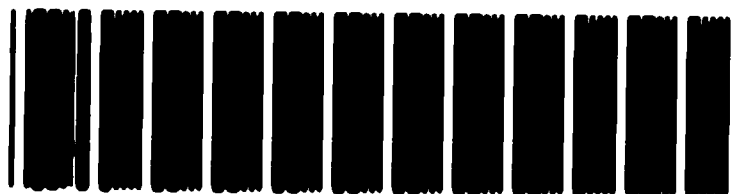
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A  
*Complete Edition*  
of the  
*Poets*  
of  
**GREAT BRITAIN.**

Volume the Third.

Containing  
Drayton Carew & Suckling.



LONDON:

Printed for John & Arthur Arch, 23 Gracechurch Street.  
and for Bell & Bradfute and J. Mundell & Co. Edinburgh.







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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esq.

Containing his

POLY-OLBION,  
BARONS WARS,  
ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES,  
BATTLE OF AGINCOURT,  
DIREGIES,

LEGENDS,  
IDEAS,  
NYMPHIDIA,  
QUEST OF CYNTHIA,  
SONNETS,

U. U. U.

To which is prefixed

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

DRAYTON, sweet ancient bard, his ALBION sung  
With their own praise, her echoing vallies rung,  
His bounding Muse o'er every mountain rode,  
And every river warbled where he flow'd.

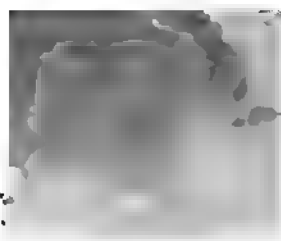
KIRKPATRICK'S SEA-PIECE.

*George Taylor*  
EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

Ann 1793.







## THE LIFE OF DRAYTON.

An imperfect edition of his collected works was printed in folio 1748; and a more complete one 4 vol. 8vo, 1753. They are now for the first time received into a collection of classical English poetry.

The character of Drayton among his contemporaries was that of an elegant poet, and a modest and amiable man. The testimonies of Jonson, Drummond, Selden, Sir William Alexander, Browne and Sandys, are unquestionable authorities in his favour.

Jonson in his "conversation with Drummond" says, that Michael Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, had he performed what he promised, to write the deeds of all the worthies, had been excellent. Drummond says "his *Poly-Olbion* is one of the smoothest poems I have seen in English; poetical and well prosecuted. There are some pieces in him I dare compare with the best transmarine poems; the 7th song pleaseth me much; the 12th is excellent; the 13th also; the *discourse of hunting* passeth with any poet." Meres, in his "Wit's Treasury, pronounces the following eulogium upon him. "As Anlus Persius Flaccus is reputed among all writers to be of an honest life and upright conversation; so Michael Drayton (*quem toties bonoris & amoris causa nomino*) among scholars, souldiers, poets, and all sorts of people, is helde for a man of vertuous disposition, honest conversation, and well governed carriage, which is almost miraculous among good wits in these declining and corrupt times, when there is nothing but rogerie in villanous man; and when cheating and craftines is counted the cleanest wit and the soundest wisdom." Winstanley is very lavish in displaying the great extent of his fame: "He had drunk as deep a draught at Helicon as any in his time: for fame and renown in poetry he is not much inferior, if not equal to Spenser: his *England's Heroical Epistles*, generally liked and received, entitling him unto the appellation of the *English Ovid*."

His reputation in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. stood on much the same level with that of Cowley in the two succeeding reigns; but it has declined considerably since that period.

The modern testimonies to his merit are few, when compared with those of the last century, and by no means equal to his desert. Most readers, either discouraged at his voluminousness, or from an unlucky perverseness or fastidiousness of taste, content themselves with superficially skimming him over, without going deep enough to be real judges of his excellence.

The *Poly-Olbion*, his greatest performance, is one of the most singular and original works this country has produced. The information contained in it is in general so accurate, that it is quoted as an authority by Hearne, Wood, and Nicholson. His perpetual allusions to obsolete traditions, remote events, remarkable facts and personages, together with his curious genealogies of rivers, and his taste for natural history, have contributed to render his work very valuable to the antiquary.

To many just objections it is most certainly liable; his verse of twelve syllables, though generally harmonious, is antiquated and unsuitable to the dignity and importance of his subject, and his continual personification of woods, mountains, and rivers, are tedious, and must be read rather for information than pleasure.

His *Barons Wars* are not liable to the same objections, the measure is more judiciously chosen; and though they frequently want the elevation of thought which is essential to poetry, the numbers are harmonious, and in some stanzas scarce inferior to the finest passages in Spenser.

The subject, it may be thought, is too extensive, and the province of the historian too far transgressed upon; in order to be introduced to good incident and reflection, one must toil through dry facts, listen with patience to the developement of uncertain primary causes; and, at last, perhaps, be obliged to have recourse to a prose explanation in the notes.

In his *Legends* and *Heroical Epistles*, both the time and the events are properly limited; the attention is gratified, but not satiated. He is in general, however, happier in the choice than the execution of his subjects; yet some of his imitations of Ovid are more in the spirit of a poet than several of the English translations of him.

His *Nymphidia: the Court of Fayrie*, seems to have been the greatest effort of his imagination, and is the most generally admired of his works. It is a most pleasing effort of a sportive fancy. The charm, in particular, is ludicrously whimsical; the component parts are put together with great propriety. It is a fine prelude to the witches Cauldron in *Macbeth*, and only exceeded by the stronger genius of Shakspeare.



His *Ideas* expresses much fancy and poetry.

His *Sonnets* possess, in a high degree, those distinctions which have been esteemed the most delicate improvements in English versification, and are scarce inferior to the best compositions of that kind in our language. His *Divine Poems* contain some sublime images.

"He possessed" says Mr. Headley, "a very considerable fertility of mind, which enabled him to distinguish himself in almost every species of poetry, from a trifling sonnet to a long topographical poem. If he any where sinks below himself, it is in his attempt at Satire. The goodness of his heart seems to have produced in him that confused kind of honest indignation which deprived him of the powers of discrimination; he therefore lost the opportunities of seizing on those nice allusions, situations and traits of character, by which vice and folly are rendered odious and contemptible."

"He wanted neither fire nor imagination, and possessed great command of his abilities. He has written no masques; his personifications of the passions are few; and that allegorical vein which the popularity of Spenser's works may fairly be supposed to have rendered fashionable, and which overruns our earlier poetry, but seldom occurs in him. While his contemporary Jonson peopled his pages with the heathen mythology, and gave our language new idioms, by the introduction of Latinisms, Drayton adopted a style, that with a few exceptions, the present age may peruse without difficulty, and not unfrequently mistake for its own offspring. In a most pedantic æra he was unaffected, and seldom exhibits his learning at the expence of his judgment."



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## THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

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CRA'D was the thunder of those drums which  
wak'd  
Th' affrighted French, their miseries to view,  
At Edward's name which to that hour still quak'd,  
Their Salique tables to the ground who threw;  
Yet were the English courages not flak'd,  
But the same bows and the same blades they drew,  
With the same arms those weapons to ad-  
vance,  
Which lately lopt the fleur-de-liz of France.

Henry the Fifth, that man made out of fire,  
Th' imperial wreath plac'd on his princely brow,  
His lion's courage stands not to enquire  
Which way old Henry came by it; or how  
At Pomfret-castle Richard should expire:  
What's that to him? he hath the garland now;  
Let (a) Bullingbrook beware how he it wan,  
For (b) Monmouth means to keep it if he can.

That glorious day, which his great father got  
Upon the Percys (calling to their aid  
The valiant Douglas, that Herculean Scot)  
When for his crown at Shrewsbury they play'd,  
Had quite dishearten'd ev'ry other plot,  
And all those tempests quietly had lay'd,  
That not a cloud did to this Prince appear,  
No former King had seen a sky so clear.

Yet the rich clergy felt a fearful rent  
In the full bosom of their church (whilst she  
A monarchess, immeasurably spent,  
Less than she was, and thought she might not be)  
By Wickliff and his followers: to prevent  
The growth of whose opinions, and to free  
That foul aspersion which on her they laid,  
She her strong'st wits must stir up to her aid.

When presently a parliament is call'd,  
To set things steady that stood not so right,  
But that thereby the poor might be inthrall'd,

(a) Henry IV. so named from a town in Lincolnshire, where he was born.

(b) Henry V. was born at Monmouth in Wales.

Should they be urg'd by those that were of might;  
That in his empire equity install'd,  
It should continue in that perfect plight;  
Wherefore to (c) Lei'ster he th' assembly draws,  
There to enact those necessary laws.

It which one bill, 'mongst many, there was read,  
Against the general and superfluous waste  
Of temporal lands, the layety that had fed  
Upon the houses of religion caste,  
Which for defence might stand the realm in sted  
Where it most needed, were it rightly plac'd;  
Which made those church-men generally to  
fear,  
For all this calm, some tempest might be near.

And being right skilful, quickly they foresaw  
No shallow-brains this bus'ness went about:  
Therefore with cunning they must cure this flaw;  
For of the King they greatly stood in doubt,  
Lest him to them their opposites should draw,  
Some thing must be thrust in, to thrust that out:  
And to this end they wisely must provide  
One, this great engine clerkly that could guide.

Chichley (d), who sat on Canterbury's see,  
A man well spoken, gravely, stout, and wise,  
The most select (then thought of that could be)  
To act what all the prelacy devise;  
(For well they knew, that in this bus'ness he  
Would to the utmost strain his faculties;)  
Him list they up with their main strength, to  
prove  
By some clean flight this libel (e) to remove.

His brain in labour, gladly forth would bring  
Somewhat that at this needful time might fit  
The sprightly humour of this youthful King,  
If his invention could but light on it.  
His working soul projecteth many a thing,  
Until at length, out of the strength of wit,

(c) A parliament called at Leicester, A. D. 1413.

(d) Henry Chichley, who succeeded Arundel just then deceased the see of Canterbury.

(e) So they termed it, as not worthy of a better title.



He found a war with France must be the way  
To dash this bill, else threat'ning their decay.

Whilst vacant minds sat in their breasts at ease,  
And the remembrance of their conquests past,  
Upon their fancies doth so strongly seize,  
As in their teeth their cowardice it cast,  
Rehearsing to them those victorious days,  
The deeds of which beyond their name should  
last;

That after-ages reading what was theirs,  
Shall hardly think those men had any heirs.

And to this point premeditating well,  
A speech (which chanc'd the very pin to cleave)  
Aim'd, whatsoever the success befell,  
That it no room should for a second leave,  
More of this title then in hand to tell,  
If so his skill him did not much deceive;

And 'gainst the King in public should appear,  
Thus frames his speech to the assembly there.

" (f) Pardon by boldness, my liege sovereign  
" Lord,  
" Nor your dread presence let my speech offend;  
" Your mild attention favourably afford,  
" Which such clear vigour to my spirit shall  
" lend,  
" That it shall set an edge upon your sword,  
" To my demand and make you to attend,  
" Asking you, why men train'd to arms you  
" keep,  
" Your right in France yet suff'ring still to  
" sleep.

" Can such a prince be in an island pent,  
" And poorly thus shut up within a sea?  
" When as your right includes that vast extent,  
" To th' either Alps your empire forth to lay.  
" Can he be English-born, and is not bent  
" To follow you? Appoint you but the way,  
" We'll wade if we want ships, the waves or  
" climb,  
" In one hand hold our swords, with th' other  
" swim.

" What time controuls your brave great-grand-  
" sire's claim

" To th' realm of France, from Philip nam'd the  
" fair,

" Which to king Edward by his mother came,  
" Queen Isabel, that Philip's only heir,  
" Which this short intermission doth not main?  
" But if it did, as he, so yours repair;  
" That where his right in blood prevailed not,  
" In spite of hell, yet by his sword he got.

" What set that conqueror, by their Salique laws,  
" Those poor decrees their parliaments could  
" make?

" He enter'd on the justness of his cause,

(f) The Archbishop of Canterbury's speech in this and  
the two following stanzas.

" To make good what he dar'd to undertake;  
" And once in action, he stood not to pause,  
" But in upon them like a tempest brake,  
" And down their buildings with such fur  
" bare,  
" That they from mists dissolved were to air.

" As those brave Edwards, father and the son,  
" At conquer'd Cressy with successful luck,  
" Where first all France (as at one game) the  
" won,  
" Never two warriors such a battle struck,  
" That when the bloody dismal fight was done,  
" Here in one heap, there in another ruck,  
" Princes and peasants lay together mixt,  
" The English swords no difference knew be  
" twixt.

" There Lewis King of Beame was overthrown.  
" With valiant Charles, of France the young  
" brother;  
" A dauphin, and two dukes, in pieces hewn;  
" To them six earls lay slain by one another;  
" There the Grand Prior of France fecht his la  
" groin;  
" Two archbishops the boist'rous croud dot  
" smother;  
" There fifteen thousand of their gentry dy'd,  
" With each two soldiers slaughter'd by hi  
" side.

" Nor the Black Prince, at Poitiers battle, fought  
" Short of his father, and himself before,  
" Her king and prince, that prisoners hithe  
" brought  
" From forty thousand welt'ring in their gore,  
" That in the world's opinion it was thought,  
" France from that instant could subsist m  
" more:  
" The marshal, and the constable, there slain  
" Under the standard, in that battle ta'en.

" Nor is this claim for women to succeed  
" ('Gainst which they would your right to Franc  
" debar)  
" A thing so new, that it so much should need  
" Such opposition, as though fetcht from far.  
" By Pepin this is prov'd, as by a deed,  
" Deposing Cheldrick by a fatal war,  
" By Blythild dar'd his title to advance,  
" Daughter to Clothar, first so nam'd of France

" Hugh Capet, who from Charles of Lorai  
" took  
" The crown of France, that he in peace might  
" reign,  
" As heir to Lingard to her title stuck,  
" Who was the daughter of King Charlemain:  
" So holy Lewes poring on his book,  
" Whom that Hugh Capet made his heir again,  
" From Ermingard, his grandame, claim'd th  
" crown,  
" Duke Charles his daughter, wrongfully pr  
" down.



## THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT.

3

" Nor think, my liege, a fitter time than this,  
 " You could have found your title to advance,  
 " At the full height when now the faction is,  
 " 'Twixt Burgoyne and the house of Orleans:  
 " Your purpose you not possibly can miss,  
 " It for my lord so luckily doth chance,  
 " That whilst these two in opposition stand,  
 " You may have time your army there to land.

" And if my fancy doth not overpress  
 " My visual sense, methinks in every eye  
 " I see such cheer, as of our good success  
 " In France hereafter seems to prophesy.  
 " Think not, my sovereign, my allegiance less,  
 " Quoth he; my lords, nor do you misapply  
 " My words, thus long upon this subject spent,  
 " Who humbly here submit to your assent."

This speech of his that powerful engine prov'd,  
 Than e'er our fathers got, which rais'd us higher;  
 The clergy's fear that quietly remov'd,  
 And into France transfer'd our hostile fire;  
 It made the English through the world belov'd,  
 That durst to those so mighty things aspire;  
 And gave so clear a lustre to our fame,  
 That neighbouring nations trembled at our name.

When through the house, this rumor scarcely ran,  
 That war with France propounded was again,  
 In all th' assembly there was not a man,  
 But put the project on with might and main;  
 So great applause it generally wan,  
 That else no business they would entertain;  
 As though their honour utterly were lost,  
 If this design should any way be crost.

So much men's minds now upon France were set,  
 That every one doth with himself forecast,  
 What might fall out this enterprise to let,  
 As what again might give it wings of haste;  
 And for they knew the French did still abet  
 The Scot against us, which we us'd to hate,  
 It question'd was, if it were fit or no,  
 To conquer them e'er we to France should go.

Which Ralph then Earl of Westmorland propos'd:  
 Quoth he, with Scotland let us first begin,  
 By which we are upon the North inclos'd,  
 And lockt with us one continent within;  
 Then first let Scotland be by us dispos'd,  
 And with more ease ye spacious France may win;  
 Else of ourselves, e'er we our ships can clear,  
 To land in France, they will invade us here.

Not so, brave Nevill, (a) Exeter replies,  
 For that of one two labours were to make,  
 For Scotland wholly upon France relies;  
 First conquer France, and Scotland ye may take;  
 'Tis the French pay, the Scot to them that ties;  
 That kept, asunder quickly ye shall shake

(a) The Duke of Exeter, the king's own uncle.

The French and Scots. To France then first,  
 say I.

" First, first to France," then all the commons  
 cry.

And instantly an embassy is sent  
 To Charles of France, to will him to restore  
 Those territories, of whose large extent  
 The English king, were owners of before;  
 Which if he did not, and incontinent,  
 The king would set those English on his shore,  
 That in despite of him, and all his might,  
 Should leave their lives there, or redeem his right.

First Normandy in his demand he makes,  
 With Aquitaine, a duchy no less great;  
 Anjou and Mayne, with Gascoyne, which he  
 takes  
 Clearly his own, as any English seat.  
 With these proud France he first of all awakes,  
 For their delivery giving power to treat:  
 For well he knew, if Charles should these re-  
 store,  
 No King of France was ever left so poor.

The king and dauphin, to his proud demand,  
 That he might see they no such matter meant,  
 As a thing fitter for his youthful hand,  
 A ton of Paris tennis-balls him sent,  
 Better himself to make him understand,  
 Deriding his ridiculous intent:  
 And that was all the answer he could get;  
 Which more the king doth to this conquest  
 whet.

That answering the ambassador, quoth he,  
 Thanks for my balls to Charles your sovereign  
 give,  
 And thus assure him and his son from me,  
 I'll send him balls and rackets, if I live,  
 That they such such racket shall in Paris see,  
 When over line with bandies I shall drive,  
 As that before the set be fully done,  
 France may (perhaps) into the hazard run.

So little doth luxurious France foresee,  
 By her disdain what she upon her drew,  
 (In her most bravery seeming then to be)  
 The punishment that shortly should ensue:  
 Which so incens'd the English king, that he  
 For full revenge into that fury grew,  
 That those three horrors, famine, sword, and  
 fire,  
 Could not suffice to satisfy his ire.

In all men's mouths now was no word but war,  
 As though no thing had any other name;  
 And folk would ask of them arriv'd from far,  
 What forces were preparing whence they came?  
 'Gainst any business 'twas a lawful bar,  
 To say for France they were; and 'twas a shame  
 For any man to take in hand to do  
 Aught, but something that did belong thereto.

A ij



## THE WORKS OF DRAYTON.

Old armours are drest up, and new are made ;  
 Jacks are in working, and strong shirts of mail ;  
 This scowrs an old (a) Fox, that a (u) Bilboa blade ;  
 Now shields and targets only are for sale ;  
 Who works for war, now thriveth by his trade.  
 The brown bill and the battle-ax prevail ;  
 The curious fletcher fits his well-strung bow,  
 And his barb'd arrow, which he sets to shew.

Tents and pavillions in the fields are pitch'd,  
 E'er full wrought up, their roomthiness to try ;  
 Windows and towers with ensigns are enrich'd  
 With ruffling banners, that do brave the sky ;  
 Wherewith the wearied labourer bewitch'd,  
 To see them thus hang waving in his eye,  
 His toilsome burthen from his back doth throw,  
 And bids them work that will, to France he'll  
 go.

Rich saddles for the light-horse and the bard,  
 For to be brav'd there's not a man but plies ;  
 Plumes, bandrolls, and caparizons prepar'd ;  
 Whether of two, and men at arms devise,  
 The (b) greaves or (c) guises were the surer guard,  
 The (d) vambrass or the pouldron they should  
 prize ;  
 And where a stand of pikes plac'd close, or  
 large,  
 Which way to take advantage in the charge.

One trains his horse, another trains his pike ;  
 He with his poll-ax practiseth the fight ;  
 The bow-man (which no country hath the like)  
 With his sheaf-arrow proveth by his might,  
 How many score off he his foe can strike,  
 Yet not to draw above his bosom's height.  
 The trumpets sound the charge and the re-  
 treat ;  
 The bellowing drum the march again doth  
 beat.

Cannons upon their carriage mounted are,  
 Whose battery France must feel upon her walls ;  
 The engineer providing the petard,  
 To break the strong portcullice ; and the balls  
 Of wild-fire, devis'd to throw from far,  
 To burn to ground their palaces and halls :  
 Some studying are the scale which they had  
 got,  
 Thereby to take the level of their (e) shot.

The man in years preach'd to his youthful son  
 Preis'd to this war, as they fate by the fire,  
 What deeds in France were by his father done,  
 To this attempt, to work him to aspire ;  
 And told him there how he an ensign won,  
 Which many a year was hung up in the quire :  
 And in the battle, where he made his way,  
 How many Frenchmen he struck down that day.

The good old man, with tears of joy, would tell  
 In Cressy field what prizes Edward play'd ;  
 As what at Poitiers the Black Prince befell,  
 How like a lion he about him laid :  
 In deeds of arms how Audley did excel ;  
 For their old sins how they the Frenchmen pain  
 How bravely Basset did behave him there ;  
 How Oxford charg'd the van, Warwick the  
 rear.

And boy, quoth he, I have heard thy grandfa-  
 ther say,  
 That once he did an English archer see,  
 Who shooting at a French twelve score away,  
 Quite through the body stuck him to a tree ;  
 Upon their strengths a king his crown might  
 lay :  
 Such were the men of that brave age, quoth he,  
 When with his ax he at his foe let drive,  
 Murrian and scalp down to the teeth could  
 rive.

The scarlet judge might now set up his mule,  
 With neighing steeds the streets so pester'd are ;  
 For where he went in Westminster to rule,  
 On his tribunal sat the man of war ;  
 The lawyer to his chamber doth recule,  
 For he hath now no bus'ness at the bar ;  
 But to make wills and testaments for those  
 That were for France, their substance to dis-  
 pose.

By this, the council of this war had met,  
 And had at large of every thing discuss'd ;  
 And the grave clergy had with them been set,  
 To warrant what they undertook was just ;  
 And as for monies, that to be no let,  
 They bade the king for that to them to trust :  
 The church to pawn would see her chalice  
 E'er she would leave one pioneer unpaid.

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,  
 Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,  
 (For there the king the rendezvous decreed)  
 To bear aboard his most victorious freight ;  
 The place from whence he with the greatest  
 speed  
 Might land in France, of any that was thought,  
 And with success upon that lucky shore.  
 Where his great (f) grandfire landed had be-  
 fore.

But, for he found those vessels were too few,  
 That into France his army should convey,  
 He sent to Belgia, whose great store he knew  
 Might now at need supply him every way.  
 His bounty ample as the winds that blew,  
 Such barks for portage out of ev'ry bay  
 In Holland, Zealand, and in Flanders, brings  
 As spread the wide (g) Sleeve with their ca-  
 val wings.

(a) Blades accounted of the best temper.  
 (b) Arme. at all points.  
 (c) Armings for the thigh and leg.  
 (d) Armings for arm and shoulder.  
 (e) Great ordnance then but newly in use.

(f) Edward the third.  
 (g) The sea between France and England, so-called.



But first seven ships from Rochester are sent,  
The narrow seas of all the French to sweep :  
All men of war with scripts of mart that went,  
And had command the coast of France to keep,  
The coming of a navy to prevent,  
And view what strength was in the bay of Diepe ;  
And if they found it like to come abroad,  
To do their best to fire it in the road.

The (a) Bonaventure, George, and the Expence,  
Three as tall ships as e'er did cable tew ;  
The Henry Royal, at her parting thence,  
Like the huge (b) ruck from Gillingham that  
flew :

The Antelope, the Elephant, Defence,  
Bottoms as good as ever spread a clue :  
All having charge, their voyage having been,  
Before Southampton to take soldiers in.

Twelve merchants ships, of mighty burthen all,  
New off the stocks, that had been rigg'd for Stoad,  
Riding in Thames by Limehouse and Blackwall,  
That ready were their merchandise to load,  
Straitly commanded by the admiral,  
At the same port to settle their abode ;  
And each of these a pinnace at command,  
To put her freight conveniently to land.

Eight goodly ships so Bristol ready made,  
Which to the king they bountifully lent,  
With Spanish wines which they for ballast lade,  
In happy speed of his brave voyage meant,  
Hoping his conquest should enlarge their trade,  
And therewithall a rich and spacious tent :  
And as this fleet the Severn seas doth stem,  
Five more from Padstow came along with  
them.

The Hare of Loo, a right good ship well known,  
The year before that twice the Streights had past,  
Two wealthy Spanish merchants did her own,  
Who then but lately had repair'd her waste ;  
For from her deck a pirate she had blown,  
After a long fight, and him took at last :  
And from Mounts-Bay six more, that still in  
fight  
Waited with her before the isle of Wight.

From Plymouth next came in the blazing star  
And fiery dragon, to take in their freight,  
With other four especial men of war,  
That in the bay of Portugal had fought ;  
And though returning from a voyage far,  
Stem'd that rough sea, when at the high'st it  
wrought,  
With these, of Dartmouth seven good ships  
there were,  
The golden crescent in their tops that bear.

So Lyme three ships into the navy sent,  
Of which the Sampson scarce a month before

Had sprung a plank, and her main-mast had  
spent,  
With extreme peril that she got to shore :  
With them five other out of Weymouth went,  
Which by Southampton were made up a score :  
With those that rode at pleasure in the bay,  
And that at anchor before Portsmouth lay.

Next these, Newcastle furnisheth the fleet  
With nine good hoyes, of necessary use ;  
The Danish pirates valiantly that beat,  
Offering to sack them as they sail'd for Sluce.  
Six hulks from Hull at Humber's mouth them  
meet,  
Which had them oft accompany'd to (c) Pruce.  
Five more from Yarmouth falling them a-  
mong,  
That had for fishing been prepared long.

The Cow of Harwich, never put to flight,  
For hides and furs late to Muscovia bound ;  
Of the same port, another nam'd the Spight,  
That in her coming lately through the Sound,  
After a two days still-continued fight,  
Had made three Flemings run themselves a-  
ground ;  
With three neat fly-boats, which with them do  
take  
Six ships of Sandwich, up the fleet to make.

Nine ships for the nobility there went,  
Of able men, the enterprise to aid,  
Which to the king most liberally they lent,  
At their own charge, and bountifully paid.  
Northumberland and Westmorland in sent  
Fourscore at arms apiece, themselves and laid  
At sixscore archers each, as Suffolk shews,  
Twenty tall men at arms, with forty bows.

Warwick and Stafford levied at no less  
Than noble Suffolk, nor do offer more  
Of men at arms, and archers which they press,  
Of their own tenants, arm'd with their own  
store :  
Their forwardness foreshews their good success  
In such a war as had not been before :  
And other barons, under earls that were,  
Yet dar'd with them an equal charge to bear,

Darcy and Camois, zealous for the king ;  
Lovell, Fitzwater, Willoughby and Ros,  
Berckley, Powis, Burrell, fast together cling ;  
Seymour and St. John, for the bus'ness close,  
Each twenty horse, and forty foot do bring  
More, to nine hundred mounting in the grofs,  
In those nine ships, and fitly them bestow'd,  
Which with the other fall into the road.

From Holland, Zeland, and from Flanders won  
By weekly pay, threescore twelve bottoms came,  
From fifty upward to five hundred ton,  
For ev'ry use a mariner could name,

(a) The names of the king's seven ships of war.  
(b) An Indian bird, so large, that she is able to carry  
an elephant.



Whose glittering flags against the radiant sun,  
Shew'd as the sea had all been of a flame :  
For skiffs, crays, shallops, and the like, why  
these  
From ev'ry small creek cover'd all the seas.

The man whose way from London hap'd to lie,  
By those he met might guess the general force ;  
Daily encounter'd as he pass'd by,  
Now with a troop of foot, and then of horse,  
'To whom the people still themselves apply,  
Bringing them victuals as in meer remorse ;  
And still the acclamation of the press,  
Saint George for England, to your good suc-  
cess.

There might a man have seen in ev'ry street,  
'The father bidding farewell to his son ;  
Small children kneeling at their father's feet ;  
The wife with her dear husband ne'er had done ;  
Brother his brother with adieu to greet ;  
One friend to take leave of another run ;  
The maiden, with her best-belov'd to part,  
Gave him her hand, who took away her  
heart.

The nobler youth, the common rank above,  
On their courveting coursers mounted fair,  
One wore his mistress' garter, one her glove ;  
And he a lock of his dear lady's hair ;  
And he her colours whom he most did love.  
There was not one but did some favour wear ;  
And each one took it on his happy speed,  
To make it famous by some knightly deed.

The clouds of dust that from the ways arose,  
Which in their march the trampling troops do  
rear ;  
When as the sun their thickness doth oppose  
In his descending, shining wondrous clear,  
'To the beholder far off standing, shews  
Like some besieged town that were on fire :  
As though foretelling, e'er they should return,  
That many a city, yet secure, must burn.

The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,  
For this short cut with victual fully stor'd,  
'The king impatient of their long abode,  
Commands his army instantly aboard,  
Casting to have each company bestow'd,  
As then the time convenience could afford ;  
'The ships appointed wherein they should go,  
And boats prepar'd for wastage to and fro.

To be embark'd when every band comes down,  
Each in their order as they muster'd were,  
Or by the difference of their armings known,  
Or by their colours ; for in ensigns there,  
Some wore the arms of their most antient town,  
Others again their own devices bear :  
There was not any, but that more or less,  
Something had got, that something should ex-  
press.

First in the Kentish streamer was a wood,  
Out of whose top an arm that held a sword,  
As their right emblem ; and to make it good,  
'They above other only had a word,  
Which was, unconquer'd, as that freest had  
stood.

Suffex, the next that was to come aboard,  
Bore a (d) black lion rampant, fore that bled,  
With a field-arrow darted through the head.

The men of Surry, checky blue and gold,  
Which for brave Warren their first earl they  
wore,

In many a field that honour'd was of old.  
And Hampshire next, in the same colours bore  
Three lions passant, th' arms of Bevis bold,  
Who through the world so famous was of yore.  
A silver tower, Dorset's red banner bears :  
The Cornish-men two wrestlers had for theirs.

The Devonshire band, a beacon set on fire ;  
Somerset, a virgin bathing in a spring :  
Their city's arms the men of Glo'tershire,  
In gold three bloody chevernels, do bring.  
Wiltshire a crowned pyramid, as nigher  
Than any other to march to the King ;  
Berkshire a stag, under an oak that stood ;  
Oxford, a white bull wading in a flood.

The muster'd men for Buckingham, are gone  
Under the swan, the arms of that old town ;  
The Londoners and Middlesex as one,  
Are by the red cross and the dagger known.  
The men of Essex, over-match'd by none,  
Under quean Helen's (e) image marching down.  
Suffolk, a sun half risen from the brake ;  
Norfolk, a triton on a dolphin's back.

The soldiers sent from Cambridgeshire, a bay  
Upon a mountain, water'd with a shower ;  
Hartford, two harts that in a river play ;  
Bedford's, an eagle perch'd upon a tower ;  
And Huntington, a people proud as they,  
Nor giving place to any for their power,  
A youthful hun'er with a chaplet crown'd,  
In a py'd lyam leading forth his hound.

Northampton with a castle seated high,  
Supported by two lions, thither came ;  
'The men of Rutland, to them marching nigh,  
In their rich ensign bear an ermin ram ;  
And Lei'stershire, that on their strength rely,  
A bull and mastiff (f) fighting for the game.  
Lincoln a (g) ship most neatly that was limn'd,  
In all her sails with flags and pennants trimm'd.

(d) An expression of king Harold's death, slain with an arrow in the head at the battle of Hastings, fighting against the Conqueror.

(e) Queen Helen, fourth of the cross, wife to Constantine, and daughter to king Coel, builder of Colchester in Essex.

(f) A sport more used anciently in that shire than in any other.

(g) For the length it hath upon the German ocean.



Shut Warwickshire, her ancient badge the bear;  
 Worlter, a pear-tree laden with the fruit;  
 A golden fleece and Hereford doth wear;  
 Stafford, a (b) hermit in his homely suit;  
 Shropshire, a falcon tow'ring in the air:  
 And for the shire whose surface seems most brute,  
 Darby, an eagle sitting on a rook,  
 A swathed infant holding in her foot.

Old Nottingham, an archer clad in green,  
 Under a tree with his drawn bow that stood,  
 Which in a chequer'd flag far off was seen;  
 It was the picture of old Robin Hood;  
 And Lancashire, not as the least I ween,  
 Thro' three crowns three arrows smear'd with  
 blood:

Cheshire, a banner very square and broad,  
 Wherein a man upon a lion rode.

A flaming lance, the Yorkshire-men for them;  
 As those for Durham, near again at hand,  
 A mitre crowned with a diadem;  
 An armed man, the men of Cumberland;  
 So Westmorland, link'd with it in one stem,  
 A ship that wrack'd lay fir'd upon the sand:  
 Northumberland with these com'n as a bro-  
 ther,  
 Two lions fighting, tearing one another.

Thus as themselves the Englishmen had shew'd  
 Under the ensign of each sev'ral shire,  
 The native Welch, who no less honour ow'd  
 To their own king, nor yet less valiant were,  
 In one strong reg'ment had themselves bestow'd,  
 And of the rest resumed had the rear;  
 To their own quarter marching as the rest,  
 As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the best.

Pembroke, a boat (i) wherein a lady stood,  
 Rowing herself within a quiet bay;  
 These men of South Wales of the (b) mixed  
 blood,  
 Had of the Welch the leading of the way.  
 Carmarthen in her colours bore a rood,  
 Whereon an old man lean'd himself to stay,  
 At a star pointing; which of great renown,  
 Was skilful Merlin, namer of that town.

Glamorgan-men, a castle great and high,  
 From which, out of the battlement above,  
 A flame shot up itself into the sky:  
 The men of Monmouth (for the ancient love  
 To that dear country, neighbouring them so  
 nigh)  
 Next after them in equipage that move,

Many hermits formerly lived there, it being all  
 a city.

Milford haven in Pembrokeshire, one of the bravest  
 harbours in the world, therefore not unsuited to ex-  
 posed.

11. Partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welch.

Three (l) crowns imperial, which supported  
 were  
 With three arm'd arms, in their proud ensign  
 bear.

The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,  
 Upon whose top there sat a watchful cock;  
 Radnor (m), a mountain of a high ascent,  
 Thereon a shepherd keeping of his flock;  
 As (n) Cardigan, the next to them that went,  
 Came with a mermaid sitting on a rock;  
 And Merioneth bears (as these had done)  
 Three dancing goats against the rising sun.

Those of Montgomery bear a prancing steed;  
 Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace;  
 Flintshire, a work-maid in her summers weed,  
 With sheaf and sickle. With a warlike pace  
 Those of Caernarvon (not the least in speed,  
 Tho' marching last in the main army's face)  
 Three golden eagles in their ensign brought,  
 Under which oft brave Owen Guyneth fought.

The seas, amazed at the fearful sight  
 Of arms and ensigns that aboard were brought,  
 Of streamers, banners, pennons, ensigns pight  
 Upon each poop and prow; and at the fraught  
 So full of terror, that it hardly might  
 Into a natural course again be brought,  
 As the vast navy which at anchor rides,  
 Proudly presumes to shoulder out the tides.

The fleet then full, and floating on the main,  
 The numerous masts with their brave topmasts  
 spread,  
 When as the wind a little doth them strain,  
 Seem like a forest bearing her proud head  
 Against some rough flaw, that fore-runs a rain:  
 So do they look from every lofty sted,  
 Which with the surges tumbled to and fro,  
 Seem even to bend, as trees are seen to do.

From every ship when as the ordnance roar,  
 Of their depart that all might understand;  
 When as the zealous people from the shore  
 Again with fires salute them from the land;  
 For so was order left with them before,  
 To watch the beacons with a careful hand,  
 Which being once fir'd, the people more  
 less  
 Should all to church, and pray for their suc-  
 cess.

They shape their course into the mouth of Sein,  
 That destin'd flood those navies to receive;  
 Before whose fraught her France had prostrate  
 lain,

(l) To express the king's birth-place and principal-  
 ties.

(m) The middle of Wales, abounding with sheep on its  
 mountains.

(n) Expressing the maritime situation of that shire.



As now she must this, that shall never leave,  
 Until the engines that it doth contain,  
 Into the air her heighten'd walls shall heave ;  
 Whose stubborn turrets had refus'd to bow  
 To that brave nation that shall shake them  
 now.

Long-boats with scouts are put to land before,  
 Upon light rags the country to descry,  
 (Whilst the brave army setting is on shore)  
 To view what strength the enemy had nigh ;  
 Pressing the bosom of large France so fore,  
 That her pale Genius in affright doth fly  
 To all her towns, and warns them to awake,  
 And for her safety up their arms to take.

At Paris, Roan, and Orleance she calls,  
 And at their gates with groanings doth com-  
 plain :

Then cries she out, " O get up to your walls :  
 " The English armies are return'd again,  
 " Which in two battles gave those fatal falls  
 " At Cressy and at Poitiers, where lay slain  
 " Our conquer'd fathers, which with very  
 " fear  
 " Quake in their graves to feel them landed  
 " here."

The king of France now having understood  
 Of Henry's entrance (but too well improv'd)  
 He clearly saw that dear must be the blood  
 That it must cost, e'er he could be remov'd :  
 He sends to make his other sea-towns good,  
 (Never before so much it him behov'd)  
 In every one a garrison to lay,  
 Fearing fresh pow'rs from England every day.

To the high'st earth whilst awful Henry gets,  
 From whence strong Harfleur he might easi'st  
 see,  
 With sprightly words and thus their courage  
 whets :

" In yonder walls be mines of gold, quoth he ;  
 " He's a poor slave that thinks of any debts ;  
 " Harfleur shall pay for all, it ours shall be.  
 " This air of France doth like me wond'rous  
 " well ;  
 " Let's burn our ships, for here we mean to  
 " dwell."

But through his host he first of all proclaim'd,  
 In pain of death, no Englishman should take  
 From the religious, aged, or the maim'd,  
 Or women, that could no resistance make :  
 To gain his own for that he only aim'd,  
 Nor would have such to suffer for his sake :  
 Which in the French, when they the same did  
 hear,  
 Bred of this brave king a religious fear.

His army rang'd in order fitting war,  
 Each with some green thing doth his murrian  
 crown,

With his main standard fixt upon the (e) car,  
 Comes the great king before th' intrenched  
 town,  
 Whilst from the walls the people gazing are,  
 In all their sights he sets his army down ;  
 And for their shot he careth not a pin,  
 But seeks where he his battery may begin.

And into three his army doth divide,  
 His strong approaches on three parts to make ;  
 Himself on th' one, Clarence on th' other side ;  
 To York and Suffolk he the third doth take ;  
 The mines the Duke of Gloucester doth guide :  
 Then caus'd his ships the river up to stake,  
 That none with victual should the town re-  
 lieve,  
 Should the sword fail, with famine them to  
 grieve.

From his pavilion, where he sat in state  
 Arm'd for the siege, and buckling on his shield,  
 Brave Henry sends his herald to the gate,  
 By trumpet's sound to summon them to yield,  
 And to accept his mercy, ere too late ;  
 Or else to say, ere he forsook the field,  
 Harfleur should be but a mere heap of stones,  
 Her buildings buried with her owners bones,

France on this sudden put into a fright  
 With the sad news of Harfleur in distress,  
 Whose unexpected miserable plight  
 She on the sudden knew not to redress ;  
 But urg'd to do the utmost that she might,  
 The peoples fears and clamours to suppress,  
 Raiseth a power with all the speed she could,  
 Somewhat thereby to loose king Henry's hold.

The Marshal and the constable of France,  
 Leading those forces levied for the turn,  
 By which they thought their titles to advance,  
 And of their country endless praise to earn ;  
 But it with them far otherwise doth chance ?  
 For when they saw the villages to burn,  
 And high-tower'd Harfleur round ingirt with  
 fire,  
 They with their pow'rs to Cawdebeck re-  
 tire.

Like as a hind, when she her calf doth see  
 Lighted by chance into a lion's paws,  
 From which should she adventure it to free,  
 She must herself fill his devouring jaws,  
 And yet her young one still his prey must be,  
 (She so instructed is by nature's laws :)  
 With them so fares it, which must needs go  
 down  
 If they would fight, and yet must lose the  
 town.

(e) The king's main standard (for the ponderousness thereof) ever born upon a carriage.



(a) Now do they mount their ordnance for the day,

Their scaling-ladders rearing to the walls;  
The battering-rams against the gates they lay,  
Their brazen slings send in the wild-fire balls,  
Baskets of twigs now carry stones and clay,  
And to th' assault who furiously not falls?

The spade and pick-ax working are below,  
Which then unfelt, yet gave the greatest blow.

Rampiers of earth the painful pioneers raise  
With the walls equal, close upon the dike;  
To pass by which the soldier that assails,  
On planks thrust over, one him down doth strike:  
Him with a mall a second English pays;  
A second French transpierc'd him with a pike;  
That from the height of the imbattl'd tow'rs,  
Their mixed blood ran down the walls in show'rs.

A Frenchman back into the town doth fall,  
With a sheaf-arrow shot into the head;  
An Englishman, in scaling of the wall,  
From the same place is by a stone struck dead,  
Tumbling upon them logs of wood, and all,  
That any way for their defence might stand:  
The hills at hand re-echoing with the din,  
Of shouts without, and fearful shrieks within.

When all at once the English men assail,  
The French within all valiantly defend,  
And in a first assault if any fail,  
They by a second strife it to amend:  
Out of the town come (a) quarries thick as hail;  
As thick again their shafts the English send:  
The bellowing cannon from, both sides doth  
    roar  
With such a noise, as makes the thunder poor.

Now upon one side you should hear a cry,  
And all that quarter clouded with a smother;  
The like from that against it by and by,  
As though the one were echo to the other.  
The King and Clarence so their turns can ply;  
And valiant Glo'ster shews himself their brother,  
Whose mines to the besieg'd more mischief do,  
Than, with th' assaults above, the other two.

An old man sitting by the fire side,  
Decrepit with extremity of age,  
Still his little grandchild when it cry'd,  
Almost distracted with the batteries rage;  
Sometimes doth speak it fair, sometimes doth  
    chide,  
As thus he seeks its mourning to assuage,  
By chance a bullet doth the chimney hit,  
Which falling in, doth kill both him and it.

Whilst the sad weeping mother sits her down,  
To give her little new-born babe the pap,  
A luckless quarry, level'd at the town,

(a) A description of the siege of Harfleur, in the nine-  
teen following stanzas.  
(a) Cross-bow arrows.

Kills the sweet baby sleeping in her lap,  
That with the fright she falls into a swoon;  
From which awak'd, and mad with the mishap,  
As up a rampier shrieking she doth climb,  
Comes a great shot, and strikes her limb from  
    limb.

Whilst a sort run confusedly to quench  
Some palace burning, or some fired street.  
Call'd from where they were fighting in the trench,  
They in their way with balls of wild-fire meet,  
So plagued are the miserable French,  
Not above head, but also under feet;  
For the fierce English vow the town to take,  
Or of it soon a heap of stones to make.

Hot is the siege, the English coming on  
As men so long to be kept out that scorn,  
Careless of wounds, as they were made of stone,  
As with their teeth the walls they would have torn:  
Into a breach who quickly is not gone,  
Is by the next behind him overborn;  
So that they found a place that gave them way,  
They never car'd what danger therein lay.

From ev'ry quarter they their course must ply,  
As't pleas'd the King them to th' assault to call:  
Now on the Duke of York the charge doth ly;  
To Kent and Cornwall then the turn doth fall;  
Then Huntingdon up to the walls they cry;  
Then Suffolk, and then Exeter; which all  
In their mean soldiers habits us'd to go,  
Taking such part as those that own'd them do.

The men of Harfleur rough excursions make  
Upon the English, watchful in their tent,  
Whose courages they to their cost awake,  
With many a wound, that often back them sent,  
So proud a folly that durst undertake,  
And in the chase pell-mell amongst them went;  
For on the way such ground of them they win  
That some French are shut out, some English in

Nor idly sit our men at armes the while,  
Four thousand horse that ev'ry day go out,  
And of the field are masters many a mile,  
By putting the rebellious French to rout;  
No peasants them with promises beguile,  
Another bus'ness they were come about;  
For him they take, his ransom must redeem,  
Only French crowns the Englishmen esteem.

Whilst English Henry lastly means to try  
By three vast mines the walls to overthrow,  
The Frenchmen, their approaches that espy,  
By countermines do meet with them below;  
And as opposed in the works they ly,  
Up the besieged the besiegers blow,  
That stifled quite with powder, as with dust,  
Longer to walls they found it vain to trust.

Till Gaucourt then and Tuttiville, that were  
The town's commanders, with much peril find  
The resolution that the English bear,



As how their own to yielding were inclin'd,  
 Summon to parley; off'ring frankly there,  
 If that aid came not by a day assign'd,  
 To give the town up, might their lives stand  
 free;  
 As for their goods, at Henry's will to be.

And having won their conduct to the King,  
 Those hardy chiefs on whom the charge had lain,  
 Thither those well-fed burgeses do bring,  
 What they had offer'd strongly to maintain  
 In such a case, although a dang'rous thing;  
 Yet they so long upon their knees remain,  
 That five days respite from his grant they have  
 Which was the most they for their lives durst  
 crave.

The time prefixed coming to expire,  
 And their relief ingloriously delay'd;  
 Nothing within their sight but sword and fire,  
 And bloody ensigns ev'ry where display'd;  
 The English still within themselves entire;  
 When all these things they seriously had weigh'd  
 To Henry's mercy found that they must trust,  
 For they perceiv'd their own to be unjust.

The ports are open'd, weapons laid aside,  
 And from the walls th' artillery displac'd;  
 The arms of England are advanc'd in pride,  
 The watch-tow'r with saint George's banner  
 grac'd:  
 "Live England's Henry," all the people cry'd;  
 Into the streets their women ran in haste  
 Bearing their little children for whose sake  
 They hop'd the King would the more mercy  
 take.

The gates thus widen'd with the breath of war,  
 Their ample entrance to the English gave;  
 There was no door that then had any bar,  
 For of their own not any thing they have:  
 When Henry comes on his imperial car,  
 To whom they kneel, their lives alone to save;  
 Strucken with wonder when that face they saw,  
 Wherein such mercy was, with so much awe.

And first themselves the English to secure,  
 Doubting what danger might be yet within,  
 The strongest forts and citadel make sure,  
 To shew that they could kepe as well as win;  
 And though the spoils them wond'rously allure,  
 To fall to pillage ere they will begin,  
 They shut each passage, by which any pow'r  
 Might be brought on to hinder but an hour

That conqu'ring King, which entring at the  
 gate,  
 Born by the press as in the air he swam,  
 Upon the sudden lays aside his state,  
 And of a lion is become a lamb;  
 He is not now what he was but of late,  
 But on his bare lect to the church he came,  
 By his example as did all the press,  
 To give God thanks for his first good success

And sends his herald to King Charles to say,  
 That though he was thus settled on his shore,  
 Yet he his arms was ready down to lay,  
 His ancient right if so he would restore:  
 But if the same he wilfully deny,  
 To stop th' effusion of their subjects gore,  
 He frankly off'reth in a single fight  
 With the young Dauphin to decide his right.

Eight days at Harfleur he doth stay, to hear  
 What answer back his herald him would bring:  
 But when he found that he was ne'er the near,  
 And that the Dauphin meaneth no such thing  
 As to fight single, nor that any were  
 To deal for composition from the King;  
 He casts for Calais to make forth his way,  
 And take such towns as in his journies lay.

But first his bus'ness he doth so contrive  
 To curb the townsmen, should they chance to stir  
 Of arms and office he doth them deprive,  
 And to their rooms the English doth prefer:  
 Out of the ports all vagrants he doth drive,  
 And therein sets his uncle Exeter:  
 This done, to march he bids the thundr'ing  
 drums,  
 To scourge proud France, when now her Con-  
 queror comes.

The King and Dauphin having understood,  
 How on his way this haughty Henry was  
 Over the Soame, which is a dangerous flood,  
 Pluckt down the bridges which might give him  
 And ev'ry thing, if fit for human food, [pass;  
 Caus'd to be forag'd, to a wond'rous mass;  
 And more than this, his journies to foreflow,  
 He scarce one day unskirmish'd with doth go.

But on his march, in midst of all his foes,  
 He like a lion keeps them all at bay;  
 And when they seem him strictly to enclose,  
 Yet through the thick'et he hews him out a way;  
 Nor the proud Dauphin dare him to oppose,  
 Though off'ring oft his army to forelay;  
 Nor all the power the envious French can make  
 Force him one foot his path but to forsake.

And each day as his army doth remove,  
 Marching along upon Soame's marshy side,  
 His men at arms on their tall horses prove  
 To find some shallow, over where to ride:  
 But all in vain, against the stream they strove,  
 Till by the help of a laborious guide  
 A ford was found to set his army o'er,  
 Which never had discover'd been before.

The news divulg'd that he had waded Soame,  
 And safe to shore his carriages had brought,  
 Into the Dauphin's bosom struck so home,  
 And on the weakness of King Charles so wrought,  
 That like the troubled sea when it doth foam,  
 As in a rage to beat the rocks to nought;  
 So do they storm, and curse on curse they heap,  
 'Gainst those which should the passages have kept.



time both resident in Roan,  
 this assembling all the Peers,  
 selfs now must underprop their throne  
 foe, which not a man but fears;  
 ment confident are grown,  
 fresh hopes each one his fellow cheers,  
 the English to their Calais got,  
 this spoil should pay a bloody shot.

they both in solemn council sat,  
 and with Bretagne their allies;  
 they of this course, and then of that,  
 re him how they might devise;  
 they fain would do, but know not

he Duke Alanzon up doth rise,  
 ing silence of the King and Lords,  
 he English brake into these words.

unbridled youth an army led,  
 way were worthy of your fear,  
 ur nation that durst turn the head,  
 ie former English forces were,  
 : of yours your country then might

ad:  
 u then who longer can forbear,  
 to question you our valour bring,  
 l a council for so poor a thing

tatter'd rascals, starved so,  
 through extremity of need  
 for scraps on dunghills as they go,  
 he berries of the shrubs to feed;  
 with fluxes are enfeebled so,  
 r foul diseases that they breed,  
 ey their arms disabled are to sway,  
 heir march do leave them on the way.

ir people but a handful are,  
 rty thousand when to land they came,  
 to England daily some repair,  
 m Harfleur carry'd sick and lame,  
 spitels and the surgeons care,  
 i their swords on us to win them fame:  
 l and without stockings are the best,  
 ose by winter miserably oppress.

em die upon their march abroad,  
 s upon their carcases to feed,  
 s of them upon the common road  
 infection likely were to breed;  
 own safeties see them then bestow'd,  
 or them this charitable deed,  
 our swords together let them fall,  
 n that day they die, be buried all."

rective forc'd against the foe,  
 most of the assembly scis'd,  
 hich better did the English know,  
 little with his speeches pleas'd;  
 ie Duke of Berry meant to shew:  
 n the murmur somewhat was appeas'd,  
 hile their list'ning silence breaks,  
 in answer of Alanzon speaks.

" My Liege, quoth he, and you, my Lords and  
 " Peers,

" Whom this great business chiefly doth concern,  
 " By my experience, now so many years,  
 " To know the English I am not to learn;  
 " Nor I more feeling have of human fears  
 " Than fitteth manhood, nor do hope to earn  
 " Suffrage from any; but by zeal am won  
 " To speak my mind here, as the Duke hath  
 done.

" Th' events of war are various (as I know)  
 " And say, the loss upon the English light,  
 " Yet may a dying man give such a blow,  
 " As much may hinder his proud conquerors  
 " might;

" It is enough our puissant power to shew  
 " To the weak English now upon their flight,  
 " When want and winter strongly spurthem on;  
 " You else but stay them that would fain be  
 " gone.

" I like our forces their first course should hold,  
 " To skirmish with them upon every stay,  
 " But fight by no means with them, though they  
 " would,

" Except they find them foraging for prey;  
 " So still you have them shut up in a fold,  
 " And still to Calais keep them in their way;  
 " So Fabius wearied Hanibal, so we  
 " May English Henry, pleased if you be.

" And of the English rid your country clean,  
 " If on their backs but Calais walls they win,  
 " Whose frontier towns you eas'ly may maintain,  
 " With a strong army still to keep them in;  
 " Then let our ships make good the mouth of  
 " Sein,

" And at your pleasure Harfleur you may win,  
 " Ere with supplies again they can invade,  
 " Spent in the voyage lately hither made.

" That day at Poitiers, in that bloody field,  
 " The sudden turn in that great battle then  
 " Shall ever teach me, whilst I arms can wield,  
 " Never to trust to multitudes of men;  
 " 'Twas the first day that e'er I wore a shield,  
 " Oh let me never see the like again!  
 " Where their Black Edward such a battle won,  
 " As to behold it might amaze the sun.

" There did I see our conquer'd fathers fall  
 " Before the English, on that fatal ground,  
 " When as to ours their number was but small,  
 " And with brave spirits France ne'er did more  
 " abound:

" Yet oft that battle into mind I call,  
 " Whereas of ours, one man seem'd all one wound.  
 " I instance this, yet humbly here submit  
 " Myself to fight, if you shall think it fit."

The Marshal and the Constable about  
 To second what this sager Duke had said,  
 The youthful Lords into a cry brake out



'Gainst their opinions; so that over-sway'd,  
Some seeming of their loyalties to doubt,  
Alanzon as an oracle obey'd,  
And not a French then present, but dothswear  
To kill an English, if enow there were.

A herald posted presently away,  
The King of England to the field to dare,  
To bid him cease his spoil, nor to delay  
'Gainst the French pow'r his forces, but prepare:  
For that King Charles determin'd to display  
His bloody ensigns, and through France declare  
The day and place that Henry should set  
down,  
In which their battles should dispose the crown.

This news to Henry by the herald brought,  
As one dispassion'd, soberly quoth he, [fought;  
" Had your King pleas'd, we sooner might have  
" For now my soldiers much enfeebled be. :  
" Nor day, nor place, for battle shall be fought  
" By English Henry; but if he seek me,  
" I to my utmost will my self defend,  
" And toth' Almighty's pleasure leave the end."

The bruit of this intended battle spread,  
The coldness of each sleeping courage warms,  
And in the French that daring boldness bred,  
Like casting bees that they arise in swarms,  
Thinking the English down so far to tread,  
As past that day ne'er more to rise in arms,  
'T'extirp the name, if possible it were,  
At least not after to be heard of there.

As when you see the envious crow espy  
Something that she doth naturally detest,  
With open throat how she doth squal and cry.  
And from the next grove calleth in the rest,  
And they for those beyond them bawling fly,  
Till their foul noise do all the air infest :  
Thus French, the French to this great battle call,  
Upon their swords to see the English fall :

And to the King when seriously one told,  
With what an host he should encounter'd be;  
Gam, noting well the King did him behold  
In the reporting, merrily quoth he,  
" My liege, I'll tell you, if I may be bold,  
" We will divide this army into three ;  
" One part we'll kill, the second pris'ners stay ;  
" And for the third, we'll leave to run away."

But, for the foe came hourly in so fast,  
Lest they his army should disorder'd take,  
The King, who wisely doth the worst forecast,  
His speedy march doth presently forsake,  
Into such form and his battalion cast. [shake ;  
That, do their worst, they should not eas'ly  
For that his scouts, which forag'd had the coast,  
Bade him at hand expect a puissant host.

On which ere long the English vaward light,  
Which York, of men the bravest, doth command,  
When either of them in the other's fight,

He caus'd the army instantly to stand,  
As though preparing for a present fight ;  
And rideth forth from his couragious band  
To view the French, whose numbers oversp  
The troubled country on whose earth they t

Now were both armies got upon that ground  
As on a stage, where they their strengths must  
Whence, from the width of many a gaping wo  
There's many a soul into the air must fly.  
Mean while the English, that some ease  
By the advantage of a village nigh, [f  
There sat them down the battle to abide,  
When they the place had strongly fortify'd

Made drunk with pride, the haughty French  
Less than their own a multitude to view, |  
Nor ask of God the victory to gain  
Upon the English, waxt so poor and few,  
To stay their slaughter thinking it a pain;  
And lastly to that insolence they grew,  
Quoits, lots, and dice for Englishmen to c  
And swear to pay, the battle being past.

For knots of cord to ev'ry town they send,  
The captiv'd English that they caught to bin  
For to perpetual slav'ry they intend  
Those that alive they on the field should find  
So much as that they fear'd lest they should  
Too many English, wherefore they assign'd  
Some to keep fast those slain that would be  
After the fight to try their arms upon.

One his bright sharp-edg'd scymitar doth she  
Off'ring to lay a thousand crowns (in pride)  
That he two naked English at one blow,  
Bound back to back, would at the waists div  
Some bett his sword will do't, some others n  
After the battle and they'll have it try'd.  
Another wasts his blade about his head, [l  
And shews 'em how their ham strings he

They part their pris'ners, passing them for  
And in their ransom ratably accord :  
To a prince of ours, a page of theirs they set  
And a French lacquey to an English lord.  
As for our gentry, them to hire they'll let,  
And as good cheap as they can them afford,  
Branded for slaves, that if they hapt to str  
Known by the mark, them any one migh

And cast to make a chariot for the King,  
Painted with antics and ridiculous toys,  
In which they mean to Paris him to bring,  
To make sport to their madams and their b  
And will have rascals rhimes of him to sing,  
Made in his mockery; and in all these joys,  
They bid the bells to ring, and people cry  
Before the battle, France and Victory.

And to the King and Dauphin sent away  
(Who at that time residing were in Roan)  
To be partakers of that glorious day,  
Wherein the English should be overthrown;



diving times should say,  
 y they forsook their own,  
 d that brave victory obtain,  
 sting'ft monument remain.

Englishmen the whiles,  
 , and less appall'd with dread,  
 as some sharp'ning are the piles,  
 ng his barb'd arrow-head;  
 les some whetting are with files,  
 mours strongly riveted;  
 akes to stick into the ground,  
 wmen, and their horse to wound.

uning this most dreadful day,  
 ll to jollity incline,  
 ng, some again to play,  
 king to this great design;  
 spend the night away:  
 ts, the fields with bonfires shine;  
 ldiers free-mens catches sing;  
 laughter all the camp doth ring.

ish, watchful o'er their foes,  
 t then drawing on so fast,  
 ould themselves repose,  
 d do take that small repast  
 illage willingly bestows;  
 their sentinels at last,  
 yer, and in their cabins blest,  
 spirits then took them to their

ncely Henry laid,  
 r round about him slept;  
 pon his helmet staid,  
 ts his eyes long waking kept.  
 th he) withdraw not now thy  
 r Henry's sins be heapt [aid,  
 ressions, up the sum to make,  
 u may'ft me utterly forsake.

wrongs to mind, Lord, do not  
 my father did offend; [call,  
 rive not thou his fall,  
 e caus'd his untimely end,  
 is be expiated all:  
 on me his son descend,  
 ody I translated have,  
 an honourable grave."

pond'ring, sorrow-ceasing sleep,  
 ue his much-troubled mind,  
 ealingly doth creep,  
 rs every sense doth bind,  
 ry one to keep;  
 l, to whom God assign'd  
 he English, gliding down,  
 doth with fresh courage crown.

s he gloriously displays  
 ery way it lies,  
 as their travail and repays:  
 he Rector of the skies

In vision warns them not to use delays,  
 But to the battle cheerfully to rise,  
 And be victorious; for that day at hand  
 He would amongst them for the English stand.

The dawn scarce drew the curtains of the East,  
 But the late wearied Englishmen awake,  
 And much refreshed with a little rest,  
 Themselves soon ready for the battle make:  
 Not any one but feeleth in his breast  
 That sprightly fire which courage bids him take;  
 For ere the sun next rising went to bed,  
 The French by them in triumph should be led.

And from their cabins ere the French arose,  
 (Drowned in the pleasure of the passed night,)  
 The English cast their battels to dispose,  
 Fit for the ground whereon they were to fight:  
 Forth that brave King courageous Henry goes,  
 An hour before that it was fully light,  
 To see if there might any place be found  
 To give his host advantage by the ground.

Where 'twas his hap a quickset hedge to view,  
 Well grown in height, and for his purpose thin;  
 Yet by the ditch upon whose bank it grew,  
 He found it to be difficult to win,  
 Especially if those of his were true,  
 Amongst the shrubs that he should set within;  
 By which he knew their strength of horse must  
 come,  
 If they would ever charge his vanguard home.

And of three hundred archers maketh choice,  
 Some to be taken out of every band,  
 The strongest bowmen by the general voice,  
 Such as beside were valiant of their hand,  
 And to be so employ'd as would rejoice,  
 Appointing them behind the hedge to stand  
 To shroud themselves from sight, and to be mute,  
 Until a signal freely bade them shoot.

The gamesome lark now got upon her wing,  
 As 'twere the English early to awake,  
 And to wide heaven her cheerful notes doth sing,  
 As she for them would intercession make;  
 Nor all the noise that from below doth spring,  
 Her airy walk can force her to forsake;  
 Of some much noted, and of others less,  
 But yet of all presaging good success.

The lazy French their leisure seem to take,  
 And in their cabins keep themselves so long,  
 Till flocks of ravens them with noise awake,  
 Over the army like a cloud that hung;  
 Which greater haste inforceth them to make,  
 When with their croaking all the country rung,  
 Which boded slaughter, as the most do say,  
 But by the French it turned was this way:

That this divining fowl well understood  
 Upon that place much gore was to be spill'd;  
 And as those birds do much delight in blood,  
 With human flesh would have their gorges fill'd,



So waited they upon their swords for food,  
To feast upon the English, being kill'd;  
Then little thinking that there came indeed  
On their own mangled carcases to feed.

When soon the French preparing for the field,  
Their armed troops are setting in array,  
Whose wond'rous numbers they can hardly wield,  
The place too little whereupon they lay;  
They therefore to necessity must yield,  
And into order put them as they may,  
Whose motion sounded like to Nilus' fall,  
That the vast air was deafen'd therewithal.

The Constable and Admiral of France,  
With the grand Marshal, men of great command;  
The Dukes of Bourbon and of Orkance,  
Some for their place, some for their birth-right  
The Dauphin of Averney (to advance) [stand;  
His worth and honour) of a puissant hand;  
The Earl of Ewe, in war that had been bred;  
These mighty men the mighty vaward led.

The main brought forward by the Duke of Barr,  
Nevers, and Beaumont, men of special name;  
Alanzon, thought not equal'd in this war:  
With them Salines, Rous, and Grandperc came,  
Their long experience who had fetch'd from far,  
Whom this expected conquest doth enflame,  
Consisting most of cross-bows, and so great,  
As France herself it well might seem to threat.

The Duke of Brabant of high valour known,  
The Earls of Marle and Falconbridge the rear;  
To Arthur Earl of Richmond's self alone  
They leave the right wing to be guided there:  
Lewes of Bourbon, second yet to none,  
Led on the left; with him that mighty Peer  
The Earl of Vendome, who of all her men  
Large France entitled her great Master then.

The Duke of York the English vaward guides,  
Of our strong archers that consisted most,  
Which with our horse was wing'd on both the sides,  
T' affront so great and terrible an host;  
There valiant Fanhope, and there Beaumont rides,  
With Willoughby, which scower'd had the coast  
That morning early, and had seen at large  
How the foe came, that then they were to  
charge.

Henry himself, on the main battle brings,  
Nor can these legions of the French affright  
This Mars of men, the King of earthly Kings:  
Who seem'd to be much pleased with the sight,  
As one ordain'd t' accomplish mighty things;  
Who to the field came in such brav'ry dight,  
As to the English bodes successful luck,  
Before one stroke on either side was struck.

In warlike state the royal standard born  
Before him, as in splend'rous arms he rode,  
Whilst his courveting courser seem'd in scorn  
To touch the earth whercon he proudly trod,

Lilies and lions quarterly adorn  
His shield, and his caparison do load:  
Upon his helm a crown with diamonds deck  
Which thro' the field their radiant fires refl

The Duke of Glo'ster near to him agen,  
T' assist his brother in that dreadful day;  
Oxford and Suffolk, both true martial men,  
Ready to keep the battle in array:  
To Exeter there was appointed then  
The rear, on which their second succours lay,  
Which were the youth, most of the noblest blood  
Under the ensigns of their name that stood.

Then of the flakes he doth the care commend  
To certain troops that active were and strong,  
Only devis'd the archers to defend,  
Pointed with iron, and of five feet long;  
To be remov'd still which way they should bet  
Where the French horse should thick'nt upon the  
throng;  
Which when the host to charge each other w  
Shew'd his great wit that first did them inve

Both armies fit, and at the point to fight,  
The French themselves assuring of the day,  
Send to the King of England (as in spight)  
To know what he would for his ransom pay.  
Who with this answer doth their scorn requite.  
"I pray thee, Herald, with the French to stay,  
"And ere the day be past, I hope to see,  
"That for their ransoms they shall send to me

The French, which found how little Henry m  
Of their vain boasts, as set therewith on fire,  
Whilst each one to his ensign him betakes;  
The Constable to raise their spleen the higher,  
Thus speaks: "Brave friends, now for your gra  
"fires fakes,  
"Your country, honours, or what may inspire  
"Your souls with courage, strain up all yo  
"pow'rs  
"To make this day victoriously ours.

"Forward, stout French, your valours and advan  
"By taking vengeance for our fathers slain,  
"And strongly fix the diadem of France,  
"Which to this day unsteady doth remain:  
"Now with your swords their traitours bos  
"lance,  
"And with their blood wash out that ancient sta  
"And make our earth drunk with the Engl  
"gore,  
"Which hath of ours oft surfeited before.

"Let not one live in England once to tell,  
"What of their King or of the rest became;  
"Nor to the English what in France befell,  
"But what is bruited by the general fame."  
But now the drums began so loud to yell,  
As cut off further what he would declaim:  
And Henry seeing them on so fast to make,  
Thus to his soldiers comfortably spake.



the justness of our cause,  
 their number that will weigh;  
 and sure purchas'd his applause,  
 the greater is our prey.  
 I wade into danger's jaws,  
 England this convey,  
 no ransom e'er shall raise;  
 or, or here end my days.

For us to subdue [more;  
 number were the French no  
 twice our fathers flew  
 ny as themselves before.  
 g that were strange and new,  
 ou) came we to this shore?  
 nch our fathers won renown,  
 swords we'll hew yon forest

er, if in fight he take  
 e in yonder army known,  
 shall him his pris'ner make,  
 om freely as his own.  
 our honour at the stake,  
 r be our valour shewn:  
 use, St. George for England  
 en, English; fortune guide  
 s,"

with all the valiant men  
 l with them present were;  
 swer instantly agen,  
 one man more 'than is here:  
 should our praise be then;  
 e's loss shall England bear;  
 nbers we should give that deed,  
 om God's own pow'ful hand

the drums and trumpets sound,  
 , though with humbled eyes,  
 h kneeling on the ground,  
 up to the glorious skies;  
 h as though they did rebound,  
 diately they rise, [sent,  
 shout from their throats they  
 nch to stagger as they went.

pt; when Erpingham, which led  
 shout had made them stand,  
 thrice about his head,  
 his auspicious hand,  
 al through the English spread,  
 large: which, as a dread com-

on, yet with a second roar,  
 nch worse than they did before.

the enemy so slow,  
 d faster to come on,  
 : they sent out, as to shew,  
 a they only stood upon;  
 rvour made their rage to glow,  
 at they had undergone;

Which to amend, with ensigns let at large,  
 Upon the English furiously they charge.

At the full moon look how th' unwieldy tide,  
 Shov'd by some tempest that from sea doth rise  
 At the full height, against the ragged side  
 Of some tough cliff (of a gigantic size)  
 Foaming with rage impetuously doth ride;  
 The angry French (in no less furious wise)  
 Of men at arms upon their ready horse,  
 Assail the English to dispierce their force.

When as those archers there in ambush laid,  
 Having their broad-side as they came along,  
 With their barb'd arrows the French horses paid,  
 And in their flanks like cruel hornets stung:  
 They kick and cry, of late that proudly neigh'd,  
 And from their seats their armed riders flung;  
 They ran together, flying from the dike,  
 And make their riders one another strike.

And whilst the front of the French vanguard makes  
 Upon the English, thumping them to rout,  
 Their horses run upon the armed stakes,  
 And being wounded, turn themselves about:  
 The bit into his teeth the courser takes,  
 And from his rank flies with his master out,  
 Who either hurts, or is hurt of his own,  
 If in the throng not both together thrown.

Tumbling on heaps, some of their horses cast  
 With their four feet all up into the air,  
 Under whose backs their masters breathe their last:  
 Some break their reins, and thence their riders bear;  
 Some with their feet stick in the stirrups fast,  
 By their fierce jades and trail'd here and there;  
 Entangled in their bridles, one back draws,  
 And plucks the bit out of another's jaws.

With show'rs of shafts yet still the English ply  
 The French so fast, upon the point of flight:  
 With the main battle yet stood Henry by,  
 Nor all this while had meddled in the fight;  
 Upon the horses as in chase they fly,  
 Arrows so thick in such abundance light, [see,  
 That their broad buttocks men like butts might  
 Whereat for pastime bowmen shooting be.

When soon De Linnies and Sureres haste  
 To aid their friends, put to this shameful foil,  
 With two light wings of horse, which had been  
 Still to supply where any should recoil. [plac'd  
 But yet their forces they but vainly waste,  
 For being light into the general spoil,  
 Great loss De Linnies shortly doth sustain,  
 Yet 'scapes himself, but brave Sureres slain.

The King, who sees how well his vanguard sped,  
 Sends his command that instantly it stay;  
 Desiring York, so bravely that had led,  
 To hold his soldiers in their first array;  
 For it the conflict very much might sted  
 Somewhat to fall aside, and give him way,  
 Till full up to him he might bring his pow'r,  
 And make the conquest complete in an hour.



Which York obeys; and up King Henry comes,  
 When for his guidance he had got him room;  
 'The dreadful bellowing of whose straight-brac'd  
   drums,  
 To the French sounded like the dreadful doom;  
 And them with such stupidity benumb'd,  
 As tho' the earth had groan'd from her womb;  
   For the grand slaughter ne'er began till then,  
   Covering the earth with multitudes of men.

Upon the French what Englishman not falls,  
 (By the strong bowmen beaten from their steeds)  
 With battle-axes, halberts, bills, and mauls?  
 Where, in the slaughter, every one exceeds,  
 Where every man his fellow forward calls,  
 And shews him where some great-born Frenchman  
   bleeds;  
   Whilst scalps about like broken potsherds fly,  
   And kill, kill, kill, the conqu'ring English cry.

Now waxed horror to the very height,  
 And scarce a man but wetshot went in gore;  
 As two together are in deadly fight,  
 And to death wounded as one tumbleth o'er,  
 This Frenchman falling, with his very weight  
 Doth kill another stricken down before;  
   As he again so falling, likewise feels  
   His last breath hasten'd by another's heels.

And whilst the English eagerly pursue  
 'The fearful French, before them still that fly,  
 'The points of bills and halberts they imbrue  
 In their sick bowels beaten down that ly;  
 No man respects how, or what blood he drew,  
 Nor can hear those that for their mercy cry:  
   Ears are damn'd up with howls and hellish  
   sounds,  
   One fearful noise a fearfuller confounds.

When the courageous Constable of France,  
 'Th' unlucky vanguard valiantly that led,  
 Saw the day turn'd by this disastrous chance,  
 And how the French before the English fled;  
 'O stay (quoth he) your ensigns yet advance,  
 'Once more upon the enemy make head;  
   'Never let France say we were vanquish'd so,  
   'With our backs basely turn'd upon our foe.'

Whom the (a) Chatillyon happen'd to accost,  
 And seeing thus the Constable dismay'd:  
 "Shift, noble Lord (quoth he) the day is lost,  
 "If the whole world upon the match were laid;  
 "I cannot think but that black Edward's ghost  
 "Assists the English, and our horse hath fray'd;  
   "If not, some devils they have then,  
   " 'That fight against us in the shapes of men.'

'Not I, my Lord, the Constable replies;  
 'By my blest soul, the field I will not quit,  
 'Whilst two brave battles are to bring supplies,  
 'Neither of which one stroke have stricken yet.'  
 "Nay (quoth Dampier) I do not this advise  
 "More than your self, that I do fear a whit:

(a) The Admiral.

"Spur up, my Lord, then side to side with me  
 "And that I fear not you shall quickly see."

They struck their rowels to the bleeding sides  
 Of their fierce steeds, into the air that sprung;  
 And as their fury at that instant guides,  
 They thrust themselves into the murth'ring throng  
 Where such bad fortune those brave Lords beside  
 The Admiral from off his horse was flung;  
   For the stern English down before them bear  
   All that withstand, the peasant and the peer.

Which when the noble Constable with grief  
 Doth this great Lord upon the ground behold,  
 In his account so absolute a chief, [condemnd  
 Whose death through France he knew would  
 Like a brave knight, to yield his friend relief,  
 Doing as much as possibly he could,  
   Both horse and man is born into the main,  
   And from his friend not half a furlong slain.

Now Willoughby, upon his well-arm'd horse,  
 Into the midst of this battalion brought;  
 And valiant Fanhope, no whit less in force,  
 Himself hath hither thro' the squadron wrought;  
 Whereas the English, without all remorse,  
 (Looking like men that deeply were distraught)  
   Smoking with sweat, besmear'd with dust and  
   blood,  
   Cut into cantels all that them withstood.

Yet whilst thus hotly they hold up the chase  
 Upon the French, and had so high a hand,  
 The Duke of Bourbon, to make good his place,  
 Inforc'd his troops (with much ado) to stand:  
 'To whom the Earl of Suffolk makes apace,  
 Bringing a fresh, and yet-unfought-with band  
   Of valiant bill-men; Oxford with success  
   Up with his troops doth with the other press.

When in comes Orleans, quite thrust off before  
 By those rude crowds that from the English  
 Encouraging stout Bourbon's troops the more,  
 'I'll affront the foe that instantly began:  
 Fain would the Duke (if possible) restore  
 (Doing as much as could be done by man)  
   Their honour, lost by this their late defeat,  
   And caused only by their base retreat.

Their men at arms their lances closely lock  
 One in another, and come up so round;  
 That, by the strength and horror of the shock,  
 They forc'd the English to forsake their ground  
 Shrinking no more than they had been a rock,  
 Though by the shafts receiving many a wound  
   As they would shew, that they were none  
   those  
   That turn'd their backs so basely to their foes.

Panting for breath, his morion in his hand,  
 Woodhouse comes in as back the English bear:  
 "My Lords (quoth he) what now inforc'd to stand  
 "When smiling fortune offers us so fair?  
 "The French lie yonder like to wrecks of land,  
 "And you by this our glory but impair:



now, or never, your first fight maintain,  
Lyon and the Constable are slain.

Every head pell-mell upon them run,  
Will prove the masters of the day :  
And Greystock have so bravely done,  
Envy their glory, and dare say  
That the English they the goal have won ;  
It's share, or they'll bear all away."  
Like, his ax about his head he flings,  
Flies away, as though his heels had wings.

Attention of this youthful Knight,  
Sends for their retreat to make,  
Enforce their courage, with their might  
Charge with speed to undertake  
As were they so mad to fight,  
When Fanhope thus the Lords bespake :  
"Look and Oxford, as brave Earls you be,  
More bear up with Willoughby and me."

"I methinks, I hear brave Fanhope speak,  
Ooble Oxford, thou hast thy desire :  
Words of thine shall yon battalion break ;  
Myself, I never will retire,  
Or seen upon the French we wreak,  
Is our last enterprize expire."  
Like, their gauntlets each doth other give,  
To the charge as fast as they could drive ;

Fighter seem'd to have but stay'd for breath,  
The horror to ensue the more :  
His besmear'd with blood, when meager  
Ath

More grievously than he did before ;  
His body seem'd but as a sheath  
His swords in to the hilts in gore ;  
As though that instant were the end of all,  
The French, or by the French to fall.

"You see a field of standing corn,  
The strong wind in summer haps to blow,  
I height, and ready to be shorn,  
Waves, how it doth come and go  
And backward ; so the crowds are born,  
Eddy turneth in the flow ;  
Above all, the bills and axes play  
Be atoms in the sunny ray.

"Main blows their armours are unbrac'd,  
The French before the English fled,  
The brown bills their recreant backs they  
He,  
Their shoulders their faint arms do shred :  
A gleave near cut off by the waist,  
Lies to ground with half a head ;  
The stumbling falleth in his flight,  
Gone a leg, and on his face doth light.

"Who found their force thus overthrown,  
Few left them ready still to rout,  
Lost skill, and no less courage shewn,  
In safeties much began to doubt ;  
Few about them of their own,  
The English so impal'd about,

Saw that to some one they themselves must  
Or else abide the fury of the field. [yield,

They put themselves on those victorious Lords,  
Who led the vanguard with so good success,  
Bespeaking them with honourable words,  
Themselves their prisoners freely and confess ;  
Who by the strength of their commanding swords  
Could hardly save them from the slaught'ring  
press,  
By Suffolk's aid till they away were sent,  
Who with a guard convey'd them to his tent.

When as their soldiers, to eschew the sack,  
'Gainst their own battle bearing in their flight,  
By their own French are strongly beaten back.  
Lest they their ranks should have disorder'd quite :  
So that those men at arms go all to rack,  
'Twixt their own friends and those with whom  
they fight,  
Wherein disorder and destruction seem'd  
To strive, which should the pow'rfullest be  
deem'd.

And whilst the Dauphin of Averney cries,  
"Stay, men at arms, let fortune do her worst,  
"And let that villain, from the field that flies,  
"By babes yet to be born be ever curst :  
"All under heav'n that we can hope for lies  
"On this day's battle ; let me be the first  
"That turn'd ye back upon your desp'rate foes,  
"To save our honours, tho' our lives we lose."

To whom comes in the Earl of Ewe, which long  
Had in the battle ranged here and there,  
A thousand bills, a thousand bows among,  
And had seen many spectacles of fear ;  
And finding yet the Dauphin's spirit so strong,  
By that which he had chanc'd from him to hear,  
Upon the shoulder claps him, "Prince, quoth he,  
"Since I must fall, O let me fall with thee."

Scarce had he spoke, but th' English them inclose,  
And like to mastiffs fiercely on them flew,  
Who with like courage strongly them oppose ;  
When the Lord Beaumont, who their armings knew,  
Their present perill to brave Suffolk shews :  
Quoth he, "Lo where D'Averney are, and Ewe !  
"In this small time, who since the field begun,  
"Have done as much as can by men be done.

"Now slaughter cease me, if I do not grieve  
"Two so brave spirits should be untimely slain ;  
"Lies there no way (my Lord) them to relieve,  
"And for their ransoms two such to retain ?"  
"Quoth Suffolk, 'Come, we'll hazard their re-  
prieve,  
'And share our fortunes.' In they go amain,  
And with such danger thro' the press they wade,  
As of their lives but small account they made.

Yet ere they thro' the cluster'd crouds could get,  
Oft down on those there trod to death that lay,  
The valiant Dauphin had discharg'd his debt,  
Than whom no man had bravelier serv'd that day



The Earl of Ewe and wondrous hard beset,  
 Had left all hope of life to 'scape away.  
 Till noble Beaumont and brave Suffolk came,  
 And as their pris'ner seiz'd him by his name.

Now the main battle of the French came on,  
 The vaward vanquish'd, quite the field doth fly,  
 And other helps besides this they have none,  
 But that their hopes do on their main rely;  
 And therefore now it standeth them upon  
 To fight it bravely, or else yield or die:  
 For the fierce English charge so home and sore,  
 As in their hands Jove's thunderbolts they bore.

The Duke of York, who since the fight begun,  
 Still in the top of all his troops was seen,  
 And things well-near beyond belief had done,  
 Which of his fortune made him overween  
 Himself so far, into the main doth run;  
 So that the French, which quickly got between  
 Him and his succours, that great chieftain  
 slew,  
 Who bravely fought whilst any breath he  
 drew.

The news soon brought to this courageous king,  
 O'erspread his face with a distemper'd fire;  
 Though making little shew of any thing,  
 Yet to the full his eyes exprest his ire,  
 More than before the Frenchmen menacing:  
 And he was heard thus softly to respire:  
 "Well, of thy blood revenged will I be,  
 "Or, ere one hour be past, I'll follow thee."

When as the frolick cavalry of France,  
 That in the head of the main battle came,  
 Perceiv'd the king of England to advance  
 To charge in person, it doth them inflame;  
 Each one well hoping it might be his chance  
 To seize upon him, which was all their aim:  
 Then with the bravest of the English met,  
 Themselves that there before the king had  
 set.

When the Earl of Cornwall with unusual force  
 Encounters Grandpre, next that came to hands,  
 In strength his equal, blow for blow they score,  
 Wielding their axes as they had been wands,  
 Till the Earl tumbles Grandpre from his horse;  
 Over whom straight the Count Salines stands,  
 And lendeth Cornwall such a blow withall,  
 Over the crupper that he makes him fall.

Cornwal recovers, for his arms were good,  
 And to Salines maketh up again,  
 Who chang'd such boist'rous buffets, that the  
 blood  
 Doth through the joints of their strong armour  
 strain,  
 Till Count Salines sunk down where he stood.  
 Blamont, who sees the Count Salines slain,  
 Straight copes with Cornwall beaten out of  
 breath,  
 Till Kent comes in, and rescues him from death.

Kent upon Blamont furiously doth  
 Who at the Earl with no less coura  
 And one the other with such knock  
 That either's ax in th' other's helm  
 Whilst they are wrestling, crossin  
 thigh,  
 Their axes pikes which soonest out f  
 They fall to ground, like in their  
 ther,  
 With their clutcht gantlets cuff  
 ther.

Courageous (a) Cluet grieved at the  
 Of his friend Blamont's unexpecte  
 Makes in to lend him all the aid he  
 Whose coming seem'd the stout  
 call;  
 Betwixt whom then began a mortal  
 When instantly fell in Sir Philip Ha  
 'Gainst him goes Rouffy, in then  
 Whom next Count Morville ch  
 man.

Their cuirates are unriveted with  
 With horrid wounds their brea  
 slant;  
 There drops a cheek, and there fall  
 And in one's face his fellow's brains  
 Yet still the better with the English  
 The earth of France with her  
 washt;  
 They fall so fast she scarce affords  
 'That one man's trunk becomes an

When Suffolk chargeth Huntington  
 Over himself too wary to have been  
 And had neglected his fast-plighted  
 Upon the field, the battle to begin,  
 That where the one was, there t  
 both:  
 When the stout Earl of Huntington  
 Trust with his friends, doth th  
 large  
 To this great Earl, who dares  
 charge.

"My Lord (quoth he) it is not tha  
 "More than yourself, that so I hav  
 "But that I have been forced to be  
 "The king, whose person I attend  
 "And that I doubt not but to make  
 "Now, if occasion shall but call me  
 "Look round about, my Lord  
 "see,  
 "Some brave adventure worthy

"See yon proud banner of the Duke  
 "Methinks it wafts us, and I hear  
 "Where's that courageous Englishm  
 "Adventure but to carry me away?  
 "This were a thing now worthy of  
 "Is't true, quoth Suffolk? by this

(a) Called Cluet of Brabant



we have it." ' Say'st thou so in-  
untington? Then fortune be our

the ranks then rushing in their  
me, about them so they lay;  
foot, and side is join'd to side,  
own all that stand within their

hem have no other guide,  
the multitude to sway;  
pasa, the French as to defy,  
e for England and the king, they

les, each brave English blood  
chmen for their ensigns run,  
trees within a well-grown wood,  
hievments instantly were done,  
oughly whilst that nation stood.  
an his destiny can shun?  
uffolk there is overthrown,  
much valour sundry ways had

id English farther doth provoke,  
tion bodily were bent,  
battle instantly they broke,  
ch so furiously they went;  
glish but doth scorn a stroke,  
l it not a Frenchman sent,  
with wounds, their weapons from  
rew,  
the English fearfully them flew.

upon the rearward born  
'd that from the English fled,  
as then utterly forlorn,  
in his full bosom bled:  
quoth he) our overthrow hath  
?

a pris'ner be to England led?  
e be so, yet I'll let her see,  
my carcass with her, and not

orfe upon his full career,  
courage of a valiant Knight  
ew not, or forgot to fear)  
g Henry maketh in the fight,  
him as he down doth bear,  
of Gloucester doth light,  
e youthful chivalry doth bring,  
ikes length that came before the

th strongly riveted with steel,  
ke each other they astound,  
agg'ring from each other reel,  
los'ter falleth to the ground;  
on round about doth wheel,  
nd him his last deadly wound,

In comes the king, his brother's life to save,  
And to this brave duke a fresh onset gave.

When as themselves like thunderbolts they shot  
One at the other, and the light'ning brake  
Out of their helmets, and again was not,  
Ere of their strokes the ear a sound could take,  
Betwixt them two the conflict grew so hot,  
Which those about them so amaz'd doth make,  
That they stood still, as wond'ring at the  
fight,  
And quite forgot that they themselves must  
fight.

Upon the king Alanzon prest so sore,  
That with a stroke (as he was wond'rous strong)  
He cleft the crown that on his helm he wore,  
And tore his plume, that to his heels it hung;  
Then with a second bruis'd his helm before,  
That it his forehead pitifully wrung;  
As some that saw it certainly had thought,  
The King therewith had to the ground been  
brought.

But Henry soon, Alanzon's ire to quit,  
(As now his valour lay upon the rack)  
Upon the face the duke so strongly hit,  
As in his saddle laid him on his back;  
And once perceiving that he had him split,  
Follow'd his blows, redoubling thwack on  
thwack,  
Till he had lost his stirrups, and his head  
Hung where his horse was like thereon to  
tread.

When soon two other seconding their Lord,  
His kind companions in this glorious prize,  
Hoping again the duke to have restor'd,  
If to his feet his arms would let him rise;  
On the king's helm their height of fury scor'd,  
Who like a dragon fiercely on them flies,  
And on his body flew them both whilst he  
Recovering was their aid again to be.

The king thus made the master of the fight,  
The duke calls to him as he there doth lie:  
" Henry, I'll pay my ransom, do me right,  
" I am the duke Alanzon, it is I."  
The king to save him putting all his might,  
Yet the rude soldiers with their shout and cry,  
Quite drown'd his voice, his helmet being  
shut,  
And that brave duke into small pieces cut.

Report once spread through the distracted host;  
Of their prime hope the duke Alanzon slain,  
That flower of France, on whom they truste  
most,  
They found their valour was but then in vain;  
Like men their hearts that utterly had lost,  
Who slowly fled before, now ran amain;  
Nor could a man be found but that despairs,  
Secing the fate both of themselves and theirs.



The duke Nevers now, in this sad retreat,  
 By David Gam and Morisby pursu'd,  
 (Who throughly chaf'd near melted into sweat,  
 And with French blood their pole-axes imbru'd)  
 They seize upon him following the defeat,  
 Amongst the faint and fearful multitude;  
 When a contention fell between them twain,  
 To whom the duke should rightfully per-  
 tain.

"I must confess thou had'st him first in chace,  
 (Quoth Morisby) but left'st him in the throng,  
 "Then put I on." Quoth Gam, "hast thou the  
 'face,  
 'Insulting knight, to offer me this wrong?"  
 Quoth Morisby, "Who shall decide the case?"  
 "Let him confess to whom he doth belong."  
 'Let him, quoth Gam; but if't be not to me,  
 'For any right you have, he may go free.'

With that couragious Morisby grew hot:  
 "Were not, said he, his ransom worth a pin,  
 "Now by these arms I wear, thou get'st him  
 "not;  
 "Or if thou do'st, thou shalt him hardly win."  
 Gam, whose Welch blood could hardly brook  
 this blot,  
 To bend his ax upon him doth begin:  
 He his at him, till the Lord Beaumont came,  
 Their rash attempt and wisely thus doth  
 blame.

"Are not the French twice trebled to our  
 "pow'r,  
 "And fighting still, nay doubtfull yet the day?  
 "Think you not these us fast enough devour,  
 "But that your braves the army must dismay?  
 "If aught but good befall us in this hour,  
 "This be you sure, your lives for it must pay:  
 "Then first the end of this day's battle see,  
 "And then decide whose pris'ner he shall be."

Now Exeter with his untainted rear  
 Came on, which long had labour'd to come in;  
 And with the king's main battle up doth bear,  
 Who still kept off till the last hour had been;  
 He cries and clamours ev'ry way doth hear,  
 But yet he knew not which the day should win;  
 Nor asks of any what were fit to do,  
 But where the French were thick'st, he falleth  
 to.

The Earl of Vendome, certainly that thought  
 The English fury somewhat had been staid,  
 Weary with slaughter, as men over-wrought,  
 Nor had been spurr'd on by a second aid,  
 For his own safety then more fiercely fought,  
 Hoping the tempest somewhat had been laid;  
 And he thereby, though suff'ring the defeat,  
 Might keep his rearward whole in his re-  
 treat.

On whom the Duke of Exeter then fell,  
 Rear with the rear now for their valours vic;

Ours find the French their lives will dearly sell,  
 And the English mean as dearly them to buy:  
 The English follow, should they run through  
 hell,  
 And through the same the French must if they  
 fly;  
 When to't they go, deciding it with blows;  
 With th' one side now, then with th' other't  
 goes.

But the stern English with such luck and might  
 (As though the fates had sworn to take their  
 parts)  
 Upon the French prevailing in the fight,  
 With doubled hands and with redoubled hearts,  
 The more in peril still the more in plight,  
 'Gainst them whom fortune miserably thwarts;  
 Disabled quite before the foe to stand,  
 But fall like grass before the mower's hand:

That this French earl is beaten on the field,  
 His fighting soldiers round about him slain;  
 And when himself a pris'ner he would yield,  
 And begg'd for life, it was but all in vain;  
 Their bills the English do so eas'ly wield,  
 To kill the French as though it were no pain;  
 For this to them was their auspicious day,  
 The more the English fight, the more they  
 may.

When now the Marshal Boucequalt, which long  
 Had through the battle waded ev'ry way,  
 Oft hazarded the murder'd troops among,  
 Encouraging them to abide the day;  
 Finding the army that he thought so strong,  
 Before the English faintly to dismay,  
 Brings on the wings which of the rest re-  
 main'd,  
 With which the battle stoutly he maintain'd.

Till old Sir Thomas Erpingham at last  
 With those three hundred archers cometh in,  
 Which laid in ambush not three hours yet past,  
 Had the defeat of the French army been;  
 With these that noble soldier maketh haste,  
 Lest other from him should the honour win;  
 Who, as before, now stretch their well-went  
 strings  
 At the French horse, then coming in the  
 wings.

The foil with slaughter ev'ry where they load,  
 Whilst the French stoutly to the English stood;  
 The drops from either's empty'd veins that  
 flow'd,  
 Where it was lately firm, had made a flood:  
 But heav'n that day to the brave English ow'd;  
 The sun that rose in water, set in blood;  
 Nothing but horror to be look'd for there,  
 And the stout Marshal vainly doth but fear.

His horse sore wounded, whilst he went aside  
 To take another still that doth attend,  
 A shaft which some too lucky hand doth guide,



Piercing his gorget, brought him to his end ;  
Which when the proud Lord Falconbridge  
    espy'd,  
Thinking from thence to bear away his friend,  
Struck from his horse with many a mortal  
    wound,  
Is by the English nailed to the ground.

The marshal's death so much doth them affright,  
That down their weapons instantly they lay,  
And better yet to fit them for their flight,  
Their weightier arms they wholly cast away ;  
Their hearts so heavy, makes their heels so  
    light,

That there was no intreating them to stay ;  
O'er hedge and ditch distractedly they take,  
And happiest he that greatest haste could  
    make.

When Vadamont now in the conflict met  
With valiant Brabant, whose high valour shewn  
That day, did many a blunted courage whet,  
Ere long before that from the field had flown :  
Quoth Vadamont, " See how we are beset,  
" To death like to be trodden by our own !  
" My lord of Brabant, what is to be done ?  
" See how the French before the English run !"

" Why let them run, and never turn the head,  
Quoth the brave duke, ' until their hateful  
    breath

' Forake their bodies, and so far have fled,  
' That France be not disparag'd by their death :  
' Who trusts to cowards ne'er is better sped.  
' He be accurst with such that holdeth faith ;  
' Slaughter consume the recreants as they flie,  
' Branded with shame so basely may they die.

' Ignoble French, your fainting cow'rdice craves  
' The dreadful curse of your own mother earth,  
' Hard'ning her breast, not to allow you graves,  
' Be she so much ashamed of your birth :  
' May he be curst that one of you but saves ;  
' And be in France hereafter such a dearth  
' Of courage, that men from their wits it fear,  
' A drum or trumpet when they hap to hear.

' From Burgundy brought I the force I had,  
' To fight for them that ten from one do flie ;  
' It splits my breast, O that I could be mad !  
' To vex these slaves who would not dare to die ?  
' In all this army is there not a lad,  
' Th' ignoble French for cowards that dare  
    cry ?  
' If scarce one found, then let me be that  
    one,  
' The English army that oppos'd alone.'

This said, he puts his horse upon his speed,  
And in like light'ning on the English flew,  
Where many a mother's son he made to bleed,  
Whilst him with much astonishment they view ;  
Where having acted many a knight-like deed,  
Him and his horse they all to pieces hew :

Yet he that day more lasting glory wan,  
Except Alanzon, than did any man.

When as report to great King Henry came,  
Of a vast rout which from the battle fled,  
(Amongst the French most men of special name)  
By the stout English fiercely followed ;  
Had for their safety (much though to their  
    shame)  
Got in their flight into so strong a sted,  
So fortify'd by nature (as 'twas thought)  
They might not thence, but with much blood,  
    be brought.

An aged rampier with huge ruins heapt,  
Which serv'd for shot 'gainst those that should as-  
    fail,  
Whose narrow entrance they with cross-bows  
    kept,  
Whose sharpen'd quarries came in show'rs like  
    hail.  
Quoth the brave king, " First let the field be  
    swept,  
" And with the rest we well enough shall deal !"  
Which though some heard, and so shut up their  
    car,  
Yet relish'd not with many soldiers there.

Some that themselves by ransoms would en-  
    rich,  
To make their prey of peasants yet despise,  
Felt, as they thought, their bloody palms to itch,  
To be in action for their wealthy prize ;  
Others, whom only glory doth bewitch,  
Rather than life would to this enterprise ;  
Most men seem'd willing, yet not any one  
    Would put himself this great exploit upon.

Which Woodhouse hearing, merrily thus spake,  
One that right well knew both his worth and  
    wit :

" A dangerous thing it is to undertake  
" A fort, where soldiers are defending it ;  
" Perhaps they sleep, and if they should awake,  
" With stones, or with their shafts they may us  
    hit,  
" And in our conquest whilst so well we fare,  
" It were meer folly ; but I see none dare."

Which Gant o'erhearing, being near at hand :  
' Not dare ! quoth he, and angerly doth frown ;  
' I tell thee, Woodhouse, some in presence stand,  
' Dare prop the sun if it were falling down ;  
' Dare grasp the bolt from thunder in his hand,  
' And through a cannon leap into a town ;  
' I tell thee, a resolved man may do  
' Things that thy thoughts yet never mounted  
    to.'

" I know that resolution may do much,"  
Woodhouse replies ; " but who could act my  
    thought,  
" With his proud head the pole might eas'ly  
    touch.



"And Gam," quoth he, "though bravely thou  
 "hast fought,  
 "Yet not the same thou hast attain'd to such,  
 "But that behind as great is to be bought,  
 "And yonder 'tis; then, Gam, come up with  
 "me,  
 "Where soon the king our courages shall see.

'Agreed,' quoth Gam; and up their troops they  
 call,  
 Hand over head and on the French they ran,  
 And to the fight courageously they fall,  
 When on both sides the slaughter soon began.  
 Fortune a while indifferent is to all,  
 These what they may, and those do what they  
 can;

(a) Woodhouse and Gam upon each other vie,  
 By arms their manhood desperately to try.

To climb the fort the light-arm'd English strive,  
 And some by trees there growing to ascend;  
 The French with flints let at the English drive,  
 Themselves with shields the Englishmen defend,  
 And sizen the fort down with their hands would  
 rive;

Thus either side their utmost pow'r extend,  
 Till valiant Gam sore wounded, drawn aside  
 By his own soldiers, shortly after dy'd.

Then take they up the bodies of the slain,  
 Which for their targets out before them bear,  
 And with a fresh assault come on again;  
 Scarce in the field yet such a fight as there:  
 Cross bows and long bows at it are amain,  
 Until the French, their massacre that fear,  
 Of the fierce English a cessation crave,  
 Off'ring to yield, so that their lives would  
 save.

Lewis of Bourbon, in the furious heat  
 Of this great battle, having made some stay,  
 Who with the left wing suffer'd a defeat  
 In the beginning of this luckless day,  
 Finding the English forcing their retreat,  
 And that much hope upon his valour lay;  
 Fearing lest he might undergo some shame,  
 That were unworthy of the Bourbon name,

Hath gather'd up some scatter'd troops of horse,  
 That in the field stood doubtful what to do.  
 Though with much toil, which he doth reip-  
 force

With some small pow'r that he doth add thereto,  
 Proclaiming still the English had the worse;  
 And now at last, with him if they would go,  
 He dares assure them victory; if not,  
 The greatest fame that ever soldiers get.

And being wise, so Bourbon to beguile  
 The French preparing instantly to fly,  
 Procures a soldier, by a secret wile,  
 To come in swiftly, and to crave supply,

That if with courage they would fight a while,  
 It certain was the English all should die;  
 For that the king had offer'd them to yield,  
 Finding his troops to leave him on the field.

When Arthur Earl of Richmond coming in  
 With the right wing, that long stay'd out of  
 fight,  
 Having too lately with the English been;  
 But finding Bourbon bent again to fight,  
 His former credit hoping yet to win  
 (Which at that instant easily he might)  
 Comes up close with him, and puts on as fast,  
 Bravely resolv'd to fight it to the last.

And both encourag'd by the news was brought  
 Of the arriving of the dauphin's power,  
 Whose speedy van their rear had almost raught  
 (From Agincourt discover'd from a tower)  
 Which with the Norman gallantry was fraught,  
 And on the suddain coming like a shower,  
 Would bring a deluge on the English host,  
 Whilst yet they stood their victory to boast.

And on they come, as doth a rolling tide  
 Forc'd by a wind, that shoves it forth so fast,  
 Till it choak up some channel side to side,  
 And the craz'd banks doth down before it cast,  
 Hoping the English would not them abide,  
 Or would be so amated at their haste,  
 That should they fail to rout them at their will,  
 Yet of their blood the fields should drink their  
 fill.

When as the English, whose o'er-weary'd arms  
 Were with long slaughter lately waxed sore,  
 These unexpected and so fierce alarms  
 To their first strength do instantly restore,  
 And like a stove their stiffen'd sinews warm  
 To act as bravely as they did before;  
 And the proud French as stoutly to oppose,  
 Scorning to yield one foot despite of blows.

The fight is fearful; for stout Bourbon brings  
 His fresher forces on with such a shock,  
 That they were like to cut the archers strings  
 Ere they their arrows handsomely could neck:  
 The French, like engines that were made with  
 springs,  
 Themselves so fast into the English lock,  
 That th' one was like the other down to bear,  
 In wanting room to strike, they stood so near.

Till stragg'ring long, they from each other reel'd,  
 Glad that themselves they so could disengage;  
 And falling back upon the spacious field  
 (For this last scene that is the bloody stage)  
 Where they their weapons liberally could wield,  
 They with such madness execute their rage,  
 As though the former fury of the day,  
 To this encounter had but been a play.

Slaughter is now defected to the full:  
 Here from their backs their batter'd armour  
 fall;  
 Here a slit shoulder, there a cloven skull;

(a) For this service done by Woodhouse, there was an addition of honour given him; which was a hand holding a club, with the words *Frappé Mort*, which is born by the family of the Woodhouse of Norwolk to this day.



There hang his eyes out beaten with a mall;  
 Until the edges of their bills grow dull,  
 Upon each other they so spend their gall.  
 Wild shouts and clamours all the air do fill;  
 The French cry *sur*, and the English *kill*.

The Duke of Barr, in this vast spoil, by chance  
 With the Lord St. John on the field doth meet,  
 Tow'rd whom that brave duke doth himself ad-  
 vance,  
 Who with the like encounter him doth greet:  
 This English baron and this peer of France,  
 Grappling together, falling from their feet,  
 With the rude crouds had both to death been  
 crush'd,  
 In for their safety had their friends not rush'd.

Both again rais'd, and both their soldiers shift  
 To save their lives, if any way they could;  
 But as the French the duke away would lift,  
 Upon his arms the English taking hold  
 (Men of that sort, that thought upon their thrift)  
 Knowing his ransom dearly would be sold,  
 Drag him away in spite of their defence,  
 Which to their quarter would have born him  
 thence.

Mean while brave Bourbon, from his stirring  
 horse  
 Gall'd with an arrow, to the earth is thrown;  
 By a mean soldier seized on by force,  
 Hoping to have him certainly his own;  
 Which this Lord holdeth better so than worse,  
 Since the French fortune to that ebb is grown;  
 And he perceives the soldier him doth deem  
 To be a person of no mean esteem.

Berkeley and Burnell, two brave English lords,  
 Flew'd with French blood, and in their valour's  
 pride,  
 Above their arm'd heads brandishing their swords  
 As they triumphing through the army ride,  
 Fading what prizes fortune here affords  
 To ev'ry soldier, and more wisely ey'd  
 This gallant pris'ner; by this arming see  
 Of the great Bourbon family to be;

And from the soldier they his pris'ner take,  
 Of which the French lord seemeth wond'rous  
 slain,  
 Thereby his safety more secure to make:  
 Which when the soldier finds his hopes in vain,  
 So rich a booty forced to forsake,  
 To put himself and pris'ner out of pain,  
 He on the sudden stabs him, and doth swear,  
 Would th'ave his ransom, they should take it  
 there.

When Ross and Morley making in amain,  
 Bring the Lord Darcy up with them along,  
 Whose horse had lately under him been slain,  
 And they on foot found fighting in the throng,  
 Those lords his friends remounting him again,  
 Being a man that valiant was and strong;

They all together with a gen'ral hand  
 Charge on the French, that they could find to  
 stand.

And yet but vainly, as the French suppos'd;  
 For th' Earl of Richmount forth such earth had  
 found,  
 That on two sides with quick set was enclos'd  
 And the way to it by a rising ground,  
 By which a while the English were oppos'd  
 At every charge; which else came up so round,  
 As that except the passage put them by,  
 The French as well might leave their arms, and  
 fly.

Upon both parts it furiously is fought,  
 And with such quickness riseth to that height,  
 That horror need no farther to be sought,  
 If only that might satisfy the fight.  
 Who would have fame, full dearly here it bought,  
 For it was sold by measure and by weight;  
 And at one rate the price still certain stood,  
 An ounce of honour cost a pound of blood.

When so it hapt, that Dampier in the van  
 Meets with stout Darcy; but whilst him he press'd,  
 Over and over cometh horse and man,  
 Of whom the other soon himself possess'd:  
 When as Savelles upon Darcy ran  
 To aid Dampier; but as he him address'd,  
 A halbert taking hold upon his greaves,  
 Him from his saddle violently heaves.

When soon five hundred English men at arms,  
 That to the French had given many a chase,  
 And when they cover'd all the field with swarms,  
 Yet oft that day had bravely bid them base;  
 Now at the last, by raising fresh alarms,  
 And coming up with an unusual pace,  
 Made them to know, that they must run or  
 yield;  
 Never till now the English had the field.

Where Arthur Earl of Richmount beaten down,  
 Is left (suppos'd of ev'ry one) for dead;  
 But afterwards awaking from his swoon,  
 By some that found him was recovered.  
 So Count Du Marle was likewise overthrown,  
 As he was turning, meaning to have fled.  
 Who fights, the cold blade in his bosom feels;  
 Who flies, still hears it whiffing at his heels.

Till all disfrank'd, like silly sheep they run,  
 By threats nor pray'rs to be constrain'd to stay,  
 For that their hearts were so extremely done,  
 That fainting, oft they fall upon the way;  
 Or when they might a present peril shun,  
 They rush upon it by their much dismay;  
 That from the English should they safely flee,  
 Of their own very fear yet they should die.

Some they take pris'ners, other some they kill,  
 As they affect those upon whom they fall;  
 For they, as victors, may do what they will,



For who this conqu'ror to account dare call?  
 In gore the English seem their souls to swill,  
 And the dejected French must suffer all;  
 Flight, cords, and slaughter, are the only three,  
 To which themselves subjected they do see.

A shoole's soldier there a man might meet  
 Leading his Monsieur by the arms fast bound;  
 Another his had shackled by the feet,  
 Who like a cripple shuffled on the ground;  
 Another, three or four before him beat  
 Like harmful cattle driven to a pound:  
 They must abide it, so the victor will,  
 Who at his pleasure may or save or kill.

That brave French gallant, when the fight began,  
 Whose lease of lacqueys ambled by his side,  
 Himself a lacquey now most basely ran,  
 Whilst a ragg'd soldier on his horse doth ride;  
 That rascal is no less than at his man,  
 Who was but lately to his luggage ty'd;  
 And the French lord now court'fies to that slave,  
 Who the last day his alms was like to crave.

And those few English wounded in the fight,  
 They force the French to bring with them away,  
 Who when they were depressed with the weight,  
 Yet dar'd not once their burden down to lay:  
 Those in the morn whose hopes were at their  
 height,  
 Are fallen thus low e'er the departing day!  
 With picks of halberts prickt instead of goads,  
 Like tired horses lab'ring with their loads.

But as the English from the field return,  
 Some of those French who when the fight began  
 Forsook their friends, and hoping yet to earn  
 Pardon, for that so cowardly they ran,  
 Assay the English carriages to burn,  
 Which to defend them scarcely had a man;  
 For that their keepers to the field were got;  
 To pick such spoils as chance should them allot.

The captains of this rascal cow'rdly rout,  
 Were Isambert of Agincourt, at hand;  
 Risant of Clunais, a dorp thereabout;  
 And for the chief in this their base command  
 Was Robinett of Burnivelle, throughout  
 The country known all order to withstand;  
 These, with five hundred peasants they had rais'd,  
 The English tents upon an instant seiz'd.

For setting on those with the luggage left,  
 A few poor futtlers with the camp that went,  
 They basely fell to pillage and to theft;  
 And having rifled every booth and tent,  
 Some of the silliest they of life bereft;  
 The fear of which some of the other sent  
 Into the army with their sudden cries,  
 Which put the King in fear of fresh supplies.

For that his soldiers tired in the fight,  
 Their pris'ners more in number than they were,  
 He thought it for a thing of too much weight

T' oppose fresh forces, and to guard them there.  
 The Dauphin's pow'rs yet standing in their fight,  
 And Bourbon's forces of the field not clear;  
 Those yearning cries that from the carriage  
 came,  
 His blood yet hot, more highly doth inflame:

And in his rage he instantly commands  
 That every English should his pris'ner kill,  
 Except some few in some great captain's hands,  
 Whose ransoms might his empty'd coffers fill.  
 All's one who's loose, or who is now in bonds,  
 Both must one way, it is the Conqu'ror's will.  
 Those who late thought small ransoms them  
 might free,  
 Saw only death their ransoms now must be.

Accursed French, and could it not suffice,  
 That ye but now bath'd in your native gore,  
 But ye must thus unfortunately rise,  
 To draw more plagues upon ye than before?  
 And 'gainst yourselves more mischief to devise  
 Than th' English could have? and set wide the door  
 To utter ruin, and to make an end  
 Of that yourselves, which others would not  
 spend?

Their utmost rage the English now hath breath'd,  
 And their proud hearts 'gan somewhat to relent;  
 Their bloody swords they quietly had sheath'd,  
 And their strong bows already were unbent;  
 To easful rest their bodies they bequeath'd,  
 Nor farther harm at all to you they meant;  
 And to that pains must ye them needily put,  
 To draw their knives once more your throats  
 to cut?

That French who lately by the English stood,  
 And freely ask'd what ransom he should pay,  
 Who somewhat cool'd and in a calmer mood,  
 Agreed with him both of the sum and day,  
 Now finds his flesh must be the present food  
 For wolves and ravens, for the same that stay;  
 And sees his blood on th' other's sword to flow,  
 E'er his quick sense could apprehend the blow.

Whilst one is asking what the bus'ness is,  
 Hearing (in French) his countryman to cry;  
 He who detains him pris'ner, answers this,  
 "Monsieur, the King commands that you must  
 die:

"This is plain English." Whilst he's killing him,  
 He sees another on a Frenchman flie,  
 And with a pole-ax dasheth out his brains,  
 Whilst he's demanding what the garboil means.

That tender heart, whose chance it was to have  
 Some one that day who did much valour shew,  
 Who might perhaps have had him for his slave,  
 But equal lots had fate pleas'd to bestow;  
 He who his pris'ner willingly would save,  
 Lastly constrain'd to give the deadly blow,  
 That sends him down to everlasting sleep,  
 Turning his face, full bitterly doth weep.



And French, that inwardly were well,  
 e light hurts that any man might heal,  
 an instant, in a minute fell,  
 r own friends their deaths to them do  
 many, very few could tell, [deal.  
 d the English perfectly reveal  
 esp'rate cause of this disast'rous hap,  
 'n as thunder kill'd them with a clap.

py were those, in the very height  
 reat battle that had bravely dy'd !  
 their boiling bosoms, in the fight,  
 the sharp steel thorough them to slide ;  
 : now in a miserable plight,  
 old blood this massacre abide,  
 by those villains (curst alive and dead)  
 rom the field the passed morning fled.

the King, to crown this glorious day,  
 s his soldiers, after all this toil,  
 es found that more might them dismay)  
 ead French to take the gen'ral spoil,  
 eaps had well near stopt up ev'ry way,  
 as clods they cover'd all the foil :  
 anding none should any one controul,  
 that catch might, but each man to his  
 ole.

l to groping busily for gold,  
 h about them the slain French had store ;  
 d as much as well their hands can hold ;  
 l but silver, him they counted poor.  
 rains, and bracelets, were not to be told ;  
 s these no soldiers were before.  
 got a ring, would scarcely put it on,  
 t therein there were some radiant stone.

rich suits the noblest French they strip,  
 ve their bodies naked on the ground ;  
 h one fills his knapsack, or his scrip,  
 ne rare thing that on the field is found :  
 is bus'ness he doth nimbly skip,  
 l upon him many a cruel wound :  
 where they found a French not outright  
 him a pris'ner constantly retain. [slain

Who scarce a shirt had but the day before,  
 Nor a whole stocking to keep out the cold,  
 Hath a whole wardrobe at command in store,  
 In the French fashion flaunting it in gold ;  
 And in the tavern in his cups doth roar,  
 Chocking his crowns; and grows thereby so bold,  
 That proudly he a captain's name assumes,  
 In his gilt gorget with his tossing plumes.

Waggons and carts are laden till they crackt,  
 With arms and tents there taken in the field ;  
 For want of carriage, on whose tops are packt  
 Ensigns, coat-armours, targets, spears, and shields :  
 Nor need they convoy, fearing to be sackt,  
 For all the country to King Henry yields ;  
 And the poor peasant helps along to bear,  
 What late the goods of his proud landlord were.

A horse well furnish'd for a present war,  
 For a French crown might any where be bought ;  
 But if so be that he had any scar,  
 Though ne'er so small, he valu'd was at nought.  
 With spoils so sated the proud English are,  
 Amongst the slain that who for pillage fought,  
 Except some rich caparizon he found,  
 For a steel saddle would not stoop to ground.

And many a hundred beaten down that were,  
 Whose wounds were mortal, others wond'rous deep,  
 When as the English over-pass'd they hear,  
 And no man left a watch on them to keep,  
 Into the bushes and the ditches near  
 Upon their weak hands and their knees do creep ;  
 But for their hurts took air, and were undrest,  
 They were found dead, and buried with the rest.

Thus when the King saw that the coast was clear'd,  
 And of the French who were not slain were fled,  
 Nor in the field not any then appear'd,  
 That had the pow'r again to make a head :  
 This Conqueror exceedingly is cheer'd,  
 Thanking his God that he so well had sped ;  
 And so tow'rd's Calais bravely marching on,  
 Leaveth sad France her losses to bemoan.



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# THE BARONS WARS.

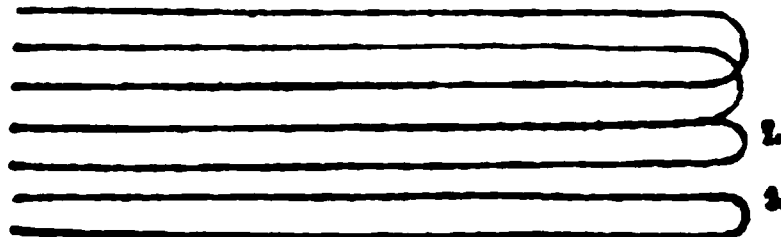
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## PREFACE TO THE READER,

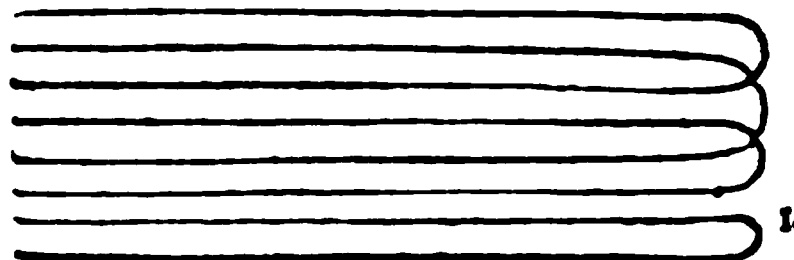
*On this Author's publishing a second and improved Edition of the Barons Wars, which  
be had before called Mortimeriados.*

THAT at first I made choice of this subject, I have not as yet repented; for, if the Muse hath not much abused me, it was most worthy to have found a more worthy pen than mine own. For the *Barons Wars* (omitting the quality of those arms whereof I have not here to speak) were surely, as well for their length in continuance, as for their manifold bloodshed, and multitude of horrid accidents, fit matter for trumpet or tragedy. Therefore, as at first the dignity of the thing was the motive of the doing, so the cause of this my second greater labour was the insufficient handling of the first, which though it were more than boldness to venture on so noble a subject without leisure and competent study, either of which travail hardly affords; yet the importunity of friends made me, contrary to mine own judgment, undertake and publish it so as the world hath seen; but herein I intend not to be too exact, as if either it needed too much excuse (knowing that even as it was, it ought to have passed for better than some would suffer, who can hardly think any thing hath favour but their own, though never so unfavoury) or as if I should seem now to have exceeded myself, and failing in my hopes be kept without excuse. Grammaticasters have quarrelled at the title of *Mortimeriados*, as if it had been a sin against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case: But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of *Mortimer* at all, but the same better advice which hath caused

me to alter the whole; and where before the stanza was of seven lines, wherein there are two couplets, as in this figure appeareth,



the often harmony thereof softened the verse more than the majesty of the subject would permit, unless they had all been geminels, or couplets. Therefore (but not without new-fashioning the whole frame) I chose *Ariosto's* stanza, of all other the most complete and best proportioned, consisting of eight; six interwoven or alternate, and a couplet in base.



The Quadrin doth never double; or, to use a word of Heraldry, never bringeth forth Gemells: The Quinzain too soon. The Sestain hath twice in the base, but they detain not the music nor the close, as musicians term it, long enough for an Epic Poem. The stanza of seven is touched before; this of eight both holds the tune clear



through to the base of the column, which is the couplet at the foot or bottom, and closeth not but with a full satisfaction to the ear for so long detention.

Briefly, this sort of stanza hath in it majesty, perfection, and solidity, resembling the pillar which in Architecture is called the *Tuscan*, whose shaft is of six diameters, and base of two. The other reasons this place will not bear; but generally all stanzas are, in my opinion, but tyrants and torturers, when they make invention obey their number, which sometimes would otherwise scank itself; a fault that great masters in this art strive to avoid.

Concerning the division which I use in this Poem, I am not ignorant that antiquity hath used to distinguish works into Books, and every one to know the number of their order. *Homer's Iliads* and *Odyssey* indeed are distinguished by several letters of the Greek alphabet, as all the world knows, and not by the numeral letters only, which to lots are digit, and afterwards compound, the Alpha being our unit; for the Greeks had no figures nor

cyphers in their arithmetic. *Virgil's Æneis*, *Statius's Thebais*, *Silius's* work of the *Cartaginian War*, *Illyricus's Argonautics*, *Vida's Christeis*, are all divided into Books. The *Italians* use Cantos, and so does our first great reformer *Spenser*. That I assume another name for the sections in this volume cannot be disgraceous, nor unavowable.

Lastly, if I have not already exceeded the length of an epistle, I am to intreat, that he who will (as any man may that will) make himself a party to this of ours, would be pleased to remember that Spartan Prince, who being found by certain ambassadors playing among his children, requested them to forbear to censure till also they had some of their own. To such I give as ample power and privilege as ever *Jus liberorum* could in *Rome*, craving back again at their hands by a regrant, the like of that which I impart; for great reason there is that they should undergo the license which themselves challenge; and suffer that in their fames which they would wrongly put upon others, according to the most indifferent law of the *Talis*. Fare you well.



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# THE BARONS WARS

IN THE REIGN OF  
KING EDWARD II.

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## BOOK I.

### *The Argument.*

The grievous plagues, and the prodigious signs,  
That this great war and slaughter do foreshew;  
'Th' especial cause the Baronage combines;  
The Queen's strong grief, whence many troubles grow;  
The time by course unto our fall inclines,  
And how each country doth to battle go;  
What cause to yield the Mortimers pretend,  
And their commitment perfecting the end.

I.

THE bloody factions, and rebellious pride  
Of a strong nation, whose unmanag'd might  
Them from their natural sovereign did divide,  
Their due subjection, and his lawful right,  
Whom their light error loosely doth misguide,  
Urg'd by loose minions tyrannous despight;  
Me from the soft lays and tender loves doth  
bring,  
Of dreadful fights and horrid wars to sing.

II.

What hellish fury poison'd your high blood,  
Or should bewitch you with accursed charms,  
That by pretending of the general good,  
Rashly extrudes you to tumultuous arms,  
And from the safety wherein late you stood,  
Rest of all taste, and feeling of your harms,  
That France and Belgia with affrighted eyes,  
Were sad beholders of your miseries?

III.

Th' inveterate rancour in their bosoms bred,  
Who for their charter wag'd a former war,  
Or through your veins this raging venom spread,  
Whose next-succeeding nephews now you are,  
Or that hot gore your bows in conquest shed,  
Having enlarg'd your country's bounds so far,  
Ensign to ensign furiously oppose,  
With blades of Bilboa dealing English blows.

IV.

O! thou, the great director of my muse,  
On whose free bounty all my powers depend,  
Into my breast a sacred fire infuse,  
Ravish my spirit this great work t'attend;  
Let the still night my labour'd lines peruse,  
That when my poems gain their wished end,  
They whose sad eyes shall read this tragic story  
In my weak hand, shall see thy might and  
glory.



## V.

What care would plot, diffentions quickly cross,  
Which like an earthquake rends the tott'ring state,  
By which abroad we bear a public loss,  
Betray'd at home by means of private hate;  
Whilst us these strange calamities do toss;  
(The daily nurse of mutinous debate)

Confusion still our country's peace confounds  
No help at hand, and mortal all our wounds.

## VI.

Thou Church then swelling in thy mightiness,  
Tending the care and safety of the soul;  
O nurse not factions flowing in excess,  
That with thy members should'st their grief con-  
la thee rests pow'r this outrage to repress; (dole;  
Which might thy zeal and sanctity enroll;  
Come thou in pureness meekly with the word,  
Lay not thy hand to the unhallow'd sword.

## VII.

Most thirsting War, arising first from Hell,  
And in progression seizing on this isle,  
Where it before near forty years did dwell,  
And with pollution horribly defile,  
By which so many a worthy English fell,  
By our first Edward banished a while,  
Transferr'd by fortune to the Scottish meer,  
To ransack that, as it had ravin'd here.

## VIII.

Where hovering still with inauspicious wings  
About the verge of these distemper'd climes,  
Returning now, new error hither brings,  
To stir us up to these disastrous crimes,  
Weak'ning our power by oft diminishings,  
And taking hold on these unsettled times,  
Fettering our frailty sensually at length,  
Crack'd the stiff nerves that knit our ancient  
strength.

## IX.

Whose frightful vision, at the first approach,  
With violent madness struck that desp'rate age,  
So many sundry miseries abroach,  
Giving full speed to their unbridled rage,  
That did our ancient liberty encroach,  
And in these strong conspiracies engage  
The worthiest blood, the subjects loss to bring,  
By unnatural wrongs unto their natural king.

## X.

When in the North, whilst horror yet was young,  
These dangerous seasons swiftly coming on,  
Whilst o'er our heads portentous meteors hung,  
And in the skies stern comets brightly shone,  
Prodigious births oft intermixt among,  
Such as before to times had been unknown,  
In bloody issues forth the earth doth break,  
Weeping for us, whose woes it could not speak.

## XI.

When, by the rankness of contagious air,  
A mortal Plague invadeth man and beast,  
Which soon disperseth and raging every where  
In doubt the same too quickly should have ceas'd,  
Move to confirm the certainty of fear  
By cruel Famine helplessly increas'd;  
As though the heavens, in their remorseful doom,  
Took these best-lov'd from worse days to come.

## XII.

The level course that we propose to go,  
Now to th' intent you may more plainly see,  
And that we every circumstance may shew,  
The state of things, and truly what they be,  
And with what skill or project we bestow,  
As our occurrents happen in degree;  
From these portents we now divert our view,  
To bring to birth the horrors that ensue.

## XIII.

The calling back of banish'd Gaveston,  
'Gainst which the Barons were to Longshanks  
sworn,  
That insolent lascivious minion,  
A sovereign's blemish, and a country's scorn,  
The signiories and great promotion,  
Him in his lawless courses to suborn,  
Stirs up that hateful and outrageous strife,  
That cost e'er long so many an English life.

## XIV.

O worthy Lacy! had'st thou spar'd that breadth,  
Which shortly after nature thee deny'd,  
To Lancaster deliver'd at thy death,  
To whom thy only daughter was affy'd,  
That this stern war too quickly publisheth,  
To aid the Barons 'gainst that minion's pride,  
Thy earldoms, lands, and titles of renown,  
Had not so soon return'd unto the crown.

## XV.

The lordships Bruce unto the Spensers past,  
Crossing the Barons vehement desire,  
As from Jove's hand that fearful lightning cast,  
When fifty towns lay spent in envious fire,  
Alas! too vain and prodigal a waste,  
The strong effects of their conceived ire;  
Urging the weak King with a violent hand,  
T'abjure those false Lords from the troubled land.

## XVI.

When the fair Queen (a), that progressing in Kent,  
Lastly deny'd her entrance into (b) Leeds,  
Whom Badlesmere unkindly doth prevent,  
Who 'gainst his Sovereign in this course proceeds  
As adding farther to this discontent,  
One of the springs which this great mischief seeds,  
Heaping on rage and horror more and more,  
To thrust on that which went too fast before.

## XVII.

Which more and more a kingly rage increas'd,  
Mov'd with the wrongs of Gaveston degraded,  
Which had so long been settled in his breast,  
That all his powers it wholly had invaded,  
Giving the Spensers an assured rest,  
By whom his reasons chiefly are persuaded.  
By whose lewd counsels he is only led  
To leave his true Queen, and his lawful bed.

## XVIII.

That now herself, who while she stood in grace,  
Apply'd her powers these discords to appease,  
When yet confusion had not fully place,  
Nor former times so dangerous as these,  
A party now in their afflicted case,  
A willing hand to his destruction lays;

(a) Isabel.

(b) Leeds castle.



That time, whose soft palm heals the wound of  
war,  
May cure the sore, but never close the scar.

xix.

In all this heat his greatness first began  
The serious subject of our sadder vein,  
Brave Mortimer, that ever-marchless man,  
Of the old Heroes great and godlike strain;  
For whom invention doing best it can,  
His weight of honour hardly can sustain,  
Bearing his name immortaliz'd and high,  
When he in earth unnumber'd times shall lie.

xx.

That uncle now whose name this nephew bare,  
The only comfort of the woful Queen)  
Who from his cradle held him as his care,  
In whom the hope of that great name was seen,  
For this young Lord now wisely doth prepare,  
Whilst yet this deep heart-goring wound is green,  
And on this fair advantage firmly wrought,  
To place him highly in her princely thought.

xxi.

At whose deliberate and unusual birth,  
The heavens were said to council to retire,  
And in aspects of happiness and mirth,  
Breath'd him a spirit insatiably t'aspire,  
That took no mixture of the pond'rous earth,  
But all compres'd of clear ascending fire,  
So well made up, that such an one as he,  
Jove, in a man, like Mortimer would be.

xxii.

The temper of that nobler-moving part,  
With such rare pureness rectify'd his blood,  
Raising the powers of his resolved heart,  
Too proud to be lock'd up within a flood,  
That no misfortune possibly could thwart  
Which from the native greatness where it stood,  
Even by the virtue of a piercing eye,  
Shew'd that his pitch was boundless as the sky.

xxiii.

Worthy the grand-child of so great a Lord,  
Who whilst first Edward fortunately reign'd,  
Re-edify'd great Arthur's ancient board;  
The seat of goodly Kennelworth ordain'd,  
The order of old Knighthood there restor'd,  
To which an hundred duly appertain'd,  
With all the grace and beauties of a court,  
As best became that brave and martial sport.

xxiv.

The heart-swoln Lords, with fury set on fire,  
Who Edward's wrongs to vengeance still provoke,  
With Lancaster and Hartford now conspire  
No more to bear the Spensers servile yoke.  
And thus whilst all a mutual change desire,  
The ancient bonds of their allegiance broke,  
Resolv'd with blood their liberty to buy,  
And in this quarrel vow'd to live and die.

xxv.

What privilege hath our free birth, say they,  
Or in our blood what virtue doth remain,  
To each lascivious minion made a prey,  
That us and our nobility disdain,  
Whilst they triumphant boast of our decay?  
Nay, these spirits we do not now retain,

That were our fathers, or by fate we fall  
Both from their greatness, liberty, and all.

xxvi.

Honour, dejected that from that sovereign state  
From whence at first it challenged a being,  
Now prostitute to infamy and hate,  
As with itself in all things disagreeing,  
So out of order, disproportionate,  
From her fair course preposterously flying;  
Whilst others as themselves, and only we  
Are not held those we would but seem to be.

xxvii.

Then to what end hath our great conquest serv'd,  
Those acts achieved by the Norman sword,  
Our charters, patents, or our deeds reserv'd,  
Our offices and titles to record,  
The crests that on our monuments are carv'd,  
If they to us no greater good afford?

Thus do they murmur ev'ry one apart

With many a vext soul, many a griev'd heart.

xxviii.

Thus while the Queen to depth of sorrow throws,  
Wherein she wastes her flow'r of youth away,  
Beyond belief, to all but heaven unknown,  
This quick'ning spark, where yet it bury'd lay,  
By the sharp breath of desp'rate faction blown,  
Converts her long night to the wished day,  
Her woful winter of misfortune cheering,  
As the dark world at the bright sun's appearing.

xxix.

Yet ill perplex'd amid these hard extremes,  
All means depress'd her safety to prefer,  
Depriv'd of those late comfortable beams,  
Whose want might make her the more eas'ly err,  
Her hopes relinquish'd like deceitful dreams,  
Which in her breast such sundry passions stir,  
Where struggling which each other should con-  
troul,

Work strange confusion in her troubled soul.

xxx.

That now disabled of all sovereign state,  
That to her graces rightly did belong,  
To be rejected, and repudiate,  
So true a lady, goodly, fair and young,  
Which with more fervour still doth intimate  
Her too-deep settled and inveterate wrong;  
What wisdom would, a woman's will denies,  
With arguments of her indignities.

xxxi.

When to effect the angry fates pursue  
In heaven's high court, that long time did depend,  
When these full mischiefs to a ripeness grew,  
And now the harvest hast'ning in the end,  
And all these lines into one centre drew,  
Which way so e'er they seemingly extend;  
All these together in proportion laid,  
Each breath of hope a gale of certain aid.

xxxii.

Now is the time when Mortimer doth enter,  
Of great employment in this tragic act,  
His youth and courage boldly bid him venture,  
And tell him still how strongly he was back'd;  
And at this instant in due season sent her,  
When the strait course to her desire is track'd.



out upon more certainty doth stay)  
rect, what though a dangerous way.

XXXIII.

dful comet drew her wond'ring eye,  
w began his golden head to rear,  
orious fixure in so fair a sky  
e beholder with a chilly fear,  
region elevate and high,  
e form wherein it did appear,  
most skilful seriously divine,  
w'd a kingdom shortly to decline.

XXXIV.

ecoyling at the Spensers power,  
heck'd with their intemp'rate pride,  
stant Barons wavering every hour,  
e encounter of this boisterous tide,  
y might their livelyhood devour  
ot those that skilfully could guide;  
m suspicion craftily retires,  
s, in shew, of what she most desires.

XXXV.

ng grief, as one that knew not ill,  
e rule the greatness of her mind,  
t perfect rectores of her will,  
e usual weakness of her kind;  
is storm, immoveable and still,  
t drift the wisest miss to find;  
ill she know what (yet) these factions  
cant,  
pleas'd eye to sooth sad discontent.

XXXVI.

suspicion cunningly to heal,  
er looks humility she bears,  
t way with mightiness to deal,  
religion's habit wears;  
no time her grievance to reveal,  
l who takes a lion by the ears:  
new the Queen, exempl'd by the wise;  
ust they learn who rightly temporize.

XXXVII.

op Torleton, learned'st in the land,  
ext of politics to preach,  
e long studying, well did understand,  
e method could as aptly teach;  
eprelate of a potent hand,  
e the man that could go beyond his reach:  
btle tutor Isabel hath taught,  
r points than ever England fought.

XXXVIII.

rich no longer limits can contain,  
eaks forth into a public flame,  
pp'd occasion better to regain,  
their purpose things so fitly frame,  
r discern'd visibly and plain,  
eason boldly dare itself proclaim,  
g aside all secular disguise,  
with proud legions furiously arise.

XXXIX.

n lately in her ebbs that sank,  
erfaken leaves th' uncover'd sands,  
full tides, luxurious, high and rank,  
her pride t' invade the neighb'ring lands,  
her limits, cov'ring all her banks,  
ing the proud hills with her watry hands,

As tho' she meant her empery to have,  
Where e'en but lately she beheld her grave.

XL.

Through all the land, from places far and near,  
Led to the field as fortune lots their side  
(With th' ancient weapons us'd in war to bear)  
As those directed whom they chose their guide;  
Or else perhaps as they affected were,  
Or as by friendship, or by duty ty'd;  
Sway'd by the strength and motion of their blood,  
No cause examin'd, be it bad or good.

XLI.

From Norfolk and the countries of the East  
That with the pike must skilfully could fight;  
Then those of Kent, unconquer'd of the rest,  
That to this day maintain their ancient right;  
For courage no whit second to the best,  
The Cornish-men, most active, bold and light  
Those near the plain, the pole-ax best that wield,  
And claim for theirs the vaward of the field.

XLII.

The noble Welsh, of th' ancient British race;  
From Lancashire men famous for their bows;  
The men of Cheshire, chiefest for their place,  
Of bone so big, as only made for blows,  
Which for their faith are had in special grace,  
And have been ever fearful to their foes;  
The Northern then in feuds so deadly fell,  
That for their spear and horsemanship excell.

XLIII.

All that for use experience could espy,  
Such as in fens and marsh-lands us'd to trade,  
The doubtful fords and passages to try,  
With stilts and lope-staves that do aptliest wade,  
Most fit for scouts and currens, to descry;  
Those from the mines with pick-ax and with  
spade,  
For pioneers best, that for entrenching are,  
Men chiefly needful in the use of war.

XLIV.

O noble nation, furnished with arms,  
So full of spirit, as almost match'd by none!  
Had heaven but blest thee to foresee thy harms,  
And as thy valiant nephews did, have gone  
Roan, Orleans, Paris, shaking with alarms,  
As the bright sun thy glory then had shone;  
To other realms thou had'st transferr'd this  
chance,  
Nor had your sons been first that conquer'd  
France.

XLV.

And thus on all hands setting up their rest,  
And all make forward for this mighty day,  
Where every one prepares to do his best,  
When at the stake their lives and fortunes lay,  
No cross event their purposes to wrest,  
Being now on in so direct a way: [game,  
Yet whilst they play this strange and doubtful  
The Queen stands off, and secretly gives aim.

XLVI.

But Mortimer his foot had scarcely set  
Into the road where Fortune had to deal,  
But she, dispos'd his forward course to let,  
Her lewd condition quickly doth reveal,



Glory to her vain deity to get  
By him, whose strange birth bare her ominous seal:  
Taking occasion from that very hour  
In him to prove and manifest her pow'r.

XLVII.

As when we see the early-rising sun  
With his bright beams to emulate our light;  
But when his course yet newly is begun,  
The hum'rous fogs deprive us of his light,  
Till through the clouds he his clear forehead run,  
Climbing the noon-tide in his glorious height:  
His clear-beginning Fortune cloudeth thus,  
To make his mid-day great and glorious.

XLVIII.

The King, discreetly that considered  
The space of earth whereon the Barons stand,  
As what the powers to them contributed,  
Then being himself but partner of his land;  
Of the small strength and army that he led  
'Gainst them which did so great a pow'r command,  
Wisely about him doth begin to look:  
Great was the task which now he undertook.

XLIX.

And warn'd by danger to misdoubt the worst,  
In equal scales whilst either's fortunes hung,  
He must perform the utmost that he durst,  
Or undergo intolerable wrong:  
As good to stir, as after be inforc'd;  
To stop the source whence all these mischiefs sprung,  
He with the Marchers thinks best to begin,  
Which first must lose, e'er he could hope to win.

L.

The Mortimers being men of greatest might,  
Whose name was dreadful, and commanded far,  
Sturdy to manage, of a haughty sprit,  
Strongly ally'd, much follow'd, popular,  
On whom if he but happily could light,  
He hop'd more eas'ly to conclude the war:  
Which he intendeth speedily to try,  
To quit that first which most stood in his eye.

LI.

For which he expeditiously provided  
That part of land into his power to get,  
Which, if made good, might keep his foes divided  
Their combination cunningly to let;  
Which should they join, would be so strongly sided,  
Two mighty hosts together safely met,  
The face of war would look so stern and great,  
As it might threat to heave him from his seat.

LII.

Wherefore the King from London setteth forth  
With a full army, furnish'd of the best,  
Accompany'd with men of special worth,  
Which to this war his promises had prest.  
Great Lancaster was lord of all the North,  
The Mortimers were masters of the West,  
He tow'rd mid England makes the way 'twixt  
either,  
Which they must cross e'er they could come  
together.

LIII.

Strongly inveigled with delightful hope,  
Stoutly t' affront and shoulder with debate,  
Knowing to meet with a resolved troop,

That came prepar'd with courage and with hate,  
Whose stubborn crests if he inforc'd to stoop,  
It him behoves to tempt some pow'rful fate,  
And through stern guards of swords and hostile  
fire

Make way to peace, or shamefully retire.

LIV.

When now the Marchers well upon their way,  
(Expecting those that them supplies should bring  
Which had too long abus'd them by delay)  
Were suddenly encounter'd by the King;  
They then perceive that dilatory stay  
To be the causer of their ruining,  
When at their bosoms black Destruction stood,  
With open jaws, prepared for their blood.

LV.

And by the shifting of th' inconstant wind,  
Seeing what weather they were like to meet,  
Which even at first so awkwardly they find,  
Before they could give sea-room to their fleet,  
Clean from their course, and cast so far behind,  
And yet in peril every hour to split,  
Some unknown harbour suddenly must sound,  
Or run their fortunes desp'rately on ground.

LVI.

The elder Peer, grave, politic, and wise,  
Which had all dangers absolutely scann'd,  
Finding high time his nephew to advise,  
Since now their state stood on this desp'rate hand,  
And from this mischief many more to rise,  
Which his experience made him understand:  
"Nephew," saith he, "'tis but in vain to strive,  
"Counsel must help our safety to contrive.

LVII.

"The downright peril present in our eye,  
"Not to be shunn'd, we see what it assures;  
"Think then what weight upon our fall doth  
"lye,  
"And what our being this design procures:  
"As to our friends what good may grow thereby,  
"Prove, which the test of reason best endures:  
"For who observes strict policy's true laws,  
"Shifts his proceeding to the varying cause.

LVIII.

"To hazard fight with the imperial powers,  
"Will our small troops undoubtedly appall;  
"Then this our war us wilfully devours,  
"Yielding our selves; yet thus we lose not all,  
"We leave our friends this smaller force of ours,  
"Reserv'd for them, though haplessly we fall:  
"That weakness ever hath a glorious hand,  
"That falls itself to make the cause to stand.

LIX.

"'Twixt unexpected and so dang'rous ills,  
"That saf'st, wherein we smallest peril see,  
"Which to make choice of reason justly wills,  
"And it doth best with policy agree:  
"The idle vulgar breath it nothing skills,  
"'Tis sound discretion must our pilot be.  
"He that doth still the fairest means prefer.  
"Answers opinion, howsoe'er he err.

LX.

"And to the world's eye seeming yet so strong,  
"By our descending willingly from hence,



" 'Twill shew we were provoked by our wrong,  
 " Not having other sinister pretence :  
 " This force left off that doth to us belong,  
 " Will in opinion lessen our offence :  
 " Men are not ever incident to loss,  
 " When Fortune seems them frowardly to cross.

LXI.

" Nor give we envy absolute excess,  
 " To search so far our subtilties to find ;  
 " There's nearer means this mischief to redress,  
 " And make successful what is yet behind.  
 " Let's not ourselves of all hope dispossess,  
 " Fortune is ever variously inclin'd :  
 " A small advantage in th' affairs of Kings,  
 " Guides a slight means to compass mighty  
 " things."

LXII.

This speech so caught his nephew's pliant youth,  
 (Who his grave Eam did ever much respect)  
 Proceeding from integrity and truth :  
 Well could he counsel, well could he direct  
 With strong persuasions, which he still pursu'd ;  
 Which in a short time shew'd by the effect,  
 A wise man's counsel, by a secret fate,  
 Seeming from reason, yet proves fortunate.

LXIII.

To which the King they gravely do invite,  
 By the most strict and ceremonious way ;  
 No circumstance omitted, nor no rite  
 That might give colour to their new essay,  
 Or that applause might publicly excite.  
 To which the King doth willingly obey :  
 Who, like themselves, in seeing danger near,  
 Rather accepts a doubt, than certain fear.

LXIV.

Which he receives in presage of his good,  
 To his success auspiciously apply'd,

Vol. III.

Which somewhat cool'd his much-distemper'd  
 blood,

E'er he their force in doubtful arms had try'd ;  
 And whilst they thus in his protection stood,  
 At his disposing wholly to abide,  
 He first in safety doth dismiss their power,  
 Then sends them both his pris'ners to the Tower.

LXV.

O all-preparing Providence Divine !  
 In thy large book what secrets are enroll'd ?  
 What sundry helps doth thy great pow'r assign,  
 To prop the course which thou intend'st to hold ?  
 What mortal sense is able to define  
 Thy mysteries, thy counsels manifold ?  
 It is thy wisdom, strangely that extends  
 Obscure proceedings to apparent ends.

LXVI.

This was the means by which the Fates dispose  
 More dreadful plagues upon that age, to bring  
 Utter confusion on the heads of those  
 That were before the Barons ruining ;  
 With the subversion of the public's foes,  
 The murder of the miserable King :  
 And that which 'came catastrophe to all,  
 Great Mortimer's inevitable fall.

LXVIII.

This to these troubles lends a little breath,  
 As the first pause to hearten this affair,  
 And for a while defers oft-threat'ning death,  
 Whilst each their breach by leisure would repair,  
 And as a bound their fury limiteth.  
 But in this manner whilst things strangely fare,  
 Horror beyond all wonted bounds doth swell,  
 As the next Canto fearfully shall tell.

C



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# THE BARONS WARS.

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## BOOK II.

### *The Argument.*

At *Burton bridge* the puissant pow'rs are met;  
The form and order of the doubtful fight,  
Whereas the King the victory doth get,  
And the proud Barons are inforc'd to flight;  
When they again towards *Borough* forward set,  
Where they by him were vanquished outright:  
Lastly, the laws do execute their power  
On those which there the sword did not devour.

I.

THIS chance of war, that suddenly had swept  
So large a share from their selected store,  
Which for their help they carefully had kept,  
That to their aid might still have added more,  
By this ill luck into their army crept,  
Made them much weaker than they were before:  
So that the Barons reinforc'd their bands,  
Finding their hearts to stand in need of hands.

II.

For deadly hate, so long and deeply rooted,  
Could not abide to hear the name of peace,  
So that discretion but a little bootéd  
'Gainst that, thereby which only did increase:  
For the least grief by malice was promoted,  
Anger set on, beginning to surcease;  
So that all counsel much their ears offended,  
But what to spoil and sad invasion tended.

III.

All up in action for the public cause,  
Scarcely the mean'st, but he a party stood  
Tax'd by the letter of the cens'ring laws  
In his estate, if failing of his blood;  
And who was free'st, intangled by some clause,  
Which to their fury gives continual food:  
For where Confusion once hath gotten hold,  
Till all fall flat, it hardly is controul'd.

IV.

And now by night, when as pale leaden sleep  
Upon their eye-lids heavily did dwell,  
And step by step on every sense did creep,  
Mischief, that black inhabitant of Hell,  
Which never fails continual watch to keep,  
(Fearful to think, a horrid thing to tell!)  
Enter'd the place whereas those warlike Lords  
Lay mail'd in armour, girt with ireful swords.



## V.

She, with a sharp sight, and a meagre look,  
Was always prying where she might do ill,  
In which the fiend continual pleasure took,  
(Her starved body Plenty could not fill)  
Searching in every corner, every nook;  
With winged feet, too swift to work her will,  
Furnish'd with deadly instrument she went  
Of ev'ry sort, to wound where so she meant.

## VI.

Having a viall fill'd with baneful wrath,  
(Brought from Cocytus by that cursed sprite)  
Which in her pale hand purposely she hath,  
And drops the poison upon every wight:  
For to each one she knew the ready path,  
Though in the midst and dead time of the night:  
Whose strength too soon invadeth every Peer,  
Not one escap'd her that she cometh near.

## VII.

That the next morning breaking in the East,  
With a much-troubled and affrighted mind,  
Each whom this venom lately did infect,  
The strong effect in their swol'n stomachs find;  
Now doth the poison boil in every breast,  
To sad destruction ev'ry one's inclin'd;  
Rumours of spoil through ev'ry ear do fly,  
And threat'ning fury sits in ev'ry eye.

## VIII.

This done, in haste she to King Edward hies,  
Who late grown proud upon his good success,  
His time to feasts and wantonness applies,  
And with crown'd cups his sorrows doth suppress,  
Upon his fortune wholly that relies;  
And in the bosom of his courtly press  
Wenteth the hap of this victorious day,  
While the sick Land in sorrow pines away.

## IX.

Thither she comes, and in a minion's shape  
She getteth near the person of the King;  
And as he tastes the liquor of the grape,  
Into the cup her poison she doth wring:  
Not the least drop untainted doth escape,  
For to that purpose she her store did bring:  
Whose strong commixture as the sequel try'd,  
Fill'd his hot veins with arrogance and pride.

## X.

That having both such courage and such might,  
As to so great a business did belong,  
Neither yet think by their unnatural fight  
What the republic suffer'd them among:  
For misty error so deludes their sight,  
(Which still betwixt them and clear reason hung)  
And their opinions in such sort abus'd,  
As that their fault can never be excus'd.

## XI.

Now our Minerva puts on dreadful arms,  
Further to wade into this bloody war,  
And from her slumber waken'd with alarms,  
Riseth to sing of many a massacre,  
Of gloomy magics, and benumbing charms,  
Of many a deep wound, many a fearful scar:  
For that low sock wherein she us'd to tread,  
Marching in greaves, a helmet on her head.

## XII.

Whilst thus vain hope doth these false Lords delude,  
Who having drawn their forces to a head,  
They their full purpose seriously pursu'd,  
By Lancaster and valiant Hertford led,  
Their long proceeding lastly to conclude;  
Whilst now to meet both armies hotly sped,  
The Barons taking Burton in their way,  
Till they could hear where Edward's army lay.

## XIII.

To which report too suddenly bewray'd  
Their manner of encamping, and the place,  
Their present strength, and their expected aid,  
As what might most avail them in this case.  
The speedy march th' imperial power had made,  
Had brought them soon within a little space:  
For still the King conducted had his force,  
Which way he heard the Barons bent their course.

## XIV.

Upon the East, from bushy Needwood's side,  
There riseth up an easy-climbing hill,  
At whose fair foot the silver Tent doth slide,  
And the slow air with her soft murmuring fill,  
Which with the store of liberal brooks supply'd,  
Th' insatiate meads continually doth swill,  
Over whose stream a bridge of wondrous strength  
Leads on from Burton to that hill in length.

## XV.

Upon the mount the King his tentage fixt,  
And in the town the Barons lay in light,  
When as the Trent was risen so betwixt,  
That for a while prolong'd th' unnatural fight,  
With many waters that itself had mixt,  
To stay their fury doing all it might.  
Things which preface both good and ill there be,  
Which Heav'n's forethrews, but will not let us see.

## XVI.

The heaven ev'n mourning o'er our heads doth sit,  
Grieving to see the times so out of course,  
Looking on them who never look at it,  
And in mere pity melteth with remorse;  
Longer from tears that could not stay a whit,  
Whose influence on every lower source,  
From the swoln fluxure of the clouds, doth shake  
A rank imposthume upon every lake.

## XVII.

O warlike nation, hold thy conqu'ring hand,  
Ev'n senseless things do warn thee yet to pause;  
The mother-soil, on whom thou arm'd dost stand,  
Which should restrain thee by all natural laws,  
Canst thou (unkind!) inviolate that band?  
Nay, heav'n and earth are angry with the cause:  
Yet stay thy foot in mischief's ugly gate;  
Ill comes too soon, repentance oft too late.

## XVIII.

Oh, can the clouds weep over thy decay,  
Yet not one drop fall from thy drougthy eyes?  
Seest thou the snare, and wilt not shun the way,  
Nor yet be warn'd by passed miseries?  
'Tis yet but early in this dismal day,  
Let late experience learn thee to be wise.  
An ill foreseen may eas'ly be prevented;  
But hap'd, unhelp'd, tho' ne'er enough lamented.



## XIX.

Cannot the Scot of your late slaughter boast?  
 And are yet scarce healed of the sore?  
 Is't not enough ye have already lost,  
 But your own madness must needs make it more?  
 Will ye seek safety in some foreign coast?  
 Your wives and children pitied ye before;  
 But when your own bloods your own swords  
 imbrue,  
 Who pities them who should have pitied you?

## XX.

'The neighb'ring groves are spoiled of their trees,  
 For boats and timber to assuage the flood,  
 (Where men are lab'ring as 'twere summer-bees,  
 Some hollowing trunks, some binding heaps of  
 wood;  
 Some on their breasts, some working on their  
 knees,)  
 'To win the bank whereon the Barons stood;  
 Which o'er the current they by strength must  
 tew,  
 To shed that blood which many an age shall rue.

## XXI.

Some sharp their swords, some right their morions  
 set:  
 Their greaves and pouldrons others rivet fast;  
 'The archers now their bearded arrows whet,  
 Whilst everywhere the clam'rous drums are brac'd;  
 Some taking view where they sure ground might  
 get;  
 Not one, but some advantage doth forecast:  
 With ranks and files each plain and meadow  
 swarms,  
 As all the land were clad in angry arms.

## XXII.

The crests and badges of each noble name,  
 Against their owners rudely seem to stand,  
 As angry for th' achievements whence they came,  
 'That to their fathers gave that generous brand.  
 O ye unworthy of your ancient fame,  
 Against yourselves to lift your conqu'ring hand,  
 Since foreign swords your height could not abate,  
 By your own pride yourselves to ruinat!

## XXIII.

Upon his surcoat valiant Nevil bore  
 A silver saltire upon martial red;  
 A lady's sleeve high-spirited Hastings wore;  
 Ferriers his taberd with rich verry spread,  
 Well known in many a warlike match before.  
 A raven sat on Corbet's armed head;  
 And Culpepper in silver arms enrail'd,  
 Bare thereupon a bloody bend engrail'd

## XXIV.

The noble Piercy, in this dreadful day,  
 With a bright crescent in his guidon came:  
 In his white cornet Verdon doth display  
 A fret of gules, priz'd in this mortal game,  
 That had been seen in many a doubtful fray,  
 His lance's penons stained with the same.  
 The angry horse chaf'd with the stubborn bit,  
 With his hard hoof the earth in fury smit.

## XXV.

I could the sum of Stafford's arming shew,  
 What colours Ross and Courtney did unfold;  
 Great Warren's blazon I could let you know,

And all the glorious circumstance have told,  
 Nam'd every ensign as they stood a-row;  
 But oh, dear Muse, too soon thou art controul'd!  
 For in remembrance of their evil speed,  
 My pen, for ink, warm drops of blood doth shed.

## XXVI.

On the King's part th' imperial standard's pitch'd,  
 With all the hatchments of the English crown.  
 Great Lancaster (with no less power enrich'd)  
 Sets the same leopards in his colours down.  
 O, if ye be not frantic or bewitch'd,  
 Yet do but see that on yourselves you frown:  
 A little note of diff'rence is in all, [fall?]  
 How can the same stand, when the same doth

## XXVII.

Behold the eagles, lions, talbots, bears,  
 The badges of your famous ancestries;  
 Shall those brave marks by their inglorious heirs  
 Stand thus oppos'd against their families?  
 More ancient arms no Christian nation bears,  
 Relics unworthy of their progenies:  
 Those beasts ye bear do in their kind agree,  
 O that than beasts more savage men should be!

## XXVIII.

And whilst the King doth in sad council sit,  
 How he might best the other bank recover,  
 See how misfortune still her time can fit!  
 Such as were sent the country to discover,  
 (As up and down from place to place they sit)  
 Had found a ford to pass their forces over.  
 Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;  
 Comfort's a cripple, and comes ever slow.

## XXIX.

When Edward fearing Lancaster's supplies,  
 Proud Richmond, Surry, and great Pembroke sent,  
 On whose success he mightily relies,  
 Under whose conduct half his army went,  
 The nearest way, conducted by the spies;  
 And he himself, and Edmond Earl of Kent,  
 Upon the hill in sight of Burton lay,  
 Watching to take advantage of the day.

## XXX.

Stay Surry, stay, thou may'st too soon be gone;  
 Pause till this heat be somewhat overpast;  
 Full little know'st thou whither thou dost run;  
 Richmond and Pembroke, never make such haste,  
 Ye do but strive to bring more horror on.  
 Never seek sorrow, for it comes too fast:  
 Why strive ye thus to pass this fatal flood,  
 To fetch but wounds, and shed your nearest  
 blood?

## XXXI.

Great Lancaster, yet sheath thy angry sword,  
 On Edward's arms whose edge thou should'st not  
 set,  
 Thy nat'ral kinsman and thy sov'reign Lord,  
 Both from the loins of our Plantagenet:  
 Call yet to mind my once-engaged word:  
 Canst thou thy oath to Longshanks thus forget?  
 Men should perform, before all other things,  
 The serious vows they make to God and kings.

## XXXII.

The winds were hush'd, no little breath doth blow,  
 Which seems fate still as tho' they list'ning stood;  
 With trampling crowds the very earth doth blow,



so' the smoke the sun appear'd like blood.  
 With the shout, and with the dreadful shew,  
 Rds of beasts ran bellowing to the wood,  
 A drums and trumpets to the charge did  
 found,  
 they would shake the gross clouds to the  
 ground.

XXXIII.

As then charging with their pow'r of horse,  
 A signal when they should begin,  
 A view of the imperial force,  
 At that time assay'd the bridge to win ;  
 Made the Barons change their former course,  
 In the present danger they were in ;  
 When on the sudden had they not forecast,  
 For last day that hour had been the last.

XXXIV.

From the hill the King's main pow'r came  
 down,  
 And Aquarius to their valiant guide,  
 Lancaster and Hartford from the town  
 Forth upon the other side ;  
 First peer, the Crown against the crown,  
 In affails, the Barons munify'd :  
 And's red cross upon both sides doth fly ;  
 Forge the King, St. George the Barons cry.

XXXV.

An exhalation hot and dry,  
 From the air-bred misty vapours thrown,  
 His lightning forth outrageously,  
 From the thick clouds with the thunder-stone,  
 Every splinters through the thin air fly,  
 With the horror heaven and earth doth groan :  
 The like clamour and confused Oh,  
 The dread shock the desp'rate armies go.

XXXVI.

Right men see the famous English bows,  
 With our foes we wanted to subdue,  
 For sharp arrows in the face of those,  
 As before victoriously them drew ;  
 In their aim, and troubled in the loose,  
 All-wing'd weapons mourning as they flew,  
 And from the bow-string impotent and slack,  
 The archers they would fain turn back.

XXXVII.

The remnant of Troy's ancient stock,  
 As blows as smiths on anvils strike,  
 Lying together in the fearful shock,  
 Till the strong encount'reth with the like,  
 As ruthless as the harden'd rock)  
 With the spear, the brown bill, or the  
 like,  
 As the wings or battles came together,  
 Fortune gave advantage yet to either.

XXXVIII.

After'd helms, with ev'ry envious blow,  
 After'd plumes fly loosely here and there,  
 As bold as flakes of snow,  
 Every light breath on its wings doth bear,  
 Had sense and feeling of our woe :  
 As affrighted with the sudden fear,  
 Back, now forward such strange windings  
 take,  
 Though uncertain which way they should  
 take.

XXXIX.

Slaughter alike invadeth either host,  
 Whilst still the battle strongly doth abide,  
 Which ev'ry where runs raking through the coast,  
 As't pleas'd outrageous fury it to guide ;  
 Yet not suffic'd where tyrannizing most :  
 So that their wounds, like mouths, by gaping wide,  
 Made as they meant to call for present death,  
 Had they but tongues, their deepness gives them  
 breath.

XL.

Here lies a heap half slain, and partly drown'd,  
 Gaping for breath amongst the slimy seggs ;  
 And there a sort laid in a deadly swoond,  
 Trod with the press into the mud and dregs ;  
 Others lie bleeding on the firmer ground,  
 Hurt in the bodies, maim'd of arms and legs :  
 One sticks his foe, his scalp another cuts ;  
 One's feet's intangled in another's guts.

XLI.

One his affailing enemy beguiles,  
 As from the bridge he fearfully doth fall,  
 Crush'd with his weight upon the stakes and piles :  
 Some in their gore upon the pavement sprall ;  
 Our native blood our native earth defiles,  
 And dire destruction overwhelmeth all.  
 Such hideous shrieks the bedlam soldiers breath,  
 As the damn'd sp'rits had howled from beneath.

XLII.

The faction still defying Edward's might,  
 Edmond of Woodstock, with the men of Kent  
 Charging afresh, renew the doubtful fight  
 Upon the Barons, languishing and spent,  
 Bringing new matter for a tragic fight ;  
 Forth against whom their skilful warriors went,  
 Bravely to end what bravely did begin :  
 Their noblest sp'rits will quickly lose or win.

XLIII.

As before Troy bright Thetis' god like son,  
 Talbot himself in this fierce conflict bare ;  
 Mowbray in fight him matchless honour won ;  
 Clifford for life seem'd little but to care ;  
 Audley and Elmsbridge peril scorn to shun ;  
 Gifford seem'd danger to her teeth to dare :  
 Nor Badlesmer gave back to Edward's power,  
 As though they strove whom death should first  
 devour.

XLIV.

I'll not commend thee Mountfort, nor thee Teis,  
 Else your high valour much might justly merit ;  
 Nor, Denvil, dare I whisper of thy praise ;  
 Nor, Willington, will I applaud thy spirit,  
 Your facts forbid that I your fame should raise :  
 Nor, Damory, thy due may'st thou inherit ;  
 Your bays must be your well-deserved blame,  
 For your ill actions quench my sacred flame.

XLV.

O had you fashion'd your great deeds by them,  
 Who summon'd Acon with an English drum ;  
 Or theirs before, that to Jerusalem  
 Went with the gen'ral power of Christendom :  
 Then had ye caught Fame's richest diadem,  
 As they who fought to free the Saviour's tomb,  
 And, like them, had immortaliz'd your names,  
 Where now my song can be but of your shame.

C. iij



## XLVI.

O age inglorious, arms untimely borne,  
 When that approved and victorious shield  
 Must in this civil massacre be torne,  
 Bruis'd with the blows of many a foreign field !  
 And more, in this sad overthrow be worn  
 By those in flight inforc'd it up to yield !  
 For which since then, the stones for very  
 dread,  
 Against rough storms cold drops for tears do  
 shed.

## XLVII.

When soon king Edward's faint and wav'ring  
 friends,  
 Which had this while stood doubtfully to pause,  
 When they perceive that Destiny intends  
 That his success shall justify his cause,  
 Each in himself fresh courage apprehends,  
 (For Victory both fear and friendship draws)  
 And smile on him on whom they late did  
 frown,  
 All lend their hands to hew the conquer'd  
 down.

## XLVIII.

That scarce a man, which Edward late did lack  
 Whilst the proud Barons bare an upright face,  
 But (when they saw that they had turn'd their  
 back)  
 Joins with the king to prosecute their chace,  
 The baronage so headlong goes to wrack :  
 In the just trial of so near a case,  
 Inforc'd to prove the fortune of the coast,  
 The day at Burton that had clearly lost.

## XLIX.

And to the aid of the victorious king  
 (Which more and more gave vigour to his hope,  
 With good success him still encouraging,  
 And to his actions lent a larger scope)  
 Sir Andrew Herckley happily doth bring  
 On their light-horse a valiant northern troop,  
 Arm'd but too aptly and with too much speed,  
 Most to do harm, when least thereof was  
 need.

## L.

When still the barons, making forth their way  
 Through places best for their advantage known,  
 Retain their army bodied as they may,  
 By their defeat far weaker that was grown :  
 In their best skill devising day by day  
 To offend th' assailant, and defend their own ;  
 Of their mis-haps the utmost to endure,  
 If nothing else their safety might assure.

## LI.

In their sad flight, with fury follow'd thus,  
 Tracing the North through many a tiresome  
 freight,  
 And forc'd through many a passage perillous,  
 To Borough-bridge, led by their luckless fate :  
 Bridges should seem to barons ominous,  
 For there they lastly were precipitate ;  
 Which place the mark of their mis-haunce doth  
 bear,  
 For since that time grass never prosper'd  
 there.

## LII.

Where for new bloodshed they new battles  
 rang'd,  
 And take new breath, to make destruction new :  
 Chang'd is their ground, but yet their fate un-  
 chang'd,  
 Which too directly still doth them pursue ;  
 Nor are they and their miseries estrang'd  
 To their estates though they were strangers  
 grew :  
 The only hope whereon they do depend,  
 With courage is to consummate their end.

## LIII.

Like as a herd of over-heated deer,  
 By hot-spurr'd hunters labour'd to be caught,  
 With hucs and hounds recover'd ev'ry where,  
 When as they find their speed avails them  
 nought,  
 Upon the toils run headlong without fear,  
 With noise of hounds and halloos as distraught :  
 E'en so the Barons, in this desp'rate case,  
 Turn upon those which lately did them chace.

## LIV.

Ensign beards ensign, sword 'gainst sword doth  
 shake,  
 Drum brawls with drum, as rank doth rank op-  
 pose,  
 There's not a man that care of life doth take,  
 But death in earnest to his business goes,  
 A gen'ral havock as of all to make,  
 And with destruction doth them all inclose,  
 Dealing itself impartially to all,  
 Friend by his friend, as foe by foe, doth fall.

## LV.

Yet the brave Barons, whilst they do respire,  
 (In spite of Fortune, as they stood prepar'd)  
 With courage charge, with comeliness retire,  
 Make good their ground, and then relieve their  
 guard,  
 Withstand the ent'rer, then pursue the flier,  
 New form their battle, shifting ev'ry ward.  
 As your high skill were but your quarrel  
 good,  
 O noble spirits, how dear had been your  
 blood !

## LVI.

That well-arm'd band ambitious Herckley led,  
 Of which the Barons never dreamt before,  
 Then greatly stood king Edward's pow'r in  
 stead,  
 And in the fight assail'd the enemy sore :  
 O day most fatal, and most full of dread !  
 Never can time thy ruinous waste restore :  
 Which with his strength though he attempt to  
 do.  
 Well may he strive for, and yet fail of too.

## LVII.

Pale death beyond his wonted bounds doth  
 swell,  
 Carving proud flesh in cantels out at large ;  
 As leaves in autumn, so the bodies fell  
 Under sharp steel at ev'ry boist'rous charge :  
 Oh, what sad pen can their destruction tell,  
 Where scalps lay beaten like the latter'd targe !



every one he claimeth as his right,  
 e luck it was not to escape by flight.

LVIII.

varlike ensigns waving in the field,  
 lately seem'd to brave th' imbattel'd  
 oe,  
 not able their own weight to wield,  
 stry tops to the base dust do bow;  
 s a helmet, and there lies a shield;  
 lid Fate those ancient arms bestow,  
 h as a quarry on the soil'd earth lay,  
 on by Conquest, as a glorious prey.

LIX.

noble Bohun, that most princely peer,  
 much honour'd, and of high desert,  
 his nation none as he so dear,  
 he bridge with a resolved heart,  
 his soldiers, which retiring were,  
 irst two planks slain through his lower  
 art:  
 ancaster, not destin'd there to die,  
 a, reserv'd to further misery.

LX.

tragic scene some Muse vouchsafe to  
 sing:  
 five earldoms who then liv'd possess'd,  
 er, son, and uncle to a king,  
 four, friends, and with abundance blest:  
 ould man think, or could devise the  
 thing,  
 it seem'd wanting to his worldly rest?  
 n this earth what's free from Fortune's  
 pow'r?  
 an age got, is lost in half an hour.

LXI.

w themselves in sanctuaries hide,  
 though they have the mercy of the  
 place,  
 their bodies so un sanctify'd,  
 their souls can hardly hope for grace;  
 they in fear and penury abide  
 dead life, which length'neth but a  
 pace:  
 stands without, whilst horror still with-  
 n  
 ings their shame, yet pard'neth not their  
 sin.

LXII.

s death then contented with the dead,  
 revenge as though it were deny'd,  
 it might have that accomplished,  
 tself in nothing satisfy'd;  
 th delays no longer to be fed,  
 nown torment further doth provide,  
 dead men should in misery remain,  
 ake the living die with greater pain.

LXIII.

reign cities of this woful isle,  
 cis wreaths, and your most sad attire,  
 : yourselves to build the funeral-pile,  
 ur pale hands to this execquious fire,  
 th and comfort from your streets exile,  
 with the groans of men when they ex-  
 pire:

The noblest blood approaching to be shed,  
 That ever dropt from any of your dead.

LXIV.

When Thomas earl of Lancaster, that late  
 Th' rebellious Barons trait'rously retain'd,  
 As the chief agent in this great debate,  
 Was for the same (e'er many days) arraign'd  
 'Gainst whom at Pomfret they articulate,  
 (To whom those treasons chiefly appertain'd;)  
 Whose proofs apparent, so well, nay, ill  
 sped,  
 As from his shoulders rest his rev'rend head.

LXV.

Yet, Lancaster, it is not thy lost breath  
 That can assure the safety of the crown,  
 Or that can make a covenant with death,  
 To warrant Edward what he thinks his own;  
 But he must pay the forfeit of his faith,  
 When they shall rise which he hath trodden  
 down.  
 All's not a man's that is from others rackt,  
 And other agents other ways do act.

LXVI.

Nor was it long, but in that fatal place,  
 The way to death where Lancaster had led,  
 But many other, in the self-same case,  
 Him in like manner sadly followed.  
 London, would thou had'st had thy former  
 grace,  
 As thou art first, most blood that thou had'st  
 shed,  
 By other cities not exceeded far,  
 Whose streets devour the remnant of that  
 war.

LXVII.

O parents ruthful and hert-renting sight!  
 To see that son that your soft bosoms fed,  
 His mother's joy, his father's sole delight,  
 That with much cost, yet with more care was  
 bred:  
 O spectacle, ev'n able to affright  
 A senseless thing, and terrify the dead!  
 His dear, dear blood upon the cold earth  
 pour'd,  
 His quarter'd corse of crows and kites de-  
 vour'd.

LXVIII.

But 'tis not you that here complain alone,  
 Or to yourselves this fearful portion share;  
 Here's strange and choice variety of moan,  
 Poor orphans tears with widows mixed are,  
 With many friends sigh, many maidens groan:  
 So innocent, so simply pure and rare,  
 As nature, which till then had silence kept,  
 Near burst with sorrow, bitterly had wept.

LXIX.

O bloody age! had not these things been done,  
 I had not now, in these more calmer times,  
 Into the search of those past troubles run;  
 Nor had my virgin unpolluted rhimes  
 Alter'd the course wherein they first begun,  
 To sing these horrid and unnatural crimes:  
 My lays had still been of Idea's bow'r,  
 Of my dear Ancor, or her loved Stowre.



LXX.

Nor other subject than your self had chose,  
 Your birth, your virtues, and your high respects,  
 Whose bounties oft have nourish'd my repose;  
 You, whom my Muse ingeniously elects,  
 Denying earth your brave thoughts to enclose,  
 Maugre the Momists and Satyric sects:  
 That whilst my verse to after-times is sung,  
 You may live with me, and be honour'd long.

LXXI.

But greater things my subject hath in store,  
 Still to her task my armed Muse to keep,  
 And offers her occasion as before,  
 Whereon she may in mournful verses weep:  
 And as a ship being gotten near the shore,  
 By aukward winds redriven to the deep;  
 So is the Muse from whence she came of late,  
 Into the bus nets of a troubled state.



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# THE BARONS WARS.

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## BOOK III.

### *The Argument.*

By sleepy potions that the Queen ordains,  
Lord Mortimer escapes out of the tower ;  
And by false flights, and many subtle trains,  
She gets to France, to raise a foreign power.  
The French king leaves his sister : need constrains  
The Queen to Hainault in a happy hour :  
Edward her son to Philip is affy'd,  
They for invasion instantly provide.

I.

Scarcely had these passed miseries an end,  
But other troubles instantly began ;  
As mischief doth new matter apprehend,  
By things that still irregularly ran :  
For farther yet their fury doth extend,  
All was not yielded that king Edward wan ;  
And some there were in corners that did lie,  
Which o'er his actions had a watchful eye.

II.

When as the king (whilst things thus fairly went)  
Who by this happy victory grew strong,  
Summon'd at York a solemn parliament  
To uphold his right, and help the Spensers  
wrong,  
(In all affairs to establish his intent)  
Whence more and more his minions greatness  
sprung,

Whose counsels still in ev'ry bus'ness crost  
Th' enraged Queen, in all misfortunes tost.

III.

When as the eld'st, a man extremely hated,  
(Whom all that time the king could not prefer,  
Until he had the barons pride abated)  
That parliament made earl of Winchester,  
As Herckley earl of Carlisle he created :  
And likewise Baldock he made chancellor ;  
One whom the king had for his purpose  
wrought,  
A man, as subtle, so corrupt and naught.

IV.

When as mishaps (that seldom come alone)  
Thick in the necks of one another fell,  
The Scot began a new invasion,  
And France did thence the English pow'rs ex-  
pell,



The Irish set the English pale upon,  
At home the Commons ev'ry day rebell:  
Mischief on mischief, curse doth follow curse;  
One ill scarce past, but after comes a worse.

v.

For Mortimer that wind most fitly blew,  
Troubling their eyes, which otherwise might  
see;  
Whilst the wise Queen, who all advantage  
knew,  
Was closely casting how to set him free;  
And did the plot so seriously pursue,  
Till she had found the means how it should be,  
Against opinion and imperious might,  
To work her own ends through the jaws of  
spite.

vi.

And to that purpose she a potion made,  
In operation of that pois'ning power,  
That it the spirits could presently invade,  
And quite dis-sense the senses in an hour,  
With such cold numbness, as it might persuade,  
That very death the patient did devour  
For certain hours, and sealed up the eyes  
Gainst all that art could possibly devise.

vii.

In which, the plantane and cold lettuce had,  
The water-lilly from the marish ground,  
With the wan poppy, and the nightshade sad,  
And the short moss that on the trees is found,  
The pois'ning henbane, and the mandrake drad,  
With cypress-flowers that with the rest were  
pown'd;  
The brain of cranes amongst the rest she takes,  
Mix'd with the blood of dormice and of snakes.

viii.

Thus, like Medea, sate she in her cell,  
Which she had circled with her potent charms,  
From thence all hind'rance clearly to expell;  
Then her with magic instruments she arms,  
And to her bus'ness instantly she fell:  
A Vestal fire she lights, wherewith she warms  
The mixed juices, from those simples wrung,  
To make the med'cine wonderfully strong.

ix.

The sundry fears that from her face might rise,  
Men may suppose, her trembling hand might  
stay,  
Had she consider'd of the enterprise,  
To think what peril in th' attempt there lay;  
Knowing besides, that there were secret spies  
Set by her foes to watch her ev'ry way:  
But when that sex leave virtue to esteem,  
Those greatly err, which think them what  
they seem.

x.

Their plighted faith they at their pleasure leave;  
Their love is cold, but hot as fire their hate;  
On whom they smile, they surely those deceive,  
In their desires they be insatiate;  
Them of their will there's nothing can bereave;  
Their anger hath no bound, revenge no date;  
They lay by fear, when they at ruin aim;  
They shun not sin, as little weigh they shame.

xi.

The elder of the Mortimers this while,  
That their sure friends so many sundry ways,  
By fight, by execution, by exile,  
Had seen cut off, then finished his days:  
Which (though with grief) doth somewhat re-  
concile  
The younger's thoughts, and lends his cares some  
ease:  
Which oft his heart, oft troubled had his  
head,  
For the dear safety of his uncle dead.

xii.

But there was more did on his death depend,  
Than Heav'n was pleas'd the foolish world should  
know;  
And why the Fates thus hastened on his end,  
Therby intending stranger plagues to shew.  
Brave Lord, in vain thy breath thou didst not  
spend,  
From thy corruption greater conflicts grow;  
Which began soon and fruitfully to spring,  
New kinds of vengeance on that age to bring.

xiii.

As heart could wish, when ev'ry thing was set,  
The Queen attends her potion's power to prove;  
Their stedfast friends their best assisting it,  
Their trusty servants seal up all in love:  
And Mortimer, his valour and his wit  
Then must express, whom most it doth behove:  
Each place made sure, where guides and horses  
lay,  
And where the ship that was for his con-  
vey.

xiv.

When as his birth-day he had yearly kept,  
And us'd that day those of the Tower to feed;  
And on the Warders other bounties heapt,  
For his advantage he that day decreed:  
Which did suspicion clearly intercept,  
And much avail'd him at that time of need:  
When after cates, their thirst at last to quench,  
He mix'd their liquor with that sleepy drench.

xv.

Which soon each sense doth with dead coldness  
seize,  
When he, which knew the keepers of each  
ward,  
Out of their pockets quickly took the keys,  
His corded ladders readily prepar'd;  
And stealing forth through dark and secret  
ways,  
(Not then to learn his compass by the card)  
To win the walls courageously doth go,  
Which look'd as scorning to be master'd so.

xvi.

They soundly sleep, whilst his quick sp'rits  
wake,  
Expos'd to peril in the high'st extremes,  
Alcides' labours as to undertake,  
O'er walls, o'er gates, through watches, and  
through streams,  
By which his own way he himself must make;  
And let them tell king Edward of their dream.



For e'er they came out of their brain-sick  
trance,

He made no doubt to be arriv'd in France.

xvii.

The sullen night had her black curtain spread,  
Low'ring that day had tarried up so long,  
And that the morrow might lie long abed,  
She all the heav'n with dusky clouds had hung:  
Cynthia pluck'd in her newly-born head  
Away to West, and under earth she flung,

As she had long'd to certify the Sun,  
What in his absence in our world was done.

xviii.

The lesser lights, like sentinels in war,  
Behind the clouds stood privily to pry,  
As though unseen they subt'ly strove from far,  
Of his escape the manner to descry.

Hid was each wand'ring as each fixed star,  
As they had held a council in the sky,  
And had concluded with that present night,  
That not a star should once give any light.

xix.

In a slow silence all the shores are hush'd,  
Only the scritch-owl sounded to th' assault,  
And his with a troubled murmur rush'd,  
As if consenting, and would hide the fault;  
And as his foot the sand or gravel crush'd,  
There was a little whisp'ring in the vault,  
Mov'd by his treading, softly as he went,  
Which seem'd to say, it further'd his intent.

xx.

Whilst that wise Queen, whom care yet restless  
kept,

For happy speed to heaven held up her hands,  
With worlds of hopes and fears together heapt.  
In her full bosom, list'ning as she stands,  
She sigh'd and pray'd, and sigh'd again and  
wept,

She sees him how he climbs, how swims, how  
lands:

Though absent, present in desires they be;  
Our soul much farther than our eyes can see.

xxi.

The small clouds issuing from his lips, she saith,  
Lab'ring so fast as he the ladder clame,  
Should purge the air of pestilence and death;  
And as from heav'n that filch'd Promethean  
flame,

The sweetness so, and virtue of his breath,  
New creatures in the element should frame:

And to what part it had the hap to stray,  
There should it make another milky way.

xxii.

Again'd the top, whilst spent, he paus'd to  
blow,

She saw how round he cast his longing eyes,  
The earth to greet him gently from below,  
How greatly he was favour'd of the skies:  
She saw him mark the way he was to go,  
And tow'rs her palace how he turn'd his eyes;  
From the wall's height, as when he down did  
slide,

She heard him cry, "Now Fortune be my  
"guide."

xxiii.

As he descended, so did she descend,  
As she would hold him that he should not fall,  
On whom alone her safety did depend:  
But when some doubt did her deep thoughts ap-  
pall,  
Distractedly she did her hands extend  
For speedy help, and earnestly did call  
Softly again, if death to him should hap,  
She begg'd of heav'n his grave might be her  
lap.

xxiv.

To shew him favour she intreats the air,  
For him she begg'd the mercy of the wind,  
For him she kneel'd before the night with pray'r,  
For him herself she to the earth inclin'd:  
For him his tides beseeching Thames to spare,  
And to command his billows to be kind;  
And tells the flood, if he her Love would  
quit,  
No flood of her should honour'd be but it.

xxv.

But when she thought she saw him swim a-  
long,  
Doubting the stream was taken with his love,  
She fear'd the drops that on his tresses hung,  
And that each wave which most should woo him  
strove,  
To his clear body that so closely clung,  
Which when before him with his breast he  
drove,

Pallid with grief, she turn'd away her face,  
Jealous that he the waters should embrace.

xxvi.

That angry lion having slip'd his chain,  
As in a fever, made king Edward quake;  
Who knew, before he could be caught again,  
Dear was the blood that his strong thirst must  
flake:

He found much labour had been spent in vain,  
And must be forc'd a farther course to take,  
Perceiving tempests rising in the wind,  
Of which too late too truly he divin'd.

xxvii.

By his escape that adverse part grown proud,  
On each hand working for a second war,  
And in their councils nothing was allow'd,  
But what might be a motive to some jar;  
And though their plots were carried in a cloud,  
From the discerning of the popular,  
The wiser yet, whose judgments farther  
raught,

Eas'ly perceive how things about were brought.

xxviii.

Those secret fires, by envious faction blown,  
Broke out in France which cover'd long had  
lain;

King Charles from Edward challenging his own,  
First Guien, next Pontieu, and then Aquitain,  
To each of which he made his title known,  
Nor from their seizure longer would abstain:  
The cause thereof lay out of most men's view,  
Which tho' fools sound not, wise men quickly  
knew.



xxx.

Their projects hitting (many a day in hand)  
That to their purpose prosp'rously had thriv'd,  
The base whereon a mighty frame must stand,  
By all their cunning that had been contriv'd;  
Finding their actions were so thoroughly mann'd,  
Their fainting hopes were wond'rously reviv'd,  
They made no doubt to see in little time  
The full of that, which then was in the  
prime.

xxx.

The king much troubled with the French affair,  
Which, as a shapeless and unwieldy mass;  
Wholly employ'd the utmost of his care  
To Charles of France his embassy to pass,  
For which it much behov'd him to prepare,  
Before the war too deeply settled was:  
Which when they found, they likewise cast a-  
bout  
As they would go, to make him send them  
out.

xxxi.

Which when they came in council to debate,  
And to the depth had seriously discust,  
Finding how nearly it concern'd the state,  
To stay a war both dang'rous and unjust;  
That weighty bus'ness to negotiate,  
They must find one of special worth and trust:  
Where ev'ry Lord his censure freely past,  
Of whom he lik'd, the Bishop was the last.

xxxii.

Torlton, whose tongue men's ears in chains could  
tie,  
And like Jove's fearful thunder-bolt could pierce,  
In which there more authority did lie,  
Than in those words the Sibyls did rehearse,  
Whose sentence was so absolute and high,  
As had the power a judgment to reverse:  
For the wise Queen, with all his might did  
stand,  
To lay that charge on her well-guiding hand.

xxxiii.

Urging what credit she the cause might bring,  
Impartial 'twixt a husband and a brother,  
A queen in person betwixt king and king;  
And more than that, to shew herself a mother,  
There for her son his right establishing,  
Which did as much concern them as the other:  
Which colour serv'd to work in this extreme,  
That of which then the king did never dream.

xxxiv.

Torlton, was this thy spiritual pretence?  
Would God thy thoughts had been spiritual,  
Or less persuasive thy great eloquence:  
But oh! thy actions were too temporal,  
Thy knowledge had too much preheminance,  
Thy reason subtle, and sophistical.  
But all's not true that supposition saith,  
Nor have the mightiest arguments most  
faith.

xxxv.

Nor did the Bishop those his learned lack,  
As well of power, as policy and wit,  
That were prepar'd his great design to back,

And could amend where aught he did omit:  
For with such cunning they had made their pack,  
That it went hard, if that they should not hit;  
That the fair Queen to France with speed must go,  
Hard had he ply'd, that had persuaded so.

xxxvi.

When she, well fitted both of wind and tide,  
And saw the coast was ev'ry way so clear,  
As a wise woman she her bus'ness ply'd,  
Whilst things went current, and well carry'd were,  
Herself and her's to get aboard she hy'd.  
As one whose fortune made her still to fear:  
Knowing those times so variously inclin'd,  
And ev'ry toy soon alt'ring Edward's mind.

xxxvii.

Her followers such, as meerly friendless stood,  
Sunk and dejected by the Spensers pride,  
Who bore the taints of treason in their blood,  
And for revenge would leave no ways untry'd;  
Whose means were bad, but yet their minds were  
good,

When now at hand they had their help deserv'd;  
Nor were they wanting mischief to invent,  
To work their wills, and further her intent.

xxxviii.

Whilst Mortimer (that all this while hath lain  
From our fair course) by Fortune strangely cross'd,  
In France was struggling how he might regain  
That which before in England he had lost,  
And all good means doth gladly entertain,  
No jot dismay'd in all those tempests tost,  
Nor his great mind could so be overthrow'd,  
All men his friends, all countries were his own.

xxxix.

Then, Muse (transported by thy former zeal,  
Led in thy progress where his fortune lies)  
To thy sure aid I seriously appeal;  
To shew him fully, without fain'd disguise,  
The ancient Heroes then I shall reveal,  
And in their patterns I shall be precise,  
When in my verse, transparent, neat and clear,  
They shall in his pure character appear.

xl.

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)  
In whose rich soul the Virtues well did suit,  
In whom so mix'd the Elements all lay,  
That none to one could sov'raignty impute,  
As all did govern, yet all did obey:  
He of a temper was so absolute,  
As that it seem'd, when Nature him began,  
She meant to shew all that might be in man,

xli.

So thoroughly season'd, and so rightly set,  
That in the level of the clearest eye,  
Time never touch'd him with deforming fret,  
Nor had the power to warp him but awry;  
Whom in his course no cross could ever let,  
His elevation fixed was so high, [doth prove,  
That those rough storms, whose rage the world  
Never taught him, who fate them far above.

xlii.

Which the Queen saw, who had a seeing spirit,  
For she had mark'd the largeness of his mind,  
And with much judgment look'd into his merit,



Above the usual compass of her kind,  
His grandfire's greatness rightly to inherit;  
When as the ages in their course inclin'd.  
And the world, weak with time, began to bow  
To the poor baseness that it rests at now.

XLIII.

He weighs not wealth, nor yet his Wigmore left,  
Left needless heaps as things of nothing stand,  
That was not his that man could take by theft,  
He was a Lord, if he had sea or land,  
And thought him rich of those who was not rest.  
Man, of all creatures, hath an upright hand,  
And by the stars is only taught to know,  
That as they progress heav'n, he earth should do.

XLIV.

Wherefore wise nature, from this face of ground;  
Lies the deep taught men to find the way,  
That in the floods her treasure might be found,  
To make him search for what she there did lay;  
And that her secrets he might thoroughly sound,  
She gave him courage as her only key,  
That of all creatures as the worthiest, he  
Has glory there and wond'rous works should see.

XLV.

Let wretched wordlings sweat for mud and earth,  
While groveling bosoms lick the recreant stones,  
Such postures eark for plenty and for dearth,  
Fame never looks upon those prostrate drones;  
The brave mind is allotted in the birth,  
To manage Empires from the state of thrones,  
Fighting e'er fortune, when she stern'st appears,  
Which scorneth fights, and jeereth at our tears.

XLVI.

But when report (as with a trembling wing)  
Told the entrance of his list'ning ear,  
With news of ships sent out the Queen to bring,  
For her at Sandwich which then waiting were,  
He fairly thought he heard the angels sing,  
And the whole frame of heav'n make up the  
      quire,  
That his full soul was smother'd with excess,  
Her ample joys unable to express.

XLVII.

Quoth he, slide billows smoothly for her sake  
Whose sight can make your aged Nereus young,  
For her fair passage even alleys make,  
And as the soft winds waft her sails along,  
Bless ev'ry little dimple of the lake;  
Sweet Sirens, and be ready with your song;  
Though 'tis not Venus that doth pass that way,  
Yet is as fair as she born on the sea.

XLVIII.

Ye scaly creatures, gaze upon her eye,  
And never after with your kind make war;  
O steal the accents from her lips that lie,  
Which like the tunes of the celestials are,  
And them to your sick amorous thoughts apply,  
Casper'd with which Arion's did but jar:  
Wrapt them in air, and when black tempests rage,  
Use them as charms the rough seas to allwage.

XLIX.

France, send t' attend her with full shoals of oars,  
With which her fleet may ev'ry way be ply'd;  
And when she landeth on thy blessed shores,

And the vast navy doth at anchor ride,  
For her departure when the wild sea roars,  
Ship mount to heaven, and there be stillify'd:  
Next Jason's Argo, on the burnish'd throne,  
Assume thyself a constellation.

L.

Queen Isabel then landing with delight,  
Had what rich France could lend her for her ease;  
And as she pass'd, no town but did invite  
Her with some shew, her appetite to please:  
But Mortimer once coming in her sight,  
His shape and features did her fancy seize;  
When she, that knew how her fit time to take  
Thus she her most-lov'd Mortimer bespake:

LI.

" O Mortimer, sweet Mortimer, quoth she,  
" What angry power did first the means devise,  
" To separate Queen Isabel and thee,  
" Whom (to despite) love yet together ties?  
" But if thou think'st the fault was made by me,  
" For a just penance to my longing eyes,  
" Though guiltless they, this be to them assign'd,  
" To gaze upon thee till they leave me blind.

LII.

" My dear, dear heart, thought I to see thee thus,  
" When first in court thou didst my favour wear,  
" When we have watch'd lest any noted us,  
" Whilst our looks us'd love's messages to bear,  
" And we by signs sent many a secret bus,  
" An exile then, thought I to see thee here?  
" But what could'st thou be then, but now thou  
      " art;  
" Though banish'd England, yet not from my  
      " heart.

LIII.

" That fate which did thy franchisement enforce,  
" And from the depth of danger set thee free,  
" Still regular and constant in that course,  
" Made me this strait and even path to thee,  
" Of our affections as it took remorse;  
" Our birth-fix'd stars so luckily agree,  
" Whose revolution seriously directs  
" Our like proceedings to the like effects.

LIV.

" Only wise counsel hath contriv'd this thing,  
" For which we wish'd so many a woful day,  
" Of which the clear and perfect managing  
" Is that strong prop, whereon our hopes may  
      " stay:  
" Which in itself th' authority doth bring,  
" That weak opinion hath not power to sway,  
" Confuting those, whose sightless judgments sit  
      " In the thick rank with ev'ry common wit.

LV.

" Then since th' assay our good success assures,  
" And we her fav'rites lean on fortune's breast,  
" That ev'ry hour new comfort us procures,  
" Of these her blessings let us choose the best;  
" And whilst the day of our good hap endures,  
" Let's take the bounteous benefits of rest:  
" Let's fear no storm before we feel a show'r  
" My son a King, two kingdoms help my  
      dow'r.



The only way to win his brother's might,  
Against the king to back her in her right.

LXXXII.

Who had an ear, not fill'd with his report,  
To whom the soldiers of that time did throng,  
The pattern to all other of his sort,  
Well learn'd in what to honour did belong,  
With that brave queen long trained up in court,  
And constantly confirmed in her wrong :

Besides all this, cross'd by the adverse part,  
In things that fate too near to his great heart.

LXXXIII.

Sufficient motives to invite distress,  
To apprehend so excellent a mean,  
(Against those ills that did so strongly press)  
Whereon the queen her weak estate might lean,  
And at that season, though it were the less,  
Yet for a while it might her want sustain ;  
Until th' approaching of more prosp'rous days,  
Her drooping hopes to their first height might  
raise.

LXXXIV.

When they at large had leisure to debate,  
Where welcome look'd with a well-pleased face,  
From those dishonours she received late,  
For there she wanted no obsequious grace,  
Under the guidance of a gentler fate,  
All bounteous offers freely they embrace ;  
And to conclude, all ceremonies past,  
The prince affianc'd fair Philip at the last.

LXXXV.

All covenants betwixt them surely seal'd,  
Each to the other lastingly to bind,  
Nothing but done with equity and zeal,  
And suiting well with Hainault's mighty mind,  
Which to them all did much content reveal ;  
The ease the queen was thereby like to find,  
The comfort coming to the lovely bride,  
Prince Edward pleas'd, and joy on every side.



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# THE BARONS WARS.

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## B O O K IV.

### *The Argument.*

The queen in Hainault mighty friends doth win,  
In Harwich haven safely is arriv'd  
Garboils in England more and more begin,  
King Edward of his safety is depriv'd,  
Flieth to Wales, at Neath received in,  
Whilst many plots against him are contriv'd;  
Lastly betray'd, the Spensers and his friends  
Are put to death, with which this Canto ends.

I.

Now seven times Phoebus had his welked wain  
Upon the top of Cancer's tropic set,  
And seven times in his descent again,  
His fiery wheels had with the fishes wet,  
In the occurrents of King Edward's reign,  
Such mischief did these miseries beget;  
Which through more strange varieties had run,  
Than he that while celestial signs had done.

II.

Whilst our ill-thriving in those Scottish broils,  
Their strength and courage greatly did advance,  
In a small time made wealthy by our spoils;  
And we much weaken'd by our wars in France,  
Were well near quite dishearten'd by our foils:  
But at these things the Muse must only glance,  
And Herekley's treasons haste to bring to view,  
Her serious subject sooner to pursue.

III.

When Robert Bruce with his brave Scottish band,  
By other inroads on the borders made.  
Had well-near wasted all Northumberland,  
Whose towns he level with the earth had laid;  
And finding none his pow'r there to withstand,  
On the north part of spacious Yorkshire prey'd,  
Bearing away with pride his pillage got,  
As fate to him did our last fail allot.

IV.

For which that Herekley by his Sov'rain sent,  
'T' intreat a needful, though dishonour'd peace,  
Under the colour of a true intent,  
Kindled the war, in a fair way to cease,  
And with King Robert did a course invent,  
His homage due to Edward to release:  
Beside, their faith they each to other plight,  
In peace and war to join with all their might.



## v.

Yet more, King Robert (things being carried so)

His sister to that treach'rous earl affy'd,  
Which made too plain and evident a shew  
Of what before his trust did closely hide :  
But the cause found from whence this league  
should grow,

By such as near into their actions pry'd,  
Discover'd treasons, which not quickly crost,  
Had shed more blood than all the wars had  
cost.

## vi.

Whether the king's weak counsels causes are,  
That ev'ry thing so badly falleth out,  
Or that the earl did of our state despair,  
When nothing prosper'd that was gone about,  
And therefore careless how the English fare,  
I'll not dispute, but leave it as a doubt ;  
Or some vain title his ambition lackt,  
But something hatcht this treasonable act.

## vii.

Which once revealed to the jealous king,  
'The apprehension of that trait'rous peer  
He left to the lord Lucy's managing,  
(One whose prov'd faith he had held ever dear)  
By whose brave carriage in so hard a thing,  
He did well worthy of his trust appear ;  
Who in his castle, carelessly defended,  
That crafty Carlel closely apprehended.

## viii.

For which, e'er long, to his just trial led  
In all the robes befitting his degree,  
Where Scroop, chief justice in that dang'rous  
stead,  
Commission had his lawful judge to be ;  
And on the proofs of his indictment read,  
His treasons all so easily might see :  
Which soon themselves so plainly did express,  
As might assure them of his ill success.

## ix.

His stile and titles to the king restor'd,  
Noted with names of infamy and scorn,  
And next disarmed of his knightly sword,  
On which before his fealty he had sworn,  
'Then, by a varlet of his spurs discurr'd,  
His coat of arms before him raz'd and torn ;  
And to the hurdle lastly he was sent  
To a trait'rous death, that trait'rouly had  
meant.

## x.

Whereon the king a parliament procur'd,  
To fix some things, whose fall he else might fear ;  
Whereby he hop'd the queen to have abjur'd,  
His son, and such as their adjutors were :  
But those, of whom himself he most assur'd,  
What they had seem'd, the same did not appear ;  
When he soon found he had his purpose mist,  
For there were those that durst his power resist.

## xi.

For Hereford, in parliament accus'd  
Of sundry treasons, wherein he was caught  
By such his courses strictly as perus'd,  
Whereby subversion of the realm was sought,

His holy habit and his trust abus'd ;  
Who, to his answer when he should be brought,  
Was by the clergy (in the king's despight)  
Seiz'd under colour of the church's right.

## xii.

When some, the fav'ers of this fatal war,  
Whom this example did more sharply whet,  
Those for the cause that then imprison'd were,  
Boldly attempt at liberty to set ;  
Whose purpose frustrate by their enemies care,  
New garboils doth continually beget,  
Bidding the king with care to look about,  
Those secret fires so hourly breaking out.

## xiii.

And th' Earl of Kent, who was by Edward  
plac'd  
As the great gen'ral of his force in Guien,  
Was in his absence here at home disgrac'd,  
And frustrated both of supplies and coin,  
By such lewd persons to maintain their waste,  
As from his treasures ceas'd not to purloin :  
Nor could the king be mov'd, so careless still  
Both of his own loss and his brother's ill.

## xiv.

Whose discontent too quickly being found,  
By such as all advantages did wait,  
Who still apply'd strong cor'sives to the wound,  
And by their tricks and intricate deceit,  
Hinder'd those means that hap'ly might re-  
dound  
That fast-arising mischief to defeat :  
Till Edmund's wrongs were to that ripeness  
grown,  
That they had made him absolute their own.

## xv.

With all his faithful followers in those wars,  
Men well experienc'd and of worthiest parts,  
Who for their pay received only scars,  
Whilst the inglorious had their due deserts ;  
And minions hate of other hope debars,  
Which vex'd them deeply to the very hearts,  
That to their gen'ral for revenge they cry,  
Joining with Beaumont, giving him supply.

## xvi.

These great commanders, and with them com-  
bine  
The Lord Focelles, Sares and Boyseers,  
Dambretticourt, the young and valiant Hein,  
Estotivyle, Comines, and Villeers ;  
The valiant knights, Sir Michael de la Lyne,  
Sir Robert Baliol, Boswit, and Semeers ;  
Men of great skill, whom spoil and glory  
warms,  
Such as indeed were dedicate to arms.

## xvii.

Leading three thousand muster'd men in pay,  
Of French, Scots, Alman, Swisser, and the Dutch ;  
Of native English, fled beyond the sea,  
Whose number near amounted to as much,  
Which long had look'd, nay, waited for the  
day,  
Whom their revenge did but too nearly touch :  
Besides, friends ready to receive them in,  
And new commotions ev'ry day begin.



## XVIII.

Whilst the wise queen, from England day by day,  
Of all those doings that had certain word,  
Whose friends much blam'd her over-long de-  
lay,

When as the time such stunts did afford,  
Deth for her passage presently purvey,  
Bearing provision ev'ry hour aboard;

Ships of all burthens rigg'd and manned are,  
Fit for invasion, to transport a war.

## XIX.

When she for England fairly setting forth,  
Spreading her proud sails on the war'ry plain,  
Steereth her course directly to the North,  
With her young Edward Duke of Aquitain,  
With other three of special name and worth,  
(The destin'd scourges of King Edward's reign)  
Her souldier Beaumont, and the Earl of Kent,  
With Mortimer, that mighty malcontent.

## XX.

For Harwich road a fore-wind finely blows,  
But blew too fast, to kindle such a fire,  
Whilst with full sail and the stiff tide she goes;  
It should have turn'd, and forc'd her to retire,  
The fleet it drove was fraughted with our woes;  
But seas and winds do Edward's wrack conspire:  
For when just Heaven to chastise us is bent,  
All things convert to our due punishment.

## XXI.

The coasts were kept with a continual ward,  
The beacons watch'd her coming to descry;  
Had but the love of subjects been his guard,  
'T had been t' effect that he did fortify:  
But whilst he stood against his foes prepar'd,  
He was betray'd by his home-enemy.

Small help by this he was but like to win;  
Shaming war out, he lockt destruction in.

## XXII.

When Henry, brother to that luckless prince,  
The first great mover of that civil strife;  
Thomas, whom law but lately did convince,  
That had at Pomfret left his wretched life:  
That Henry, in whose bosom ever since  
Revenge lay covered, watching for relief,  
Like fire in some fat min'ral of the earth,  
Finding a fit vent, gives her fury birth.

## XXIII.

And being Earl-Marshal, great upon that coast,  
With bells and bonfires welcomes her ashore;  
And by his office gath'ring up an host,  
Shew'd the great spleen that he to Edward bore,  
Not of the same abash'd at all to boast;  
The clergy's power in readiness before,  
And on their friends a tax as freely laid,  
To raise munition for their present aid.

## XXIV.

And to confusion all their powers expose,  
On the rent bosom of the land, which long  
War, like the sea, on each side did inclose,  
A war from our own home-diffensions sprung,  
In little time which to that greatness rose,  
As made us loath'd our neighb'ring states among:  
But this invasion, that they hither brought,  
More mischief far than all the former wrought.

## XXV.

Besides, this innovation in the state  
Lent their great action such a violent hand,  
When it so boldly durst insinuate  
On the cold faintness of th' infeeble land;  
That being arm'd with all the power of fate,  
Finding a way so openly to stand  
To their intendment, might, if followed well,  
Regain that height, from whence they lately  
fell.

## XXVI.

Their strengths together in this mean time met,  
All helps and hurts by war's best counsels weigh'd,  
As what might further, what their course might  
let,  
As their reliefs conveniently they laid,  
As where they hop'd security to get,  
Whereon at worst their fortunes might be stay'd:  
So fully furnish'd, as themselves desir'd,  
Of what the action needfully requir'd.

## XXVII.

When at St. Edmund's they a while repose,  
To rest themselves and their sea-beaten force,  
Better to learn the manner of their foes,  
To th' end not idly to direct their course;  
And seeing daily how their army grows,  
To take a full view of their foot and horse:  
With much discretion managing the war,  
To let the world know what to do they dare.

## XXVIII.

When as the king of their proceedings heard,  
And of the routs that daily to them run:  
But little strength to London then prepar'd,  
Where he had hop'd most favour to have won:  
He left the city to the watchful guard  
Of his approv'd, most trusted Stapleton;  
To John of Eltham, his dear son, the Tow'r,  
And goes himself tow'rds Wales, to raise him  
pow'r.

## XXIX.

Yet whilst his name doth any hope admit,  
He made proclaim, in pain of goods and life,  
Or who would have a subject's benefit,  
Should bend themselves against his son and wife,  
And deth all slaughters gen'rally acquit,  
Committed on the movers of this strife;  
As who could bring in Mortimer's proud  
head,  
Should freely take th' revenues of the dead.

## XXX.

Which was encounter'd by the queen's edict,  
By publishing the justness of her cause,  
That she proceeded in a course so strict,  
'T uphold their ancient liberties and laws:  
And that on Edward she did nought inflict  
For private hate, or popular applause;  
Only the Spensers to account to bring,  
Whose wicked counsels had abus'd the king.

## XXXI.

Which ballasted the multitude, that stood  
As a bark beaten betwixt wind and tide,  
By winds expos'd, opposed by the flood,  
Nought therein left, to land the same to guide:  
D. ij



'Thus floated they in their unconstant mood,  
'Till that the weakness of King Edward's side  
Suffer'd a seizure of itself at last,  
Which to the queen a free advantage cast.

xxxii.

Thus Edward left his England to his foes,  
Whom danger did to recreant flight debase,  
As far from hope, as he was near his woes,  
Depriv'd of princely sov'raignty and grace,  
Yet still grew less, the farther that he goes,  
His safety soon suspecting ev'ry place :

No help at home, nor succour seen abroad,  
His mind wants rest, his body safe abode.

xxxiii.

One scarce to him his sad discourse had done,  
Of Hainault's pow'r, and what the queen in-  
tends ;

But whilst he speaks, another hath begun :  
A third then takes it, where the second ends,  
And tells what rumours through the countries  
run,

Of those new foes, of those revolted friends :

Strait came a fourth, in post that thither sped,  
With news of foes come in, of friends out-fled.

xxxiv.

What plagues did Edward for himself prepare ?  
Forfaken king, O whither did'st thou flee !  
Changing the clime, thou couldst not change thy  
care ;

Thou fledd'st thy foes, but followedst misery.

Those evil lucks in numbers many are,

'That to thy footsteps do themselves apply ;

And still thy conscience, corrosiv'd with grief,

Thou but pursu'st thyself, both robb'd and  
thief.

xxxv.

Who seeking succour offer'd next at hand,  
At last for Wales he takes him to the seas,  
And seeing Lundy, that so fair did stand,  
'Thither would steer, to give his sorrows ease ;  
'That little model of his greater land,  
As in a dream, his fancy seem'd to please :  
For fain he would be king (yet) of an isle,  
Although his empire bounded in a mile.

xxxvi.

But when he thought to strike his prosp'rous sail,  
As under lee, past danger of the flood,  
A sudden storm of mixed sleet and hail  
Not suffer'th him to rule that piece of wood.  
(What doth his labour, what his toil avail,  
'That is by the celestial pow'rs withstood ?)  
And all his hopes him vainly doth delude,  
By God and men incessantly pursu'd.

xxxvii.

In that black tempest long turmoil'd and tost  
Quite from his course, and well he knew not  
where,

'Mongst rocks and sands, in danger to be lost,  
Not in more peril, than he was in fear ;

At length perceiving he was near some coast,  
And that the weather somewhat 'gan to clear,

He found 'twas Wales ; and by the mountains  
tall,

That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.

xxxviii.

In Neath, a castle next at hand, and strong  
Where he commandeth entrance with his  
The Earl of Glo'ster, worker of much wr  
His Chancellor Baldock, which much evil  
Reding his Marshal, other friends among ;  
Where closely hid, though not from Envy  
The Muse a little leaveth them to dwell  
And of great slaughter shapes herself to

xxxix.

Now lighter humour leave me, and be gone  
Your passion poor yields matter much too  
To write those plagues that then were common  
Doth ask a pen of ebony and the night.  
If there be ghosts, their murder that bemoan  
Let them approach me, and in piteous plight  
Howl, and about me with black tapers  
To lend a sad light to my sadder hand.

xl.

Each line shall lead to some one weeping  
And ev'ry cadence as a tort'ured cry,  
Till they force tears in such excess to flow,  
'That they surround the circle of each eye  
Then whilst these sad calamities I shew,  
All loose affections stand ye idly by,  
Destin'd again to dip my pen in gore,  
For the sad'st tale that time did e'er deplore.

xli.

New sorts of plagues were threaten'd to the  
The raging ocean past his bounds did rise,  
Strange apparitions, and prodigious birth,  
Unheard-of sickness and calamities,  
More unaccustomed and unlook'd-for dear  
New sorts of meteors gazing from the skies  
As what before had small or nothing been  
And only then their plagues did but begin

xlii.

And whilst the queen did in this course proceed  
The land lay open to all offer'd ill :  
The lawless exile did return with speed,  
Not to defend his country, but to kill.  
Then were the prisons dissolutely freed,  
Both field and town with wretchedness to fill  
London, as thou wast author of such shame  
Even so wast thou most plagued with the

xliii.

Whose giddy commons, merciless and rude,  
Let loose to mischief on that dismal day,  
Their hands in blood of Edward's friends  
bru'd ;

Which in their madness having made away,  
Th' implacable, the monstrous multitude,  
On his Lieutenant Stapleton did prey ;

Who dragg'd by them o'er many a loathsome  
heap,

Beheaded was before the cross in Cheap.

xliv.

Here first she read, upon her ruin'd wall,  
Her sad destruction, which was but too nigh  
Upon her gates was character'd her fall,  
In mangled bodies her anatomy,  
Which for her errors did that reck'ning call  
As might have wrought tears from her  
eye ;



the thick air dimn'd her hateful sight,  
Buildings were on fire, to give her light.

XLV.

Pen serv'd for ink, her paper stones,  
To write her murder, incest, rape;  
Her pens, a heap of dead men's bones,  
Each letter in some monstrous shape;  
Her accents, sad departing groans:  
To time no desp'rate act should 'scape,  
With pride again should be o'ergone,  
That book, and sadly look thereon.

XLVI.

Her girl, spoil'd of her virgin shame,  
That sin no ravisher was shent:  
By ink, more black was her defame,  
Revenge, scarce any to lament;  
Could be done to remedy the same,  
To late those mischiefs to prevent:  
That those horrors she did idly strive,  
For herself to be devour'd alive.

XLVII.

For redress, and ravishment remorse,  
Could be found to whom she could com-  
plain;  
Fighting out against th' adult'rer's force,  
Her untimely did return in vain;  
That she griev'd, her misery the worse:  
Her this help there did remain,  
Oil'd of fame, was prodigal of breath,  
Made her life clear by her resolute death.

XLVIII.

That world men did the want complain,  
They might have been buried, when they  
Lay'd;  
Children safely in their cradles lain,  
New married have enjoy'd his bride,  
Some bounds ill could itself contain;  
Kneel'd by his father's death-bed side,  
Living wrong'd, the dead no right could  
Avenge,  
Father saw his son to want a grave.

XLIX.

Is too late those courses to recal,  
To ve external nor internal fear;  
Sadly sounds, by their continual fall,  
Confusion in each deafen'd ear.  
A time this was the worst of all,  
Garboils that did love to hear;  
Our attire, and wounds were all our  
Good,  
And the most with rapine and with blood.

L.

Our age, of whom it should be said,  
These mischiefs should abound in thee!  
These sins should to thy charge be laid,  
Calumnious nor vile action free!  
O Time us with those ills upbraid,  
What hath been, argue what may be,  
Fashioning so a habit in the mind,  
Us alone the haters of our kind!

LI.

Full Heav'n, in whose most sov'reign reign  
Pure bodies move in harmony,  
In an inviolable chain

Together link'd; so ty'd in unity,  
That they therein continually remain,  
Sway'd in one certain course eternally:  
Why his true motion keepeth every star,  
Yet, what they govern, so irregular?

LII.

But in the course of this unnatural war,  
Muse, say from whence this height of mischief  
Grew,  
That in so short time spread itself so far,  
From whence so sundry bloodsheds did ensue,  
The cause, I pray thee, faithfully declare.  
What, men religious, was the fault in you?  
Which, resty grown with your much pow'r,  
Withdraw  
Your stiffen'd necks from th' yoke of civil awe?

LIII.

No wonder though the people grew profane,  
When churchmen's lives gave laymen leave to  
fall,  
And did their former humbleness disdain;  
The shirt of hair turn'd coat of costly pall,  
The holy ephod made a cloak for gain:  
What done with cunning, was canonical,  
And blind promotion shunn'd that dang'rous  
road,  
Which the old prophets diligently trode.

LIV.

Hence 'twas, that God so slightly was ador'd;  
That rock remov'd, whereon our faith was  
grounded,  
Conscience esteem'd but as an idle word,  
And being weak, by vain opinions wounded:  
Professors lives did little fruit afford,  
And in her sects religion lay confounded;  
Most sacred things were merchandise become,  
None talk'd of texts, but prophesying dumb.

LV.

The church then rich, and with such pride possess'd  
Was like the poison of infectious air,  
That having found a way into the breast,  
Is not prescrib'd, nor long time stays it there,  
But through the organs seizeth on the rest,  
The rank contagion spreading ev'ry where;  
So, from that evil by the church begun,  
The commonwealth was lastly over run.

LVI.

When craft crept in, to cancel wholesome laws,  
Which fast'ning once on the defective weal,  
Where doubts should cease, they rose in ev'ry  
clause,  
And made them hurt, which first were made to  
heal.

One evil still another forward draws:  
For when disorder doth so far prevail,  
That conscience is cast off as out of use,  
Right is the cloak of wrong, and all abuse.

LVII.

Mean while the king thus keeping in his hold,  
(In that his poor imprison'd liberty,  
Living a death in hunger, want, and cold,  
Almost beyond imagin'd misery)  
By hateful treason secretly was sold,  
Through keys deliver'd to the enemy.



For when th' oppress'd is once up to the chin  
Quite over head all help to thrust him in.

LVIII.

The dire disaster of that captiv'd king,  
So surely seiz'd on by the adverse part,  
(To his few friends sad matter menacing)  
Struck with pale terror ev'ry willing heart,  
Their expectation clean discouraging,  
Him no evasion left whereby to start;  
And the black cloud, which greatliest did them  
fear,  
Rose where their hopes once brightest did ap-  
pear.

LIX.

For first, their envy with unusual force  
Fell on the Spensers, from whose only hate  
The war first sprung; who found their lawless  
course  
Drew to an end, confin'd by their fate:  
Of whom there was not any took remorse,  
But as pernicious cankers of the state,  
The father first to Bristol being led,  
Was drawn to death, then hang'd and quar-  
tered.

LX.

When as the heir to Winchester then dead,  
The lot e'er long to his son Glo'ster fell:  
Reding the Marshal the like way was led,  
And after him the Earl of Arundel,  
To pay the forfeit of a reverend head:  
Then Muchelden, and with him Daniel;  
These following him in his lascivious ways,  
Then wept before him to his fatal days.

LXI.

Like some large pillar of a lordly height,  
On whose proud top some huge frame doth de-  
pend,  
By time disabled to uphold the weight,

And that with age his back begins to bend,  
Shrinks to his first seat, and in piteous plight  
The lesser props with his sad load doth spend;  
So far'd it with King Edward, crushing all  
That had stood near him, in his violent fall.

LXII.

The state whereon these princes proudly lean,  
Whose high ascent men trembling still behold,  
From whence oft times with insolent disdain  
The kneeling subject hears himself controul'd,  
Their earthly weakness truly doth explain,  
Promoting whom they please, not whom they  
should;

When as their fall shews how they foully  
err'd,

Procur'd by those whom fondly they prefer'd.

LXIII.

For when that men of merit go ungrac'd,  
And by her fautors ignorance held in,  
And parasites in good men's rooms are plac'd,  
Only to sooth the highest in their sin,  
From those whose skill and knowledge is de-  
bas'd,

There many strange enormities begin.

For great wits forged into factions tools,  
Prove great men (oft) to be the greatest fools.

LXIV.

But why so vainly time do I bestow,  
The base abuse of this vile world to chide?  
Whose blinded judgment ev'ry hour doth shew  
What folly weak mortality doth guide.  
Wise was that man which laugh'd at human woe;  
My subject still more sorrow doth provide,  
And these designs more matter still do breed,  
To hasten that which quickly must succeed.



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# • THE BARONS WARS

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## BOOK V.

### *The Argument.*

Th' imprison'd King his sceptre doth forsake,  
To quit himself of what he was accus'd :  
His foes him from the Earl of *Leicester* take,  
Who their commission fain would have refus'd :  
His torturers a mock'ry of him make,  
And basely and reproachfully abus'd,  
By secret ways to *Berkeley* he is led,  
And there in prison lastly murdered,

I.  
The wretched King unnaturally betray'd,  
By too much trusting to his native land,  
From Neath in Walls to Kenelworth convey'd  
By the Earl of *Leicester* with a mighty band ;  
Some few his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd :  
When straight there went a parliament in hand,  
To ratify the general intent,  
For resignation of his government.

II.  
Fall'n through his frailty and intemperate will,  
That with his fortune it so weakly far'd,  
To undergo that unexpected ill,  
For his deserved punishment prepar'd ;  
Past measure, as those miseries to fill  
To him allotted as his just reward :  
All arm'd with malice, either less or more,  
To strike at him who struck at all before.

III.  
It being a thing the commons still did crave,  
The Barons thereto resolutely bent,  
Such happy helps on ev'ry side to have,  
To forward that their forcible intent,  
So perfect speed to their great action gave,  
Establish'd by the general consent :  
On Edward that such miseries did bring,  
As never were inflicted on a King.

IV.  
Earls, Bishops, Barons, and the Abbots all,  
Each in due order, as became their state,  
By Heralds placed in the Castle hall ;  
The Burgeses for places corporate,  
(Whom the great bus'ness at that time did call)  
For the Cinque ports the Barons convocate,  
With the shire Knights for the whole body sent  
Both for the south and for the north of Trent.



V.

When Edward, cloathed mournfully in black,  
Was forth before the great assembly brought,  
A doleful hearse upon a dead man's back,  
Whose heavy looks express'd his heavy thought,  
In which there did no part of sorrow lack;  
True grief needs not feign'd action to be taught:  
His funeral solemniz'd in his cheer,  
His eyes the mourners, and his legs the beer.

VI.

Torlton, as one select to that intent,  
The best experienc'd in that great affair,  
A man grave, subtle, stout, and eloquent,  
First with fair speech th' assembly doth prepare;  
Then with a grace austere and eminent,  
Doth his abuse effectually declare,  
Winning each sad eye to a reverend fear,  
To due attention drawing every ear.

VII.

Urging th' exactions rais'd by the King,  
With whose full plenty he his minions fed,  
Him and his subjects still impoverishing;  
And the much blood he lavishly had shed,  
A desolation on the land to bring:  
As under him, how ill all bus'ness sped;  
The loss in war, sustained through his blame,  
A lasting scandal to the English name,

VIII.

Withall, proceeding with the future good  
That they thereby did happily intend,  
And with what upright policy it stood,  
No other hopes their fortunes to amend;  
The resignation to his proper blood,  
That might the action lawfully defend;  
The present want, that will'd it to be so,  
Whose imposition they might not foreflow.

IX.

Much more he spake; but fain would I be short,  
To this intent a speech delivering:  
Nor may I be too curious to report  
What toucheth the deposing of a King:  
Wherefore I warn thee, Muse, not to exhort  
The after-times to this forbidden thing,  
By reasons for it by the Bishop laid,  
Or from my feeling what he might have said.

X.

The grave delivery of whose vehement speech,  
Grac'd with a dauntless uncontracted brow,  
Th' assembly with severity did teach,  
Each word of his authentic to allow,  
That in the bus'ness there could be no breach,  
Each thereto bound by a peculiar vow;  
Which they in public gen'rally protest,  
Calling the King to consummate the rest,

XI.

Whose fair cheeks cover'd with pale sheets of  
shame  
Near in a swoon he his first scene began,  
Wherein his passions did such postures frame,  
As ev'ry sense play'd the tragedian,  
Truely to shew from whence his sorrows came,  
Far from the compass of a common man:  
As nature to herself had added art,  
To teach despair to act a Kingly part.

XII.

O pity, didst thou live, or wert thou not?  
(Mortals by such sights have to stone been turn'd)  
Or, what men have been, had their seed forgot?  
Or that for one, another never mourn'd?  
In what so strangely were ye over-shot,  
Against yourselves that your own frailty spurn'd  
Or had tears then abandon'd human eyes,  
That there was none to pity miseries?

XIII.

His passion calm'd, his crown he taketh to him,  
With a slight view, as though he thought not on it,  
As he were senseless that it should forgo him;  
And then he cast a scornful eye upon it,  
As he would leave it, yet would have it woo him:  
Then snatching at it, loth to have foregone it,  
He puts it from him; yet he would not so,  
He fain would keep what fain he would forego.

XIV.

In this confused conflict in his mind,  
Tears drowning sighs, and sighs repelling tears;  
But when in neither that he ease could find,  
And to his wrong no remedy appears,  
Perceiving none to pity there inclin'd,  
Besides, the time to him prefixed wears;  
As then his sorrow somewhat 'gan to flake,  
From his full bosom thus he them bespake.

XV.

" If first my title stedfastly were planted  
" Upon a true indubitate succession,  
" Confirm'd by nations, as by nature granted,  
" Which lawfully deliver'd me possession;  
" You must think heav'n sufficiency hath wanted,  
" And so deny it power, by your oppression,  
" That into question dare this boldly bring  
" The awful right of an anointed King.

XVI.

" That hallowed unction by a sacred hand,  
" Which once was pour'd upon this crowned head,  
" And of this kingdom gave me the command,  
" When it about me the rich verdure spread,  
" Either my right in greater stead should stand,  
" Or wherefore then was it so vainly shed?  
" Whose profanation, and unrev'rend touch,  
" Just Heaven hath often punish'd, always much.

XVII.

" As from the Sun, when from our sov'reign due,  
" Whose virtual influence, as the source of right,  
" Lends safety of your livelihood to you,  
" As from our fulness taking borrow'd light;  
" Which to the subject being ever true,  
" Why thus oppugn you by prepos't'rous might?  
" But what Heaven lent me, wisely to have used,  
" It gives to him that vainly I abused.

XVIII.

" Then here I do resign it to your King;  
[Pausing thereat, as though his tongue offended,  
With griping throws seem'd forth that word to  
bring,  
Sighing a full point, as he there had ended.  
O how that sound his grieved heart did wring!  
Which he recalling, gladly would have mended.]  
" Things of small moment we can scarcely hold,  
" But griefs that touch the heart are hardly told,



xix.

l, his eyes seem'd to dissolve to tears,  
 great storm like a show'r of rain,  
 he strove to keep it from his ears,  
 [poke it with exceeding pain;  
 ipsh how vile that word appears,  
 were within his breast again !]  
 faith he, "say so to the man you bear it,  
 us say to him that you mean shall  
 ear it :

x.

account his bondage from that day,  
 s with a diadem invested ;  
 ring crown hath made this hair so  
 ay )  
 hose circle he is but arrested,  
 ontent this is no certain way ;  
 eter cates the mean estate is feasted :  
 hen his proud feet scorn to touch the  
 old,  
 d's a prisoner in a gaol of gold.

xxi.

ring subjects, he but numbers care ;  
 n with shouts the people do begin,  
 suppose, th' applause but prayers are,  
 may 'scape the danger he is in,  
 t' adventure he so boldly dares :  
 irade hath multitudes of sin,  
 e that first doth cry God save the king,  
 irst man him evil news doth bring.

xxii.

own, misled in other ways,  
 ith deceits, and fed with flatteries,  
 displeasing, wicked men to please ;  
 more than he shall tyrannize,  
 in safety, being most at ease,  
 friend winning many enemies :  
 en he sitteth in his greatest state,  
 at behold him most, bear him most  
 e.

xxiii.

is he but now, that now is none,  
 of power, and here dejected is ;  
 deposing he enjoys a throne,  
 re he natural, should not have done  
 ffects th' inheritance his own ; [ " this :  
 it I live, it should be none of his :  
 e son climbs, and thrusts the father  
 wn,  
 us the crowned goes without a crown."

xxiv.

g play'd his hard constrained part,  
 his reign, the day together ended,  
 hot through with sorrow's deadliest dart,  
 f none, nor look'd on, unattended,  
 ing with a heavy heart,  
 t lodging strictly recommended,  
 emoan his miserable plight  
 eaf walls, and to the darksome night.

xxv.

gs were thus disast'rously decreed,  
 bels every day were spread,  
 lik'd not of the violent deed)  
 force should be delivered :

Whether his wrong remorse in some did breed,  
 That him (alas!) untimely pitied ;  
 Who knew : or whether but devis'd by some,  
 To cloak his murder, afterward to come.

xxvi.

And hate at hand, which heark'ning still did  
 lurk,  
 And still suspicious Edward was not sure,  
 Fearing that blood with Leicester might work,  
 Or that him friends his name might yet procure,  
 Which the Queen's faction mightily did irk :  
 At Kenelworth, that no way could endure  
 His longer stay, but cast to have him laid,  
 Where his friends least might hope to lend him  
 aid.

xxvii.

Of which men as they had debated long,  
 Of Berkely castle they themselves bethought,  
 A place by nature that was wond'rous strong,  
 And yet far stronger eas'ly might be wrought :  
 Besides, it stood their chiefest friends among,  
 And where he was unlikeliest to be fought ;  
 And for their men, to work what they de-  
 fir'd,  
 They knew where villains were that might be  
 hir'd.

xxviii.

For though the great, to cover their intent,  
 Seem not to know of any that are ill,  
 Yet want they not a devilish instrument,  
 Which they have ready ever at their will :  
 Such men these had, to mischief wholly bent,  
 In villany notorious for their skill,  
 Dishonest, desp'rate, merciless and rude,  
 That dar'd into damnation to intrude.

xxix.

Vile Gurney and Matrevers were the men,  
 Of this black scene the actors chose to be,  
 Whose hateful deed pollutes my maiden pen :  
 But, I beseech you, be not griev'd with me,  
 Which have these names now, that were famous  
 then,  
 Some boughs grow crooked from the straightest tree :  
 Yet are no way partakers of their shame ;  
 The fault is in their fact, not in their name.

xxx.

To Kenelworth they speedily dispatch'd,  
 Fitted with each thing that they could desire,  
 At such a time as few their coming watch'd,  
 When of their bus'ness none was to inquire :  
 Well were the men and their commission match'd,  
 For they had their authority entire,  
 To take the king, his guardian to acquit,  
 And to bestow him where they thought it fit.

xxxi.

This crew of ribalds, villanous and nought,  
 With their co-agents in this damned thing,  
 To noble Lei'ter their commission brought,  
 Commanding the deliv'ry of the king ;  
 Which (with much grief) they lastly from him  
 wrought ;  
 About the castle closely hovering,  
 Watching a time, when silence and the night  
 Could with convenience privilege their flight.



## XXXII.

With shameful scoffs, and barbarous disgrace,  
Him on a lean ill-favour'd jade they set,  
In a vile garment, beggarly and base,  
Which (it should seem) they purposely did get;  
So carrying him in a most wretched case,  
Benumb'd and beaten with the cold and wet,  
Depriv'd of all repose and natural rest,  
With thirst and hunger grievously oppress'd.

## XXXIII.

Yet still suspicious that he should be known,  
From beard and head they shav'd away the hair,  
Which was the last that he could call his own:  
Never left Fortune any wight so bare,  
Such tyranny on king was never shewn,  
And till that time with mortals had been rare;  
His comfort then did utterly deceive him,  
But to his death his sorrows did not leave him.

## XXXIV.

For when they had him far from all resort,  
They took him down from his poor weary beast,  
And on a mole-hill (for a state in court)  
With puddle water him they lewdly drest,  
Then with his woful miseries made sport;  
And for his bason, fitting with the rest,  
A rusty iron scull:—O wretched sight!  
Was ever man so miserably dight?

## XXXV.

His tears increas'd the water with their fall,  
Like a pool rising with a sudden rain,  
Which wrestled with the puddle, and withal  
A troubled circle made it to retain;  
His endless grief which to his mind did call,  
His sighs made billows like a little main;  
Water and tears contending whether should  
The mast'ry have, the hot ones or the cold.

## XXXVI.

Vile traitors, hold off your unhallow'd hands,  
His brow upon it majesty still bears:  
Dare you thus keep your sov'reign lord in bands?  
And can your eyes behold th' anointed's tears?  
Of if your sight all pity thus withstands,  
Are not your hearts yet pierced through your  
ears?

The mind is free, whate'er afflicts the man;  
A king's a king, do Fortune what she can.

## XXXVII.

Dare man take that which God himself hath  
given?

Or mortal spill the spir't by him infus'd,  
Whose pow'r is subject to the pow'r of heaven?  
Wrongs pass not unreveng'd, although excus'd.  
Except that thou set all at six and seven,  
Rise, Majesty, when thou art thus abus'd:

Or for thy refuge which way wilt thou take,  
When in this fort thou dost thy self forsake?

## XXXVIII.

When in despite and mock'ry of a crown,  
A wreath of grafs they for his temples make:  
Which when he felt, then coming from a swoon,  
And that his spirits a little 'gan to wake:  
"Fortune, quoth he, thou dost not always frown;  
"I see thou giv'st, as well as thou dost take;  
"That wanting natural covert for my brain,  
"For that defect thou lend'st me this again.

## XXXIX.

"To whom, just Heaven, should  
"plain,  
"Since it is only thou that work  
"How can this body natural stre  
"To suffer things so much unnat  
"My cogitations labour, but in  
" 'Tis from thy justice that I hav  
"That when so many miseries  
"The change of sorrow mak  
"sweet."

## XL.

Thus they to Berkely brought th  
Which for their purpose was the p  
Ye heavenly pow'rs, do ye behol  
And let this deed of horror to be  
That might the nation into quest  
But oh, your ways with justice st  
But he is hap'd into his earthly  
From whence he bade the wi  
well.

## XLI.

They lodg'd him in a melancholic  
Where through strait windows th  
far,  
(In which the sun did at no seaso  
Which strengthen'd were with n  
Like to a vault under some migh  
Where night and day wag'd a co  
Under whose floor the commo  
Up to the same loathsome sten

## XLII.

The ominous raven often he doth  
Whose croaking him of following  
Begetting strange imaginary fear  
With heavy echoes, like to passin  
The howling dog a doleful part  
As though they chim'd his last sac  
Under his cave the buzzing ser  
Beating the windows with her

## XLIII.

By night affrighted in his fearful  
Of raging fiends and goblins that  
Of falling down from steep rocks  
Of deaths, of burials, and of win  
Of wand'ring helpless in far fore  
Of strong temptations by seducin  
Wherewith awak'd, and calling  
His hollow voice doth make h

## XLIV.

Then came the vision of his bloo  
Marching along with Lancaster's  
Twenty-eight Barons, either han  
Attended with the rueful mangle  
That unreveng'd did all that whi  
At Burton-bridge and fatal Boro  
Threat'ning with frowns, an  
limb,  
As though that piece-meal the  
him.

## XLV.

And if it chanc'd that from the  
The least small star through any  
Straitways on heaps the thringin  
As though that heaven were ang



old lend that comfort to his eyes :  
 shadows glimpsing in his fight,  
 as, that it might more ugly be,  
 the least cranny would not let him see.

XLVI.

'affliction that they could impose  
 o the utmost of their hate,  
 rments yet his strength so rose,  
 hat nature had conspir'd with fate;  
 watchful and too wary foes,  
 not still his woes to aggravate,  
 r helps suspected, to prevent,  
 way his life to Berkely sent.

XLVII.

and a letter fashioning,  
 : words a double sense did bear ;  
 d to bid them not to kill the King,  
 al how vile a thing it were ;  
 ointing, was another thing,  
 ch him bids them not to fear :  
 ght to find, the murth'ers need ne  
 eto too ready long before.

XLVIII.

rd hap'd a chronicle to find,  
 e kings which did him there precede,  
 there lodg'd forgotten had behind,  
 pass the hours, he fell to read,  
 reby to recreate his mind,  
 east that did sore conflicts breed :  
 true sorrow once the fancy seizeth,  
 we see, our misery increaseth.

XLIX.

Norman ent'ring on this isle,  
 m Conqueror, first his time he plies ;  
 Hastings how he did defile  
 blood, and Harold did surprise ;  
 ick he so could not reconcile,  
 em he long did tyrannize :  
 read, how the strong o'ercame the  
 5,  
 -times makes wrong to punish wrong.

L.

then his eldest son abroad,  
 ond seiz'd on his estate,  
 steps apparently that trod,  
 ose who had been conquer'd late ;  
 em he laid a heavy load,  
 erton'd by impartial fate :  
 men's rooms for beasts he did intend,  
 forest had a beastly end.

LI.

ung'ft, his brother William dead,  
 rown from his usurping hand,  
 dest, good Duke Robert's head,  
 urned from the Holy Land :  
 r was there so much diminished,  
 oe not able to withstand,  
 in battle, and his eyes outdone,  
 , the seas left Henry not a son.

LII.

ie Empress he the sceptre leaves,  
 ighter, whom (through false pretext)  
 l of Bulloin from the kingdom heaves,  
 or's nephew, in succession next,

By which the land a stranger war receives,  
 Wherewith it long was miserably vext :  
 'Till Stephen failing, and his issue gone,  
 The heir of Maud steps up into the throne.

LIII.

Henry the second, Maud the Empress' son,  
 Of th' English kings Plantagenet the first,  
 By Stephen's end a glorious reign begun ;  
 But yet his greatness strangely was accurst,  
 By his son Henry's coronation :  
 Which to his age much woe and sorrow nurst,  
 When his, whom he had labour'd to make great,  
 Abroad his towns, at home usurp'd his seat.

LIV.

Richard, his son, him worthily succeeds,  
 Who not content with what was safely ours,  
 (A man whose mind fought after glorious deeds)  
 Into the East transports the English pow'rs ;  
 Where, with his sword while many a pagan bleeds,  
 Relentless fate doth haste on his last hours,  
 By one, whose fire he justly there had slain,  
 With a sharp arrow shot into the brain.

LV.

Next follow'd him his faithless brother John,  
 By Arthur's murder (compass'd by his might)  
 His brother Geoffrey, th' Earl of Britain's son ;  
 But he by poison was repay'd his spite :  
 For whilst he strove to have made all his own,  
 (For what he got by wrong, he held his right)  
 And on the clergy tyrannously sed,  
 Was by a monk of Swinfield poisoned.

LVI.

Henry his son, then crowned very young,  
 For hate the English to the father bare,  
 The son's here reigning was in question long,  
 Who thought on France t' have cast the king-  
 dom's care ;  
 With whom the Barons, insolent and strong,  
 For the old charter in commotion were :  
 Which his long reign did with much care molest,  
 Yet with much peace went lastly to his rest.

LVII.

Of him descends a prince, stout, just, and sage,  
 (In all things happy, but in him, his son)  
 In whom wise nature did herself engage,  
 More than in man, in Edward to have done ;  
 Whose happy reign recurr'd the former rage,  
 By the large bounds he to his empire won :  
 " O God !" quoth he, " had he my pattern been,  
 " Heav'n! had not pour'd these plagues upon  
 " my fin.

LVIII.

Turning the leaf, he found at unawares,  
 What day young Edward Prince of Wales was  
 born ;  
 Which letters look'd like conjuring characters,  
 Or to despight him they were set in scorn,  
 Blotting the paper like disfig'ring scars.  
 " O let that name (quoth he) from books be torn,  
 " Lest in that place the sad displeased earth  
 " Doth loath itself, as slander'd with my birth."

LIX.

" Be thence hereafter human birth exil'd,  
 " Sunk to a lake, or swallow'd by the sea ;  
 " And future ages asking for that child,



" Say, 'twas abortive, or 'twas stoln away :  
 " And left, O Time, thou be therewith defil'd,  
 " In thy unnumber'd hours devour that day ;  
 " Let all be done that pow'r can bring to pass,  
 " I'o make forgot that such a one there was."

LX.

The troubled tears then standing in his eyes,  
 Through which he did upon the letters look,  
 Made them to seem like roundiets, that arise  
 By a stone cast into a standing brook,  
 Appearing to him in such various wise,  
 And at one time such sundry fashions took,  
 As like deluding goblins did affright,  
 And with their foul shapes terrify his sight.

LXI.

And on his death-bed sits him down at last,  
 His fainting spirits foreshewing danger nigh,  
 When the doors forth a fearful howling cast,  
 To let those in by whom he was to die :  
 At whose approach, whilst there he lay aghast,  
 Those ruthless villains did upon him fly ;  
 Who seeing none to whom to call for aid,  
 Thus to these cruel regicides he said :

LXII.

" O be not authors of so vile an act,  
 " My blood on your posterity to bring,  
 " Which after-time with horror shall distract,  
 " When fame shall tell it, how you kill'd a king :  
 " And yet more, by the manner of the fact,  
 " Mortality so much astonishing,  
 " That they should count their wickedness  
 " scarce sin  
 " Compar'd to that which done by you hath been.

LXIII.

" And since you deadly hate me, let me live ;  
 " Yea this advantage angry heaven hath left,  
 " Which, except life, hath ta'en what it did give :  
 " But that revenge from you should not be left,  
 " Me yet with greater misery to grieve,  
 " Hath still reserv'd this from its former theft ;  
 " That this, which might of all these plagues  
 " prevent me,  
 " Were I depriv'd it, lasteth to torment me."

LXIV.

Thus spake this woful and distressed Lord,  
 As yet his breath found passage to and fro,  
 With many a short pant, many a broken word,

Many a fore groan, many a grievous th  
 Whilst him his spirit could any strengt  
 To his last gasp to move them with hi  
 Till over-master'd by their too mu  
 His sickly heart submitted at the lei

LXV.

When 'twixt two beds they clos'd  
 coarse,  
 Bafely uncovering his most secret part  
 And without human pity or remorse,  
 With a hot spit they thrust him to the  
 O that my pen had in it but that force,  
 T' expresse the pain ! but that surpass  
 And that the soul must ev'n with tr  
 For words want weight, nor can  
 thereto.

LXVI.

When those (i' th' depth and dead t  
 night)  
 Poor simple people, that then dwelled  
 Whom that strange noise did wond'rou  
 That his last shriek did in his parting  
 As pitying that most miserable wight,  
 (Betwixt compassion and obedient fear  
 Turn'd up their eyes, with heavine:  
 Praying to heaven to give the soul g

LXVII.

Berkely, whose fair seat hath been fam  
 Let thy sad echoes shriek a deadly sou  
 To the vast air complain his grievous  
 And keep the blood that issued from h  
 The tears that dropp'd from his dead  
 In their black footsteps printed on the  
 Thereby that all the ages that succe  
 May call to mind the foulness of th

LXVIII.

When now the Genius of this woful p  
 Being the guide to his affrightful gho  
 With hair dishevell'd and a ghastly fac  
 Shall haunt the prison where his life  
 And as the den of horror and disgrace  
 Let it be fearful unto all the coast,  
 That those hereafter that do travel  
 Never behold it but with heavy che



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# THE BARONS WARS.

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## BOOK VI.

### *The Argument.*

Lord *Mortimer* made Earl of *March* ; when he  
And the fair Queen rule all things by their might.  
The pomp wherein at *Nottingham* they be ;  
The cost wherewith their amorous court is dight,  
Envy'd by those their hateful pride that see.  
The King attempts the dreadful cave by night ;  
Ent'ring the castle, taketh him from thence,  
And *March* at *London* dies for the offence.

I.

Ac'd of other accidents to sing,  
ing fair shews of promised delight,  
what to slack this melancholy string)  
new occasions to our Muse excite,  
r conceit strange objects fashioning,  
our free numbers liberally invite :  
ster of moment much to be respected,  
it by our pen be seriously directed.

II.

ow the time more cunningly redeeming,  
fraudful courses fitly to contrive,  
ll so'er, to bear the fairest seeming,  
hich they now must diligently strive,  
g all ways to gain the same esteeming,  
o the world it prosp'rously might thrive ;  
s far gone on, now with the hand of night,  
n this wrong to build a lasting right.

III.

The pompous synod of these earthly gods  
At Sal'sbury selected by their king,  
To set all even that had been at odds,  
And into fashion their designs to bring,  
And strongly now to settle their abodes,  
That peace might after from their actions spring,  
Firmly t' establish what was well begun,  
Under which colour mighty things were done.

IV.

When Mortimer pursuing his desire,  
Whilst ev'ry engine had his temperate heat,  
To b' Earl of March doth suddenly aspire,  
T' increase the honour of his ancient seat,  
That his command might be the more entire ;  
Who now, but only Mortimer, is great ?  
Who knew a kingdom as her lot was thrown,  
Which having all, would never starve her own.



## v.

Now stand they firm as those celestial poles,  
 'Twixt which the stars in all their course do move,  
 Whose strength this frame of government upholds,  
 An argument their wisdoms to approve,  
 Which way so'er the time in motion rolls,  
 So perfect is the union of their love.

For might is still most absolute alone,  
 Where pow'r and fortune kindly meet in one.

## vi.

Whilst Edward's nonage gives a further speed  
 To th' ancient foe-man to renew the war,  
 Which to prevent they must have special heed,  
 Matters so strangely manag'd as they are,  
 Which otherwise if their neglect should breed,  
 Nothing yet made, it might not easily mar;

Which with the most, reserving their estate,  
 Inforc'd to purchase at the dearest rate.

## vii.

So much t' release the homage as suffic'd,  
 'Mongst which that deed nam'd *Ragman*, of re-  
 nown,

By which the kings of Scotland had devis'd  
 Their fealty unto the English crown,  
 With other relics that were highly priz'd,  
 Wars that which forc'd the greatest part to frown:  
 Th' black cross of Scotland men did ominous  
 deem,

Being a relic of so high esteem.

## viii.

To colour which, and to confirm the peace,  
 They make a marriage 'twixt the Scot and us,  
 To give more strength unto this strange release,  
 Which unto all men seem'd so dangerous  
 Whilst Robert's reign, and after his decease,  
 The league might ever be continued thus;  
 David the Prince the Lady Jane should take,  
 Which 'twixt the realms a lasting bond should  
 make.

## ix.

When th' Earl of Kent, that being one of those  
 Which in their actions had a pow'rful hand,  
 Perceiving them of matters to dispose  
 To the subjection of so great a land,  
 Finding the inconvenience that grows  
 Under the guidance of their wilful hand,

To shake their pow'r whilst he strangely doth  
 cast,

His fatal end too violently doth haste.

## x.

Which giving out his brother yet to live,  
 (Long now supposed the deceased king)  
 Unto his nephew might that scandal give,  
 As into question might his title bring;  
 Ill this report began, and worse it thrive,  
 Being so foul and dangerous a thing,

Which being the motive of intestine strife,  
 The time not long e'er it bereft his life.

## xi.

Whilst Edward takes what late their pow'r did  
 give,

Whose nonage craves their bountiful protection,  
 Which know to rule, whilst he must learn to live,  
 From their experience taking his direction,

Which more and more their doubtful hopes revive  
 When born to reign, yet crown'd by their elect  
 Th' allegiance duly doth to him belong,  
 Now makes their faction absolutely strong.

## xii.

Providing for protection of the king,  
 Men of most power, and noblest of the peers,  
 That no distaste unto the realm might bring,  
 For ripen'd judgment, or well-season'd years,  
 With comeliness all matters managing:

Yet whilst they row, 'tis Mortimer that steers.  
 Well might we think the man were worse than  
 blind,

That wanted sea-roomth, and could rule the  
 wind.

## xiii.

To smooth the path wherein this course was gone  
 Which as a test might to their actions stand,  
 And give more full possession of their own,  
 In being received from a sovereign hand,  
 Into their bosoms absolutely thrown,  
 Both for the good and safety of the land;  
 When their proceedings colour'd with this cause  
 To the world's eye so fair an outside bare.

## xiv.

All complement that appertain'd to state,  
 By giving greatness every honour'd rite,  
 To feed those eyes that did their hours await,  
 And by all means to nourish their delight;  
 That entertaining love, they welcome hate,  
 And with free bounty equally invite.

A prince's wealth in spending still doth spend  
 Like to a brook with many fountains fed.

## xv.

To Nottingham, the North's imperious eye,  
 Which as a Pharos guards the goodly soil,  
 And arm'd by nature danger to defy,  
 There to repose him safely after toil,  
 Where treason least advantage might espy,  
 Closely conveys this great invaluable spoil;  
 That by residing from the public fight,  
 He might more freely relish his delight.

## xvi.

Nine score in check attending in their court,  
 Whom honour'd knighthood knits in mutual  
 bands,

Men most select, of special worth and sort;  
 Much might they do that have so many hands.  
 Who pays not tribute to this lordly port?

This high-rear'd castle ev'ry way commands;  
 Thus like those giants, 'gainst great heav'n  
 they rise,  
 Which darted rocks at th' empyreal skies.

## xvii.

It seems in him Fame means her pow'r to shew  
 And 'twixt her wings to bear him through the  
 sky,

He might more easily see the things below,  
 Having above them mounted him so high,  
 Unto whose will they meekly seem to bow,  
 Under whose greatness meaner pow'rs do lie:

All things concur with fair successful chance,  
 To raise that man whom Fortune will advance.



XVIII.

Along the flow'r-enamell'd vales,  
 & Trent on pearly sands doth slide,  
 The meadows telling wanton tales,  
 Still limbs lasciviously in pride  
 Hed with the enamour'd gales)  
 In turnings casts from side to side,  
 & she were the sweet soil to forsake,  
 & herself into the German lake.

XIX.

In fair Sherwood, wildly bent to rove,  
 Her loose arms about the flatt'ring  
 W'srs,  
 Wild shadows of her scatter'd grove,  
 Inter shelter, and gives Summer bow'rs,  
 The flood in courtesy it strove;  
 Spelling the sharp northern show'rs,  
 The proud castle, who by turning to  
 R,  
 To behold th' lascivious wood-nymph  
 On her.

XX.

ing retir'd so strictly to this place,  
 In staid the Princess' person draws,  
 Time seems their greatness to embrace,  
 Working and especial cause,  
 In formal ceremonious grace,  
 Just and necessary laws,  
 & the town retains his kingly seat,  
 March's court the castle is replete.

XXI.

Where, in counsels to debate,  
 The king conveniently is met,  
 In and magnificent in state,  
 All eyes upon his greatness set,  
 In honour at that costly rate,  
 Some due reverence might beget,  
 As the object sundry passions wrought,  
 Strange forms in many a wand'ring  
 Sight.

XXII.

And ambition find the meanest stay  
 Portion'd and vain course to guide,  
 Some safety in that slippery way  
 Most worldly provident do slide,  
 A steep fall threat'ning sure decay,  
 & the wantonness of pride,  
 And assuming absolute pow'rs,  
 Beck the frail mortality' of ours.

XXIII.

Pleasure sitting with excess,  
 Jinkets tasted with delight,  
 That glutton appetite suppress,  
 Every dish invites a liqu'rish sight.  
 So much, is his desire the less,  
 And past the compass of his might,  
 Imper'd stomach more than well suf-  
 ficed,  
 The surfeit lately gormandiz'd.

XXIV.

Some brook from th' over-moisten'd  
 Mound  
 & waters proudly overflow'd,  
 His current, should'rsth down his mound,

And from his course doth quite himself unload,  
 The bord'ring meadows ev'ry where surround,  
 Dispersing his own riches all abroad,  
 Spending the store he was maintained by,  
 Leaves his first channel desolate and dry.

XXV.

When now those few that many tears had spent,  
 And long had wept on murder'd Edward's  
 Grave,

Mutt'ring in corners, griev'd and discontent,  
 And finding some a willing ear that gave,  
 Still as they durst bewraying what they meant,  
 Tending his pride and greatness to deprave;  
 Urging withall what some might justly do,  
 If things thus born were rightly look'd into.

XXVI.

Some give it out, that March by blood to rise  
 Had cut off Kent, the man might next suc-  
 ceed,

And his late treasons falsely did surmise  
 As a mere colour to this lawless deed;  
 That his ambition only did devise,  
 In time the royal family to weed,  
 When in account there was but only one,  
 That kept him off from stepping to the throne.

XXVII.

And those much busied in the former times,  
 Then credulous that honour was his end,  
 And by the hate they bare to others crimes,  
 Did not his faults so carefully attend,  
 Perceiving how he dissolutely climbs,  
 Having thus brought his purpose to an end,  
 With a severe eye now more strictly look  
 Into the course that his ambition took.

XXVIII.

All fence the tree that serveth for a shade,  
 Whose large-grown body doth repulse the wind,  
 Until his wastful branches do invade  
 The straiter plants, and them in prison bind,  
 And as a tyrant to the weaker made;  
 When, like a foul devourer of his kind,  
 Unto his root all put their hands to hew,  
 Whose roomth but hinders other that would  
 grow.

XXIX.

Thus at his ease whilst he securely sate,  
 And to his will these things assured were  
 With a well-govern'd and contented fate,  
 Never so much freed from suspicious fear,  
 Well fortify'd, and in so good estate,  
 As not admits of danger to be near.

But still we see, before a sudden show'r  
 The sun shines hott'st, and hath the greatest  
 pow'r.

XXX.

Within the castle hath the queen devis'd  
 A chamber with choice rarities so fraught,  
 As in the same she had imparadiz'd  
 Almost what man by industry hath sought;  
 Where with the curious pencil was compris'd  
 What could with colours by the art be wrought,  
 In the most sure place of the castle there,  
 Which she had nam'd the Tower of Morti-  
 mer.



## xxx.

An orbal form with pillars small compos'd,  
Which to the top like parallels do bear,  
Arching the compass where they were inclos'd,  
Fashioning the fair roof like the hemisphere,  
In whose partitions by the lines dispos'd,  
All the clear northern asterisms were  
In their corporeal shapes with stars inchas'd,  
As by th' old Poets they in heav'n were placed.

## xxxii.

About which lodgings, tow'rd's the upper face,  
Ran a fine bordure circularly led,  
As equal 'twixt the high'st point and the base,  
That as a zone the waist ingirdled,  
'That lends the sight a breathing, or a space,  
'Twixt things near view and those far over  
head,  
Under the which the painter's curious skill  
In lively forms the goodly room did fill.

## xxxiii.

Here Phoebus clipping Hyacinthus stood,  
Whose life's last drops his snowy breast imbrue,  
The one's tears mixed with the other's blood,  
That should't be blood or tears no sight could  
view,  
So mix'd together in a little flood;  
Yet here and there they sev'rally withdrew,  
The pretty wood-nymphs chasing him with  
balm,  
To bring the sweet boy from this deadly  
qualm.

## xxxiv.

With the God's lyre, his quiver, and his bow,  
His golden mantle cast upon the ground,  
'T' express whose grief Art ev'n her best did  
shew,  
The sledge so shadow'd still seem'd to rebound,  
To counterfeit the vigour of the blow,  
As still to give new anguish to the wound;  
The purple flower sprung from the blood that  
run,  
That op'neth since and closeth with the sun.

## xxxv.

By which the heifer Io, Joves's fair rape,  
Gazing her new-ta'en figure in a brook,  
'The water shadow'd to observe the shape  
In the same form that she on it doth look.  
So cunningly to cloud the wanton 'scape,  
That gazing eyes the portraiture mistook,  
By perspective devis'd beholding now,  
'This way a maiden, that way't seem'd a  
cow.

## xxxvi.

Swift Mercury, like to a shepherd's boy,  
Sporting with Hebe by a fountain brim,  
With many a sweet glance, many an am'rous  
toy,  
He sprinkling drops at her, and she at him;  
Wherein the painter so explain'd their joy,  
As though his skill the perfect life could limn,  
Upon whose brows the water hung so clear,  
As through the drops the fair skin might ap-  
pear.

## xxxvii.

And cissy Cynthus with a thousand birds,  
Whose freckled plumes adorn his bushy crow  
Under whose shadow graze the frag-  
herds,  
Out of whose top the fresh springs trem-  
down,  
Dropping like fine pearl through his sh-  
beards,  
With moss and climbing ivy over-grown;  
The rock so lively done in ev'ry part,  
As Nature could be patterned by Art.

## xxxviii.

The naked nymphs, some up and down def-  
ing,  
Small scatt'ring flow'rs at one another flung,  
With nimble turns their limber bodies l-  
ing,  
Cropping the blooming branches lately sprun-  
(Upon the briars their colour'd mantles i-  
ing)  
Which on the rocks grew here and there am-  
Some comb their hair, some making gar-  
by,  
As with delight might satisfy the eye.

## xxxix.

There comes proud Phaeton tumbling thr-  
the clouds,  
Cast by his palfreys that their reigns had bro-  
And setting fire upon the welked shrouds,  
Now through the heav'n run madding from  
yoke,  
The elements together thrust in crouds,  
Both land and sea hid in a reeking smoke;  
Drawn with such life, as some did muck  
fire  
To warm themselves, some frightened with  
fire.

## xl.

The river Po, that him receiving burn'd,  
His seven sisters standing in degrees,  
Trees into women seeming to be turn'd,  
As the God's turn'd the women into trees,  
Both which at once so mutually that mourn'd  
Drops from their boughs, or tears fell from  
eyes;  
The fire seem'd to be water, water flame,  
Such excellence in shewing of the same.

## xli.

Aud to this lodging did the light invent,  
That it should first a lateral course reflect,  
Through a short room into the window sent,  
Whence it should come expressively direct,  
Holding just distance to the lineament,  
And should the beams proportionably projec-  
And being thereby condensated and grave  
To ev'ry figure a sure colour gave.

## xlii.

In part of which, under a golden vine,  
Whose broad-leav'd branches cov'ring over:  
Stood a rich bed, spread with this wanton tv-  
Doubling themselves in their lascivious fall,  
Whose rip'ned clusters seeming to decline,



Where, as among the naked Cupids spraul,  
Some at the sundry-colour'd birds do shoot,  
Some swarming up to pluck the purple fruit.

XLIII.

On which a tissue counterpane was cast,  
Arachne's web the same did not surpass,  
Wherein the story of his fortunes past  
In lively pictures neatly handled was;  
How he escap'd the Tow'r, in France how  
grac'd,  
With stones embroider'd, of a wond'rous mass;  
About the border, in a curious fret,  
Emblems, inscriptions, hieroglyphics set.

XLIV.

This flaring sun-shine had begot the show'r,  
And the black clouds with such abundance fed,  
That for a wind they waited but the hour,  
With force to let their fury on his head:  
Which when it came, it came with such a pow'r,  
As he could hardly have imagined.  
But when men think they most in safety stand,  
Their greatest peril often is at hand.

XLV.

For to that largeness they increased were,  
That Edward felt March heavy on his throne,  
Whose props no longer both of them could bear;  
Two for one seat, that over-great were grown,  
Preposterously that moved in one sphere,  
And to the like predominancy prone,  
That the young king down Mortimer must  
cast,  
If he himself would e'er hope to sit fast.

XLVI.

Who finding the necessity was such,  
That w'd him still th' assault to undertake,  
And yet his person it might nearly touch,  
Should he too soon his sleeping pow'r awake:  
Th' attempt, wherein the danger was so much,  
Drove him at length a secret means to make,  
Whereby he might the enterprize effect,  
And hurt him most, where he did least sus-  
pect.

XLVII.

Without the castle, in the earth is found  
A cave, resembling sleepy Morpheus' cell,  
In strange meanders winding under ground,  
Where darkness seeks continually to dwell,  
Which with such fear and horror doth abound,  
Although it were an entrance into hell;  
By architects to serve the castle made,  
When as the Danes this island did invade.

XLVIII.

Now on along the cranking path doth keep,  
Then by a rock turns up another way,  
Rising tow'ards day, then falling tow'ards the  
deep,  
On a smooth level then itself doth lay,  
Directly then, then obliquely doth creep,  
Nor in the course keeps any certain stay;  
Till in the castle, in an odd by-place,  
It casts the foul mask from its dusky face.

XLIX.

By which the king, with a selected crew  
Of such as he with his intent acquainted,  
Vol. III.

Which he affected to the action knew,  
And in revenge of Edward had not fainted,  
That to their utmost would the cause pursue,  
And with those treasons that had not been taint-  
ed,

Adventured the labyrinth t' assay,  
To rouse the beast which kept them all at  
bay.

L.

Long after Phœbus took his lab'ring team,  
To his pale sister and resign'd his place,  
To wash his cauples in the ocean stream,  
And cool the fervour of his glowing face;  
And Phœbe, scanted of her brother's beam,  
Into the West went after him apace,  
Leaving black darkness to possess the sky,  
To fit the time of that black tragedy.

LI.

What time by torch-light they attempt the cave,  
Which at their entrance seemed in a fright,  
With the reflection that their armour gave,  
As it till then had ne'er seen any light;  
Which, striving there preheminnence to have,  
Darkness therewith so daringly doth fight,  
That each confounding other, both appear,  
As darkness, light, and light but darkness  
were.

LII.

The craggy cliffs, which cross them as they go,  
Made as their passage they would have deny'd,  
And threat'ned them their journey to foreflow,  
As angry with the path that was their guide,  
And sadly seem'd their discontent to show  
To the vile hand that did them first divide;  
Whose cumb'rous falls and risings seem'd to  
lay,  
So ill an action could not brook the day.

LIII.

And by the lights as they along were led,  
Their shadows then them following at their  
back,  
Where like to mourners carrying forth their  
dead,  
And as the deed, so were they, ugly, black,  
Or like to fiends that them had followed,  
Pricking them on to bloodshed and to wrack;  
Whilst the light look'd as it had been amaz'd  
At their deformed shapes, whereon it gaz'd.

LIV.

The clatt'ring arms their masters seem'd to  
chide,  
As they would reason wherefore they should  
wound,  
And struck the cave in passing on each side,  
As they were angry with the hollow ground,  
That it an act so pitiless should hide;  
Whose stony roof lock'd in their angry sound,  
And hanging in the creeks, drew back again,  
As willing them from murder to refrain.

LV.

The night wax'd old (not dreaming of these  
things)  
And to her chamber is the queen withdrawn,  
To whom a choice musician plays and sings,

E



Whilst she sat under an estate of lawn,  
In night-attire more god-like glittering,  
'Than any eye had seen the cheerful dawn,  
Leaning upon her most-lov'd Mortimer,  
Whose voice, more than the music, pleas'd  
her ear,

LVI.

Where her fair breasts at liberty were let,  
Whose violet veins in branched riverets flow,  
And Venus' swans and milky doves were set  
Upon those swelling mounts of driven snow;  
Whercon whilst Love to sport himself doth get,  
He lost his way, nor back again could go,  
But with those banks of beauty set about,  
He wander'd still, yet never could get out.

LVII.

Her loose hair look'd like gold (O word too  
base!

Nay, more than sin, but so to name her hair)  
Declining, as to kiss her fairer face,  
No word is fair enough for thing so fair,  
Nor ever was there epithet could grace  
'That, by much praising which we much impair;  
And where the pen fails, pencils cannot shew  
it,

Only the soul may be suppos'd to know it.

LVIII.

She laid her fingers on his manly cheek,  
The Gods pure scepters and the darts of Love,  
'That with their touch might make a tiger meek,  
Or might great Atlas from his seat remove;  
So white, so soft, so delicate, so sleek,  
As she had worn a lilly for a glove;  
As might beget life where was never none,  
And put a spirit into the hardest stone.

LIX.

The fire of precious wood; the light perfume,  
Which left a sweetness on each thing it shone,  
As ev'ry thing did to itself assume  
'The scent from them, and made the same their  
own:

So that the painted flowers within the room  
Were sweet, as if they naturally had grown;  
The light gave colour, which upon them  
fell,  
And to the colours the perfume gave smell.

LX.

When on those sordry pictures they devise,  
And from one piece they to another run,  
Commend that face, that arm, that hand, those  
eyes,  
Shew how that bird, how well that flow'r was  
done;  
Now this part shadow'd, and how that did  
rise,

This top was clouded, how that trail was spun,  
The landscape, mixture, and delineatings,  
And in that art a thousand curious things:

LXI.

Looking upon proud Phaëton wrapt in fire,  
'The gentle queen did much bewail his fall;  
But Mortimer commended his desire,  
'To lose one poor life, or to govern all:  
'What though (quoth he) he madly did aspire,

"And his great mind made him proud Fortun  
"thrall?"

"Yet in despite, when she her worst  
"done,

"He perish'd in the chariot of the Sun."

LXII.

'Phœbus (she said) was over-forc'd by art;  
'Nor could she find how that embrace co  
'be.'

But Mortimer then took the painter's part:

"Why thus, bright empress, thus and th  
" (quoth he:)

"That hand doth hold his back, and this  
"heart;

"Thus their arms twine, and thus their  
"you see:

"Now are you Phœbus, Hyacinthus I;

"It were a life, thus ev'ry hour to die."

LXIII.

When, by that time, into the castle-hall  
Was rudely enter'd that well-armed rout,  
And they within suspecting nought at all,  
Had then no guard to watch for them without  
See how mischances suddenly do fall,  
And steal upon us, being farth'fl from doubt!  
Our life's uncertain, and our death is sure,  
And tow'rds most peril man is most secure.

LXIV.

Whilst youthful Nevil and brave Turrington,  
To the bright queen that ever waited near,  
'Two with great March much credit that I  
won,

That in the lobby with the ladies were,  
Staying delight, whilst time away did run,  
With such discourse as women love to hear;  
Charg'd on the sudden by the armed train,  
Were at their entrance miserably slain.

LXV.

When, as from snow-crown'd Skidow's lo  
cliffs,  
Some fleet-wing'd haggard, tow'rds her prey  
hour,  
Amongst the teal and moor-bred mallard drive  
And th' air of all her feather'd flock doth scow'  
Whilst to regain her former height she strives,  
The fearful fowl all prostrate to her pow'r:  
Such a sharp shriek did ring throughout t  
vauk,  
Made by the women at the fierce assault.

LXVI.

Unarm'd was March (the only in his arms,  
Too soft a shield to bear their boist'rous blows),  
Who least of all suspected such alarms,  
And to be so encounter'd by his foes,  
When he was most improvident of harms.  
O, had he had but weapons to his woes:  
Either his valour had his life redeem'd,  
Or in her sight dy'd happily esteem'd.

LXVII.

But there, about him looking for the king,  
Whom he suppos'd his judgment could m  
miss;

Which when he found, by his imagining  
Of those most perfect lineaments of his:



Quoth he, "The man that to thy crown did  
" bring

" Thee, at thy hands might least have look'd for  
" this;

" And in this place the least of all the rest,

" Where only sacred Solitude is blest.

LXVIII.

" Her presence frees th' offender of this ill,

" Whose godlike greatness makes the place di-  
" vine;

" And canst thou, king, thus countermand her  
" will,

" Who gave to thee the pow'r that now is  
" thine,

" And in her arms in safety kept thee still,

" As in a most inviolated shrine?

" Yet dar'st thou irreligiously despise,

" And thus profane these sacred liberties?"

LXIX.

But ev'n as when old Ilion was surpris'd,

The Grecians issuing from the wooden horse,

Their pride and fury roughly exercis'd,

Op'ning the wide gates, letting in their force;

Putting in act what was before devis'd,

Without all human pity or remorse;

Ev'n so did they, with whose confused sound

Words were not heard, and poor complaints  
were drown'd.

LXX.

Dissolv'd to tears, she follow'd him: (O tears!

Elis-like, turn all to tears you touch;

To weep with her, the hard wall scarce for-  
bears,

The woful words she uttered were such,

As to wound th' impenetrablest ears,

Her plaints so piercing, and her grief so much:)

And to the king, when she at last could come,

Thus to him spake, though he to her were  
dumb.

LXXI.

" Dear son," quoth she, " let not his blood be  
" spilt,

" So often ventur'd to redeem thy crown.

" Is all his life can there be found that guilt?

" Think of his love, on which thou once shouldst  
" frown:

" 'Twas he thy Seat, that so substantial built,

" Long with his shoulder sav'd from shaking  
" down;

" 'Twas he the means that first for thee did  
" find,

" To pass for France, to exercise thy mind.

LXXII.

" Ev'n for the love thou bear'st to that dear  
" blood,

" From which (my son) thou didst receive thy  
" life,

" Play not the niggard in so small a good,

" With her to whom thy bounties should be rise,

" Begg'd on those knees at which thou oft hast  
" stood:

" O, let my up-held hands appease this strife!

" Let not the breath, from this sad bosom sent,

" Without thy pity be but vainly spent."

LXXIII.

When in the tumult, with the sudden fright,

Whilst ev'ry one for safety sought about.

And none regarded to maintain the light,

Which being over-wasted, was gone out,

It being then the mid-time of the night,

Ere they could quit the castle of the rout;

The queen alone (at least, if any near,

They were her women, almost dead with  
fear:)

LXXIV.

When horror, darkness, and her inward woe,

Began to work on her afflicted mind,

Upon her weakness tyrannizing so,

As they would do their utmost in their kind;

And as then those, she need no other foe,

Such pow'r her fortune had to them assign'd,

To rack her conscience (by their torture due)

Itself t' accuse of whatsoe'er it knew.

LXXV.

O God! (thought she) is yet an hour scarce past,  
Since that my greatness, my command more  
high,

And eminency wherein I was plac'd,

Wan me respect in ev'ry humble eye?

How am I now abused! how disgrac'd!

Did ever queen in my dejection lie?

These things she ponder'd, as despair still  
brought

Their sundry forms into her troubled thought.

LXXVI.

To London thus they March a pris'ner led,

Which there had oft been courted by the queen,

From whom his friends and his late follow'ers  
fled,

Of many a gallant follow'd that had been,

Of which, there was not one durst shew his  
head,

Much less t' abet his side, that durst be seen;

Which at his fall made them to wonder more,

Who saw the pomp wherein he liv'd before.

LX VII.

O Misery! where once thou art possess'd,

See but how quickly thou canst alter kind,

And, like a Circe, metamorphosest

The man that hath not a most godlike mind:

The fainting spirit, O how thou canst infect!

Whose yielding frailty eas'ly thou canst find,

And by thy vicious presence, with a breath,

Gives him up fetter'd, basely fear'd, to death.

LXXVIII.

When soon the king a parliament decreed,

(Ne'er till that time sole master of his crown)

And against March doth legally proceed,

Fitted with tools to dig that mountain down,

To which both high and low took special heed:

He ne'er had fawn, but then he had a frown,

King Edward's blood, with both the Spencers,  
call

For vengeance on him, by the voice of all.

LXXIX.

With dear Kent's death his credit next they  
blot,

Then on him lay the Wards and Liveries,



Which he by craft into his hands had got,  
 The sums then seized to his treasuries  
 Then Joan the princess marry'd to the Scot,  
 The sign at Stanhope to the enemies;  
 With all things ripp'd from the records of  
 time,  
 That any way might aggravate his crime.

LXXX.

O dire Revenge! when thou by time art rak'd  
 Out of the ashes which have hid thee long,  
 (Wherein thou laidst as thou hadst quite been  
 slak'd)

And becom'st kindled with the breath of wrong,  
 How soon thy hideous fury is awak'd!  
 From thy poor sparks what flames are quickly  
 sprung!

To waste their tops how soon dost thou as-  
 pire,  
 Whose weight and greatness once repress thy  
 fire!

LXXXI.

And what avail'd his answer in that case?  
 Which the time then did utterly distaste,  
 And look'd upon him with so stern a face,  
 As it his actions utterly disgrac'd:  
 No friendly bosom gave him any place,  
 Who was clean out of all opinion cast;  
 Taking his pen, his sorrows to deceive,  
 Thus of the queen he lastly took his leave.

LXXXII.

" Bright Empress, yet be pleased to peruse  
 " The swan-like Dirges of a dying man,  
 " Altho' not like the raptures of the Muse  
 " In our fresh youth, when our love first began,  
 " Into my breast that did the fire infuse,  
 " That glorious day that I thy rich glove wan,  
 " And in my course a flame of light'ning  
 " beat,  
 " Out of proud Hertford's high-plum'd bur-  
 " gonet.

LXXXIII.

" As for your son, that hast'neth on my death,  
 " Madam you know I lov'd him as mine own;  
 " And when I could have grasped out his breath,  
 " I set him eas'ly on his father's throne;  
 " Which now his pow'r too quickly witnesseth,  
 " Who to this height in tyranny is grown:  
 " But yet, be his ingratitude forgiven,  
 " As after death I wish to be in heaven.

LXXXIV.

" And for the sole rule, whereon so he stands,  
 " Came bastard William but himself to shore?  
 " Or had he not our father's valiant hands,  
 " Who in that field our ancient ensign bore,  
 " (Guarded about with our well-order'd bands)  
 " Which then his leopards for their safety wore,  
 " Looking at Hastings like that ominous lake,  
 " From whose black depths our glorious name  
 " we take?

LXXXV.

" Why fell I not from that my all-arm'd horse,  
 " On which I rode before the gates of Gaunt,  
 " Before the Belgic and Burgonian force,  
 " There challenging their countries combatant;

" Cast from my seat in some robustious  
 " That they of me the victory might v.  
 " Why sunk I not under my batter'  
 " To grace a brave foe, and renown

LXXXVI.

" Yet never serv'd I Fortune like a slave  
 " Nor have, through baseness, made me  
 " less.

" In me her judgment poorly to deprave  
 " Nought hath she lent me that I'll no  
 " Nay, int'rest for her principal I gave.  
 " My mind hath suited with her might  
 " Her frowns with scorn and Morn

" hear,  
 " For nothing can she do that he can

LXXXVII.

" That ne'er quails me, at which you  
 " quake;

" Nor aught that's dreadful dange  
 " show,

" Through sword and fire so us'd n  
 " take:

" In death what can be, that I do not  
 " That I should fear a covenant to mak  
 " With it, which welcom'd, finisheth  
 " And nothing can th' afflicted  
 " grieve,

" But he may pardon, who can all f

LXXXVIII.

" And thus, thou most adored in my heart  
 " The thoughts of whom my humil  
 " doth raise,

" Lady most fair, most dear, of most  
 " Worthy of more than any mortal pra  
 " Condemned March thus lastly doth c  
 " From the great'st empress living in l  
 " Nor with my dust my honour I int  
 " Caesar thus dy'd, and thus dies M

LXXXIX.

When secretly he sent this letter to her  
 Whose superscription was her princely  
 She knew the hand, and thought it ca  
 her;

With which conceit she pleas'd herself  
 Than which no one thing serv'd so to u  
 By feeding her with flatt'ry and with  
 To make her still more sensible of pa  
 Which her sad heart was shortly to f

xc.

Using her fingers to rip up the seal,  
 Which help'd to hide these ill news  
 eyes,

Loth as it were such tidings to reveal,  
 As might her senses suddenly surprize;  
 But when her white hand did so hardly  
 With the poor paper, that the wax mui  
 It stuck upon her fingers bloody red  
 As to portend some dear blood  
 shed.

xci.

When by degrees she eas'ly doth begin,  
 And as a fish plays with a baited hook,  
 So softly yet she swallow'd sorrow in,  
 Till she her bane into her bowels took



And then she sees th' expences of her sin,  
Sadly set down in that black doomsday book,  
And the dear sums that were to be defray'd,  
Before the debt were absolutely paid.

xcii.

Whole hosts of sorrows her sick heart assail,  
When ev'ry letter lanc'd her like a dart,  
Striving against her which should most prevail,  
And yet not one but prick'd her to the heart:  
Where one word might another's woe bewail,  
And with its neighbour seem'd to bear a part,  
Each line serv'd for so true a text to her,  
As in her woes would no way let her err.

xciii.

Grief bade her look, yet soon it bade her leave,  
Wherewith o'ercharg'd she neither sees nor  
hears,

Her usefull'st senses soonest her deceive,  
The sight shuts up her eyes, the sound her  
ears,

And of her reading doth her quite bereave,  
When for a rescue she doth use her tears;

Which when some line she loosely over-past,  
The drops could tell her where she left the  
last.

xciv.

Somewhat at length recov'ring of her sight,  
Deeply she curs'd her sorrow-seeing eye,  
And said she was deluded by the light,  
Or was abus'd by the orthography,  
Or some one had devised it in spight,  
Pointing it false her scholarship to try.

Thus when we fondly flatter our desires,  
Our best conceits do prove the greatest liars.

xcv.

Her trembling hand, as in a fever, quakes,  
Wherewith the paper doth a little stir,  
Which, she imagines, at her sorrow shakes,  
And pities it, which she thinks pities her:  
Each small thing somewhat to the greater makes,  
And to her humour something doth infer.

Her woe-ty'd tongue but when she once could  
free,

"Sweet Mortimer, my most-lov'd Lord  
" (quoth she:)

xcvi.

"For thy dear ashes be my breast the urn,  
"Which as a relique I of thee will save,  
"Mix'd with the tears that I for thee shall  
"mourn,  
"Which in this bosom shall their burial have;  
"Out of which place they never shall return,  
"Nor give the honour to another grave;

"But here, as in a temple, be preserv'd,  
"Wherein thy image is most lively carv'd.

xcvii.

Then breaks she out in curling of her son;  
But Mortimer so runneth in her mind,  
As that she ended ere she had begun,  
Speaking before what should have come be-  
hind:

From that she to another course doth run,  
To be reveng'd in some notorious kind,  
By stab, or poison; and she'll swear to both,  
But for her life she could not find an oath.

xcviii.

She pen and paper takes, and makes no doubt,  
But the king's cruel dealing to discover;  
But soon forgetting what she went about,  
Poor queen, she fell to scribbling to her lover:  
Here she put in, and there she blotted out,  
Her passion did so violently move her,  
That turning back to read what she had writ,  
She tore the paper, and condemn'd her wit.

xcix.

But from her passion being somewhat rais'd,  
Like one that lately had been in a swoond,  
Or felt some strange extremity appeas'd,  
That had been taken from some blow or wound,  
Yet on that part it had so strongly seiz'd.  
That for the same no remedy was found;  
But at the very point their life to lose,  
As they their goods, she doth her grief dis-  
pose.

c.

Quoth she, "King Edward as thou art my  
"son,

"Leaving the world, this legacy I leave thee:  
"My heart's true love, my Mortimer hath  
"won,

"And yet of all he shall not so bereave thee;  
"But for this mischief to thy mother done,  
"Take thou my curse, so that it may out-live  
"thee,

"That as thy deed doth daily me torment,  
"So may my curse thee, by my testament.

ci.

"And henceforth in this solitary place.  
"Ever residing from the public sight,  
"A private life I willingly embrace,  
"No more rejoycing in the obvious light,  
"To consummate this too-long-ling'ring space;  
"Till death inclose me in continual night,  
"Let never sleep more close my wearied  
"eye,  
"So, Isabel, lay thee down and die."



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES,

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## TO THE READER.

SEEMING these Epistles are now to the world made public, it is imagined that I ought to be accountable of my private meaning, chiefly for mine own discharge, lest being mistaken, I fall in hazard of a just and universal reprehension: For,

——— *Hæ nuge seria ducent,  
In mala derisum scirel exceptumq; sinistre,*

Two points are especially therefore to be explained: first, why I entitle this work *England's Heroical Epistles*; secondly, why I have annexed notes to every Epistle's end. For the first, the title (I hope) carrieth reason in itself; for that the most and greatest persons herein were *English*: or else, that their loves were obtained in *England*. And though heroical be properly understood of Demi-gods, as of *Hercules* and *Æneas*, whose parents were said to be, the one celestial, the other mortal; yet is it also transferred to them, who for the greatness of mind come near to Gods. For to be born of a celestial incubus, is nothing else, but to have a great and mighty spirit, far above the

earthly weakness of men; in which sense *Ovid* (whose imitator I partly profess to be) doth also use heroical. For the second, because the work might in truth be judged brainish, if nothing but amorous humour were handled therein, I have interwoven matters historical, which, unexplained, might defraud the mind of much content: As for example, in *Margarite's* epistle to *William de la Poole*,

*My daisy flow'r, which once perfum'd the air.*

*Margarite* in *French* signifies a *Daisy*, which for the allusion to her name this *Queen* gave for her device; and this, as others more, have seem'd to me not unworthy the explaining.

Now, though no doubt I had need to excuse other things beside, yet these most especially; the rest I overpass, to eschew tedious recital. If they be as harmlessly taken as I meant them, I shall not lastly be afraid to believe and acknowledge thee a gentle reader.

M. DRAYTON.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## ROSAMOND TO KING HENRY.

### *The Argument.*

Henry the Second keepeth (with much care)  
Lord Clifford's daughter, Rosamond the fair ;  
And whilst his sons do Normandy invade,  
He forc'd to France, with wond'rous cost hath made  
A labyrinth in Woodstock, where unseen  
His love might lodge safe from his jealous queen :  
Yet when he stay'd beyond his time abroad,  
Her pensive breast, his darling to unload,  
In this epistle doth her grief complain ;  
And his rescription tells her his again.

If yet thine eyes (Great Henry) may endure  
These tainted lines, drawn with a hand impure,  
(Which fain would blush, but fear keeps blushes  
back,  
And therefore suted in despairing black)  
Let me for Love's sake their acceptance crave.  
But that sweet name vile I profaned have ;  
Punish my fault, or pity mine estate ;  
Read them for love, if not for love, for hate.  
If with my shame thine eyes thou fain would'st  
feed,  
Here let them surfeit of my shame to read.  
This scribbled paper which I send to thee,  
If noted rightly, doth resemble me :  
As this pure ground, whereon these letters stand,  
So pure was I, ere stained by thy hand ;

Ere I was blotted with this foul offence,  
So clear and spotless was mine innocence :  
Now, like these marks which taint this hateful  
scroul,  
Such the black sins which spot my leprous soul.  
What by this conquest canst thou hope' to  
win,  
Where thy best spoil is but the act of sin ?  
Why on my name this slander dost thou bring,  
To make my fault renowned by a king ?  
" Fame never stoops to things but mean and  
" poor,  
" The more our greatness, our fault is the  
" more ;  
" Lights on the ground themselves do lessen far  
" But in the air each small spark seems a star."  
E iij



Why on my woman-frailty should'st thou lay  
 So strong a plot mine honour to betray?  
 Or thy unlawful pleasure should'st thou buy,  
 Both with thine own shame and my infamy?  
 'Twas not my mind consented to this ill,  
 Then had I been transported by my will;  
 For what my body was inforc'd to do,  
 (Heav'n knows) my soul yet ne'er consented to:  
 For through mine eyes had she her liking seen,  
 Such as my love, such had my lover been.  
 " True love is simple, like his mother truth,  
 " Kindly affection, youth to love with youth;  
 " No greater cor'sive to our blooming years,  
 " Than the cold badge of winter-blasted hairs.  
 " Thy kingly power makes to withstand thy

" foes,

" But cannot keep back age, with time it  
 " grows:

" Though honour our ambitious sex doth please,  
 " Yet, in that honour, age a foul disease:  
 " Nature hath her free course in all, and then  
 " Age is alike in kings and other men."

Which all the world will to my shame impute,  
 That I myself did basely prostitute;  
 And say, that gold was fuel to the fire,  
 Gray hairs in youth not kindling green desire.  
 O no, that wicked woman wrought by thee,  
 My tempter was to that forbidden tree;  
 That subtle serpent, that seducing devil,  
 Which bade me taste the fruit of good and  
 evil:

That Circe, by whose magic I was charm'd,  
 And to this monstrous shape am thus trans-  
 form'd:

'That vip'rous hag, the foe to her own kind,  
 'That dev'lish spirit, to damn the weaker mind,  
 Our frailty's plague, our sex's only curse,  
 Hell's deep'st damnation, the worst evil's worse.

But Henry, how canst thou affect me thus,  
 T' whom thy remembrance now is odious?  
 My hapless name, with Henry's name I found  
 Cut in the glass with Henry's diamond;  
 'That glass from thence fain would I take a-  
 way,

But then I fear the air would me betray:  
 'Then do I strive to wash it out with tears,  
 But then the same more evident appears.  
 Then do I cover it with my guilty hand,  
 Which that name's witness doth against me  
 stand:

Once did I sin, which memory doth cherish,  
 Once I offended, but I for ever perish.

" What grief can be, but time doth make it  
 " less?

" But infamy time never can suppress."

Sometimes, to pass the tedious irksome hours,  
 I climb the top of Woodstock's mounting tow'rs,  
 Where in a turret secretly I lie,  
 To view from far such as do travel by:  
 Whither, methinks, all cast their eyes at me,  
 As through the stones my shame did make them  
 see;

And with such hate the harmless walls do view,  
 As ev'n to death their eyes would me pursue.

'The married women curse my hateful life,  
 Wronging a fair queen and a virtuous wife:  
 The maidens wish I buried quick may die,  
 And from each place near my abode do flee.  
 (a) Well knew'st thou what a monster I would  
 be,

When thou didst build this labyrinth for me,  
 (b) Whose strange meanders turning ev'ry way,  
 Be like the course wherein my youth did stray:  
 Only a clue doth guide me out and in,  
 But yet still walk I circular in sin.

As in the gallery this other day,  
 I and my woman past the time away,  
 'Mongst many pictures which were hanging  
 by,

The silly girl at length hapt to espy  
 Chaste Lucrece' image, and desires to know  
 What she should be, herself that murder'd so?  
 Why, girl (quoth I) this is that Roman dame—  
 Not able then to tell the rest for shame,  
 My tongue doth mine own guiltiness betray;  
 With that I sent the prattling wench away,  
 Lest when my lisping guilty tongue should halt,  
 My lips might prove the index to my fault.  
 As that life-blood which from the heart is sent,  
 In beauty's field pitching his crimson tent,  
 In lovely sanguine futes the lily cheek,  
 Whilst it but for a resting place doth seek;  
 And changing oftentimes with sweet delight,  
 Converts the white to red, the red to white:  
 The blush with paleness for the place doth strive,  
 The paleness thence the blush would gladly  
 drive:

Thus in my breast a thousand thoughts I carry,  
 Which in my passion diversly do vary.

When as the sun hales tow'ards the western  
 flade,

And the trees shadows hath much taller made,  
 Forth go I to a little current near,  
 Which like a wanton trail creeps here and there,  
 Where with mine angle casting in my bait,  
 The little fishes (dreading the deceit)  
 With fearful nibbling fly th' enticing gin,  
 By nature taught what danger lies therein.  
 'Things reasonless thus warn'd by nature be,  
 Yet I devour'd the bait was laid for me:  
 'Thinking thereon, and breaking into groans,  
 The bubbling spring, which trips upon the stones,  
 Chides me away, lest sitting but too nigh,  
 I should pollute that native purity.

(c) *Rose of the World*, so doth import my name,  
*Shame of the World*, my life hath made the same:  
 And to th' unchaste this name shall given be,  
 Of Rosamond, deriv'd from sin and me.

The Cliffords take from me that name of theirs,  
 Which hath been famous for so many years:  
 They blot my birth with hateful bastardy,  
 That I sprang not from their nobility;  
 They my alliance utterly refuse,  
 Nor will a sirumpet shall their name abuse.

Here in the garden, wrought by curious hands,  
 Naked Diana in the fountain stands,  
 With all her nymphs got round about to hide her,  
 As when Acteon had by chance espy'd her:



red image I no sooner view'd,  
 that metamorphos'd man pursu'd  
 own hounds, so by my thoughts am I,  
 chase me still, which way so'er I fly.  
 ng the grass, the honey-dropping dew,  
 falls in tears before my limber shoe,  
 ny foot consumes in weeping still,  
 ould say, Why went'st thou to this ill?  
 o no place in safety can I go,  
 ry thing doth give me cause of wo.  
 at fair casket of such wond'rous cost,  
 ent'st the night before mine honour lost,  
 me was wrought, a harmless maid,  
 tune that adult'rous God betray'd;  
 strate at his feet, begging with pray'rs,  
 ing her hands, her eyes swoln up with tears:  
 as not an entrapping bait from thee,  
 thy virtue gently warning me,  
 o declare for what intent it came,  
 therein should ever keep my shame.  
 this casket (ill I see it now)  
 ove's love, lo, turn'd into a cow;  
 as she kept with Argus' hundred eyes,  
 keful still be Juno's jealousies:  
 is I well might have forwarned been,  
 re clear'd myself to thy suspecting Queen,

Who with more hundred eyes attendeth me,  
 Than had poor Argus single eyes to see.  
 In this thou rightly imitatest Jove,  
 Into a beast thou hast transform'd thy love;  
 Nay, worser far (beyond their beastly kind)  
 A monster both in body and in mind.

The waxen taper which I burn by night,  
 With the dull vap'ry dimness mocks my sight,  
 As tho' the damp, which hinders the clear flame,  
 Came from my breath in that night of my shame:  
 When as it look'd with a dark lowering eye,  
 To see the loss of my virginity.

And if a star but by the glass appear,  
 I straight intreat it not to look in here:  
 I am already hateful to the light,  
 And will it too betray me to the night?

Then sith my shame so much belongs to thee,  
 Rid me of that, by only murd'ring me;  
 And let it justly to my charge be laid,  
 That I thy person meant to have betray'd:  
 'Thou shalt not need by circumstance t' accuse me;  
 If I deny it, let the heavens refuse me.  
 My life's a blemish, which doth cloud thy name,  
 Take it away, and clear shall shine thy fame:  
 Yield to my suit, if ever pity mov'd thee;  
 In this shew mercy, as I ever lov'd thee.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Well know'st thou what a monster would I be  
 When thou didst build this labyrinth for me.*

The Cretan labyrinth a monster was inclosed,  
 Minotaur, the history whereof is well  
 known; but the labyrinth was framed by Dedalus  
 in many intricate ways, that being entered,  
 could either hardly or never return, being in  
 the form of a maze, save that it was larger, the ways  
 walled in on every side, out of which The-  
 seus by Ariadne's help (lending him a clue of  
 thread) escaped. Some report that it was a house,  
 one half beneath the ground, another  
 above; the chamber doors therein so deceitfully  
 opened, and made to open so many ways, that  
 it held a matter almost impossible to return.  
 We have held it to have been an allegory of  
 human life: true it is that the comparison will  
 be for what liker to a labyrinth than the maze  
 of life? But it is affirmed by antiquity, that there  
 indeed such a building, though Dedalus, being  
 applied to the workman's excellency, make  
 it seem so: for Dedalus is nothing else but in-  
 ventive or artificial. Hereupon, it is used among  
 ancient Poets for any thing curiously wrought.  
 Rosamond's labyrinth, whose ruins, together  
 with her well, being paved with square stone in  
 the bottom, and also her tower, from which the  
 river did run, are yet remaining, was altoge-  
 ther under ground, being vaults arched and walled

with brick and stone, almost inextricably wound  
 one within another; by which, if at any time her  
 lodging were laid about by the queen, she might  
 easily avoid peril imminent, and if need be, by secret  
 issues take the air abroad many furlongs round a-  
 bout Woodstock in Oxfordshire, wherein it was  
 situated. Thus much for Rosamond's labyrinth.

(b) *Whose strange Meanders turning ev'ry way.*  
 Meander is a river in Lycia, a province of Na-  
 tolia, or Asia Minor, famous for the sinuosity and  
 often turning thereof, rising from certain hills in  
 Meonia: hereupon are intricate turnings, by a  
 transumptive and metonymical kind of speech,  
 called Meanders: for this river did so strangely  
 path itself, that the foot seemed to touch the head.

(c) *Rose of the world, so doth import my name;  
 Shame of the world, my life hath made the  
 same.*

It might be reported, how at Godstow, where  
 this *Rose of the world* was sumptuously interred, a  
 certain bishop, in the visitation of his diocese,  
 caused the monument, which had been erected to  
 her honour, utterly to be demolished; but let that  
 severe chastisement of Rosamond then dead, at  
 this time also be overpassed, lest she should seem  
 to be the *shame of the world*.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES

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## HENRY TO ROSAMOND.

When first the post arrived at my tent,  
And brought the letters Rosamond had sent,  
Think from his lips but what dear comfort came,  
When in mine ear he softly breath'd thy name.  
Straight I injoin'd him of thy health to tell,  
Longing to hear my Rosamond did well;  
With new inquiries then I cut him short,  
When of the same he gladly would report,  
That with the earnest haste my tongue oft trips,  
Catching the words half spoke out of his lips :  
This told, yet more I urge him to reveal,  
To lose no time, whilst I unrip'd the seal.  
The more I read, still do I err the more,  
As though mistaking somewhat said before :  
Missing the point, the doubtful sense is broken,  
Speaking again what I before had spoken.

Still in a swoon, my heart revives and faints,  
'Twixt hopes, despairs, 'twixt smiles and deep complaints.

As these sad accents sort in my desires,  
Smooth calms, rough storms, sharp frost, and raging fires,

Put on with boldness, and put back with fears,  
For oft thy troubles do extort my tears.

Oh, how my heart at that black line did tremble !  
That blotted paper should thyself resemble !

Oh, were there paper but near half so white,  
The Gods thereon their sacred laws would write,  
With pens of angels wings ; and for their ink,  
That heav'nly nectar, their immortal drink !

Majestic courage strives to have suppress'd  
This fearful passion, stirr'd up in my breast ;

But still in vain the same I go about,  
My heart must break within, or woes break out,

(a) Am I at home pursu'd with private hate.  
And war comes raging to my palace-gate ?

Is meagre envy stabbing at my throne,  
Treason attending when I walk alone ?

(b) And am I branded with the curse of Rome  
And stand condemned by a council's doom ?

(c) And by the pride of my rebellious son,  
Rich Normandy with armies overrun ?

Fatal my birth, unfortunate my life,

(d) Unkind my children, most unkind my wife,  
Grief, cares, old age, suspicion too torment me

Nothing on earth to quiet or content me ;

So many woes, so many plagues to find,

Sickness of body, discontent of mind ;

Hopes left, helps left, life wrong'd, joy interdicted

Banish'd, distress'd, forsaken, and afflicted.

Of all relief hath fortune quite bereft me ?

Only my love yet to my comfort left me :

And is one beauty thought so great a thing,

To mitigate the sorrows of a king ?

Barr'd of that choice the vulgar often prove,

Have we, than they, less privilege in love ?

Is it a king the woful widow hears ?

Is it a king dries up the orphans tears ?

Is it a king regards the client's cry ?

Gives life to him, by law condemn'd to die ?

Is it his care the commonwealth that keeps,

As doth the nurse her baby whilst it sleeps ?

And that poor king of all those hopes prevented

Unheard, unhelp'd, unpity'd, unlamented ?

Yet let me be with poverty oppress'd,

Of earthly blessings robb'd and dispossest,

Let me be scorn'd, rejected, and revil'd,

And from my kingdom let me live exil'd,

Let the world's curse upon me still remain,

And let the last bring on the first again ;

All miseries that wretched man may wound,

Leave for my comfort only Rosamond.



First Time his speedy course doth stay,  
 And the Destinies obey;  
 That comes not from thine eyes,  
 Feet ev'n Mercy prostrate lies.  
 Feeble, rheumatic, or cold,  
 True signs that I were waxed old;  
 March all day in massy steel,  
 Arms unwieldy weight do feel;  
 By night with bruise or bloody wound,  
 My bed, no pillow but the ground:  
 If had I lain bed rid long,  
 If thine again could make me young.  
 In art a power but so divine,  
 That sweet-angel tongue of thine,  
 Enchantress, which once took such  
 A stream of blood into old Æson's veins,  
 And mountains, and the moorish fen,  
 More herbs than had been known to  
 Grow, a pow'rful potion that she makes,  
 Of men, of birds, of beasts, and snakes,  
 Needed to have gone so far,  
 To souls where all those simples are;  
 From thy lips the blood more warms,  
 Her philters, exorcisms, and charms.  
 She hath repaired in one day,  
 My years with sorrows did decay,  
 Fresh beauty in her flow'r to spring  
 Wrinkles of time's ruining.  
 A hungry winter-starved earth,  
 By nature labours tow'rs her birth,  
 Day upon the dark world creeps,  
 And forth after another peeps,  
 All flow'r, whose root at last unbound,  
 The frosty prison of the ground,  
 The leaves unto the pow'rful noon,  
 Fresh colours smiles upon the sun.  
 Quiet care lodg'd in that breast,  
 One thought of Rosamond did rest:  
 No travail, which on war attend,  
 Nought the long day to desired end:  
 No pale fear or lean famine live,  
 None of thee did any comfort give:  
 Injustice then is this of thee,  
 That the guiltless dost condemn for me?  
 Why she (by means of my offence)  
 Thy pureness and thy innocence:  
 Our wills perforce obey they must,  
 Not in them, whate'er in us unjust;  
 We do, not them account we make,  
 She craves pardon for th' offender's sake:  
 To work a prince's will may merit,  
 But still impression in the gentlest spirit.  
 My name that doth thee so offend,  
 Myself shall be mine own name's friend;  
 At which thou dost only hate,  
 As in my name lastly has his date:  
 Accur'd and fatal, and dispraise it;  
 A blot it; if engraven, raze it:  
 Of all names 'tis a name of woe,  
 My name's name, but now it is not so:  
 All this is done, I know 'twill grieve thee,  
 Therefore (sweet) why should I now believe  
 Thee?

Nor should'st thou think those eyes with envy  
 Lowre,  
 Which passing by thee gaze up to the tow'r;  
 But rather praise thine own, which be so clear,  
 Which from the turret like two stars appear:  
 Above, the sun doth shine; beneath, thine eye,  
 Mocking the heav'n, to make another sky.  
 The little stream which by thy tow'r doth glide,  
 Where oft thou spend'st the weary ev'ning tide,  
 To view thee well, his course would gladly stay,  
 As loth from thee to part so soon away,  
 And with salutes thyself would gladly greet,  
 And offer up some small drops at thy feet;  
 But finding that the envious banks restrain it,  
 T' excuse itself doth in this sort complain it,  
 And therefore this sad bubbling murmur keeps,  
 And for thy want within the channel weeps.  
 And as thou dost into the water look,  
 The fish, which see thy shadow in the brook,  
 Forget to feed, and all amazed lie,  
 So daunted with the lustre of thine eye.  
 And that sweet name which thou so much dost  
 Wrong,  
 In time shall be some famous poet's song;  
 And with the very sweetness of that name,  
 Lions and tigers men shall learn to tame.  
 The careful mother, at her pensive breast,  
 With Rosamond shall bring her babe to rest;  
 The little birds (by men's continual sound)  
 Shall learn to speak and prattle Rosamond;  
 And when in April they begin to sing,  
 With Rosamond shall welcome in the spring;  
 And she in whom all rarities are found,  
 Shall still be said to be a Rosamond.  
 The little flow'rs dropping their honey'd dew,  
 Which (as thou writ'st) do weep upon thy shoe,  
 Not for thy fault (sweet Rosamond) do moan,  
 Only lament that thou so soon art gone:  
 For if thy foot touch hemlock as it goes,  
 That hemlock's made far sweeter than the rose.  
 Of Jove or Neptune, how they did betray,  
 Speak not, of Io or Amimone;  
 When she, for whom Jove once became a bull,  
 Compar'd with thee, had been a tawny truil;  
 He a white bull, and she a whiter cow,  
 Yet he nor she ne'er half so white as thou.  
 Long since (thou know'st) my care provided for  
 To lodge thee safe from jealous Eleanor;  
 The labyrinth's conveyance guides thee so  
 (er) (Which only Vaughan, thou and I do know)  
 If she do guard thee with an hundred eyes,  
 I have an hundred subtle Mercuries,  
 To watch that Argus which my love doth keep,  
 Until eye after eye fall all to sleep.  
 And those stars which look in, but look to see,  
 (Wond'ring) what star here on the earth should be;  
 As oft the moon, amidst the silent night,  
 Hath come to joy us with her friendly light,  
 And by the curtain help'd mine eye to see,  
 What envious night and darkness hid from me;  
 When I have with'd that she might ever stay,  
 And other worlds might still enjoy the day.  
 What should I say? words, tears, and sighs be  
 Spent,  
 And want of time doth farther help prevent:



My camp resounds with fearful shocks of war,  
 Yet in my breast more dang'rous conflicts are;  
 Yet is my signal to the battle's sound,  
 The blessed name of beauteous Rosamond.  
 Accursed be that heart, that tongue, that breath,  
 Should think, should speak, or whisper of thy death:

For in one smile or lowre from thy sweet eye  
 Consists my life, my hope, my victory.  
 Sweet Woodstock, where my Rosamond doth  
 Be blest in her, in whom thy king is blest:  
 For though in France a while my body be,  
 My heart remains (dear paradise) in thee.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*(a) Am I at home pursu'd with private hate,  
 And war comes raging to my palace-gate?*

Robert Earl of Leicester, who took part with young King Henry, entered into England with an army of three thousand Flemings, and spoiled the countries of Norfolk and Suffolk, being succoured by many of the king's private enemies.

*(b) And am I branded with the curse of Rome?*

King Henry II. the first Plantagenet, accused for the death of Thomas Becket Archbishop of Canterbury, slain in that cathedral church, was accursed by Pope Alexander, although he urged sufficient proof of his innocency in the same, and offered to take upon him any penance, so he might avoid the curse and interdiction of his realm.

*(c) And by the pride of my rebellious son,  
 Rich Normandy with armies overrun.*

Henry the young king, whom King Henry had caused to be crowned in his life (as he hoped) both for his own good, and the good of his subjects, which indeed turned to his own sorrow, and the trouble of the realm: for he rebelled against him,

and raising a power by the means of Lewis I of France, and William King of Scots (who part with him) invaded Normandy.

*(d) Unkind my children, most unkind my wife*

Never was king more unfortunate than I Henry in the disobedience of his children: Henry, then Geoffry, then Richard, then J all at one time or other, first or last, unnatural rebelled against him; then the jealousy of Ele his Queen, who suspected his love to Rosame which grievous troubles the devout of those time tributed to happen to him justly for refusing to on him the government of Jerusalem, offered him by the patriarch there, which country mightily afflicted by the Sultan.

*(e) Which only Vaughan, thou and I do know*

This Vaughan was a knight, whom the I exceedingly loved, who kept the palace at Woodstock, and much of the king's jewels and treasure to whom the king committed many of his secrets and in whom he reposed such trust, that he did commit his love unto his charge.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## KING JOHN TO MATILDA.

### *The Argument.*

King John enamour'd, by all means assay'd  
To win Matilda, a chaste noble maid,  
The Lord Fitzwater's daughter; and to gain her,  
When by his courtship he could not obtain her,  
Nor by his gifts, strives (so far being in)  
To get by force, what fair means could not win,  
And banisheth the nearest of her blood,  
Which he could think had his desires withstood :  
When she to Dunmow to a nun'ry flies,  
Whither he writeth, and whence she replies.

When these my letters come into thy view,  
Think 'em not forc'd, or fain'd, or strange, or new,  
Thou know'st no way, no means, no course ex-  
empted,  
Let now unsought, unprov'd, or unattempted.  
All rules, regards, all secret helps of art,  
That knowledge, wit, experience can impart,  
As in the old world's ceremonies doated,  
And days for love, times, hours, and minutes  
noted ;  
And where art left, love teacheth more to find,  
By signs in presence to express the mind.  
Which mine eye told thine eye beauty griev'd it,  
And begg'd but for one look to have reliev'd it ;  
And still with thine eye's motion mine eye  
mov'd,  
Lab'ring for mercy, telling how it lov'd :  
You blusht, I blusht ; your cheek pale, pale was  
mine ;  
My red, thy red, my whiteness answer'd thine ;

You sigh'd, I sigh'd, we both one passion prove ;  
But thy sigh is for hate, my sigh for love.  
If a word pass'd that insufficient were,  
To help that word mine eye let forth a tear ;  
And if that tear did dull or senseless prove,  
My heart would fetch a throb to make it move.  
Oft in thy face one favour from the rest  
I singled forth, that pleas'd my fancy best ;  
This likes me most, another likes me more,  
A third exceeding both those lik'd before :  
Then one, as wonder were derived thence,  
Than that, whose rareness passeth excellence.  
Whilst I behold thy globe-like rowling eye,  
Thy lovely cheek (methinks) stands smiling by,  
And tells me those are shadows and suppoles,  
But bids me thither come and gather roses :  
Locking on that, thy brow doth call to me,  
To come to it, if wonders I will see :  
Now have I done, and then thy dimpled chin  
Again doth tell me newly I begin,



And bids me yet to look upon thy lip,  
 Left wond'ring least, the great'st I over slip :  
 My gazing eye on this and this doth seize,  
 Which surfeits, yet cannot desire appease.  
 Now like I brown (O lovely brown thy hair !)  
 Only in brownness beauty dwelleth there.  
 Then love I black, thine eye-ball black as jet,  
 Which in a globe pure crystalline is set :  
 Then white ; but snow, nor swan, nor ivory  
 please,

Then are thy teeth more whiter than all these ;  
 In brown, in black, in pureness, and in white,  
 All love, all sweets, all rareness, all delight :  
 Thus thou, vile thief, my stol'n heart hence do'st  
 carry,

And now thou fly'st into a sanctuary.

Fie, peevish girl, ungrateful unto nature ;  
 Did she to this end frame thee such a creature,  
 That thou her glory should'st increase thereby,  
 And thou alone do'st scorn society ?

Why, heav'n made beauty like herself, to view,  
 Not to be lock'd up in a smoaky mew :

A rosy-tincted feature is heav'n's gold,  
 Which all men joy to touch, all to behold.

It was enacted when the world begun,  
 That so rare a beauty should not live a Nun :

But of this vow thou needs wilt undertake,  
 O were mine arms a cloister for thy sake !

Still may his pains for ever be augmented,  
 'This superstition idly that invented :

Ill might he thrive, who brought this custom  
 hither,

That holy people might not live together.

A happy time, a good world was it then,

When holy women liv'd with holy men ;

But kings in this yet privileg'd may be ;

I'll be a Monk, so I may live with thee.

Who would not rise to ring the morning's knell,

When thy sweet lips might be the sacring bell ?

Or what is he, not willingly would fast,

'That on those lips might feast his lips at last ?

Who to his mattins early would not rise,

'That might read by the light of thy fair eyes ?

On worldly pleasures who would ever look,

'That had thy curls his beads, thy brows his  
 book ?

Wert thou the cross, to thee who would not  
 creep,

And with the cross still in his arms to keep ?

Sweet girl, I'll take this holy habit on me,

Of meer devotion that is come upon me ;

Holy Matilda, thou the saint of mine,

I'll be thy servant, and my bed thy shrine.

When I do offer, be thy breast the altar ;

And when I pray, thy mouth shall be my psalter.

The beads that we will bid, shall be sweet kis-  
 ses,

Which we will number, if one pleasure misses ;

And when an ave comes, to say Amen,

We will begin, and tell them o'er again :

Now all good fortune give me happy thrift,

As I should joy t' absolve thee after thrift.

But see how much I do myself beguile,

And do mistake thy meaning all this while !

Thou took'st this vow to equal my desire.

Because thou wouldst have me to be a Frier,

And that we two should comfort one another,

A holy sister and a holy brother :

Thou as a vot'ress to my love alone,

" She is most chaste that's but enjoy'd of one."

Yea, now thy true devotion do I find,

And sure, in this I much commend thy mind,

Else here thou do'st but ill example give,

And in a nun'ry thus thou shouldst not live.

Is't possible, the house that thou art in,

Should not be touch'd (though with a verbal sin)

When such a she-priest comes her mass to sing,

Twenty to one they all forget to pray :

Well may we wish they would their hearts re-  
 mend,

When we be witness that their eyes offend ;

All creatures have desires, or else some lie ;

Let them think so that will, so will not I.

Do'st thou not think our ancestors were wise

That these religious cells did first devise,

As hospitals were for the sore and sick,

These for the crook'd, the halt, the stigmatic,

Lest that their seed mark'd with deformity,

Should be a blemish to posterity ?

Would heav'n her beauty should be hid from  
 sight,

Ne'er would she thus herself adorn with light,

With sparkling lamps, nor would she paint her  
 throne,

But she delighteth to be gaz'd upon :

And when the golden glorious sun goes down,

Would she put on her star bestudded crown,

And in her masking suit, the spangled sky,

Come forth to bride it in her revelry,

And gave this gift to all things in creation,

'That they in this should imitate her fashion.

All things that fair, that pure, that glorious  
 been,

Offers themselves of purpose to be seen.

In sinks and vaults the ugly toads do dwell ;

The devils, since most ugly, they in Hell.

Our mother (earth) ne'er glories in her fruit,

Till by the sun clad in her tinsel suit ;

Nor doth she ever smile him in the face,

Till in his glorious arms he her embrace :

Which proves she hath a soul, sense, and delight

Of generation's feeling appetite.

Well, hypocrite (in faith) wouldst thou confute

What ere thy tongue say, thy heart saith not

Note but this one thing (if nought else  
 swade)

Nature of all things male and female made,

Shewing herself in our proportion plain ;

For never made she any thing in vain :

For as thou art, should any have been thus,

She would have left ensample unto us.

The turtle, that's so true and chaste in love,

Shews by her mate something the spirit do  
 move :

Th' Arabian bird that never is but one,

Is only chaste, because she is alone :

But had our mother nature made them two,

'They would have done as doves and sparrows do



ore made a martyr in desire,  
 penance lastly in the fire :  
 ry all be roasted quick, that be  
 to nature, as is she.  
 but one so young, so fair, so free,  
 'd, and fought by him that now seeks  
 :)  
 mind, and here I undertake  
 nun'ry for her only sake.  
 thou tasted of those rare delights,  
 ach where to please great princes  
 ts !  
 air beauty and their wits admir'd,  
 ry nature of your sex desir'd)  
 y our trains, our pomp, our port,  
 dor'd abroad, kneel'd to in court,  
 ed with the cheerful cry  
 , grace, and sovereign majesty :  
 them that know not pleasure's price,  
 , a prison and a paradise."  
 eon clos'd up from the light,  
 , diff'rence 'twixt the day and night ;

" Whose palate never tasted dainty cates,  
 " Thinks homely dishes princely delicates."  
 Alas, poor girl, I pity thine estate,  
 That now thus long hast liv'd disconsolate !  
 Why now at length yet let thy heart relent,  
 And call thy father back from banishment,  
 And with those princely honours here invest  
 him,  
 Of which fond love, not hate, hath dispossest  
 him.  
 Call from exile thy dear allies and friends,  
 To whom the fury of my grief extends ;  
 And if thou take my counsel in this case,  
 I make no doubt thou shalt have better grace :  
 And leave thy Dunmow, that accursed cell,  
 There let black night and melancholy dwell ;  
 Come to the court, where all joys shall receive  
 thee,  
 And till that hour, yet with my grief, I leave  
 thee.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

He of King John to Matilda is much  
 al than historical, making no mention  
 he occurrents of the time or state,  
 sly his love to her, and the extremity  
 ion, forced by his desires, rightly  
 he humour of this king, as hath been  
 l by the most authentical writers,  
 re and disposition is trueliest discerned  
 se of his love : first, jesting at the ce-

remonies of the services of those times : then  
 going about by all strong and probable argu-  
 ments to reduce her to pleasures and delights :  
 next with promises of honour, which he thinketh  
 to be the last and greatest means, and to have  
 greatest power on her sex, with a promise of cal-  
 ling home her friends, which he thought might  
 be a great inducement to his desires.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## MATILDA TO KING JOHN.

No sooner I receiv'd thy letters here,  
Before I knew from whom, or whence they  
    were,  
But sudden fear my bloodless veins doth fill,  
As though divining of some future ill;  
And in a shiv'ring extasy I stood,  
A chilly coldness ran through all my blood:  
Opening the packet, I shut up my rest,  
And let strange cares into my quiet breast,  
As though thy hard unpitying hand had sent me  
Some new-devised torture to torment me.  
Well had I hop'd I had been now forgot,  
Cast out with those things thou remembrest not;  
And that proud beauty, which enforc'd me hither,  
Had with my name been perished together:  
"But O (I see) our hoped good deceives us;  
"But what we would forego, that seldom leaves  
    us."

Thy blameful lines, bespotted so with sin,  
Mine eye would cleanse, ere they to read begin:  
But I to wash an Indian go about,  
For ill so hard set on is hard got out.  
I once determin'd still to have been mute,  
Only by silence to reveal thy fate;  
But this again did alter my intent,  
For some will say, that silence doth consent:  
"Desire with small encouraging grows bold,  
"And hope of every little thing takes hold."  
I set me down, at large to write my mind,  
But now, nor pen nor paper can I find;  
For still my passion is so pow'rful o'er me,  
That I discern not things that stand before me:  
Finding the pen, the paper, and the wax,  
These at command, and now invention lacks:  
'This sentence serves, and that my hand out-  
    strikes;  
That pleaseth well, and this as much mislikes.  
I write, indite, I point, I raze, I quote,  
I interline, I blot, correct, I note:

I hope, despair, take courage, faint, disdain,  
I make, allege, I imitate, I fain:  
Now thus it must be, and now thus, and thus,  
Bold, shame-fac'd, fearless, doubtful, timorous:  
My faint hand writing when my full eye reads,  
From ev'ry word strange passion still proceeds.  
"O, when the soul is sett'ed once in woe,  
" 'Tis strange what humours it doth force  
    to "  
A tear doth drown a tear, sigh sigh doth smother,  
This hinders that, that interrupts the other:  
Th' over-watch'd weakness of the sick conceit,  
Is that which makes small beauty seem so great;  
Like things which hid in troubled waters lie,  
Which crook'd, seem straight, if straight, the contrary:  
And thus our vain imagination shews it,  
As it conceives it, not as judgment knows it.  
(As in a mirror, if the same be true,  
Such as your likeness, justly such are you:  
But as you change your self, it changeth there,  
And shews you as you are, not as you were:  
And with your motion doth your shadow move,  
If frown or smile, such the conceit of love.)  
Why tell me, is it possible the mind  
A form in all deformity should find?  
Within the compass of man's face, we see,  
How many sorts of several favours be;  
And in the chin, the nose, the brow, the eye,  
The smallest difference that you can descry,  
Alters proportion, altereth the grace,  
Nay, oft destroys the favour of the face:  
And in the world scarce two so like there are,  
One with the other which if you compare,  
But being set before you both together,  
A judging sight doth soon distinguish either.  
How woman-like a weakness is it then?  
O, what strange madness so possesseth men!



use, such senseless wonders seeing,  
 form, fashion, certainty, or being?  
 So many die to live in anguish,  
 live, if thus they should not languish:  
 Fort yields not, and yet hope denies

lives not, and a death that dies not;  
 us most, when most it speaks us fair,  
 se all things, always pays with air:  
 ne doth our greatest grief appease,  
 sorrow after little ease.

Which thy lascivious will doth crave,  
 ice had, thou never more canst have;  
 ou get, in getting thou dost waste it,  
 it, and perish'd if thou hast it:  
 ou gain'st, thou ne'er the more hast

ing, yet am quite undone;  
 that if that a king deprave me,  
 restores, though he a kingdom gave

thou of father and of friends deprive

thou from me all that heav'n did  
 me?

re claims by blood, allies, or near-

ip challenge by regard or dearness,  
 an orphan ere my father die,  
 dow in virginity?

idled lust the cause of all?

ny flatt'ring tongue bewails my fall.  
 an's grave with fained tears to fill,  
 uring crocodile doth kill:

hate in shew of wholsom things,  
 se the poison'd serpent stings:  
 off, yet lodge destruction by,

so poisons with the eye:

aid, and then to lie in wait,

ia murders by deceit:

ticement sudden death to bring,

rocks th' alluring mermaids sing:

wants t' inflict the greatest woe,

itmost tyranny can do.

I see) the tempest thus prevails,

anchors? or what need we sails?

blust'ring winds and dreadful thun-

gape for our destruction under;  
 s side the furious billows fly,  
 s, there sands, and dang'rous whirl-  
 s lie.

: mean that mightiness approves?

fort do princes woo their loves?

ould better suit with majesty,

evenge and rough severity.

safety temperance doth rest,

arbour in a sovereign breast!

praiseful in the meanest men,

kings how glorious is it then?

first hither, hoping to have aid,

have mine innocence betray'd?

country both her enemy,

c found to shrowd in chastity?

Each house for lust a harbour and an inn,

And ev'ry city a receipt for sin?

And all do pity beauty in distress;

If beauty chaste, then only pitiless:

Thus is she made the instrument to ill,

And unreliev'd may wander where she will.

Lascivious poets, which abuse the truth,

Which oft teach age to sin, infecting youth;

For the unchaste make trees and stones to  
 mourn,

Or as they please to other shapes do turn.

Cinyra's daughter, whose incestuous mind

Made her wrong nature, and dishonour kind,

Long since by them is turn'd into a myrrh,

Whose dropping liquor ever weeps for her:

And in a fountain Bibles doth deplore

Her fault so vile and monstrous before:

Scylla, which once her father did betray,

Is now a bird (if all be true they say:)

She that with Phœbus did the foul offence,

Now metamorphos'd into frankincense:

Other to flowers, to odours, and to gum,

At least, Jove's leman is a star become:

And more, they sail a thousand fond excuses,

To cloud their 'scapes, and cover their abuses:

The virgin only they obscure and hide,

Whilst the unchaste by them are deify'd;

And if by them a virgin be express,

She must be rank'd ignobly with the rest.

I am not now, as when thou saw'st me last,

Time hath those features utterly defac'd,

And all those beauties which sat on my brow,

Thou wouldst not think such ever had been now:

And glad I am that time with me is done,

(c) Vowing myself religiously a Nun:

My vestal habit me contenting more,

Than all the robes adorning me before.

Had Rosamond (a recluse of our sort)

Taken our cloister, left the wanton court,

Shadowing that beauty with a holy veil,

Which she (alas!) too loosely set to sale,

She need not, like an ugly Minotaur,

Have been lock'd up from jealous Ele'nor,

But been as famous by thy mother's wrongs,

As by thy father subject to all tongues.

"To shadow sin, might can the most pretend;

"Kings, but the conscience, all things can de-  
 fend."

A stronger hand restrains our wilful pow'rs,

A will must rule above this will of ours;

Not following what our vain desires do woo,

For virtue's sake but what we only do.

And hath my father chose to live exil'd,

Before his eyes should see my youth defil'd?

(d) And, to withstand a tyrant's lewd desire,

Beheld his towns spent in revengeful fire,

Yet never touch'd with grief: so only I,

Exempt from shame, might honourably die?

And shall this jewel, which so dearly cost,

Be after all by my dishonour lost?

No, no, each rev'rend word, each holy tear

Of his in me too deep impression bear;

His latest farewell at his last depart,

More deeply is engraved in my heart;



Nor shall that blot by me his name shall have,  
Bring his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave :  
Better his tears to fall upon my tomb,  
Than for my birth to curse my mother's womb.

(c) Though Dunmow give no refuge here at  
Dunmow can give my body burial.  
If all remorseless, no tear-shedding eye,  
Myself will moan myself, so live, so die.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle containeth no particular points of history more than the generality of the argument layeth open : for after the banishment of the Lord Robert Fitzwater, and that Matilda was become a recluse at Dunmow (from whence this reply is imagined to be written) the king still earnestly persisting in his suit, Matilda with this chaste and constant denial, hopes yet at length to find some comfortable remedy, and to rid herself of doubts, by taking upon her this monastic habit ; and to shew that she still beareth in mind his former cruelty, bred by the impatience of his lust, she remembereth him of her father's banishment, and the lawless exile of her allies and friends.

(a) *Deft thou of father and of friends deprive me ?*

Then complaining of her distress, that flying thither, thinking there to find relief, she seeth herself most assaulted, where she hoped to have found most safety.

(b) *Fled I first hither, hoping to have aid.  
Here thus, &c.*

After again standing upon the precise point of conscience, not to cast off this habit she had taken

(c) *Vowing myself religiously a nun.*

And at last, laying open more particular miseries sustained by her father in England burning of his castles and houses, which she veth to be for her sake ; as respecting on her honour more than his native country, and his fortunes.

(d) *And to withstand a tyrant's lewd desires  
Beheld his towns spent in revengeful fire*

Knitting up her epistle with a great and constant resolution :

(e) *Though Dunmow give no refuge here at  
Dunmow can give my body burial.*



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## QUEEN ISABEL TO MORTIMER.

### *The Argument.*

*Fair Isabel* (*Edward the second's Queen,*  
*Philip of France's daughter*) for the spleen  
She bare her husband, for that he affected  
Lascivious minions, and her love neglected,  
Drew to her favour (striving to prefer)  
That valiant young Lord *Roger Mortimer*,  
Who with the Barons rose, but wanting pow'r,  
Was taken and imprison'd in the Tow'r;  
But by a sleepy drink which she prepar'd,  
And at a banquet given to his guard,  
He makes escape : to whom to *France* she sends;  
Who thence to her his service recommends.

Though such sweet comfort comes not now from  
her,  
As England's Queen hath sent to Mortimer :  
Yet what that wants (may it my pow'r approve,  
Which can bring) this shall supply with love.  
Methinks affliction should not fright me so,  
Nor should resume those sundry shapes of woe;  
But when I fain would find the cause of this,  
Thy absence shews me where my error is.  
Oft when I think of thy departing hence,  
Sad sorrow then possesseth ev'ry sense;  
But finding thy dear blood preserv'd thereby,  
And in thy life my long-wish'd liberty,  
With that sweet thought my self I only please  
Amidst my grief, which sometimes gives me ease:  
Thus do extremest ills a joy possess,  
And one woe makes another woe seem less.

That blessed night, that mild-aspected hour,  
Wherein thou mad'st escape out of the Tow'r,  
Shall consecrated evermore remain;  
Some gentle planet in that hour did reign,  
And shall be happy in the birth of men,  
Which was chief lord of the ascendant then.  
(a) O how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent  
Might yet want pow'r to further thine intent  
Or that some unseen mystery might lurk,  
Which wanting order kindly should not work!  
Oft did I wish those dreadful pois'ned lees,  
Which clos'd the ever-waking Dragon's eyes;  
Or I had had those sense-bercaving stalks,  
'That grow in shady Proserpine's dark walks;  
Or those black weeds on Lethe banks below,  
Or lunary, that doth on Latmus flow.



Oft did I fear this moist and foggy clime,  
Or that the earth, wax'd barren now with time,  
Should not have herbs to help me in this case,  
Such as do thrive on India's parched face.

That morrow when the blessed sun did rise  
And shut the lids of all heaven's lesser eyes,  
Forth from my palace, by a secret stair,  
(b) I stole to Thames, as though to take the air;  
And ask'd the gentle flood as it doth glide,  
If thou didst pass or perish by the tide?  
If thou didst perish, I desire the stream  
To lay thee softly on his silver team,  
And bring thee to me to the quiet shore,  
That with his tears thou might'st have some tears  
more.

When suddenly doth rise a rougher gale,  
With that (methinks) the troubled waves look  
pale.

And sighing with that little gust that blows,  
With this remembrance seem to knit their brows.  
Even as this sudden passion doth affright me,  
The cheerful sun breaks from a cloud to light me;  
'Then doth the bottom evident appear,  
As it would shew me that thou wast not there:  
When as the water flowing where I stand,  
Doth seem to tell me, thou art safe on land.

(c) Did Bulloin once a festival prepare,  
For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?  
When France envy'd those buildings (only blest)  
Grac'd with the orgies of my bridal feast,  
That English Edward should refuse my bed,  
For that lascivious shameless Ganymede?

(d) And in my place, upon his regal throne,  
'To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston?

Betwixt the feature of my face and his,  
My glass assures me no such diff'rence is,

(e) That a foul witch's ba'ard should thereby  
Be thought more worthy of his love than I.

What doth avail us to be princes heirs,  
When we can boast, our birth is only their's?  
When base dissembling flatt'ers shall deceive us  
Of all that our great ancestors did leave us;

(f) And of our princely jewels, and our dow'rs,  
Let us enjoy the least of what is ours?

When minions heads must wear our monarchs  
crowns,

To rise up dunghills with our famous towns?  
Those beggars-brats, wrapt in our rich perfumes,  
Their buzzard wings imp'd with our eagles plumes,  
(g) And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,  
Ally the kingdom to their cravand blood.

Did Lonsbanks purchase with his conqu'ring  
hand

(h) Albania, Gascoin, Cambria, Ireland,

'That young Carnarvon (his unhappy son)

(i) Should give away all that his father won,

'To back a stranger, proudly bearing down

'The brave allies and branches of the crown?

(k) And did great Edward on his death-bed give

'This charge to them which afterwards should live,

That that proud Gascoin banished the land,

No more should trade upon the English sand?

And have these great Lords in the quarrel stood,  
And seal'd his last will with their dearest blood?

(l) That after all this fearful massacre,  
The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster,  
Another faithless fav'rite should arise,  
To cloud the sun of our Nobilities

(m) And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,  
'That now a Spencer should succeed in all?  
And that his ashes should another breed,  
Which in his place and empire should succeed?  
'That wanting one a kingdom's wealth to spend  
Of what that left this now shall make an end?  
'To waste all that our father won before,  
Nor leave our son a sword to conquer more?  
Thus, but in vain, we fondly do resist,

" Where pow'r can do (ev'n) all things as it list

" And of our right with tyrants to debate,

" Lendeth them means to weaken our estate.

Whilst parliaments must remedy their wrongs,

And we must wait for what to us belongs;

Our wealth but fuel to their fond excess,

And all our lasts must scast their wantonness,

Think'st thou our wrongs then insufficient an

To move our brother to religious war?

(n) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain

Homage for Poictou, Guien, and Aquitain:

And if not that, yet hath he broke the truce;

Thus all occur to put back all excuse.

The sister's wrong, join'd with the brother's right

Methinks might urge him in this cause to fight.

Be all those people senseless of our harms,

Which for our country oft have manag'd arms?

Is the brave Norman's courage quite forgot?

Have the bold Britains lost the use of shot?

The big-bon'd Almans, and stout Brabanders,

Their warlike pikes and sharp-edg'd scimeters?

Or do the Picards let their cross-bows lie,

Once like the Centaurs of old Thessaly?

Or if a valiant leader be their lack,

Where thou art present, who shall beat them back?

I do conjure thee by what is most dear,

By that great name of famous Mortimer,

(o) By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest,

'The tombs where all thy famous grandfathers rest,

Or if than these what more may thee approve,

Ev'n by those vows of thy unfained love;

In all thou can'st to stir the Christian King,

By foreign arms some comfort yet to bring,

To curb the pow'r of traitors that rebel

Against the right of princely Isabel.

Vain witless woman! why should I desire

'To add more heat to thy immortal fire?

To urge thee by the violence of hate,

To shake the pillars of thine own estate,

When whatsoever we intend to do,

Our most misfortune ever sorteth to;

And nothing else remains for us beside,

By tears and coffins (only) to provide?

(p) When still so long as borough bears that name

Time shall not blot out our deserved shame;

And whilst clear trent her wonted course

For our sad fall she evermore shall weep. [ke

All see our ruin on our backs is thrown,

And we too weak to bear it out are grown.

(q) Torlton, that should our business direct,

'The gen'ral foe doth vehemently suspect;



\* For dangerous things get hardly to their end,  
 " Whereon so many watchfully attend.  
 What should I say? My griefs do still renew,  
 And but begin when I should bid adieu.

Few be my words but manifold my woe,  
 And still I stay the more I strive to go.  
 Then till fair time some greater good affords,  
 Take my love's payment in these airy words.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *O, how I fear'd that sleepy juice I sent,  
 Might yet want pow'r to further mine intent!*

Mortimer being in the Tower, and ordaining a feast in honour of his birth day, as he pretended, and inviting thereunto Sir Stephen Segrave comptroller of the Tower, with the rest of the officers belonging to the same, he gave them a sleepy drink provided him by the Queen, by which means he got liberty for his escape.

(b) *I stole to Thames, as though to take the air,  
 And us'd the gentle flood as it doth glide.*

Mortimer being out of the Tower, swam the river of Thames into Kent, whereof he having intelligence, doubteth of his strength to escape, by reason of his long imprisonment, being almost the space of three years.

(c) *Did Bullain once a festival prepare  
 For England, Almain, Sicil, and Navarre?*

Edward Carnarvon, the first Prince of Wales of the English blood, married Isabel daughter of Philip the fair at Bulloin, in the presence of the Kings of Almain, Navarre and Sicil, with the chief nobility of France and England; which marriage was there solemnized with exceeding pomp and magnificence.

(d) *And in my place, upon his regal throne,  
 To set that girl-boy, wanton Gaveston.*

Noting the effeminacy and luxurious wantonness of Gaveston the King's minion, his behaviour and attire ever so woman-like, to please the eye of his lascivious master.

(e) *That a foul witch's bastard should thereby.*

It was urged by the Queen and the Nobility, in the disgrace of Pierce Gaveston, that his mother was convicted of witchcraft, and burned for the same, and that Pierce had bewitched the King.

(f) *And of our Princely jewels and our dow'rs,  
 Let us enjoy the least of what is ours.*

A complaint of the prodigality of King Edward; giving unto Gaveston the jewels and treasure which was left him by the ancient Kings of England, and enriching him with the goodly

manor of Wallingford, assigned as parcel of the dower to the Queens of this famous isle.

(g) *And match'd with the brave issue of our blood,  
 Ally the kingdom to their cravand brood.*

Edward II. gave to Pierce Gaveston in marriage the daughter of Gilbert Clare Earl of Gloucester, begot of the King's sister Joan of Acres, married to the said Earl of Gloucester.

(h) *Albania, Gascoin, Cambria, Ireland.*

Albania, Scotland so called of Albanact the second son of Brutus; and Cambria, Wales, so called of Camber, the third son. The four realms and countries brought in subjection by Edward Longshanks.

(i) *Should give away all that his father won,  
 To back a stranger, &c.*

King Edward offered his right in France to Charles his brother-in-law, and his right in Scotland to Robert Bruce, to be aided against the Barons in the quarrel of Pierce Gaveston.

(k) *And did great Edward on his deathbed give.*

Edward Longshanks, on his deathbed at Carlisle, commanded young Edward his son, on his blessing, not to call back Gaveston, who for the misguiding of the Prince's youth) was before banished by the whole council of the land.

(l) *That after all this fearful massacre,  
 The fall of Beauchamp, Lacy, Lancaster.*

Thomas Earl of Lancaster, Guy Earl of Warwick, and Henry Earl of Lincoln, who had taken their oaths before the deceased King at his death, to withstand his son Edward, if he should call Gaveston from exile, being a thing which he much feared; now seeing Edward to violate his fathers commandment, rise in arms against the King, which was the cause of the civil war, and the ruin of so many Princes.

(m) *And glory'd I in Gaveston's great fall,  
 That now a Spenser should succeed in all?*

The two Hugh Spensers, the father and the son, after the death of Gaveston, became the great



favourites of the King, the son being created by him Lord Chamberlain, and the father Earl of Winchester.

*(n) And if they were, yet Edward doth detain  
Homage for Poitou, Guien and Aquitain.*

Edward Longshanks did homage for those cities and territories to the French King, which Edward II. neglecting, moved the French King, by the subornation of Mortimer, to seize those countries into his hands.

*(o) By ancient Wigmore's honourable crest.*

Wigmore, in the marches of Wales, was the ancient house of the Mortimers, that noble and courageous family.

*(p) When still so long as Borough bea.  
name.*

The Queen remembreth the great over given to the Barons by Andrew Herkle of Carlisle at Borough-bridge after the battle of Burton.

*(q) Torlton, that should our business direct*

This was Adam Torlton Bishop of Hereford that great politician, who so highly favoured the faction of the Queen and Mortimer; whose counsel afterward wrought the destruction of King.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## MORTIMER TO QUEEN ISABEL.

Salutes my sorrows do adjourn,  
to thee their int'rest I return,  
not in so great bounty (I confess)  
heroic princely lines express :  
Should comfort issue from the breath  
me condemn'd, and long lodg'd up for  
earth ?  
Further's rage thou didst me once relieve  
exile my hopes thou dost revive :  
The all was taken, twice thou all didst give,  
as twice dead, thou mak'st me twice to  
live.  
Ble life of mine, your only due  
I give to me, I give it back to you.  
My escape had I adventur'd thus,  
like sky-attempting Dedalus;  
to give more safety to my flight,  
in a night of day, a day of night :  
I backt the proud aspiring wall,  
fell without my hopes, within my fall,  
leaving the cords to tell were I had gone,  
as with much fear to look upon ;  
thy beauty (by a power divine)  
gave a new life into this spirit of mine,  
by the sun of thy celestial eyes,  
thy wings, which bare me through the  
skies.  
Thy wings did seem the charge of me to take,  
and land befriended me for thy sake ;  
stop'd his tide, to make me way to go,  
hadst charg'd him that it should be so :  
How murm'ring winds their due time kept,  
how rock'd the world, while all things  
slept ;  
How bare me, and another drove me,  
how to help me, and that strove to save  
me :

The bristling reeds, mov'd with soft gales, did  
chide me,  
As they would tell me, that they meant to hide  
me :  
The pale-fac'd night beheld thy heavy cheer,  
And would not let one little star appear,  
But over all her smoaky mantle hurl'd,  
And in thick vapours muffled up the world :  
And the sad air became so calm and still,  
As it had been obedient to my will ;  
And every thing dispos'd it to my rest,  
As on the seas when th' halcyon builds her nest.  
When on those rough waves, which late with fury  
rush'd,  
Slide smoothly on, and suddenly are hush'd :  
Nor Neptune lets his surges out so long,  
As nature is in bringing forth her young,  
(d) Ne'er let the Spencers glory in my chance,  
In that I live an exile here in France,  
That I from England banished should be,  
But England rather banished from me :  
More were her want, France our great blood  
should bear,  
Than England's loss can be to Mortimer.  
(e) My grandsire was the first since Arthur's  
reign,  
That the round-table rectify'd again ;  
To whose great court at Kenelworth did come  
The peerless Knighthood of all Christendome,  
Whose Princely order honour'd England more,  
Than all the conquests she atchiev'd before.  
Never durst Scot set foot on English ground,  
Nor on his back did English bear a wound,  
Whilst Wigmore flourish'd in our princely hopes,  
And whilst our ensigns march'd with Edward's  
troops :



(f) Whilst famous Longshanks' bones (in fortune's scorn)

As sacred reliques to the field were born :  
Nor ever did the valiant English doubt,  
Whilst our brave battles guarded them about ;  
Nor did our wives and woful mothers mourn,  
(g) The English blood that stained Banocks-bourn,  
Whilst with his minions sporting in his tent,  
Whole days and nights in banqueting were spent,  
Until the Scots (which under safeguard stood)  
Made lavish havoc of the English blood :  
Whose batter'd helms lay scatter'd on the shore,  
Where they in conquest had been born before.

A thousand kingdoms will we seek from far,  
As many nations waste with civil war,  
Where the dishevel'd ghastly sea-nymph sings,  
Or well-rigg'd ships shall stretch their swelling wings,

And drag their anchors through the sandy foam,  
About the world in ev'ry clime to roam,  
And those unchrist'ned countries call our own,  
Where scarce the name of England hath been known :

(b) And in the dead sea sink our house's fame;  
(From whose vast depth we first deriv'd our name)

Before foul black-mouth'd infamy shall sing,  
That Mortimer e'er stoop'd unto a King.  
And we will turn stern-visag'd fury back,  
To seek his spoil, who fought our utter sack ;  
And come to beard him in our native isle,  
Ere he march forth to follow our exile :  
And after all these boist'rous stormy shocks,  
Yet will we grapple with the chalky rocks ;  
Nor will we steal, like pirates or like thieves,  
From mountains, forests, or sea-bord'ing cleaves,  
But fright the air with terror (when we come)  
Of the stern trumpet, and the bellowing drum :  
And in the field advance our plumy crest,  
And march upon fair England's flow'ry breast.  
And Thames, which once we for our life did swim,  
Snaking our dewy tresses on his brim,  
Shall bear my navy vaunting in her pride,  
Falling from Tanet with the pow'rful tide :  
Which fertile Essex, and fair Kent shall see,  
Spreading her flags along the pleasant lee,  
When on her stemming poop she proudly bears  
The famous ensigns of the Belgic peers.

(i) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,  
Which by the Pope he stands accursed in,  
'The canon text shall have a common gloss,  
Receipts in parcels shall be paid in gross ;  
This doctrine preach'd, *who from the church doth*  
*At least shall triple restitution make.* [take;  
For which Rome sends her curses out from far,  
'Through the stern throat of terror-breathing war;  
'Till to th' unpeopled shores she brings supplies  
(k) Of those industrious Roman colonies,

And for his homage, by the which of old,  
Proud Edward, Guien and Aquitain doth hold,  
(l) Charles by invasive arms again shall take,  
And send the English forces o'er the lake.  
When Edward's fortune stands upon this chance,  
To lose in England, or to forfeit France ;  
And all those towns great Longshanks left his son,  
Now lost, which once he fortunately won,  
Within their strong portculiz'd ports shall lie,  
And from their walls his sieges shall defy :  
And by that firm and undissolved knot,  
Betwixt their neighb'ring French and bord'ring Scot,

Bruce shall bring his Redshanks from the seas,  
From th' isled Orcads and the Eubides,  
And to his western havens give free pass,  
To land the Kern and Irish Galloglas,  
Marching from Tweed to swelling Humber's sands,

Wasting along the northern Netherlands.  
And wanting those which should his pow'r sustain,  
Consum'd with slaughter in his bloody reign,  
Our warlike sword shall drive him from his throne,

Where he shall lie for us to trade upon.  
(m) And those great lords, now after their attaints,

Canonized amongst the English saints,  
And by their superstitious people thought,  
That by their reliques miracles are wrought :  
And think that flood much virtue doth retain,  
Which took the blood of famous Bohun slain;  
Continuing the remembrance of the thing,  
Shall make the people more abhor their King.

Nor shall a Spenser (be he ne'er so great)  
Possess our Wigmore, our renowned seat,  
To raze the ancient trophies of our race,  
With our deserts their monuments to grace :  
Nor shall he lead our valiant marchers forth,  
To make the Spensers famous in the north ;  
Nor be the guardians of the British pales,  
Defending England, and preserving Wales.

At first our troubles easily recul'd,  
But now grown head-strong, hardly to be rul'd.

" Deliberate counsel needs us to direct.

" Where not ev'n plainness frees us from suspect :  
By those mishaps our errors that attend,  
Let us our faults ingenuously amend.

Then (dear) repress all peremptory spleen,  
Be more than woman, as you are a Queen ;  
Smother those sparks, which quickly else would burn.

Till time produce what now it doth adjourn,  
Till when, great Queen, I leave you (though while)

Live you in rest, nor pity my exile.



## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*'one condemn'd and hung ledg'd up for death.*  
Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore, had stood  
condemned for his insurrection with  
Earl of Lancaster, and Bohun Earl of  
Northampton the space of three months: and, as  
went, the day of his execution was  
to have been shortly, which he pre-  
sented his escape.

*vice all was taken, twice thou all didst give.*  
time the two Mortimers, this Roger  
Wigmore, and his uncle Roger Mortimer  
were apprehended in the west, the Queen  
& Torilton Bishop of Hereford, and  
Bishop of Durham and Patriarch of Jerusa-  
lem then both mighty in the state, upon  
petition of the Mortimers, somewhat  
delayed the King: and now secondly she wrought  
his escape.

*seeing the cords to tell others I had gone.*  
Long ladders made of cords, provided  
for purpose, he escaped out of the Tower;  
in the same were found fastned to the  
wall, a desperate attempt, they bred astonish-  
ment to the beholders.

*'er let the Spensers glory in my chance.*  
Hugh Spensers, the father and the  
son being so highly favoured of the King,  
their greatest safety came by his  
high and turbulent spirit could never  
be overthrown in greatness.

*grandfire was the first since Arthur's reign,*  
*the round table rectify'd again.*

Mortimer, called the great Lord Mor-  
dred to this Roger, who was after-  
wards Earl of March, erected again the  
table at Kenelworth, after the ancient order  
of Arthur's table with the retinue of an  
hundred knights and an hundred ladies in his  
entertaining of such adventurers as  
came from all parts of Christendom.

*Philist famous Longshanks' bones (in Fer-  
reus's scorn.)*

Longshanks willed at his death, that  
his bones should be boiled the flesh from the bones,  
and the bones should be born to the wars in  
which he was persuaded unto by a  
fortune which told that the English should  
be fortunate in conquest, so long as his bones  
lay in the field.

*(g) The English blood that stained Banocks-burn.*

In the great voyage Edward the second made  
against the Scots at the battle of Stirling, near  
unto the river of Banocks-burn in Scotland,  
there was in the English camp such banqueting  
and excess, such riot and disorder, that the Scots  
(who in the mean time laboured for advantage)  
gave to the English a great overthrow.

*(b) And in the dead sea sink our house's fame,*  
*From whose, &c.*

Mortimer so called of *Mare mortuum*, and in  
French *Mortimer*, in English the *dead sea*, which  
is said to be where Sodom and Gomorrah once  
were, before they were destroyed with fire from  
heaven.

*(i) And for that hateful sacrilegious sin,*  
*Which by the Pope he stands accursed in.*

Gauftellinus and Lucas, two Cardinals, sent into  
England from Pope Clement to appease the an-  
cient hate between the King and Thomas Earl  
of Lancaster; to whose embassy the King seem-  
ed to yield, but after their departure he went  
back from his promises, for the which he was ac-  
cursed at Rome.

*(k) Of those industrious Roman colonies.*

A Colony is a sort or number of people, that  
come to inhabit a place before not inhabited;  
whereby he seems here to prophesy of the sub-  
version of the land, the Pope joining with the  
power of other Princes against Edward, for the  
breach of his promise.

*(l) Charles by invasive arms again shall take.*

Charles the French King, moved by the wrong  
done unto his sister, seizeth the provinces which  
belonged to the King of England into his hands,  
stirred the rather thereto by Mortimer, who soli-  
cited her cause in France, as is expressed before  
in the other epistle, in the gloss upon this point.

*(m) And those great Lords, now after their*  
*attaints.*

*Canonized among the English saints.*

After the death of Thomas Earl of Lancaster  
at Pomfret, the people imagined great miracles  
to be done by his reliques; as they did of the  
body of Bohun Earl of Hertford slain at Berough-  
bridge.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE TO ALICE COUNTESS OF SALISBURY.

### *The Argument.*

Count *Salisbury*, a grave and prudent Lord,  
Dispatch'd for France, was scarcely gone abroad,  
But the Scots hearing that he was away,  
Besieg'd the castle where his lady lay.  
*Edward* the Black Prince, with an army sent  
T' remove the foe, beholding from his tent  
Her walking on the battlement above,  
With the fair Countess strangely falls in love.  
Her noble husband not long after dy'd;  
When he, who thought he should not be deny'd,  
Courts her by letters, and thus writeth to her;  
She in her answer checks him so to woo her.

RECEIVE (a) these papers from thy woful Lord,  
With far more woes than they with words are  
stor'd,  
Which if thine eye for rashness do reprove,  
They'll say they came from that imperious  
love.  
In ev'ry line well may'st thou understand,  
Which love hath sign'd and sealed with his  
hand;  
And where to farther process he refers,  
In blots set down to thee for characters.  
This cannot blush, although you do refuse it,  
Nor will reply, however you shall use it:  
All's one to this, though you should bid de-  
pair,

This still intreats you, this still speaks  
fair.  
Hast thou a living soul, a human sense,  
To like, dislike, prove, order, and dispense?  
The depth of reason soundly to advise,  
To love things good, things hurtful to despise  
The touch of judgment, which should all this  
prove,  
Hast thou all this, yet not allow'st my love?  
Sound moves a sound, voice doth beget a voice  
One echo makes another to rejoice;  
One well-tun'd string set truly to the like,  
Struck near at hand, doth make another fire  
How comes it then, that our affections jar?  
What opposition doth beget the war?



That Nature frankly to thee gave  
 Of her bounty that I have;  
 Me, she likewise to thee lent,  
 Hence a several instrument:  
 One, because it is thine own,  
 Is itself unto itself alone.  
 Thy hand, when it itself doth touch,  
 It tells it, that there is none such:  
 Thy glass thine eye itself doth see,  
 As there's none like to itself can be;  
 One doth judge itself divine,  
 As thou dost challenge it for thine:  
 Itself Narcissus like doth smother,  
 Itself, nor cares for any other.  
 As burn'd thus in thine own desire,  
 As beauty should itself admire:  
 By which all creatures light'ned be,  
 In all, itself yet cannot see;  
 His own brightness his own foil is made,  
 As us the cause of his own shade."  
 Thy beauty by mine eye was prov'd,  
 Hence so much to be belov'd;  
 It came a perfect view to take,  
 Of one doth many beauties make:  
 As clets there it doth arise,  
 What larger seeming in mine eyes:  
 As gyving compass as it goes,  
 And more the same in greatness grows;  
 Yet at liberty is let,  
 As still doth other forms beget:  
 As though, look any way I could,  
 There was but beauty to behold.  
 As offended that thou art belov'd?  
 As the cause, th' effect is soon remov'd:  
 As beauty how far to extend,  
 As desire a limit where to end;  
 As in thine eyes, that they no more may  
 Find,  
 As love to keep within a bound.  
 As this, nay then thou shalt do more,  
 As to pass what never was before:  
 As with sportive, craving all delight,  
 As morn, fullen, and inclin'd to night;  
 As lowly, envy speaking well,  
 As relief for niggardize to sell.  
 As like fathers did these forts devise,  
 As holds against our enemies,  
 As wherein your sex might safely rest,  
 As on is settled in a woman's breast:"  
 As it is of another temper far,  
 As thy castle fitter for the war;  
 As not safely in thy castle rest,  
 As it should be safer in thy breast:  
 As it puts out foes, but doth our friends in-  
 As close,  
 As breast keeps out both thy friends and  
 As foes:  
 As it be batter'd, or be undermin'd,  
 As might siege, for want of succour pin'd;  
 As heart is invincible to all,  
 As more obdurate than thy castle wall.  
 As it shapes that ever Jove did prove,  
 As it be us'd to entertain his love,

That likes me best, when in a golden show'r,  
 He rain'd himself on Danae in her tow'r;  
 Nor did I ever envy his command  
 In that he bears the thunder in his hand:  
 But in that showry shape I cannot be,  
 And as he came to her, I come to thee.  
 Thy tow'r with foes is not begirt about,  
 If thou within, they are besieg'd without,  
 One hair of thine more vigour doth retain  
 To bind thy foe, than any iron chain:  
 Who might be gyv'd in such a golden string,  
 Would not be captive, though he were a king.  
 Hadst thou all India heap'd up in thy fort,  
 And thou thyself besieged in that fort,  
 Get thou but out, where they can thee espie,  
 They'll follow thee, and let the treasure lie.  
 I cannot think what force thy tow'r should  
 win,  
 If thou thyself do'st guard the same within:  
 Thine eye retains artillery at will,  
 To kill whoever thou desir'st to kill;  
 For that alone more deeply wounds men's  
 hearts,  
 Than they can thee, though with a thousand  
 darts:  
 For there intrenched little Cupid lies,  
 And from those turrets all the world defies;  
 (b) And when thou let'st down that transparent  
 lid,  
 Of entrance there an army doth forbid.  
 And as for famine, thou need'st never fear,  
 Who thinks of want, when thou art present  
 there?  
 Thy only sight puts spirits into the blood,  
 And comforts life, without the taste of food.  
 And as thy soldiers keep their watch and ward,  
 Thy chastity thy inward breast doth guard:  
 Thy modest pulse serves as a larum bell,  
 Which watched by some wakeful sentinel,  
 Is stirring still with every little fear,  
 Warning if any enemy be near.  
 Thy virtuous thoughts, when all the others rest,  
 Like careful scouts, pass up and down thy  
 breast,  
 And still they round about that place do keep,  
 Whilst all the blessed garrison do sleep.  
 But yet I fear, if that the truth were told,  
 That thou hast robb'd, and fly'st into this  
 hold:  
 I thought as much, and didst this fort devise,  
 That thou in safety here might'st tyrannize.  
 Yes, thou hast robb'd the heaven and earth of  
 all,  
 And they against thy lawless theft do call.  
 Thine eyes, with mine that wage continual  
 wars,  
 Borrow their brightness of the twinkling stars:  
 Thy lips, from mine that in thy mask be pent,  
 Have filch'd the blushing from the orient:  
 Thy cheek, for which mine all this penance  
 proves,  
 Steals the pure whiteness both from swans and  
 doves:



Thy breath, for which mine still in sighs con-  
fumes,  
Hath robb'd all flowers, all odours, and per-  
fumes.

O mighty love! bring hither all thy pow'r,  
And fetch this heavenly thief out of her tow'r:  
For if she may be suffer'd in this fort,  
Heav'n's store will soon be hoarded in this  
fort.

When I arriv'd before that state of love,  
And saw thee on that battlement above,  
I thought there was no other heav'n but there,  
And thou an angel didst from thence appear:  
But when my reason did reprove mine eye,  
That thou wert subject to mortality,  
I then excus'd what erst the Scot had done,  
No marvel though he would the fort have  
won;

Perceiving well, those envious walls did hide  
More wealth than was in all the world beside.

Against thy foe I came to lend thee aid,  
And thus to thee myself I have betray'd.

He is besieg'd, the siege that came to raise,  
There's no assault that not my breast assays.

" Love grown extreme, doth find unlawful  
" shifts,

" The Gods take shapes, and do allure with  
" gifts:

" Commanding Jove, that by great Styx doth  
" swear,

" Forsworn in love, with lovers oaths doth bear;

" Love causeless still, doth aggravate his cause,

" It is his law to violate all laws:

" His reason is in only wanting reason,  
" And were untrue, not deeply touch'd  
" treason;  
" Unlawful means doth make his lawful gain  
" He speaks most true, when he the most  
" fain."

Pardon the faults that have escap'd by me,  
Against fair virtue, chastity, and thee:

" If Gods can their own excellence excel,  
" It is in pard'ning mortals that rebel."

When all thy trials are enroll'd by fame,  
And all thy sex made glorious by thy name,  
Then I a captive shall be brought hereby  
T' adorn the triumph of thy chastity.

I sue not now thy paramour to be,  
But as a husband to be link'd to thee:  
I am England's heir, I think thou wilt confess,  
Wert thou a prince, I hope, I am no less,  
But that thy birth doth make thy stock divine  
Else durst I boast my blood as good as thine:  
Disdain me not, nor take my love in scorn,  
Whose brow a crown hereafter may adorn.  
But what I am, I call mine own no more,  
Take what thou wilt, and what thou wilt  
store;

Only I crave, whate'er I did intend,  
In faithful love all happily may end.

Farewel, sweet lady, so well may'st thou fare,  
To equal joy with measure of my care:

Thy virtues more than mortal tongue can tell  
A thousand thousand times farewel, farewel.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Receive these papers from thy woful Lord.*

Bandello, by whom this history was made famous, being an Italian, as it is the peoples custom in that clime, rather to fail sometimes in the truth of circumstance, than to forego the grace of their conceit: in like manner as the Grecians, of whom the satyrist:

*Et quicquid Græcis mendax*

*Audet in historia,*

thinking it to be a greater trial that a Countess should be sued unto by a King, than by the son of a King, and consequently that the honour of her chastity should be the more, hath caused it to be generally taken so; but, as by *Polydore, Fabian,* and *Froisard* appears, the contrary is true. Yet

may Bandello be very well excused, as being stranger, whose errors in the truth of our hist are not so material, that they should need an unction, lest his wit should be defrauded of part of his due, which were not less were even part a fiction. Howbeit, lest a common error should prevail against a truth, these Epistles conceived in those persons who were indeed actors; to wit, Edward the Black Prince, no much of his complexion, as of the dismal hue which he sought in France (in like sense as may say a *black day*, for some tragical event, tho the sun shine never so bright therein.) And the Countess of Salisbury, who (as it is certain) was beloved of Prince *Edward*, so it is as certain



that many points now current in the received story can never hold together with likelihood of such inforcement, had it not been shaded under the title of a king.

(b) *And when thou let'st down that transparent lid.*

Not that the lid is transparent; for no part of the skin is transparent; but for that the gem, which that closure is said to contain, is transparent; for

otherwise how could the mind understand by the eye, should not the images slide through the same, and replenish the stage of the fancy? But this belongs to optica. The Latins call the eye-lid *cilium* (I will not say of *celando*) as the eye-brow *supercilium*, and the hair on the eye-lids *palpebra*, perhaps *quod palpitet*, all which have their distinct and necessary uses.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## ALICE, COUNTESS OF SALISBURY, TO THE BLACK PRINCE.

As one that fain would grant, yet fain deny,  
'Twixt hope and fear I doubtfully reply;  
A woman's weakness lest I should discover,  
Answering a prince, and writing to a lover:  
And some say, love with reason doth dispense,  
And wrests our plain words to another sense.  
'Think you not then, poor women had not need  
Be well advis'd, to write what men should read;  
When being silent, but to move awry,  
Doth often bring us into obloquy?  
"Whilst in our hearts our secret thoughts abide,  
"Th' envenom'd tongue of slander yet is ty'd;  
"But if once spoke, deliver'd up to fame,  
"In her report that often is to blame."

About to write, but newly entring in,  
Methinks I end, e'er I can well begin:  
When I would end, then something makes me  
stay,

For then methinks I should have more to say,  
And some one thing remaineth in my breast,  
For want of words that cannot be exprest:  
What I would say, as said to thee I feign,  
Then in thy person I reply again;  
And in thy cause urge all that may effect,  
Then, what again mine honour must respect.  
O Lord! what sundry passions do I try,  
To set that right, which is so much awry?

Being a prince, I blame you not to prove;  
The greater reason to obtain your love.  
'That greatness, which doth challenge no de-  
nial,  
The only test that doth allow my trial:

Edward so great, the greater were his fall,  
And my offence in this were capital.

"To men is granted privilege to tempt,  
"But in that charter women be exempt:  
"Men win us not, except we give consent,  
"Against ourselves unless that we be bent.  
"Who doth impute it as a fault to you?  
"You prove not false, except we be untrue;  
"It is your virtue, being men, to try;  
"And it is ours, by virtue to deny.  
"Your fault itself serves for the fault's excuse,  
"And makes it ours, though yours be the abuse.  
"Beauty a beggar? fie! it is too bad,  
"When in itself sufficiency is had;  
"Not made a lure t' intice the wand'ring eye,  
"But an attire t' adorn our modesty:  
"If modesty and women once do sever,  
"We may bid farewell to our fame for ever."

Let John and Henry, Edward's instance be,  
Matilda and fair Rosamond for me;  
Alike both woo'd, alike su'd to be won,  
Th' one by the father, th' other by the son:  
Henry obtaining, did our weakness wound,  
And lays the fault on wanton Rosamond.  
Matilda chaste, in life and death all one,  
By her denial lays the fault on John.  
"By these we prove men accessory still,  
"But women only principals of ill.  
"What praise is ours, but what our virtues get  
"If they be lent, so much we be in debt;  
"Whilst our own honours we ourselves defend  
"All force too weak, what ever men pretend



world else should suborn our fame,  
 selves that overthrow the same :  
 e'er, although by force you win,  
 weakness still returns the sin."  
 prince who doth not Edward call?  
 can be guilty of your fall?  
 bid; yet rather let me die,  
 in upon my soul should lie.  
 at Edward? whither is he led,  
 orious name whole armies fled?  
 spirit, that conquer'd so in France,  
 ie, and vanquish'd with a glance?  
 heart, that did aspire so high,  
 pierced with a woman's eye?  
 at Poitiers battle took,  
 aptive with a wanton look?  
 a bride to church I have been led,  
 wo lords enjoy'd my bridal bed :  
 : beauty yet be undestroy'd,  
 ve waited, and two men enjoy'd?  
 thought fit for a prince's store,  
 subjects were possess'd before?  
 let France, or Scotland so prefer  
 queens for England's dowager,  
 should be much more than half di-

equal ev'ry way with thine :  
 Edward, though I thus reprove

life so dearly do I love you.  
 husband, which so loved you,  
 lord, that reverend Montague,  
 's voice did please her babe so well,  
 ne, of you to hear him tell :  
 short the hours that time made

mine ears to his most pleasing  
 e :  
 waited on your praise's worth,  
 his words, ere he could get them

spoke, and something by the way  
 ff that he was about to say,  
 d where from his tale he fell,  
 m the residue to tell.  
 say, How sweet a prince is he !  
 prais'd him but for praising thee ;  
 ed, I would intreat and woo,  
 use him, help to praise thee too.  
 she now exclaim against the wrong  
 n, whom she hath lov'd so long ?  
 ell, and I durst almost swear,  
 blush, when he his fault shall hear.  
 that time doth youth's desire af-  
 ;  
 mildly quench the fire of rage ;  
 justice let my cause be try'd,  
 judge, if I not justly chide.

(b) That not my father's grave and reverend  
 years,

When on his knee he beg'd me with his tears,  
 By no persuasions possibly could win,  
 To free himself from prompting me to sin ;  
 The woe for me my mother did abide,  
 Whose fate (but you) there's none could have de-  
 ny'd,

Your lustful rage, your tyranny could stay,  
 Mine honour's ruin further to delay.  
 Have I not lov'd you? let the truth be shown,  
 That still preserv'd your honour with mine own.  
 Had your fond will, your soul desires prevail'd,  
 When you by them my chastity assail'd ;  
 (Though this no way could have excus'd my  
 fault,

" True virtue never yielded to assault :")  
 Besides, the ill of you that had been said,  
 My parents sin had to your charge been laid ;

(c) And I have gain'd my liberty with shame,  
 To save my life, made shipwreck of my name.

Did Roxborough once veil her tow'ring fances  
 To thy brave ensigns on the northern plains?  
 And thy trumpets sounding from thy tent,  
 Mine oft again thee hearty welcome sent,  
 And did receive thee as my sovereign liege,  
 Coming to aid me, thus me to besiege,  
 To raise a foe that but for treasure came,  
 To plant a foe, to take my honest name ;  
 Under pretence to have remov'd the Scot,  
 And would'st have won more than he could have  
 got?

That did ingirt me, ready still to fly,  
 But thou laid'st batt'ry to my chastity :  
 O modesty, didst thou not me restrain,  
 How could I chide you in this angry vein !

A prince's name (Heav'n knows) I do not  
 crave,  
 To have those honours Edward's spouse should  
 have ;

Nor by ambitious lures will I be brought,  
 In my chaste breast to harbour such a thought,  
 As to be worthy to be made a bride,  
 A piece unfit for princely Edward's side ;  
 Of all, the most unworthy of that grace,  
 To wait on her that should enjoy that place :  
 But if that love Prince Edward doth require  
 Equal his virtues, and my chaste desire ;  
 If it be such as we may justly vaunt,  
 A prince may sue for, and a lady grant ;  
 If it be such as may suppress my wrong,  
 That from your vain unbridled youth hath  
 sprung ;

That faith I send, which I from you receive :

(d) The rest unto your princely thoughts I  
 leave.



## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Twice as a bride I have to church been led.*

The two husbands of which she makes mention, objecting bigamy against herself, as being therefore not meet to be married with a bachelor prince, were Sir Thomas Holland knight, and Sir William Mountague, afterwards made Earl of Salisbury.

(b) *That not my father's grave and reverend years.*

A thing incredible, that any prince should be so unjust, to use the father's means for the corruption of the daughter's chastity, though so the history importeth; her father being so honourable, and a man of so singular desert: though Polydore would have her thought to be Jane the daughter of Edmond Earl of Kent, uncle to Edward the third, beheaded in the protectorship of Mortimer that dangerous aspirer.

(c) *And I have gain'd my liberty with shame.*

Roxburgh is a castle in the north, misnamed by Bandello Salisbury castle, because the king had given it to the Earl of Salisbury; in which, her lord being absent, the countess by the Scots was besieged: who, by the coming of the English army, were removed. Here first the prince saw her, whose liberty had been gain'd by her shame,

had she been drawn by dishonest love to his appetite: but by her most praise worth stancy, she converted that humour in him honourable purpose, and obtained the true of her admired virtue.

(d) *The rest unto your princely thoughts I*

Lest any thing be left out which were the relation, it shall not be impertinent to the opinions that are uttered concerning whose name is said to have been *Ælips*: being rejected, as a name unknown and Froisard is rather believed, who calleth her Polydore contrariwise, as before is declared, her Jane, who by Prince Edward had issued dying young, and Richard the second of England, though (as he saith) she was afterwards, because within the degrees of consanguinity prohibiting to marry. The truth of I omit to discuss. Her husband, the Lord Mountague, being sent over into Flanders by Edward was taken prisoner by the French not returning, left his countess a widow whose bed succeeded Prince Edward; to lust and lawful request, the rejoicing lady this loving answer.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## QUEEN ISABEL TO KING RICHARD II.

### *The Argument.*

Richard the second, wrongfully depos'd  
By Henry Duke of *Hertford*, and inclos'd  
In *Pomfret* castle; *Isabel* the Queen,  
To the neglected King; who having seen  
His disinvesting, and disastrous chance,  
To *Charles* her father shipp'd again for *France*,  
(Where for her husband griev'd and discontent)  
Thence this epistle to King *Richard* sent,  
By which when he her sorrow doth descry,  
He to the same as sadly doth reply.

As doth the yearly augur of the spring,  
In depth of woe thus I my sorrow sing;  
My tunes with sighs yet ever mixt among,  
A doleful burthen to a heavy song:  
Words issue forth, to find my grief some way,  
Tears overtake them, and do bid them stay;  
Thus whilst one strives to keep the other back,  
Both once too forward, soon are both too slack.  
(a) If fatal *Pomfret* hath in former time  
Nurish'd the grief of that unnatural clime,  
Thither I send my sorrows to be fed;  
Thou where first born, where sister to be bred?  
They unto *France* be aliens and unknown,  
England from her doth challenge these her own.  
They say, all mischief cometh from the North;  
It is too true, my fall doth set it forth:  
But why should I thus limit grief a place,  
When all the world is fill'd with our disgrace?  
And we in bonds thus striving to contain it,  
The more resists, the more we do restrain it.

(b) Oh, how even yet I hate these wretched eyes,  
And in my glass oft call them faithless spies!  
(Prepar'd for *Richard*) that unawares did look  
Upon that traitor *Henry Bullenbrook*:  
But that excess of joy my sense bereav'd  
So much, my sight had never been deceiv'd.  
Oh, how unlike to my lov'd lord was he,  
Whom rashly I (sweet *Richard*) took for thee!  
I might have seen, the courser's self did take  
That princely rider to bestride his back;  
He that since nature her great work began,  
She only made the mirror of a man,  
That when she meant to form some matchless limb,  
Still for a pattern took some part of him,  
And jealous of her cunning, brake the mould,  
When she in him had done the best she could.  
Oh, let that day be guilty of all sin  
That is to come, or herebefore hath been, [stry'd,  
(c) Wherein great *Norfolk's* forward couric was  
To prove the treasons he to *Hertford* lay'd,



When (with stern fury) both these dukes engag'd,

Their warlike gloves at Coventry engag'd,  
When first thou didst repeal thy former grant,  
Seal'd to brave Mowbray as thy combatant!  
From his unnumber'd hours let Time divide it,  
Lest in his minutes he should hap to hide it;  
Yet on his brow continually to bear it,  
That when it comes, all other hours may fear it,  
And all ill-boding planets, by consent,  
In it may hold their dreadful parliament:  
Be it in heav'n's decrees inrolled thus,  
Black, dismal, fatal, inauspicious.

Proud Hertford then in height of all his pride,  
Under great Mowbray's valiant hand had dy'd;  
And never had from banishment retir'd,

The fatal brand wherewith our Troy was fir'd.  
(d) Oh! why did Charles relieve his needy state?

A vagabond and struggling runagate;  
And in his court with grace did entertain  
That vagrant exile, that vile bloody Cain,  
Who with a thousand mothers curses went,  
Mark'd with the brand of ten years banishment?

(e) When thou to Ireland took'st thy last farewell,

Millions of knees upon the pavements fell,  
And ev'ry where th' applauding echoes ring  
The joyful shouts that did salute a king.  
Thy parting hence, the pomp that did adorn,  
Was vanquish'd quite when as thou didst return;

Who to my lord one look vouchsaf'd to lend?

Then, all too few on Hertford to attend.

"Princes (like suns) be evermore in sight,

"All see the clouds betwixt them and their light:

"Yet they which lighten all down from their skies,

"See not the clouds offending others eyes,

"And deem their noon-tide is desir'd of all,

"When all expect clear changes by their fall."

What colour seems to shadow Hertford's claim,  
When law and right his father's hopes do maim?

(f) Affirm'd by churchmen (which should bear no hate)

That John of Gaunt was illegitimate;  
Whom his reputed mother's tongue did spot,  
By a base Flemish boor to be begot:

Whom Edward's eaglets mortally did shun,  
Daring with them to gaze against the sun:

Where lawful right and conquest doth allow

A triple crown on Richard's princely brow;

Three kingly lions bears his bloody field,

(g) No bastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield:

Never durst he attempt our hapless shore,

Nor set his foot on fatal Ravenspore;

Nor durst his slugging hulks approach the strand,

Nor stoop a top as signal to the land,

Had not the Piercies promis'd aid to bring,

Against their oath unto their lawful king,

(h) Against their faith unto our crown's true heir,

Their valiant kinsman Edmond Mortimer.

When I to England came, a world of eyes,  
Like stars, attended on my fair arise,

Which now (alas!) like angry planets frown,  
And are all set, before my going down.

The smooth-fac'd air did on my coming smile,  
But I with storms am driven to exile:

But Bullenbrook devis'd we thus should part,  
Fearing two sorrows should possess one heart,

To add to our affliction, to deny

That one poor comfort left our misery.

He had before divorc'd thy crown and thee,

Which might suffice, and not to widow me;

But so to prove the utmost of his hate,

To part us in this miserable state.

(i) Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he betray'd

The plot, which once that noble abbot laid!

When he infring'd the oath which he first took,

For thy revenge on perjur'd Bullenbrook,

And been the ransom of our friends dear blood,

Untimely lost, and for the earth too good!

And we untimely do bewail their state,

They gone too soon, and we remain too late!

And though with tears I from my lord depart,

This curse on Hertford fall, to ease my heart:

If the foul breach of a chaste nuptial bed

May bring a curse, my curse light on his head:

If murder's guilt with blood may deeply stain,

(k) Green, Scroop, and Busbie dye his fault in grain:

If perjury may heaven's pure gates debar,

(l) Damn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster:

If the deposing of a lawful king,

Thy curse condemn him, if no other thing:

If these disjoin'd, for vengeance cannot call,

Let them united strongly curse him all.

And for the Piercies, heav'n may hear my prayers

That Bullenbrook, now plac'd in Richard's chains

Such cause of woe to their proud wives may be,

As those rebellious lords have been to me!

And that coy dame, which now controuleth all,

And in her pomp triumpheth in my fall,

For her great lord may water her sad cyne,

With as salt tears, as I have done for mine:

(m) And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,

As I for my dear Mortimer have done;

And as I am, so succourless be sent,

Lastly to taste perpetual banishment!

Then lose thy care, when first thy crown was lost,

Sell it so dearly, for it dearly cost:

And fith it did of liberty deprive thee,

Burying thy hope, let nothing else outlive thee.

But hard (God knows) with sorrow doth it go,

When woe becomes a comforter to woe:

Yet much (methinks) of comfort I could say,

If from my heart some fears were rid away;

Something there is, that danger still doth show

But what it is, that heaven alone doth know.

"Grief to itself most dreadful doth appear,

"And never yet was sorrow void of fear;

But yet in death doth sorrow hope the best,

And, Richard, thus I wish thee happy rest.



# ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*that Pomfret bath in former time:*

istle, ever a fatal place to the princes  
and most ominous to the blood of

*how even yet I hate these wretched eyes,  
in my glass, &c.*

lenbrook returned to London from  
nging Richard a prisoner with him;  
who little knew of her husband's hard  
to behold his coming in, little think-  
en her husband thus led in triumph  
and now seemed to hate her eyes,  
had graced her mortal enemy.

*rein great Norfolk's forward course was  
aid.*

bereth the meeting of the two Dukes  
nd Norfolk at Coventry, urging the  
owbray's quarrel against the Duke  
and the faithful assurance of his

*why did Charles relieve his needy state?  
guband, &c.*

: French king, her father, received  
Hertford into his court, and relieved  
ce, being so nearly allied as cousin-  
ing Richard his son-in-law; which  
, little thinking that he should after  
ngland, and dispossess King Richard

*thou to Ireland took thy last farewell.*

ard made a voyage with his army  
gainst Onel and Mackmur, who re-  
at time Henry entered here at home  
im of all kingly dignity.

*rm'd by churchmen (which should bear no  
ate)*

*John of Gaunt was illegitimate.*

'ickam in the great quarrel betwixt  
it and the clergy, of mere spite and  
(should seem) reported, that the queen  
him on her death-bed, being then her  
at John of Gaunt was the son of a  
nd that she was brought to bed of a  
at Gaunt, which was smothered in  
r mischance, and that she obtained  
a poor woman, making the king be-  
her own, greatly fearing his displea-  
Chron. Alban.

*(g) Nebastard's mark doth blot his conqu'ring shield.*

Shewing the true and undubitate birth of  
Richard, his right unto the crown of England,  
as carrying the arms without blot or difference.

*(b) Against their faith unto the crown's true heir,  
Their valiant kinsman, &c.*

Edmond Mortimer Earl of March, son of Earl  
Roger Mortimer, who was son to lady Philip,  
daughter to Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third  
son to King Edward the third; which Edmond  
(King Richard going into Ireland) was proclaim-  
ed heir apparent to the crown; whose aunt, called  
Ellenor, this Lord Piercy had married.

*(i) Oh, would Aumerle had sunk, when he be-  
tray'd*

*The plot, which once the noble abbot laid.*

The abbot of Westminster had plotted the death  
of King Henry, to have been done at a tilt at  
Oxford: of which confederacy there was John  
Holland Duke of Exeter, Thomas Holland Duke  
of Surry, the Duke of Aumerle, Mountacute Earl  
of Salisbury, Spenser Earl of Gloucester, the Bishop  
of Carlile, and Sir Thomas Blunt; these all had  
bound themselves one to another by indenture to  
perform it, but were all betrayed by the Duke of  
Aumerle.

*(k) Scroop, Green, and Busby dye his fault in  
grain.*

Henry going towards the castle of Flint, where  
King Richard was, caused Scroop, Green, and  
Busby to be executed at Bristol, as vile persons,  
who had seduced the king to this lascivious and  
wicked life,

*(l) Dgmn'd be the oath he made at Doncaster.*

After Henry's exile, at his return into England,  
he took his oath at Doncaster upon the sacrament,  
not to claim the crown or kingdom of England,  
but only the dukedom of Lancaster, his owa pro-  
per right, and the right of his wife.

*(m) And mourn for Henry Hotspur her dear son,  
At I for my, &c.*

This was the brave courageous Henry Hotspur,  
that obtained so many victories against the Scots:  
which after falling out right with the curse of  
Queen Isabel, was slain by Henry at the battle at  
Shrewsbury.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## RICHARD II. TO QUEEN ISABEL.

WHAT can my queen but hope for from this hand,  
That it should write, which never could command?

A kingdom's greatness think how he should sway,

That wholesome counsel never could obey :  
Ill this rude hand did guide a sceptre then,  
Worse now (I fear me) it will rule a pen.

How shall I call my self, or by what name,  
To make thee know from whence these letters came?

Not from thy husband, for my hateful life  
Makes thee a widow, being yet a wife :  
Nor from a king, that title I have lost,  
Now of that name proud Bullenbrook may boast

What I have been, doth but this comfort bring,  
No words so woful as, *I was a King*.  
This lawless life, which first procur'd my hate ;  
(a) This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal state ;

This abject soul of mine, consenting to it ;  
This hand, that was the instrument to do it ;  
All these be witnesses, that I now deny  
All princely types, all Kingly sovereignty.

Didst thou for my sake leave thy father's court,  
Thy famous country and thy princely port,  
And undertook'st to travel dangerous ways,  
Driven by awkward winds and boisterous seas ?  
(b) And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me,

Who sh'd in marriage to be link'd to thee,  
Giv'ng for dow'r the countries neighb'ring nigh,  
Of fruitful Almain and rich Burgundy ?  
Didst thou all this, that England should receive thee,  
To miserable banishment to leave thee ?

And in my downfall and my fortune's wreck,  
Thus to thy country to convey thee back ?

When quiet sleep (the heavy heart's relief)  
Hath rested sorrow, somewhat less'n'd grief,  
My pass'd greatness into mind I call,  
And think this while I dreamed of my fall :  
With this conceit my sorrows I beguile,  
That my fair queen is but withdrawn a while,  
And my attendants in some chamber by,  
As in the height of my prosperity.

Calling aloud, and asking who is there ?  
The echo answ'ring, tells me, Woe is there ;  
And when mine arms would gladly thee embrace,  
I slip the pillow, and the place is cold :  
Which when my waking eyes precisely view,  
'Tis a true token, that it is too true.

As many minutes as in the hours there be,  
So many hours each minute seems to me ;  
Each hour a day, morn, noontide, and a set,  
Each day a year, with miseries complete ;  
A winter, spring time, summer, and a fall,  
All seasons varying, but unseason'd all :  
In endless woe my thread of life thus wears,  
In minutes, hours, days, months, to lingering years.

They praise the summer, that enjoy the south,  
Pomfret is closed in the North's cold month ;  
There pleasant summer dwelleth all the year,  
Frost starved winter doth inhabit here :  
A place wherein despair may fitly dwell,  
Sorrow best suiting with a cloudy cell.  
(c) When Hertford had his judgment of exile,  
Saw I the people's murmuring the while ;  
'Th' uncertain common touch'd with inward care,

As though his sorrows mutually they bare :  
Pond women, and scarce-speaking children moan  
Bewail his parting, wishing his return :



I was forc'd t' abridge his banish'd  
are,  
ey bedew'd his footsteps with their  
ars; .  
ample could not learn to know,  
his greatness by their love might grow.  
Henry boasts of our achievements done,  
he trophies our great fathers won;  
he story of our famous war,  
e the annals of great Lancaster.  
en goodly scions in their spring did  
urish,  
e self-root brought forth, one stock did  
urish,  
d, the top-branch of that golden tree,  
him her utmost power did see,  
the bud still blossomed so fair,  
ght judge what fruit it meant to bear :  
raft, of ev'ry weed o'ergrown,  
our kind, as refuse forth am thrown.  
our grandfire stood in one degree,  
fter Edward, John the young'st of  
ee  
ncely Wales beget a son so base,  
Gaunt's issue should give sovereign  
ce?  
a from France brought John his pris'ner  
me,  
great Cæsars did their spoils to Rome,  
name, obtained by his fatal hand,  
fearful to that conquer'd land :  
increasing, purchas'd in those wars,  
ly now be bounded with the stars;  
is valour from the base world fled,  
n me it is extinguished)  
his virtue, and his conquests sake,  
a demy-god shall make;  
, this vile and abject spirit of mine,  
proceed from temper so divine.  
irthly humour, or what vulgar eye  
o low, as on our misery?  
enbrook is mounted to our throne,  
es that his, which we but call'd our  
a :

Into our councils he himself intrudes,  
And who but Henry with the multitudes?  
His power degrades, his dreadful frown dis-  
graceth,  
He throws them down whom our advancement  
placeth;  
As my disable and unworthy hand  
Never had power, belonging to command.  
He treads our sacred tables in the dust,  
(1) And proves our acts of parliament unjust;  
As though he hated that it should be said,  
That such a law by Richard once was made :  
Whilst I deprest before his greatness, lie  
Under the weight of hate and infamy.  
My back, a foot-stool Bullenbrook to raise,  
My looseness mock'd, and hateful by his praise,  
Outlive mine honour, bury my estate,  
And leave myself nought, but my people's hate.  
Sweet queen, I'll take all counsel thou canst  
give,  
So that thou bid'st me neither hope nor live :  
" Succour that comes, when ill hath done his  
" worst,  
" But sharpens grief, to make us more accurst."  
Comfort is now unpleasing to mine ear,  
Past cure, past care, my bed become my bier :  
Since now misfortune humbleth us so long,  
Till heaven be grown unmindful of our wrong ;  
Yet it forbid my wrongs should ever die,  
But still remember'd to posterity :  
And let the crown be fatal that he wears,  
And ever wet with woful mother's tears.  
Thy curse on Piercy angry heavens prevent,  
Who have not one curse left, on him unspent,  
To scourge the world, now borrowing of my  
store,  
As rich of woes, as I a king am poor.  
Then cease (dear queen) my sorrows to bewail,  
My wound's too great for pity now to heal.  
Age stealth on, whilst thou complaine'st thus,  
My griefs be mortal and infectious :  
Yet better fortunes thy fair youth may try,  
That follow thee, which still from me do fly.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*This tongue, which then renounc'd my regal  
state.*  
the Second, at the resignation of the  
the Duke of Hertford in the tower of  
delivering the same with his own hand,  
fessed his disability to govern, utterly  
g all kingly authority.

(b) *And left'st great Bourbon, for thy love to me.*  
Before the Princess Isabel was married to the  
king, Lewis Duke of Bourbon sued to have had  
her in marriage; which was thought he had ob-  
tained, if this motion had not fallen out in the  
mean time. This Duke of Bourbon sued again  
to have received her at her coming into France



after the imprisonment of king Richard, but king Charles her father then crossed him as before, and gave her to Charles son to the duke of Orleans.

(c) *When Hertford had his judgment of exile.*

When the combat should have been at Coventry, betwixt Henry duke of Hertford, and Thomas duke of Norfolk (where Hertford was adjudged to banishment for ten years) the commons exceedingly lamented; so greatly was he ever favoured of the people.

(d) *That I was forc'd t' abridge his banish'd years.*

When the duke came to take his leave of the king, being then at Eltham, the king, to please the commons, rather than for any love he bare to Hertford, repealed four years of his banishment.

(e) *But Henry boasts of our achievements done.*

Henry, the eldest son of John duke of Lancaster, at the first earl of Derby, then created duke of Hertford; after the death of the duke, John his father was duke of Lancaster and Hertford, earl of Darby, Leiceſter, and Lincoln: and after he had obtained the crown, was called by the name of Bullenbrook, which is a town in Lincolnshire; as usually all the kings of England bare the name of the place where they were born.

(f) *Seven goodly ſciens in their ſpring did flouriſh.*

Edward the Third had ſeven ſons: Edward Prince of Wales, after called the Black Prince: William of Hatfield the ſecond; Lionel duke of

Clarence the third; John of Gaunt duke of Caſter the fourth; Edward of Langly duke of York the fifth; Thomas Woodſtock duke of Glouceſter the ſixth; William of Windſor the ſeventh.

(g) *Edward, the top branch of that golden tree.*  
Truly boasting himſelf to be the eldeſt Edward the Black Prince.

(h) *Yet after Edward, John the young'ſt.*  
As diſabling Henry Bullenbrook, being ſon of the fourth brother; William and being both before John of Gaunt.

(i) *He that from France brought John his*  
*bow.*

Edward the Black Prince taking John his brother a priſoner at the battle of Poitiers, brought him into England, where at the Savoy he died.

(k) *Whoſe name, atchieved by his fatal blow.*  
Called the Black Prince, not ſo much for his complexion, as of the famous battles he fought, as is ſhewed before in the gloſs upon the reign of Edward to the counteſs of Salisbury.

(l) *And proves our acts of parliament unjust.*  
In the next parliament after Richard's death, the crown, Henry cauſed to be annulled all the laws made in the parliament called the wicked parliament, held in the twentieth year of king Richard's reign.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## QUEEN CATHERINE TO OWEN TUDOR.

### *The Argument.*

*Henry* the Fifth, that only man of men,  
To soon deceased; bright *Queen Cath'rine* then,  
(*Henry* the Sixth, her son, of tender years,  
Fortune so strangely her affection steers,  
That amongst many, call'd one day to dance  
Before the king and her) this heir of France,  
And England's dowager, her eye taken had  
By *Owen Tudor*, a brave youthful lad,  
One of her wardrobe, and from Wales descended :  
She, the great good that was to him intended,  
To let him know, this letter doth devise,  
Lest that the greatness of the enterprise  
Should hap to daunt him; but he, bold by kind,  
Shew'd her, his love was answ'ring to her mind.

Not a princess worth impeach'd hereby,  
Love thus triumphs over majesty;  
Think less virtue in this royal hand,  
It intreats, and wonted to command :  
In this sort though humbly now it woo,  
Lest hath been, thou would'st have kneel'd  
unto.  
Think that this submission of my state  
Falls from frailty ; rather judge it fate.  
Sides ne'er more fit for war's stern shock,  
When with women spinning at the rock ;  
Or less clouds did Phœbus glory dim,  
In a clown's shape when he covered him :  
His great command was never more obey'd,  
When a satyr's antic parts he play'd.  
Was thy king, who su'd for love to me ;  
Thou art queen, who sues for love to thee.  
Thou *Henry* was, my love was only his ;  
By his death, it *Owen Tudor's* is.

My love to *Owen*, him my *Henry* giveth ;  
My love to *Henry*, in my *Owen* liveth.  
*Henry* woo'd me, whilst wars did yet increase,  
I woo my *Tudor* in sweet calms of peace ;  
To force affection, he did conquest prove ;  
I come with gentle arguments of love.  
(a) Incamp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,  
First saw I *Henry* clad in princely arms :  
At pleasant Windsor, first these eyes of mine  
My *Tudor* judg'd, for wit and shape, divine :  
*Henry* abroad, with puissance and with force ;  
*Tudor* at home, with courtship and discourse :  
He then, thou now, I hardly can judge whether,  
Did like me best, Plantagenet or Tether ;  
A march, a measure, battle, or a dance,  
A courtly rapier, or a conqu'ring lance.  
His princely bed hath strength'ned my renown,  
(b) And on my temples set a double crown,  
G iiij



Which glorious wreath (as Henry's lawful heir)  
Henry the Sixth upon his brow doth bear.

(c) At Troy in Champain he did first enjoy  
My bridal rites, to England brought from Troy;  
In England now that honour thou shalt have,  
Which once in Champain famous Henry gave.

I seek not wealth, three kingdoms in my  
power :

If these suffice not, where shall be my dower ?

Sad discontent may ever follow her,

Which doth base self before true love prefer :

If titles still could our affections tye,

What is so great, but majesty might buy ?

As I seek thee, so kings do me desire ;

To what they would, thou easily may'st aspire.

That sacred fire once warm'd my heart before,

The fuel fit, the flame is now the more :

And means to quench it I in vain do prove,

" We may hide treasure, but not hide our love : "

And since it is thy fortune thus to gain it,

It were too late, nor will I now restrain it.

(d) Nor these great titles vainly will I bring,

Wife, daughter, mother, sister to a king,

Of grandfire, father, husband, son and brother,

More thou alone to me than all these other.

(e) Nor fear, my Tudor, that this love of mine  
Should wrong the Gaunt-born great Lancastrian  
line,

(f) Or make the English blood, the sun or moon,

Repine at Lorain, Bourbon, Alançon ;

Nor do I think there is such different odds,

They should alone be number'd with the gods :

Of Cadmus earthly issue reck'ning us,

And they from Jove, Mars, Neptune, Æolus ;

Of great Lætona's offspring only they,

And we the brats of woful Niobe.

Our famous grandfires (as their own) bestrid

That horse of fame, that God-begotten steed,

Whose bounding hoof plow'd that Boetian  
spring,

Where those sweet maids of memory do sing.

I claim not all from Henry, but as well

To be the child of Charles and Isabel :

Nor can I think from whence their grief should  
grow,

That by this match they be disparag'd so.

(g) When John and Longshanks issue were affy'd

And to the kings of Wales in wedlock ty'd,

Shewing the greatness of your blood thereby,

Your race and royal consanguinity :

And Wales, as well as haughty England boasts,

(h) Of Camilet, and all her pentecosts,

To have precedence in Pendragon's race,

At Arthur's table challenging the place.

It by the often conquest of your land,

They boast the spoils of their victorious hand ;

If these our ancient chronicles be true,

They altogether are not free from you.

(i) When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack,

Twice ent'ring Wales, yet twice was beaten back ;

When famous Cambria wash'd her in the flood,

Made by th' effusion of the English blood ;

(k) And oft return'd with glorious victory,

From Worcester, Hereford, Chester, Shrewsbury ;

Whose pow'r in ev'ry conquest so prevails,  
As once expuls'd the English out of Wales.

Although my beauty made my country's peace,

And at my bridal former broils did cease ;

More than his pow'r had not his person been,

I had not come to England as a queen.

Nor took I Henry to supply my want,

Because in France that time my choice was scant,

When it had robb'd all Christendom of men,

And England's flow'r remain'd amongst us then :

Glo'ster, whose counsels (Nestor-like) assist ;

Couragious Bedford, that great martialist ;

Clarence, for virtue honour'd of his foes ;

And York, whose fame yet daily greater grows ;

Warwick, the pride of Nevil's haughty race ;

Great Sals'bury, so fear'd in every place ;

That valiant Pool, who no achievements dars ;

And Vere, so famous in the Irish wars ;

Who, though my self so great a prince were born,

The worst of these my equal need not scorn :

But Henry's rare perfections, and his parts,

As conqu'ring kingdoms, so he conquer'd hearts ;

As chaste was I to him as queen might be,

But freed from him, my chaste love vow'd to  
thee.

Beauty doth fetch all favour from thy face,

All perfect courtship resteth in thy grace :

If thou discourse, thy lips such accents break,

As love a spirit forth of thee seem'd to speak.

The British language, which our vowels wants,

And jars so much upon harsh consonants,

Comes with such grace from thy mellifluous  
tongue,

As do the sweet notes of a well-set song,

And runs as smoothly from those lips of thine,

As the pure Tuscan from the Florentine ;

Leaving such season'd sweetness in the ear,

That the voice past, yet still the sound is there :

In Nisus' Tower, as when Apollo lay,

And on his golden viol us'd to play ;

Where senseless stones were with such ~~noise~~  
drown'd,

As many years they did retain the sound.

Let not the beams, that greatness doth reflect,

Amaze thy hopes with timorous respect ;

Assure thee, Tudor, majesty can be

As kind in love, as can the mean'st degree ;

And the embraces of a queen as true

As theirs, which think them much advanc'd by  
you.

When in our greatness, our affections crave

Those secret joys that other women have :

So I (a queen) be sovereign in my choice,

Let others fawn upon the public voice ;

Or what (by this) can ever hap to thee,

Light, in respect to be belov'd of me ?

Let preivish worldlings prate of right and wrong

Leave plaints and pleas to whom they do belong

Let old men speak of chances and events,

And lawyers talk of titles and descents ;

Leave fond reports to such as stories tell,

And covenants to those that buy and sell :

Love, my sweet Tudor, that becomes thee best

And to our good success refer the rest.



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 ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*camp'd at Melans, in war's hot alarms,  
 &c.*

to Melans, upon the river of Seyne, appointed place of parley between the of England and France; to which place queen of France, and the duke of Burgh the young princess Catharine, where y first saw her.

*and on my temples set a double crown.*

the fifth, and queen Catharine, were king and queen of France; and during the reigns the French king, Henry was called England, and heir of France: and after of Henry the fifth, Henry the sixth his son being very young, was crowned at twelve and lawful king of England and

*at Troy in Champaign he did first enjoy.*

Champaign was the place where that king Henry the fifth married the princess, in the presence of the chief nobility of England and France.

*For these great titles vainly will I bring,  
 Wife, daughter, mother, &c.*

kins of England or France were ever more closely allied than this queen, as it hath been told by historiographers.

*For fear my Tudor, that this love of mine  
 should wrong the Gaunt-born, &c.*

the descent of Henry her husband from the house of Lancaster the fourth son of Edward the third which duke John was surnamed Gaunt, of Gaunt in Flanders where he was born.

*Or make be English blood, the sun and moon,  
 repine, &c.*

ing to the greatness of the English line to

Phœbus and Phœbe, feigned to be the children of Latona, whose heavenly kind might scorn to be joined with any earthly progeny: yet with all, boasting the blood of France, as not inferior to theirs. And with this allusion followeth on the history of the strife betwixt Juno and the face of Cadmus, whose issue was afflicted by the wrath of heaven. The children of Niobe slain; for which the woful mother became a rock, gushing forth continually a fountain of tears.

*(g) When John and Longshanks' issue were  
 affy'd.*

Lhewellen or Leolin ap Iorwith, married Joan daughter to King John, a most beautiful lady. Some authors affirm that she was base-born. Lhewellin ap Gryfith married Eleanor, daughter to Simon Montfort earl of Leicester, and cousin to Edward Longshanks; both which Lhewellins were princes of Wales.

*(b) Of Camilot, and all her Pentecosts,  
 To have precedence, &c.*

Camilot the ancient palace of king Arthur, to which place all the knights of the famous order yearly repaired at Pentecost, according to the law of the table: and most of the famous home-born knights were of that country, as to this day is perceived by their ancient monuments.

*(i) When bloody Rufus sought your utter sack.*

Noting the ill success which William Rufus had in two voyages he made into Wales; in which a number of his chief nobility were slain.

*(k) And oft return'd with glorious victory.*

Noting the divers and sundry incursions that the Welshmen made into England in the time of Rufus, John, Henry the second, and Longshanks.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## OWEN TUDOR TO QUEEN CATHARINE.

When first mine eyes beheld your princely  
name,  
And found from whence this friendly letter  
came;

As in excess of joy, I had forgot,  
Whether I saw it, or I saw it not:  
My panting heart doth bid mine eyes pro-  
ceed,

My dazzled eyes invite my tongue to read,  
Which wanting their direction, dully mist it:  
My lips, which should have spoke, were dumb,  
and kist it,

And left the paper in my trembling hand,  
When all my senses did amazed stand:  
Even as a mother coming to her child,  
Which from her presence hath been long exil'd,  
With gentle arms his tender neck doth strain,  
Now kissing it, now clipping it again;  
And yet excessive joy deludes her so,  
As still she doubts, if this be hers, or no.  
At length awaken'd from this pleasing dream,  
When passion somewhat left to be extreme,  
My longing eyes with their fair object meet,  
Where ev'ry letter's pleasing, each word sweet.

It was not Henry's conquests, nor his court,  
That had the power to win me by report;  
Nor was his dreadful terror-striking name,  
The cause that I from Wales to England came:  
For christian Rhodes, and our religion's truth,  
To great achiev'ment first had won my youth:  
This great adventure did my valour prove,  
Before I e'er knew what it was to love.  
Nor came I hither by some poor event,  
But by th' eternal Destinies consent;  
Whose uncompri'd wisdom did foresee,  
That you in marriage should be link'd to me.

By our great Merlin was it not foretold,  
(Amongst his holy prophesies enroll'd)  
When first he did of Tudor's name divine,  
That kings and queens should follow in our line  
(a) And that the helm (the Tudors ancient crest)  
Should with the golden flow'r-de-luce be dress'd?  
As that the leek (our country's chief renown  
Should grow with roses in the English crown?  
As Charles his daughter, you the lily wear;  
As Henry's queen, the blushing rose you bear;  
By France's conquest, and by England's oath,  
You are the true made dowager of both:  
Both in your crown, both in your cheek to-  
ther,  
Join Tether's love to yours, and yours to To-  
ther.

Then cast no future doubts, nor fear no harm  
When it so long hath been foretold by fate;  
And by the all-disposing doom of heav'n,  
Before our births, we to one bed were giv'n.  
No Pallas here, nor Juno is at all,  
When I to Venus yield the golden ball:  
Nor when the Grecians wonder I enjoy,  
None in revenge to kindle fire in Troy.

And have not strange events divin'd to us,  
That in our love we should be prosperous?  
(b) When in your presence I was call'd to dance  
In lofty tricks whilst I myself advance,  
And in a turn my footing fail'd by hap,  
Was't not my chance to light into your lap?  
Who would not judge it fortune's greatest gift  
Sith he must fall, to fall in such a place?

His birth from heav'n, your Tudor not deriv'd  
Nor stands on tip toes in superlatives,  
Although the envious English do devise  
A thousand jests of our hyperbolies;



m that plot by ancient deeds,  
us pastures his fire-breathing steeds  
It my God-made grandfire's scars,  
rophies in the Titans wars :  
r birth (your princely ears to please)  
its getting, as was Hercules :  
ge my long descent to run  
leptune, or the glorious sun :  
n Wales, with them that famous be,  
ards do sing my pedigree ;  
It my birth from great Cadwalla-

Caer-Septon, in mount Palador :  
m Encon's line, the South-Wales

the Tudors name do bring.  
ther's princely stock began  
great grandame, fair Gwenellian,  
escent from Leolin the great,  
n North-Wales, as fair Powlland's

our princely genealogy  
d to make apology :  
h judgment's true impartial eyes,  
om whence our name at first did

at fortune is to us in debt ;  
: Tudor, as Plantagenet ?  
hat term *Croggen*, nickname of dif-

word now in ev'ry place,  
our blood, or wrong a Welshman's

at first begot with England's shame.  
swords our right did still maintain,  
cruel, proud, usurping Dane,  
ides in many dang'rous fights,  
ays, Swethens, and with Musco-  
; pt our native language now thus

day yet never chang'd our tongue :  
which now our nation fain would

ve lost their country and their name.  
ld the Saxons swords provoke  
necks to bear their servile yoke :  
bria's pleasant countries bounded be  
ig Severn, and the holy Dee :  
eat Brutus first arriv'd, have stood  
nnant of the Trojan blood.

an is not allotted chance,  
th Henry, to have conquer'd France :  
rtune be thus rais'd by thee,  
efuge a farther good to me ;  
int David, in the Britons right,  
with George, the sainted English  
ht :

(1) And old Caer-Merdin, Merlin's famous  
town,  
Not scorn'd by London, though of such re-  
nown.

Ah, would to God that hour my hopes at-  
tend,

Were with my wish brought to desired end !  
Blame me not, madam, though I thus desire,  
Many there be, that after you inquire ;  
Till now your beauty in night's bosom slept,  
What eye durst stir, where awful Henry kept ?  
Who durst attempt to sail but near the bay,  
Where that all-conqu'ring great Alcides lay ?

Your beauty now is set a royal prize,  
And kings repair to cheapen merchandise.  
If you but walk to take the breathing air,  
Orithia makes me that I Boreas fear :

If to the fire, Jove once in light'ning came,  
And fair Egina makes me fear the flame :  
If in the sun, then sad suspicion dreams  
Phœbus should spread Lucothoe in his beams :

If in a fountain you do cool your blood,  
Neptune I fear, which once came in a flood :  
If with your maids, I dread Apollo's rape,  
Who cou'sned Chion in an old wife's shape :

If you do banquet, Bacchus makes me dread,  
Who in a grape Erigone did feed :  
And if myself your chamber door should keep,  
Yet fear I Hermes coming in a sleep.

Pardon (sweet queen) if I offend in this,  
In these delays love most impatient is :  
And youth wants pow'r his hot spleen to sup-  
press,

When hope already banquets in excess.

Though Henry's fame in me you shall not  
find,

Yet that which better shall content your mind !  
But only in the title of a king

Was his advantage, in no other thing :  
If in his love more pleasure you did take,  
Never let queen trust Briton for my sake.

Yet judge me not from modesty exempt,  
That I another Phœton's charge attempt ;  
My mind, that thus your favours dare aspire,  
Shews, that 'tis touch'd with a celestial fire :

If I do fault, the more is beauty's blame,  
When she herself is author of the same :

" All men to some one quality incline,"  
Only to love is naturally mine.

Thou art by beauty famous, as by birth,  
Ordain'd by heav'n to cheer the drooping earth :  
Add faithful love unto your greater state,  
And be alike in all things fortunate.

A king might promise more, I not deny,  
But yet (by heav'n) he lov'd not more than I.  
And thus I leave, till time my faith approve ;  
I cease to write, but never cease to love.



## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *And that the arms, the Tudors ancient crest.*  
The arms of Tudor was three helmets; whereof he speaketh as a thing prophetically foretold of Merlin.

(b) *When in thy presence I was call'd to dance.*  
Owen Tudor, being a courtly and active gentleman, commanded once to dance before the queen, in a turn (not being able to recover himself) fell into her lap, as she sat upon a little stool with many of her ladies about her.

(c) *And yet in Wales with them that famous be,  
Our learned bards, &c.*  
This Berdh, as they call it in the British tongue, or as we more properly say, Bard, or Bardus, be their poets, which kept the records of pedigrees and descents, and sung in odes and measures to their harps, after the old manner of the Lyric poets.

(d) *And best my blood from great Cadwallader.*  
Cadwallader the last king of the Britons, descended of the noble and ancient race of the Trojans; to whom an angel appeared commanding him to go to Rome to Pope Sergius, where he ended his life.

(e) *From old Caer-Septin in mount Palador.*  
Caer-Septon, now called Shaftesbury, at whose building it was said an eagle prophesied (or rather, one Aquila) of the fame of that place, and of the recovery of the isle by the Britons, bringing back with them the bones of Cadwallader from Rome.

(f) *And from Eneon's line, the South Wales king,  
By Theodor, &c.*  
This Eneon was slain by the rebels of Gwent-

land; he was a notable and worthy man who in his life did many noble acts, another to Theodor, or Tudor Maur, of scended the princes of South-Wales.

(g) *From her great grandame, fair G  
Gwenellian, the daughter of Rees a  
ap Theodore of South-Wales, marrie  
Vaughan ancestor to Owen Tudor.*

(h) *By true descent from Leolin the g  
This is the Lchwellin, called Leolinus  
prince of North-Wales.*

(i) *Nor that word Croggen, nickname*  
In the voyage that Henry the second against the Welshmen, as his soldiers paddled at Croggen castle, they were overtaken by the Welshmen. Which word Croggen been used to the Welshmens disgrace, first begun with their honour.

(k) *And kept our native language now*  
The Welshmen be those ancient Britons when the Picts, Danes, and Saxons invaded; they were first driven into those parts where they kept their language ever since the first commixation with any other.

(l) *And old Caer-Merdin, Merlin's town*  
Caer-Merdin, or Merlin's town, so called from Merlin's being found there: This was Merlin, whose prophecies we have. There was another of that name, called Merlin the younger, born in Scotland, surnamed Calidonus of the forest of Calidon, where he prophesied.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## ELENOR COBHAM TO DUKE HUMPHRY.

### *The Argument.*

Wife Humphry Duke of Glo'ster, nam'd the good,  
Next to his nephew of the royal blood,  
(Henry the Sixth then being very young)  
Chosen protector : by ambition strong,  
Whose duchess Elenor, violently led  
To think the crown theirs, were young Henry dead, !  
Convicted was with forcerers to conspire,  
Which practis'd to hasten her desire :  
For which she her thrice-penance was assign'd ;  
To th' isle of Man and afterwards confin'd  
From whence she writes this letter to her Lord,  
Who that sad Lady doth the like afford.

WOMAN, not knowing who these lines should  
send,  
straight turn'st over to the latter end,  
:thou my name no sooner hast espy'd,  
disdain my letter casts aside :  
if thou wilt, I will myself deny,  
'll affirm and swear, I am not I :  
in that thy shame thou do'st perceive,  
or thy dear sake, I my name will leave.  
yet, methinks, amaz'd thou shouldst not  
stand,  
be so much appalled at my hand ;  
my misfortunes have inur'd thine eye  
(before this) to sights of misery.  
read on, 'tis I, the very same,  
thou canst read, is but to read my shame.

Be not dismay'd, nor let my name affright ;  
The worst it can, is but t'offend thy sight ;  
It cannot wound, nor do thee deedly harm,  
It is no dreadful spell, no magic charm :  
If she that sent it, love Duke Humphry so,  
Is't possible her name should be his foe ?  
Yes, I am El'nor, I am very she,  
Who brought for dower a virgin's bed to thee :  
(a) 'Though envious Beauford slander'd me before,  
To be Duke Humphry's wanton paramour.  
And though indeed I can it not deny,  
(b) To magic once I did myself apply,  
I won thee not, as there be many think,  
With pois'ning philters, and bewitching drink ;  
Nor on thy person did I ever prove  
Those wicked potions, so procuring love.



I cannot boast, to be rich Holland's heir,  
Nor of the blood and greatness of Baviere:

(c) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,  
To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin;  
Nor clam'rous husband follow'd me, that fled,  
Exclaiming Humphry to defile his bed:  
Nor wast thou forc'd, the slander to suppress,  
To send me back as an adulteress:

(d) Brabant, nor Burgoin, claimed me by force,  
Nor su'd to Rome to hasten my divorce;  
Nor Belgia's pomp, defac'd with Belgia's fire,  
The just reward of her unjust desire:

(e) Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,  
That princely-issued great Burgonian,  
Need stand with me, to move a woman's strife,  
To yield the place to the protector's wife;  
If Cobham's name my birth can dignify  
Or Storborough renown my family.

(f) Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court  
of late,

Where she with Humphry held a princely state?  
That pleasant Kent, when I abroad should ride.  
That to my pleasure laid forth all her pride?  
The Thames, by water when I took the air,  
That danc'd my barge, in launching from the  
stair?

The anch'ring ships, which, when I pass'd the  
road,

Were wont to hang their chequer'd tops abroad?  
How could it be, those that were wont to stand,  
To see my pomp, so goddess-like to land,  
Should after see me mail'd up in a sheet,  
Do shameful penance three times in the street?  
Rung with a bell, a taper in my hand,  
Bare-foot to trudge before a beadle's wand;  
That little babes, not having use of tongue,  
Stood pointing at me as I came along.

Where then was Humphry? where was his  
command?

Was thou not Lord protector of the land?  
Or for thy justice, who could thee deny  
The title of the good Duke Humphery?  
What blood extract from famous Edward's line,  
Could boast itself to be so pure as thine?  
Who else, next Henry, should the realm prefer,  
If it allow the line of Lancaster?  
But Rayner's daughter must from France be set,  
And with a vengeance on our throne be set;  
Mauns, Main, and Anjou, on that beggar cast,  
To bring her home to England in such haste;  
And what for Henry thou hast labour'd there,  
To join the King with Arminack's rich heir,  
Must all be dash'd as no such thing had been;  
Pool needs must have his darling made a Queen:  
How should he with our princes else be plac'd,  
To have his Earlship with a Dukedom grac'd,  
And raise the offspring of his blood so high,  
As Lords of us and our posterity?

O! that by sea when he to France was sent,  
The ship had sunk, wherein the traitor went!  
Or, that the sands had swallow'd her, before  
She e'er set foot upon the English shore!  
But all is well, nay, we have store to give,  
What need we more: we by her looks can live.

All that great Henry by his conquests heapt,  
And famous Bedford to his glory kept,  
Is given back to Rayner all in poit;  
And by this means rich Normandy is lost.  
Those which have come as mistresses of ours,  
Have into England brought their goodly dow'r  
Which to our coffers yearly tribute brings,  
The life of subjects, and the strength of Kings,  
The means whereby fair England ever might  
Raise power in France, to back her ancient right  
But she brings ruin here to make abode,  
And cancel all our lawful claim abroad;  
And she must recapitulate my shame,  
And give a thousand by-words to my name,  
And call me, beldam, gib, witch, night-man  
trot,

With all dispiht that may a woman spot.  
O, that I were a witch but for her sake!  
I faith her Queenship little rest should take:  
I'd scratch that face that may not feel the air,  
And knit whole ropes of witch knots in her hair  
O, I would hag her nightly in her bed,  
And on her breast sit like a lump of lead,  
And like a fairy pinch that dainty skin,  
Her wanton blood is now so cocker'd in;  
Or take me some such known familiar shape,  
As she my vengeance never should escape.  
Were I a garment, none should need the more  
To sprinkle me with Nessus' pois'ned gore;  
It were enough, if she once put me on,  
To tear both flesh and sinews from the bone:  
Were I a flower, that might her smell delight,  
Though I were not the pois'ning aconite,  
I would send such a fume into her brow,  
Should make her mad, as mad as I am now.

(g) They say, the druids once liv'd in this isle,  
This fatal man, the place of my exile,  
Whose pow'ful charms such dreadful wonders  
wrought.

Which in the gorish island-tongue were taught:  
O! that their spells to me they had resign'd,  
Wherewith they rais'd and calm'd both sea and  
wind,

And made the moon pause in her paled sphere,  
Whilst her grim dragons drew them through the  
air;

Their hellish power, to kill the plough-man's seed  
Or to forespeak whole flocks as they did feed;  
To nurse a damned spirit with human blood,  
To carry them through earth, air, fire and flood:  
Had I this skill, that time hath almost lost,  
How like a goblin I would haunt her ghost!  
O pardon, pardon my misgovern'd tongue,  
A woman's strength cannot endure my wrong-

(h) Did not the heavens her coming in witness  
stand,

As though affrighted when she came to land?  
The earth did quake, her coming to abide;  
The goodly Thames did twice keep back his tide  
Paul's shook with tempest, and that mount-  
spire,

With lightning sent from heaven, was set on fire  
Our stately buildings to the ground were blow'n  
Her pride by these prodigious signs was shewn



## ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPIGRAMS.

121

Some on the English earth,  
at any death or birth,  
Humphry, if I should not speak,  
and split, my very heart would

so many to command,  
a with a clap-dish in my hand :  
a covering me withal,  
or of care's hospital ;  
hate a presence held in awe,  
and in a pad of straw :  
I, by night to go abroad,  
within an ivy pod,  
dissa, in the dampy cavern,  
as, fit to dwell in graves.  
hate eyes, in whole sweet cheer-

once such joy and pleasure took  
despoil'd them of all grace,  
I say, this was my El'nor's face :  
man, whose dishevel'd hair  
lies glaring in the air ;  
up like horns upon my head,  
women that are in coos bred :  
hang like bladders left upblown,  
athome jaundice over-grown ;  
that if thou long'st to see  
we, only look on me.  
hinking of what I have had,  
extasy grow mad :  
lam, forth thy El'nor runs,  
thus' raging frantic runs :  
r, when in strange disguise,  
dismal sacrifice  
Beauford, a foul ill befall him :  
nay, devil I should call him :  
me, if I think amiss,  
methinks, my poison is :  
las, our professed foe,  
him wheresoe'er he go ;

That to my judgment when I did appear,  
Laid to my charge those things that never were :  
That I should know of Bullenbrook's intent,  
(1) The hallowing of his magic instruments ;  
That I procured Southwell to assist,  
Which was by order consecrate a priest :  
That it was I should cover all they did,  
Which but for him had to this day been hid,  
Ah that vile bastard, that himself dare vaunt,  
To be the son of thy great grandfere Gaunt,  
Whom he but father'd of mere charity  
To rid his mother of that infamy ;  
Who, if report of elder times be true,  
Yet to this day his father never knew.  
He that by murder's black and odious crime,  
To Henry's throne attempted once to climb,  
(2) Having procur'd, by hope of golden gain,  
A fatal hand his sovereign to have slain,  
Whom to his chamber closely he convey'd,  
And for that purpose fitly there had laid,  
Upon whose sword that famous prince had dy'd,  
If by a dog he had not been deserv'd.

But now the Queen, her minion pool, and he,  
As it please them, ev'n so must all things be :  
England's no place for any one beside,  
All is too little to maintain their pride.  
What of a King hath Henry but the name ?  
And now scarce that, so public his defame !  
And I pray God I do not live the day,  
To see his ruin and the realm's decay :  
And yet as sure as Humphry seems to stand,  
He be preserv'd from the vile traitor's hand.  
From Glo'tter's seat I would thou wert estrang'd,  
Or would to God that dukedom's name were  
For it portends some after-ill to us, [chang'd  
Ah Humphry, Humphry, it is ominous !  
Yet rather than thy hap so hard should be,  
I would thou wert here banished with me.  
Humphry, adieu, farewell true noble Lord,  
My wish is all thy El'nor can afford.

## NOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

envious Beauford slander'd me  
extreme hate that Cardinal Beau-  
ern to her.

once I did myself apply.  
was accused by some, that  
land, and mistook her marriage  
phry, that she practised to give  
a such poisoning potions, to make

him love her ; as she was slandered by Cardinal  
Beauford, to have lived as the Duke's lemmen :  
against the which Cardinal, she exclaimeth in  
this epistle in the verse before.

(c) Yet El'nor brought no foreign armies in,  
To fetch her back, as did thy Jacomin.

This was the chief and only thing that ever  
touched the reputation of this good Duke, that  
doatingly he married Jacomin, or as some call



her, Jaques, daughter and heir to Willem Bavier, Duke of Holland, before married, and lawful wife to John Duke of Brabant, then living: which after, as it is shewed in this verse following,

(d) *Brabant nor Burgoin claimed me by force  
Nor su'd to Rome, to hasten my divorce,*  
caused great wars, by reason that the Duke of Burgoin took part with Brabant against the Duke of Gloucester; which being arbitrated by the Pope, the Lady was adjudged to be delivered back to her former husband.

(e) *Nor Bedford's spouse, your noble sister Ann,  
That princely-issued great Burgonian.*  
John Duke of Bedford, that scourge of France and the glory of the Englishmen, marry'd Ann sister to the Duke of Burgundy, a virtuous and beautifuly Lady: by which marriage, as also by his victories obtained in France, he brought great strength to the English nation.

(f) *Where's Greenwich now, thy El'nor's court  
of late?*  
That fair and goodly palace of Greenwich in Kent, was first builded by that famous Duke; whose rich and pleasant situation might remain an assured monument of his wisdom, if there were no other memory of the same.

(g) *They say, the Druids once liv'd in this isle.*  
It should seem that there were two islands, both of them called *Mons*, though now distinguished, the one by the name of *Man*, the other by the name of *Anglesey*; both which were full of many infernal ceremonies, as may appear by Agricola's voyage made into the hithermost *Man*, described by his son-in-law Cornelius Tacitus. And as superstition, the daughter of barbarism and ignorance, so amongst those northerly nations, like as in America, magic was most esteem'd.

*Druids* were the public ministers of religion, as thoroughly taught in all thereof. Their doctrine concerned the immortality of the soul, the contempt of death, and other points which may conduce to fortitude, and magnanimity. Their abodes were groves and woods, whereupon they name: their power extended itself to souls of men deceased, and to confer wisdom and spirits about the success of things.

Plutarch, in his profound and learned history of the defect of oracles, reporteth that the British isles were the prison of I wot Demigods. But I shall not need to go farther of the *Druids*, than that which doth:

*Et vos barbaricos ritus, moremque  
Sacrorum, Druidæ positis repetistis.*

(h) *Did not the heavens her coming in  
Noting the fearful and prodigious  
were seen in England a little before her  
in: which Flenor expresth in this  
fore-shewing the dangers which should  
this unlucky marriage.*

(i) *The ballowing of his magic instru-  
The instruments which Bullenbrooke  
his conjurations, according to the deu-  
monies and customs of these unlawful  
dedicated at a mass in Harnsey park by  
a priest of Westminster.*

(k) *Having procur'd, by hope of gold  
This was one of the articles that Dray-  
phry urged against the Cardinal Beau-  
he conspired the death of Henry  
by conveying a villain into his cham-  
ber in the night should have murdered  
what ground of truth he had for the  
leave to dispute.*



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## ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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### DUKE HUMPHRY TO ELENOR COBHAM.

NEVER should'st not doubt I could  
forget  
how so many do remember yet,  
no, our joys away like shadows slide,  
sorrows firm in memory abide :  
durst answer thou durst nothing less,  
no passion urg'd by thy distress.  
nor, no thy woes, thy grief, thy wrong,  
in my breast been resident too long.  
when report in ev'ry place had spread,  
'nor was to sanctuary fled  
curst onley, and the witch of eye,  
try of their vile conspiracy ;  
readful spirits when they did invoke,  
the succession, and the realm's estate :  
Henry's image they in wax had wrought.  
which he should have to his death been  
brought,  
as his picture did consume away,  
person so by sickness should decay :  
, that before could ne'er my thoughts  
controul,  
instant took possession of my soul.  
I, would to God I could forget thine ill !  
or mine own, let that afflict me still ;  
that before hath taken too sure hold :  
get it, said I ? would to God I could !  
my woe if thou hast but one part,  
leave the whole remaining in my heart ;  
leave no need of others cares to borrow,  
all I have is nothing else but sorrow,  
my sweet Nell, thou took'st not all away,  
though thou went'st hence, here still thy woes  
do stay ;  
though from thy husband thou wert forc'd to go,  
else still remain, they will not leave him so :  
eye bewails my ill, moans thy distress,  
grief's the more, but yet our debt the less :  
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We owe no tears, no mourning days are kept  
For those that yet for us have never wept,  
We hold no obits, no sad exequies,  
Upon the death-days of unweeping eyes.  
Alas, good Nell, what should thy patience  
move,  
T'upbraid thy kind Lord with a foreign love ?  
Thou might'st have bid all former ills adieu,  
Forgot the old, we have such store of new.  
Did I omit thy love to entertain,  
With mutual grief to answer grief again ?  
Or think'st thou I unkindly did forbear  
To bandy woe for woe, and tear for tear ?  
Did I forget, or carelessly neglect  
Those shews of love that ladies so respect ?  
In mournful black was I not seen to go,  
By outward signs t'express my inward woe ?  
Did I thy loss not publicly lament,  
Nor by my looks bewray'd my discontent ?  
Is this the cause ? if this be it, know then,  
" One grief conceal'd, more grievous is than ten,"  
If in my breast those sorrows sometimes were,  
And never utter'd, they must still be there ;  
And if thou know'st they many were before,  
By time encreasing, they must needs be more.  
England to me can challenge nothing lent  
Let her cast up what is receiv'd, what spent :  
If I her own, can she from blame be free,  
If she but prove a step-mother to me ?  
That if I should with that proud bastard strive,  
To plead for birth-right my prerogative,  
Be that allow'd, I should not need to fear it,  
For then my true nobility should bear it :  
If counsel aid, that France will tell (I know)  
Whose towns lie waste before the English foe,  
When thrice we gave the conquer'd French the  
foil,

(a) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Vernole :



If faith avail, these arms did Henry hold,  
To claim his crown, yet scarcely nine months  
old ;

If countries care have leave to speak for me,  
Gray hairs in youth my witness then may be :  
If peoples tongues give splendour to my fame,  
'They add a title to Duke Humphry's name :  
If toil at home, French treason, English hate,  
Shall tell my skill in managing the state ;  
If foreign travel my success may try,

(b) Then Flanders, Almain, Boheme, Burgundy,  
'That robe of Rome proud Beauford now doth  
wear,

In every place such sway should never bear :

(c) The crossier-staff in his imperious hand,  
'To be the sceptre that controuls the land ;  
'That home to England dispensations draws,  
Which are of power to abrogate our laws :  
And for those sums the wealthy church should pay,  
Upon the needy commonalty to lay ;  
His ghostly counsels only do advise

(d) The means how Langley's progeny may rise,  
Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways,  
A Duke of York from Cambridge house to raise,  
Which after may our title undermine.

Grafted since Edward in Gaunt's famous line,  
Us of succession falsely to deprive,  
Which they from Clarence feignedly derive,  
Knowing the will old Cambridge ever bore,  
'To catch the wreath that famous Henry wore :  
With Gray and Scroop when first he laid the plot,  
From us and ours the garland to have got ;  
As from the March-born Mortimer to reign,  
Whose title Glendour stoutly did maintain,  
When the proud Percies, haughty March, and he,  
Had shar'd the land by equal parts in three.

(e) His priesthood now proud Mowbary will  
restore,

To stir the fire that kindled was before :  
Against the Yorkists shall their claim advance,  
To steel the point of Norfolk's sturdy lance,  
Upon the breast of Hertford's issue bent,  
In just revenge of ancient banishment.

He doth advise to let our pris'ner go,  
And doth enlarge the faithless Scottish foe,

(f) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their  
dow'rs

May bring invasion upon us and ours.

Ambitious Suffolk so the helm doth guide,  
With Beauford's damned policies supply'd ;

He and the Queen in counsel still confer,  
How to raise him, who hath advanced her.

But, my dear heart, how vainly do I dream,  
And fly from thee, whose sorrows are my theme !  
My love to thee and England thus divided,  
Which hath the most, how hard to be decided ?  
Or thou, or that, to censure I am loth,  
So near are you, so dear unto me both ;  
'Twixt that and thee, for equal love I find,  
England ungrateful, and my El'nor kind.  
But though my country justly I reprove,  
Yet I for that neglected have my love ;  
Nevertheless, thy Humphry's to thee now,  
As when fresh beauty triumph'd on thy brow ;  
As when thy graces I admired most,  
Or of thy favours might the frankli'ft boast :  
Those beauties were so infinite before,  
That in abundance I was only poor,  
Of which, thou time hath taken some again,  
I ask no more but what doth yet remain.  
Be patient, gentleheart, in thy distress,  
Thou art a Princess not a whit the less.  
Whilst in these breasts we bear about this life,  
I am thy husband, and thou art my wife.  
Cast not thine eye on such as mounted be,  
But look on those cast down as low as we ;  
For some of them which proudly perch so high,  
E'er long shall come as low as thou or I,  
They weep for joy, and let us laugh in woe,  
We shall exchange, when heav'n will have it so ;  
We mourn, and they in after-time may mourn ;  
We past, may once laugh present wo to scorn ;  
And worse than hath been, we can never taste,  
Worse cannot come, than is already past ;  
" In all extremes, the only depth of ill  
" Is that which comforts the afflicted still.

Ah, would to God thou couldst thy grief deny,  
And on my back let all the burthen lye !  
Or if thou canst resign, make them mine own,  
Both in one carriage to be undergone,  
Till we again our former hopes recover,  
And prosp'rous times blow these misfortunes over :  
For in the thought of those fore-passed years,  
Some new resemblance of old joy appears.  
Mutual our care, so mutual be our love,  
That our affliction never can remove ;  
So rest in peace, where peace hath hope to live,  
Wishing thee more than I myself can give.



## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*(b) At Agincourt, at Cravant, and Verneuil.*

Three famous battles fought by the English-  
France: Agincourt by Henry the Fifth,  
the whole power of France: Cravant,  
by Montacute Earl of Salisbury and the  
Duke of Burgoin, against the Dauphin of France,  
William Stuart Constable of Scotland: Ver-  
neuil fought by John Duke of Bedford, against  
the Duke of Alanson, and with him most of the  
nobles of France; Duke Humphry an especial  
leader in all these expeditions.

*(c) Then Flanders, Almaine, Boheme, Burgundy.*

Remembering the ancient amity which in  
ancient times he had concluded betwixt the King  
of England, and Sigismund Emperor of Almain,  
the Duke of Burgoin into the same league,  
giving himself as an hostage for the Duke of Saint  
Pol while the Duke came to Calice to con-  
firm the league: with his many other employ-  
ments in foreign kingdoms.

*The crosser staff in his imperious hand.*

By Beauford Cardinal of Winchester, that  
proud haughty Prelate, received the Cardi-  
nal at Calice by the Pope's legate; which  
Henry the Fifth, his nephew, forbade  
him to take upon him, knowing his haughty  
ambitious spirit unfit for that robe and call-

*(d) The means how Langley's progeny may rise.*

As willing to shew, the house of Cambridge to  
be descended of Edmond Langley Duke of York,  
a younger brother to John of Gaunt his grand-  
father, (as much as in him lay) to smother the  
title the Yorkists made to the crown (from  
Lionel of Clarence, Gaunt's eldest brother) by  
the daughter of Mortimer.

*(e) His priesthood now stern Mowbray will  
refuse.*

Noting the ancient grudge between the house  
of Lancaster and Norfolk, ever since Mowbray  
Duke of Norfolk was banished, for the accusation  
of Henry duke of Hertford (after that, King of  
England, and father to Duke Humphry); which  
accusation, he came as a combatant to have made  
good, in the lists at Coventry.

*(f) Giving our heirs in marriage, that their  
dow'rs.*

James Stuart King of Scots having been long  
prisoner in England, was released, and took to  
wife the daughter of John Duke of Somerset,  
sister to John Duke of Somerset, niece to the  
Cardinal, and the Duke of Exeter, and cousin-  
german removed to the King: this King broke  
the oath he had taken, and became after a great  
enemy to England.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES

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WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO  
QUEEN MARGARET.

## *The Argument.*

The Duke of Suffolk, *William*, to advance  
A lady long belov'd of him in France,  
His mistress *Marg'ret*, that duke *Rayner's* child,  
Himself who of Jerusalem instil'd  
The king : this *Pool*, his darling to prefer  
Betwixt young *Henry* nam'd the Sixth, and her,  
Concludes a marriage ; and her sire to gain,  
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,  
'To *Rayner* for her : for which lawless fact,  
The peers him five years banishment enact.  
When for his latest farewell of the queen,  
These two epistles pass them two between.

In my disgrace (dear queen) rest thy content,  
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's banishment :

Five years exile were not an hour to me,  
But that so soon I must depart from thee ;  
Where thou not present, it is ever night ;  
All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.  
Those savages which worship the sun's rise,  
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes :  
The world's great light, might'st thou be seen  
abroad,

Would at our noon-stead ever make abode,  
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,  
Fearing lest he would never more return.

Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,  
To live within the sea-environ'd isle.

Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands,  
But that (great queen) thy sov'reignty commands  
(a) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure,  
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure ;  
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,  
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.

We all do breathe upon this earthly ball,  
Likewise one heaven encompasseth us all.

" No banishment can be to him assign'd,  
" Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.  
" Man in himself a little world doth bear,  
" His soul the monarch, ever ruling there :



r then his body doth remain,  
 i king, that in himself doth reign;  
 ver feareth fortune's hot't alarms,  
 ears against her patience for her arms.  
 was the mean proud Warwick did invent,  
 if grace, at Lei'ster parliament,  
 only I, by yielding up of Main,  
 use the loss of fertile Aquitain,  
 the base vulgar sort to win him fame,  
 heir of good duke Humphry's name;  
 y treason spotting my pure blood,  
 a mean to raise the Nevils brood.

Sal'sbury his vile ambitious fire,  
 stern breast kindling long-hidden fire;  
 ice title working to supplant  
 airy of great John of Gaunt.  
 his end did my exile conclude,  
 to please the rascal multitude;  
 'd by these envious Lords to spend their  
 eath,

:venge for the protector's death:  
 e the old decrepit duke is dead,  
 if force, he must be murdered.  
 they would know who robb'd him of his  
 fe,

i call home dame Elenor his wife,  
 h a taper walked in a sheet,  
 t her shame at noon through London  
 reet;

her bring her necromantic book,  
 I hag Jordan, Hun, and Bullenbrook,  
 them call the spirits from hell again,  
 how Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.  
 or twenty years and have I serv'd in  
 rance,

st great Charles and bastard Orleans,  
 i the slaughter of a world of men,  
 is now, as hardly conquer'd then?  
 have I seen Vernoula's batful fields,  
 with ten thousand helms, ten thousand  
 ields,

amous Bedford did our fortune try,  
 ce, or England, for the victory?  
 investing of so many towns,  
 i my breast in honourable wounds;  
 Montacute, and Talbot of much name,  
 y ensign both first won their fame:  
 und cold all these have I endur'd,  
 : the French, within their walls immur'd;  
 i all my life these perils have I past,  
 v to fear a banishment at last?

know'st how I (thy beauty to advance)  
 refus'd the Infanta of France,  
 e contract duke Humphry first did make  
 Henry and the princess Alminack:  
 it here thy presence I might gain,  
 ube Rayner Anjou, Mons, and Main;  
 zels beauty for a dower to bring,  
 self sufficient for a king.

l from Auverle withdrew my warlike  
 ow'r,  
 d came myself in person first to Tours,  
 assadors for truce to entertain,  
 elgia, Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:

And to the king, relating of thy story,  
 My tongue flow'd with such plenteous oratory,  
 As the report by speaking did endite,  
 Begetting still more ravishing delight.  
 And when my speech did cease (as telling all)  
 My look shew'd more, that was angelical;  
 And when I breath'd again, and paused neat,  
 I left mine eyes dilating on the text:  
 Then coming of thy modesty to tell,  
 In music's numbers my voice rose and fell:  
 And when I came to paint thy glorious file,  
 My speech in greater cadences to file,  
 (a) By true descent to wear the diadem  
 Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem,  
 As from the gods thou didst derive thy birth,  
 If those of heaven could mix with these of earth,  
 Gracing each title that I did recite,  
 With some mellifluous pleasing epithet:  
 Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,  
 Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.  
 (o) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent  
 In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;  
 And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,  
 Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:  
 And only striving how to honour thee,  
 Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.  
 Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,  
 Who for his love's sake gave away his love.

Had he, which once the prize to Greece did  
 bring,

(Of whom th' old poets long ago did sing)  
 (p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,  
 Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,  
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,  
 To pester room with such perfection fraught.  
 The briny seas, which saw the ship infold thee,  
 Would vault up to the hatchets to behold thee,  
 And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,  
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:  
 When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,  
 Scorn'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing  
 keel,

And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves,  
 Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:  
 When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,  
 Jove with Europa rushing from the land,  
 Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,  
 And with his swannish breast cleaving the flood,  
 Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other side,  
 Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:  
 All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,  
 To shew their glory in thine eye alone,  
 Which when it turneth that celestial ball,  
 A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.

Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,  
 When only France for my recourse is free?  
 To view the plains where I have seen so oft  
 England's victorious ensigns rais'd aloft;  
 When this shall be a comfort in my way,  
 To see the place, where I may boldly say,  
 Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;  
 Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;  
 Here with our archers valiant Scales did lie,  
 Here stood the tents of famous Willoughby:



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO QUEEN MARGARET.

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The world's great light, might'st thou be seen  
abroad,

Would at our noon stead ever make abode,  
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,  
Fearing lest he would never more return.

Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,  
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Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands.  
But that (great queen) thy sov'reignty commands :  
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Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure ;  
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We all do breathe upon this earthly bail,  
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" No banishment can be to him assign'd,

" Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.

" Man in himself a little world doth bear,

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When his body doth remain,  
 King, that in himself doth reign;  
 Nor feareth fortune's hot't alarms,  
 As against her patience for her arms.  
 As the mean proud Warwick did invent,  
 To raise, at Leicester parliament,  
 My I, by yielding up of Main,  
 To the loss of fertile Aquitain,  
 To the base vulgar sort to win him fame,  
 To the heir of good duke Humphry's name;  
 To treason spotting my pure blood,  
 To mean to raise the Nevils brood.  
 To Salisbury his vile ambitious fire,  
 To burn breast kindling long-hidden fire;  
 To a title working to supplant  
 The glory of great John of Gaunt.  
 To end did my exile conclude,  
 To please the rascal multitude;  
 To by these envious Lords to spend their  
 Wealth,  
 To avenge for the protector's death:  
 The old decrepit duke is dead,  
 To force, he must be murdered.  
 To they would know who robb'd him of his  
 All home dame Elenor his wife,  
 To a taper walked in a sheet,  
 To her shame at noon through London  
 Street;  
 To bring her necromantic book,  
 To drag Jordan, Hun, and Bullenbrook,  
 To call the spirits from hell again,  
 To show Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.  
 To twenty years and have I serv'd in  
 Exile,  
 To great Charles and bastard Orleans,  
 To the slaughter of a world of men,  
 To now, as hardly conquer'd then?  
 To have I seen Vernoula's batful fields,  
 To with ten thousand helms, ten thousand  
 Shields,  
 To famous Bedford did our fortune try,  
 To for England, for the victory?  
 To vesting of so many towns,  
 To my breast in honourable wounds;  
 To Montacute, and Talbot of much name,  
 To ensign both first won their fame:  
 To did cold all these have I endur'd,  
 To the French, within their walls immur'd;  
 To all my life these perils have I past,  
 To to fear a banishment at last?  
 To now'st how I (thy beauty to advance)  
 To refus'd the Infanta of France,  
 To contract duke Humphry first did make  
 My and the princess Almainack:  
 To here thy presence I might gain,  
 To the Rayner Anjou, Mons, and Main;  
 To thy beauty for a dower to bring,  
 To sufficient for a king.  
 To from Aumerle withdrew my warlike  
 Arms,  
 To came myself in person first to Tours,  
 To leaders for truce to entertain,  
 To in, Denmark, Hungary, and Spain:

And to the king, relating of thy story,  
 My tongue flow'd with such plenteous oratory,  
 As the report by speaking did endite,  
 Begetting still more ravishing delight.  
 And when my speech did cease (as telling all)  
 My look shew'd more, that was angelical;  
 And when I breath'd again, and paused neat,  
 I left mine eyes dilating on the text:  
 Then coming of thy modesty to tell,  
 In music's numbers my voice rose and fell:  
 And when I came to paint thy glorious file,  
 My speech in greater cadences to file,  
 (a) By true descent to wear the diadem  
 Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem,  
 As from the gods thou didst derive thy birth,  
 If those of heaven could mix with these of earth,  
 Gracing each title that I did recite,  
 With some mellifluous pleasing epithet:  
 Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,  
 Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.  
 (o) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent  
 In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;  
 And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,  
 Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:  
 And only striving how to honour thee,  
 Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.  
 Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,  
 Who for his love's sake gave away his love.

Had he, which once the prize to Greece did  
 bring,  
 (Of whom th' old poets long ago did sing)  
 (p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,  
 Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,  
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,  
 To pester room with such perfection fraught.  
 The briny seas, which saw the ship infold thee,  
 Would vault up to the hatchets to behold thee,  
 And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,  
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:  
 When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,  
 Scorn'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing  
 keel,  
 And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves,  
 Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:  
 When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,  
 Jove with Europa rushing from the land,  
 Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,  
 And with his swannish breast cleaving the flood,  
 Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other side,  
 Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:  
 All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,  
 To shew their glory in thine eye alone,  
 Which when it turneth that celestial ball,  
 A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.  
 Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,  
 When only France for my recourse is free?  
 To view the plains where I have seen so oft  
 England's victorious ensigns rais'd aloft;  
 When this shall be a comfort in my way,  
 To see the place, where I may boldly say,  
 Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;  
 Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;  
 Here with our archers valiant Scales did lie,  
 Here stood the tents of famous Willoughby:



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK, TO QUEEN MARGARET.

### *The Argument.*

The Duke of Suffolk, *William*, to advance  
A lady long belov'd of him in France,  
His mistress *Marg'ret*, that duke *Rayner's* child,  
Himself who of Jerusalem instil'd  
The king : this *Pool*, his darling to prefer  
Betwixt young *Henry* nam'd the Sixth, and her,  
Concludes a marriage ; and her sire to gain,  
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,  
'To *Rayner* for her : for which lawless fact,  
'The peers him five years banishment enact.  
When for his latest farewell of the queen,  
'These two epistles pass them two between.

In my disgrace (dear queen) rest thy content,  
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's banishment :

Five years exile were not an hour to me,  
But that so soon I must depart from thee ;  
Where thou not present, it is ever night ;  
All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.  
'Those savages which worship the sun's rise,  
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes :  
The world's great light, might'it thou be seen  
abroad,

Would at our noon stead ever make abode,  
And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,  
Fearing lest he would never more return.

Wer't not for thee, it were my great'st exile,  
To live within the sea-environ'd isle.

Pool's courage brooks not limiting in bands.  
But that (great queen) thy sov'reignty commands :  
(a) Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure,  
Nor buzzard like doth stoop to ev'ry lure ;  
Their mounting brood in open air doth rove,  
Nor will with crows be coop'd within a grove.

We all do breathe upon this earthly bail,  
Likewise one heaven encompasseth us all.

" No banishment can be to him assign'd,  
" Who doth retain a true-resolved mind.

" Man in himself a little world doth bear,  
" His soul the monarch, ever ruling there :



then his body doth remain,  
 king, that in himself doth reign;  
 or feareth fortune's hot't alarms,  
 or against her patience for her arms.  
 As the mean proud Warwick did invent,  
 grace, at Leicester parliament,  
 only I, by yielding up of Main,  
 for the loss of fertile Aquitain,  
 he base vulgar sort to win him fame,  
 heir of good duke Humphry's name;  
 treason spotting my pure blood,  
 a mean to raise the Nevils brood.  
 Salisbury his vile ambitious fire,  
 stern breast kindling long-hidden fire;  
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 airy of great John of Gaunt.  
 And end did my exile conclude,  
 to please the rascal multitude;  
 by these envious Lords to spend their  
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 revenge for the protector's death:  
 the old decrepit duke is dead,  
 force, he must be murdered.  
 they would know who robb'd him of his  
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 call home dame Elenor his wife,  
 a taper walked in a sheet,  
 her shame at noon through London  
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 them call the spirits from hell again,  
 now Humphry dy'd, and who shall reign.  
 twenty years and have I serv'd in  
 place,  
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 the slaughter of a world of men,  
 now, as hardly conquer'd then?  
 have I seen Vernouil's batful fields,  
 with ten thousand helms, ten thousand  
 elds,  
 noble Bedford did our fortune try,  
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 investing of so many towns,  
 my breast in honourable wounds;  
 Montacute, and Talbot of much name,  
 ensign both first won their fame:  
 and cold all these have I endur'd,  
 the French, within their walls immur'd;  
 all my life these perils have I past,  
 to fear a banishment at last?  
 now'st how I (thy beauty to advance)  
 refus'd the Infanta of France,  
 contract duke Humphry first did make  
 Henry and the princess Alminack:  
 here thy presence I might gain,  
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 thy beauty for a dower to bring,  
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 from Auvergne withdrew my warlike  
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And to the king, relating of thy story,  
 My tongue flow'd with such plenteous oratory,  
 As the report by speaking did endite,  
 Begetting still more ravishing delight.  
 And when my speech did cease (as telling all)  
 My look shew'd more, that was angelical;  
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 Gracing each title that I did recite,  
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 Nor left him not, till he for love was sick,  
 Beholding thee in my sweet rhetoric.  
 (b) A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent  
 In triumphs, at thy nuptial tournament;  
 And solemniz'd thy marriage in a gown,  
 Valu'd at more than was thy father's crown:  
 And only striving how to honour thee,  
 Gave to my king what thy love gave to me.  
 Judge if his kindness have not pow'r to move,  
 Who for his love's sake gave away his love.  
 Had he, which once the prize to Greece did  
 bring,  
 (Of whom the old poets long ago did sing)  
 (p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,  
 Would over-board have cast his golden sheep,  
 As too unworthy ballast to be thought,  
 To pester room with such perfection fraught.  
 The briny seas, which saw the ship infold thee,  
 Would vault up to the hatchets to behold thee,  
 And falling back, themselves in thronging smother,  
 Breaking for grief, envying one another:  
 When the proud bark for joy thy steps to feel,  
 Scorn'd that the brack should kiss her furrowing  
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 And trick'd in all her flags, herself she braves,  
 Cap'ring for joy upon the silver waves:  
 When like a bull from the Phœnician strand,  
 Jove with Europa rushing from the land,  
 Upon the bosom of the main doth scud,  
 And with his swannish breast cleaving the flood,  
 Tow'rd the fair fields, upon the other side,  
 Beareth Agenor's joy, Phœnicia's pride:  
 All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,  
 To shew their glory in thine eye alone,  
 Which when it turneth that celestial ball,  
 A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.  
 Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,  
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 To view the plains where I have seen so oft  
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 To see the place, where I may boldly say,  
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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLE

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A lady long belov'd of him in France,  
His mistress *Marg'ret*, that duke *Rayner's* child,  
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Concludes a marriage ; and her fire to gain,  
Gives up the towns of Mons, Anjou, and Main,  
'To *Rayner* for her : for which lawless fact,  
'The peers him five years banishment enact.  
When for his latest farewell of the queen,  
'These two epistles pass them two between.

In my disgrace (dear queen) rest thy content,  
And Margaret's health from Suffolk's banishment :

Five years exile were not an hour to me,  
But that so soon I must depart from thee ;  
Where thou not present, it is ever night ;  
All be exil'd, that live not in thy sight.  
Those savages which worship the sun's rise,  
Would hate their god, if they beheld thine eyes :  
The world's great light, might't thou be seen  
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And force the poor Antipodes to mourn,  
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 Had he, which once the prize to Greece did  
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 (p) Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep,  
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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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 All heavenly beauties join themselves in one,  
 To shew their glory in thine eye alone,  
 Which when it turneth that celestial ball,  
 A thousand sweet stars rise, a thousand fall.  
 Who justly saith, mine, banishment to be,  
 When only France for my recourse is free?  
 To view the plains where I have seen so oft  
 England's victorious ensigns rais'd aloft;  
 When this shall be a comfort in my way,  
 To see the place, where I may boldly say,  
 Here mighty Bedford forth the vaward led;  
 Here Talbot charg'd, and here the Frenchmen fled;  
 Here with our archers valiant Scales did lie,  
 Here stood the tents of famous Willoughby;



Here Montacute rang'd his unconquer'd band;  
Here march'd we out, and here we made a stand.

What should we sit to mourn and grieve all day,  
For that which time doth eas'ly take away?  
What fortune hurts, let suff'rence only heal,  
"No wisdom with extremities to deal."

To know ourselves to come of human birth,  
These sad afflictions cross us here on earth;  
A punishment from the eternal law,  
To make us still of heaven to stand in awe.

"In vain we prize that at so dear a rate,  
"Whose long'st assurance bears a minute's date,  
"Why should we idly talk of our intent,  
"When heav'n's decree no counsel can prevent?  
"When our foresight not possibly can shun,  
"That which the fates determine shall be done."

Henry hath pow'r, and may my life de  
Mine honour's mine, that none hath pow

Then be as cheerful (beauteous royal  
As in the court of France we oft have b  
(g) As when arriv'd in Porchester's fair  
(Where, for our coming, Henry made a  
When in mine arms I brought thee safe  
And gave my love to Henry's royal bar  
The happy hours we passed with the kin  
At fair Southampton long in banqueting  
With such content as lodg'd in Henry's  
When he to London brought thee from  
Through golden cheap, when he in port  
To Westminster, to entertain his bride.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Our falcons kind cannot the cage endure.*

He alludes in these verses to the Faulcon, which was the ancient device of the Pools, comparing the greatness and haughtiness of his spirit to the nature of this bird.

(b) *This was the mean proud Warwick did invent*

*To my disgrace, &c.*

The commons at this parliament, through Warwick's means, accused Suffolk of treason, and urged the accusation so vehemently, that the king was forced to exile him for five years.

(c) *That only I, by yielding up of Main,  
Should be the loss of fertile Aquitain.*

The duke of Suffolk being sent into France to conclude a peace, chose duke Rayner's daughter the lady Margaret, whom he espoused for Henry VI. delivering for her to her father the countries of Anjou and Main, and the city of Mons. Whereupon the earl of Arminack (whose daughter was before promised to the king) seeing himself to be deluded, caused all the Englishmen to be expelled Aquitain, Gascoine, and Guien.

(d) *With the base vulgar sort to win him fame,  
To be the bear of good duke Humphry's name.*

This Richard that was called the great earl of Warwick, when duke Humphry was dead, grew into exceeding great favour with the commons.

(e) *With Sal'sbury, his vile ambitious fire,  
In York's stern breast kindling long-bidden fire,  
By Clarence title working, to supplant  
The eagle-army of great John of Gaunt.*

Richard Plantagenet duke of York, in the time of Henry the Sixth, claimed the crown (being as-

listd by this Richard Nevill earl of Sal and father to the great earl of Warv favoured exceedingly the house of Yor parliament, as heir to Lionel duke of the third son of Edward III. making 1 Ann his mother, wife to Richard earl bridge, son to Edmond of Langley duke which Ann was daughter to Roger Mor of March; which Roger was son and hei duke of Clarence the third son of king 1 whom the crown, after king Richard the death lineally descended, he dying wit and not to the heirs of the duke of Lanc was younger brother to the duke of Hall. *cop. 1. tit. Yor. & Lanc.*

(f) *Urg'd by these envious lords to  
breath,*

*Crying revenge on the protector's d*  
Humphry duke of Gloucester, and Lo tor, in the twenty-fifth year of Henry means of the queen and the duke of Su arrested by the lord Beaumont, at the holden at Bury, and the same night thered in his bed.

(g) *If they wou'd know who reb'd L.  
this verse,*

*To know how Humphry dy'd  
shall reign.*

In these verses he jests at the protector who (being accused and convicted of tr cause with John Hun a priest, Roger B a necromancer, and Margery Jordan, witch of Eye, she had consulted by force the king) was adjudged to perpetual pr isle of Man, and to do penance openl public places in London.



(b) *For twenty years and have I serv'd in France!*

In the sixth year of Henry VI. the duke of Bedford being deceased, then Lieutenant General and Regent of France, this duke of Suffolk was promoted to that dignity, having the lord Talbot, lord Scales, and the lord Montacute to assist him.

(i) *Against great Charles and bastard Orleans.*

This was Charles VII. who after the death of Henry V. obtained the crown of France, and recovered again much of that his father had lost. Bastard Orleans was son to the duke of Orleans, begotten of the lord Cawny's wife, preferred highly to many notable offices, because he being a most valiant captain, was a continual enemy to the Englishmen, daily infesting them with divers incursions.

(k) *And have I seen Vernoula's batful fields.*

Vernoule is that noted place in France, where the great battle was fought in the beginning of Henry the sixth's reign, where most of the French chivalry were overcome by the duke of Bedford.

(l) *And from Aumerle withdrew my warlike powers.*

Aumerle is that strong defended town in France, which the duke of Suffolk got after four and twenty great assaults given unto it.

(m) *And came myself in person first to Tours,  
To ambassadors for truce to entertain,  
From Belgia, Denmark, Hungary and Spain.*

Tours is a city in France built by Brutus as he came into Britain; where, in the one and twentieth year of the reign of Henry VI. was appointed

a great diet to be kept, whither came ambassadors of the empire, Spain, Hungary, and Denmark, to intreat for a perpetual peace to be made between the two kings of England and France.

(n) *By true descent to wear the diadem  
Of Naples, Sicil, and Jerusalem.*

Rayner duke of Anjou, father to queen Margaret, called himself king of Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, having the title alone of the king of those countries.

(o) *A fifteen's tax in France I freely spent.*

The duke of Suffolk, after the marriage concluded between king Henry and Margaret daughter to duke Rayner, asked in open parliament a whole fifteenth to fetch her into England.

(p) *Seen thee for England but embark'd at Diep.*

Diep is a town in France bordering upon the sea, where the duke of Suffolk with queen Margaret took ship for England.

(q) *As when arriv'd in Porchefer's fair road.*

Porchefer, a haven town in the southwest part of England, near where Portsmouth now stands, which owes its rise to the decay of Port Paris, or Porchefer, once a sea-port of great note, till the harbour was almost abandoned by the sea, and the greatest part of the inhabitants removed into the little island of Portsea, and built the town of Portsmouth at this Porchefer, where the king tarried, expecting the queen's arrival, whom from thence he conveyed to Southampton.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## QUEEN MARGARET TO WILLIAM DE LA POOL, DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

**W**HAT news (sweet Pool) look'st thou my lines  
should tell,

But like the tolling of the doleful bell,  
Bidding the death-man to prepare the grave?  
Expect from me no other news to have.

My breast, which once was mirth's imperial  
throne,

A vast and desert wilderness is grown :  
Like that cold region, from the world remote,  
On whose breem seas the icy mountains float ;  
Where those poor creatures, banish'd from that  
light,

Do live impris'ned in continual night.

No object greets my soul's internal eyes,  
But divinations of sad tragedies ;

And care takes up her solitary inn,  
Where youth and joy their court did once begin.

As in September, when our year resigns  
The glorious sun to the cold wat'ry signs,  
Which through the clouds looks on the earth in  
scorn ;

The little bird, yet to salute the morn,  
Upon the naked branches sets her foot,  
The leaves then lying on the mossy root,  
And there a silly chirping doth keep,  
As though she fain would sing, yet fain would  
weep,

Praising fair summer, that too soon is gone,  
Or sad for winter, too fast coming on :  
In this strange plight I mourn for thy depart,  
Because that weeping cannot ease my heart.

Now to our aid who stirs the neighb'ring  
kings ?

Or who from France a puissant army brings ?  
Who moves the Norman to abet our war ?

(a) Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster ?

(b) Who in the North our lawful claim com-  
mends,

To win us credit with our valiant friends ?

To whom shall I my secret griefs impart ?

Whose breast shall be the closet of my heart ?

The ancient heroes same thou dost revive,

As from all them thyself thou didst derive :

Nature, by thee, both gave and taketh all,

Alone in Pool she was too prodigal ;

Of so divine and rich a temper wrought,

As heav'n for thee perfection's depth had sought.

Well knew King Henry what he pleaded for,

When he chose thee to be his orator ;

Whose angel eye, by powerful influence,

Doth utter more than human eloquence :

That if again Jove would his sports have try'd,

He in thy shape himself would only hide ;

Which in his love might be of greater pow'r,

Than was his nymph, his flame, his swan, his  
show'r.

(c) To that allegiance York was bound by  
oath,

To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both ;

No longer now he means record shall bear it,

He will dispense with heaven, and will unswear it.

He that's in all the world's black sins forlorn,

Is careless now how oft he be forsworn ;

And here of late his title hath set down,

By which he makes his claim unto our crown.

And now I hear his hateful Duchess chats,

And rips up their descent unto her brats,

And blesteth them as England's lawful heirs,

And tells them that our diadem is theirs :

And if such hap her goddess Fortune bring,

(d) If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a  
king.



that's so like his dam, her youngest  
 Dick,  
 ul ill-favour'd crook-back'd stigmatic,  
 e a carcass stol'n out of a tomb,  
 he wrong way out of his mother's  
 tomb,  
 th in's head, his passage to have torn,  
 gh begot an age ere he was born.  
 now shall curb proud York, when he  
 all rise?  
 ur right against his enterprise,  
 that bastard weed, which daily grows,  
 ver-shadow our vermillion rose?  
 ho will muzzle that unruly bear,  
 sence strikes our peoples hearts with  
 ar?  
 n his knees this wretched king is  
 own,  
 them labour, reaching at his crown,  
 ke a mounting cedar, he should bear  
 ed top aloft into the air;  
 hese shrubs sit underneath his throwds,  
 his arms he doth embrace the clouds.  
 he should his father's right inherit,  
 n alien to that mighty spirit!  
 re those pow'rs dispers'd, or whither  
 me,  
 mpathise in generation?  
 opposed influence had force,  
 t'abuse and alter nature's course?  
 er creatures follow after kind,  
 an alone doth not beget the mind."  
 y daily flow'rs, which erst perfum'd the  
 r,  
 w my favour princes deign'd to wear,  
 he dust lies trodden on the ground,  
 h York's garlands ev'ry one is crown'd:  
 w his rising waits on our decline,  
 or setting he begins to shine;  
 he skies that dreadful comet weaves,  
 who be stars, but Warwick's bearded  
 aves?  
 those knees, which bended once so  
 w,  
 I, as though they had forgot to bow;  
 e, like them, pursue me with despite,  
 nost have cry'd, God save Queen Mar-  
 aret.  
 fame shall bruit thy banishment a-  
 road,  
 kist's faction then will lay on load;  
 n it comes once to our Western coast,  
 that hag, dame Elenor, will boast!  
 ur straight, by all the means she can,  
 ll'd home out of the Isle of Man;  
 h I know great Warwick will consent,  
 it done by act of parliament:  
 ny teeth my birth she may defy,  
 'ring Duke Rayner with base beg-  
 ary:  
 ; way she could devise to grieve me,  
 sweet Suffolk, which should most re-  
 ve me,

And from that stock doth sprout another  
 bloom,  
 (l) A Kentish rebel, a base up-start groom:  
 (m) And this is he the white rose must prefer  
 By Clarence' daughter, match'd with Morti-  
 mer.  
 Thus by York's means this rascal peasant Cade,  
 Must in all haste Plantagenet be made:  
 For that ambitious duke sets all on work,  
 To sound what friends affect the claim of York,  
 Whilst he abroad doth practise to command,  
 (n) And makes us weak by strength'ning Ire-  
 land:  
 More his own power still seeking to increase,  
 Than for King Henry's good or England's  
 peace.  
 (o) Great Winchester untimely is deceas'd,  
 That more and more my woes should be increas'd.  
 Beauford, whose shoulders proudly bare up all,  
 The church's prop, that famous Cardinal.  
 The commons (bent to mischief) never let  
 (p) With France t' upbraid the valiant Somerset,  
 Railing in tumults on his soldiers loss;  
 Thus all goes backward, cross comes after cross:  
 And now of late Duke Humphry's old allies,  
 With banish'd Elenor's base accomplices,  
 Attending their revenge, grow wond'rous crouse,  
 And threaten death and vengeance to our house:  
 And I alone the last poor remnant am,  
 (q) T' endure these storms with woful Bucking-  
 ham.  
 I pray thee, Pool, have care how thou do'st  
 pass,  
 Never the sea yet half so dangerous was:  
 (r) And one foretold by water thou should'st  
 die,  
 (Ah! soul befall the soul tongue's prophesie:)  
 Yet I by night am troubled in my dreams,  
 That I do see thee told'd in dangerous streams;  
 And oft times shipwreck'd, cast upon the land,  
 And lying breathless on the queachy sand:  
 And oft in visions see thee in the night,  
 Where thou at sea maintain'st a dangerous fight,  
 And with thy proved target and thy sword,  
 Beat'st back the pirate which would come a-  
 board.  
 Yet be not angry, that I warn thee thus,  
 "The truest love is most suspicious."  
 Sorrow doth utter what it still doth grieve:  
 But hope forbids us sorrow to believe;  
 And in my counsel yet this comfort is,  
 It cannot hurt, although I think amiss.  
 Then live in hope, in triumph to return,  
 When clearer days shall leave in clouds to  
 mourn.  
 But so hath sorrow girt my soul about,  
 That that word Hope (methinks) comes slowly  
 out:  
 The reason is, I know it here would rest,  
 Where it might still behold thee in my breast.  
 Farewel, sweet Pool, fain more I would indite,  
 But that my tears do blot what I do write.



## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Or brings in Burgoin to aid Lancaster.*

Philip duke of Burgoin and his son were always great favourites of the house of Lancaster; howbeit they often dissembled both with Lancaster and York.

(b) *Who in the north our lawful claim commends,  
To win us credit with our valiant friends?*

The chief lords of the north parts in the time of Henry the sixth withstood the duke of York at his rising, giving him two great overthrows.

(c) *To that allegiance York was bound by oath,  
To Henry's heirs, for safety of us both;  
No longer now he means record shall bear it,  
He will with heav'n dispense, and will unswear it.*

The duke of York at the death of Henry fifth, and at this king's coronation, took his oath to be true subject to him and his heirs for ever: but afterwards dispensing therewith, claimed the crown as his rightful and proper inheritance.

(d) *If three sons fail, she'll make the fourth a king.*

The duke of York had four sons: Edward earl of March that afterwards was duke of York and king of England, when he had deposed Henry the sixth; and Edmond earl of Rutland, slain by the lord Clifford at the battle at Wakefield: and George duke of Clarence that was murdered in the Tower; and Richard duke of Gloucester, who was (after he had murdered his brother's sons) king, by the name of Richard the third.

(e) *He that's so like his dam, her youngest Dick,  
That foul ill-favour'd crook-back'd stigmatic, &c.  
Till this verse, As though begot an age, &c.*

This Richard (whom ironically she calls Dick) that by treason, after the murder of his nephews, obtained the crown, was a man low of stature, crook'd back'd, the left shoulder much higher than the right, and of a very crabbed and fower countenance. His mother could not be delivered of him; he was born toothed, and with his feet forward, contrary to the course of nature.

(f) *To overshadow our vermilion rose.*

The Red Rose was the badge of the house of Lancaster, and the White Rose of York; which, by the marriage of Henry the seventh with Elizabeth, indubitable heir of the house of York, were happily united.

(g) *Or who will muzzle that unruly*

The earl of Warwick, the setter up: down of kings, gave for his arms the W rampant, and the ragged staff.

(h) *My daisy flower, which erst perfum'd  
Which for my favour princes deign  
Now in the dust lies, &c.*

The daisy in French is called *Margar* was queen Margaret's badge: where nobility and chivalry of the land at her val were so delighted, that they wore i hats in token of honour.

(i) *And who be stars, but Warwick  
stars?*

The ragged or bearded staff, was a p arms belonging to the earldom of Warw

(k) *Slendering duke Rayner with base*

Rayner duke of Anjou, called himself Naples, Sicily, and Jerusalem, who ha inheritance, nor received any tribute f parts; and was not able at the marria queen at his own charges to send her i land, though he gave no dower with her by the duchess of Gloucester, was often i cast in her teeth.

(l) *A Kentish rebel, a base upstart groo*

This was Jack Cade, who caused th men to rebel in the twenty-eighth yea Henry the sixth.

(m) *And this is he the white rose must  
By Clarence's daughter march'd to N*

This Jack Cade, instructed by the duke pretended to be descended from Mortin married lady Philip daughter to the duk rence.

(n) *And makes us weak by strengthening*

The duke of York being made depu land, first there began to practise his tended purpose, and strengthening him means possible, that he might at his re England, by open war claim that whic before he had privily gone about to obt

(o) *Great Winchester untimely is dece*

Henry Beauford, bishop and cardinal chester, son to John of Gaunt, begot i



was a proud and ambitious prelate, favouring mightily the queen and the duke of Suffolk, continually heaping up innumerable treasure, in hope to have been pope, as himself on his death-bed confessed.

(p) *With France's upbraid the valiant Somerset.*

Edmond duke of Somerset, in the twenty-fourth year of Henry the sixth, was made regent of France, and sent into Normandy to defend the English territories against the French invasions: but in short time he lost all that king Henry the sixth won; for which cause, the nobles and commons ever after hated him.

(q) *T'endure these storms with woful Buckingham.*

Humphry duke of Buckingham was a great favourite of the queen's faction in the time of Henry the sixth.

(r) *'d one foretold by water thou shouldst die.*

The witch of Eye received answer from her spirit, that the duke of Suffolk should take heed of water: which the queen forewarns him of, as remembering the witch's prophesy; which afterwards came to pass.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## EDWARD IV. TO MRS. SHORE.

### *The Argument.*

*Edward* the Fourth, bewitch'd with the report  
Of *Mistress Shore*, resounded through his court,  
Steals to the city in a strange disguise,  
To view that beauty, whose transpiercing eyes  
Had shot so many : which did so content  
The amorous king, that instantly he sent  
These lines to her, whose graces did allure him ;  
Whose answer back doth of her love assure him.

To thee, the fair'st that ever breath'd this air,  
(a) From English Edward, to the fairest fair;  
Ah, would to God thy title were no more,  
That no remembrance might remain of *Shore*,  
To countermand a monarch's high desire,  
And bar mine eyes of what they most admire !  
O, why should fortune make the city proud,  
To give that more, than is the court allow'd ?  
Where they, (like wretches) hoard it up to  
spare,  
And do engross it, as they do their ware.  
When fame first blaz'd thy beauty here in  
court,  
Mine ears repuls'd it, as a light report :  
But when mine eyes saw what mine ear had  
heard,  
They thought report too niggardly had spar'd ;  
And stricken dumb with wonder, did but mut-  
ter,  
Conceiving more than it had words to utter.  
Then think of what thy husband is possess'd,  
When I malign the wealth wherewith he's blest ;  
" When much abundance makes the needy  
mad,  
" Who having all, yet knows not what is had :

" Into fools bosoms this good fortune creeps,  
" And fums come in, whilst the base ~~mind~~  
sleeps."  
If now thy beauty be of such esteem,  
Which all of so rare excellency deem ;  
What would it be, and prized at what rate,  
Were it adorned with a kingly state ?  
Which being now but in so mean a bed,  
Is like an uncut diamond in lead,  
Ere it be set in some high-prized ring,  
Or garnished with rich enamelling ;  
We see the beauty of the stone is spilt,  
Wanting the gracious ornament of gilt.  
(b) When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes,  
I came to see thee in a strange disguise,  
Passing thy shop, thy husband call'd me back,  
Demanding what rare jewel I did lack.  
I want (thought I) one that I dare not crave,  
And one (I fear) thou wilt not let me have.  
He calls for caskets forth, and shews me store ;  
But yet I knew he had one jewel more,  
And deadly curst him, that he did deny it,  
That I might not for love or money buy it.  
O, might I come a diamond to buy,  
That had but such a lustre as thine eye,



ny treasure serve, my crown should

could be prized so !  
 nched with thy blushing strains ;  
 t so azur'd as thy veins ;  
 cepter only should redeem it,  
 ice if judgment could esteem it.  
 l and senseless be those strangers

n toys, to please the Englishmen ?  
 nk how fond th' Italians are,  
 ir artificial gardens rare ;  
 on in thy cheeks can shew them

es growing all the year.  
 ese, that only hopes to win,  
 stones from farthest India in ;  
 Shore can bring them forth a girl,  
 e rubies, and her teeth be pearl.  
 is the Polandet and Dane,  
 crystal from the frozen main ?  
 ar skin's transparence doth surpass  
 , as the diamond doth glass.  
 French, which bring in trash and

women, men, our girls to boys,  
 hat tire thou do'st thyself adorn,  
 shion only shall be worn ;  
 h it were a garment but of hair,  
 an robe that ever empress ware.  
 thy husband takes his mark awry,  
 te to sale, when thou art by ;  
 lich do thy angel-locks behold,  
 ross do but respect his gold,  
 hair before that massy heap,  
 lock, before the wealth of Cheap :  
 ause else hold we gold so dear,  
 so like unto thy hair.  
 hink, Shore cannot chuse but flout,  
 d find the great elixir out,  
 see the Alchymists, that choak  
 ith fumes, and waste their wealth  
 ak ;  
 hand but touch the grossest mold,  
 d to refined gold :  
 is chaff'ed at an easy rate,  
 to all to be adulterate ;  
 ore, when it by thine is set,  
 eugle, or light-prized jet.  
 wear p-rumes, for thee unmeet ;  
 none, thou couldst make all things

; t't ev'ry sense with sweet repast,  
 ce, to smell, to feel, to taste :  
 ip, whose very refuse ware,  
 nd precious odors are.  
 please to walk into the Pawn,  
 ambric, or lico, or lawn,  
 hiteness of the same wouldst prove,  
 whiter hand pluck off thy glove ;  
 hich by as the beholders stand,  
 hand for lawn, lawn for thy hand.  
 eyes clos'd up by envious night,  
 ay, but to enjoy thy sight,

And when they once have blest their eyes with  
 thee,

Scorn ev'ry object else, what e'er they see :  
 So like a goddess beauty still controuls,  
 And hath such pow'rful working in our souls,  
 The merchant, which in traffic spends his life,  
 Yet loves at home to have a dainty wife :  
 The blunt-spoke cynic, poring on his book,  
 Sometimes (aside) at beauty loves to look :  
 The church-man, by whose teaching we are led,  
 Allows what keeps love in the marriage bed :  
 The bloody soldier, spent in dang'rous broils,  
 With beauty yet content to share his spoils :  
 The busy lawyer wrangling in his pleas,  
 Findeth that beauty gives his labour ease :  
 The toiling tradesman, and the sweating clown,  
 Would have his wench fair, though his bread be  
 brown.

So much is beauty pleasing unto all,  
 That prince and peasant equally doth call ;  
 Nor never yet did any man despise it,  
 Except too dear, and that he could not prize it.

Unlearn'd is learning, artless be all arts,  
 If not employ'd to praise thy sev'ral parts :  
 Poor plodding school-men they are far too low,  
 Which by probations, rules, and axioms go ;  
 He must be familiar with the skies,  
 Which notes the revolutions of thine eyes :  
 And by that skill which measures sea and land,  
 See beauties all, thy waist, thy foot, thy hand ;  
 Where he may find, the more that he doth  
 view,

Such rare delights, as are both strange and new,  
 And other worlds of beauty more and more,  
 Which never were discovered before :  
 And to thy rare proportion, to apply  
 The lines and circles in geometry,  
 Using alone arithmetic's strong ground,  
 Numbring the virtues that in thee are found :  
 And when all these have done what they can  
 do,

For thy perfections all too little too.

When from the east the dawn hath gotten  
 out,

And gone to seek thee all the world about,  
 Within thy chamber hath she fix'd her light,  
 Where, but that place, the world hath all been  
 night :

Then is it fit that ev'ry vulgar eye  
 Should see love banquet in her majesty ?

" We deem those things our sight doth most fre-  
 quent,

" To be but mean, although most excellent :

" For strangers still the streets are swept and  
 strow'd,

" Few look on such as daily come abroad :

" Things much restrain'd, do make us much de-  
 sire 'em,

" And beauties seldom seen, make us admire  
 them."

Nor is it fit a city shop should hide  
 The world's delight, and nature's only pride ;  
 But in a prince's sumptuous gallery,  
 Hung all with tissue, floor'd with t'p'stry,



Where thou shalt sit, and from thy state shall see  
The tilts and triumphs that are done for thee.  
Then know the difference (if thou list to prove)  
Betwixt a vulgar and a kingly love :  
And when thou find'st, as now thou doubt'st, the  
truth,  
Be thou thyself impartial judge of both.

Where hearts be knit, what helps, if not, enjoy?  
Delay breeds doubts, no cunning to be coy :

Whilst lazy time his turn by tarriance  
Love still grows sickly, and hope daily  
Mean while, receive that warrant  
lines,  
Which princely rule and sov'reignty re-  
Till when, these papers, by their lo-  
mand,  
By me shall kiss thy sweet and dainty

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

This epistle of Edward to Mistress Shore, and of hers to him being of unlawful affection, ministrereth small occasion of historical notes; for had he mentioned the many battles betwixt the Lancaster faction and him, or other warlike dangers, it had been more like to Plautus' boasting soldier, than a kingly courtier. Notwithstanding it shall not be amiss to annex a line or two.

(a) *From English Edward to the fairest fair.*

Edward the Fourth was by nature very chivalrous, and very amorous, applying his sweet amiable aspect to attain his wanton appetite the rather: which was so well known to Lewis the French King, who at their interview invited him to Paris, that as Comineus reports, being taken at his word, he notwithstanding brake off the matter, scaring the Parisian dames, with their witty conversation, would detain him longer than should be for his benefit: by which means, Edward was disappointed of his journey. And albeit princes, whilst they live, have nothing in them but what is admirable; yet we need not mistrust the flattery of the court in those times. For certain it is, that his shape was excellent; his hair drew near to a black, making his face's favour to seem more delectable: though the smallness of his eyes, full of shining moisture, as it took away some comeliness, so it argued much sharpness of understanding, and cruelty mingled together. And indeed, George Buchanan (that imperious Scot) chargeth him, and other princes of those times with affection of tyranny; as Richard the Third manifestly did.

(b) *When first attracted by thy heavenly eyes.*

Edward's intemperate desires, by which he was wholly overcome, how tragically they in his offspring were punished, is universally known.

A mirror, representing their oversight ther leave their children what to po what to imitate.

(c) *How silly is the Polander and Da  
To bring us crystal from the frozen*

Alluding to their opinions, who crystal to be a kind of ice; and therefore likely, they who came from those frozen should bring great store of that transparent which is thought to be congealed with cold. Whether crystal be ice, or some liquor, I omit to dispute: yet by the of amber and coral, there may be such a tion: for Solinus out of Pliny mentions in the northerly region a yellow gelly is out of the sea at low tides which he calls we Amber. So likewise out of the Lig a part of the Mediterranean sea, a green gathered, which hardened in the air, as coral, either white or red. Amber notwithstanding is thought to drop out of trees; as Martial's epigram:

*Et latet & lucet, Pbaetontide condita  
Ut videatur ap'is neclare clausa suo.  
Dignum tantum pretium tulit ille lab  
Credibile est ipsam sic voluisse mori.*

To behold a bee inclosed in *Electrum* rare, as that a boy's throat should be cut off of an icicle; the which epigram lent, the 18 li. 4. He calls it *Pbaetontis* cause of that fable which Ovid rehearsing the *Heliodorus* or *Pbaeton's* sister morphosed into those trees whose gum where flies alighting, are sometimes trapped imprisoned.



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## ISLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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### THE EPISTLE OF MRS. SHORE TO EDWARD IV.

A little child, that from the mother's wing  
Lute's delicious fingering,  
Her soft touch is mov'd with fear,  
Her master's curious list'ning ear,  
Her pliant hand at ev'ry strain bewrags,  
But he his new-set lesson plays :  
A child, so fit I to indite,  
And still quaking as I write.  
Had led an humble shepherd's life,  
The name of Shore's admired wife.  
With them in country fields that range,  
Golden cheap, nor glitt'ring 'change.  
Comet gaz'd at in the skies,  
All tongues, object to all eyes :  
Hear'd my beauty prais'd of many,  
Not so much admir'd of any :  
A single-eye to find out that,  
When men do seldom wonder at,  
To think affection flatters light,  
Object something exquisite.  
Used beauty seldom stoops report,  
It attend on that which lives in court.  
Of bright Apollo's brood doth sing,  
Ove, in courtly sonneting ?  
Immortal poet's sugar'd pen  
To glory of a citizen ?  
Wondered what should blind your eye,  
Far seduced Majesty,  
Your choice of beauties so divine,  
The most, to chuse this least of mine  
Whose sons adorn fair London's pride,  
In England's continent beside ;  
To account their multitudes would wish,  
To number Romney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.  
To frequent our temples, walks, and streets,  
To find the sundry beauties that he meets,

That if but some one beauty should incite  
Some sacred muse, some ravish'd spirit to write,  
Here might he fetch the true Promethean fire,  
That after-ages should his lines admire ;  
Gathering the honey from the choicest flow'rs,  
Scorning the wither'd weeds in country bow'rs.  
Here, in this garden only, springs the rose,  
In ev'ry common hedge the bramble grows :  
Nor are we so turn'd Neapolitan,  
(c) That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan,  
To all the world to lay out our defects,  
And have just cause to rail upon our sex :  
To prank old wrinkles up in new attire,  
To alter nature's course, prove time a liar,  
To abuse fate, and heav'n's just doom reverse,  
On beauty's grave to set a crimson hearse,  
With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,  
To make a glass to seem a diamond :  
Nor cannot, without hazard of our name,  
In fashion follow the Venetian dame :  
Nor the fantastic French to imitate,  
Attir'd half Spanish, half Italianate ;  
With waist, nor curl, body, nor brow adorn,  
That is in Florence or in Genoa born.

But with vain boasts how witle's fond am I,  
Thus to draw on mine own indignity ?  
And what though married when I was but young,  
Before I knew what did to love belong,  
Yet he which now's possessed of the room,  
Crop'd beauty's flow'r when it was in the bloom,  
And goes away enriched with the store,  
Whilst others glean, where he hath reap'd before ;  
And he dares swear that I am true and just,  
And shall I then deceive his honest trust ?  
Or what strange hope should make you to assail,  
Where the strong'st batt'ry never could prevail ?



Belike you think that I repuls'd the rest,  
 To leave a king the conquest of my breast,  
 And have thus long preserv'd myself from all,  
 To have a monarch glory in my fall;  
 Yet rather let me die the vilest death,  
 Than live to draw that sin-polluted breath.  
 But our kind hearts men's tears cannot abide,  
 And we least angry oft, when most we chide.  
 Too well know men what our creation made us,  
 And nature too well taught them to invade us:  
 They know but too well, how, what, when, and  
 where,

To write, to speak, to sue, and to forbear;  
 By signs, by sighs, by motions, and by tears,  
 When vows should serve, when oaths, when smiles,  
 when pray'rs;

What one delight our humours most doth move,  
 Only in that you make us nourish love.

If any natural blemish blot our face,  
 You do protest, it gives our beauty grace;  
 And what attire we most are us'd to wear,  
 That, of all other excellent'st, you swear:  
 And if we walk, or sit, or stand, or lie,  
 It must resemble some one deity;

And what you know we take delight to hear,  
 That you are ever sounding in our ear:  
 And yet so shameless, when you tempt us thus,  
 To lay the fault on beauty and on us.

Rome's wanton Ovid did those rules impart,  
 O, that your nature should be help'd with art!

Who would have thought, a king that cares to  
 reign,

Inforc'd by love, so poet-like shou'd feign?  
 To say that beauty, time's stern rage to shun,  
 In my cheeks (lilies) hid her from the sun;  
 And when she meant to triumph in her May,  
 Made that her east, and here she broke her day?  
 And that fair summer still is in my sight,  
 And but where I am, all the world is night;  
 As though the fair'st e'er since the world began,  
 To me, a sun-burnt base Egyptian.

But yet I know more than I mean to tell,  
 (O, would to God you knew it not too well!)  
 That women oft their most admirers raise,  
 Though publicly not flatt'ring their own praise.  
 Our churlish husbands, which our youth enjoy'd,  
 Who with our dainties have their stomachs cloy'd,  
 Do loath our smooth hands with their lips to feel,  
 T' enrich our favours, by our beds to kneel;

At our command to wait, to send, to go,  
 As ev'ry hour our am'rous servants do;  
 Which makes a stol'n kiss often we bestow  
 In earnest of a greater good we owe:  
 When he all day torments us with a frow:  
 Yet sports with Venus in a bed of down;  
 Whose rude embracement but too ill besee:  
 Her span-broad waist, her white and dainty  
 And yet still preaching abstinence of meat  
 When he himself of ev'ry dish will eat.

Blame you our husbands then, if they  
 Our public walking, our loose liberty?

If with exception still they us debar

(d) The circuit of the public theatre:

To hear the poet in a comic strain,  
 Able t' infect with his lascivious scene:  
 And the young wanton wits, when they:  
 The fly persuasion of some subtle bawd;  
 Or passionate tragedian, in his rage  
 Acting a love-sick passion on the stage:

(e) When though abroad restraining us to:

They very hardly keep us safe at home;  
 And oft are touch'd with fear and inward  
 Knowing rich prizes soonest tempt a thief.

What sports have we, whereon our  
 set?

Our dog, our parrot, or our marmozet,  
 Or once a week to walk into the field;  
 Small is the pleasure that these toys do yet  
 But to this grief a med'cine you apply,  
 To cure restraint with that sweet liberty;  
 And sov'reignty (O that bewitching thing  
 Yet made more great by promise of a king  
 And more, that honour which doth most  
 The holiest nun, and she that's ne'er so  
 Thus still we strive, yet overcome at length  
 For men want mercy, and poor women  
 Yet grant, that we could meaner men  
 When kings once come, they conquer  
 lift.

Thou art the cause Shore pleaseth not  
 That his embraces give me no delight;  
 Thou art the cause I to myself am strange,  
 Thy coming is my full, thy set my change.  
 Long winter nights be minutes, if thou be  
 Short minutes, if thou absent, be a year.  
 And thus by strength thou art become my  
 And mak'st me love even in the midst of



## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Would I had led an humble shepherd's life,  
Nor known the name of Shore's admired wife.*

Two or three poems written by sundry men have magnified this woman's beauty; whom, that ornament of England and London's more particular glory, Sir Thomas More, very highly hath praised for her beauty, she being alive in his time, though being poor and aged. Her stature was mean, her hair of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour; her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerful, and like to her condition. That picture which I have seen of hers, was such as she rose out of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich mantle, cast under her arm over her shoulder, and sitting in a chair, in which her naked arm did lie. What her father's name was, or where she was born, is not certainly known: but Shore, a young man of right goodly person, wealth, and behaviour, abandoned her bed, after the king had made her his concubine. Richard III. causing her to do open justice in Paul's church-yard, commanded that no man should relieve her; which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to sin, but that by making his brother's life odious, he might cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.

(b) *May number Rumney's flow'rs, or Isis' fish.*

Rumney is that famous marsh in Kent, at whose side Rye, a haven town doth stand: hereof the excellent English antiquary, Mr. Camden, and Mr. Lambert in his perambulation, do make mention. And marshes are commonly called those low grounds which abut upon the sea, and from the Latin word are so denominated. *Isis* is here used for *Thamesis*, by a Synecdochical kind of

speech, or by a poetical liberty, in using one for another: for it is said that *Thamesis* is compounded of *Tame* and *Isis*, making, when they are met, that renowned water running by London, a city much more renowned than that water: which being plentiful of fish, is the cause also why all things else are plentiful therein. Moreover, I am persuaded, that there is no river in the world be- holds more stately buildings on either side, clean thorough, than the Thames. Much is reported of the grand canal in Venice, for that the fronts on either side are so gorgeous.

(c) *That might incite some foul-mouth'd Mantuan.*  
Mantuan, a pastoral poet, in one of his eclogues bitterly inveigheth against womankind; some of which, by way of an appendix might be here inserted, seeing the fantastic and insolent humours of many of that sex deserve much sharper physic, were it not that they are grown wiser than to amend for such an idle poet's speech as Mantuan; yea, or for Euripides himself, or Seneca's inflexible Hippolitus.

(d) *The circuit of the public theatre.*

Ovid, a most fit author for so dissolute a sectary, calls that place chastity's shipwreck: for though Shore's wife wantonly pleads for liberty, which is the true humour of a courtesan; yet much more is the praise of modesty than of such liberty. Howbeit, the Vestal nuns had seats assigned them in the Roman theatre; whereby it should appear, it was counted no impeachment to modesty, though they offending herein were buried quick: a sharp law for them, who may say as Shore's wife does,

(e) *When though abroad restraining us to roam,  
They very hardly keep us safe at home.*



# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

## MARY THE FRENCH QUEEN TO CHARLES BRANDON DUKE OF SUFFOLK.

### *The Argument.*

*Henry* the Eighth, firm friendship to unite  
With France, bestows the lady *Mary* bright,  
His younger sister, on king *Lewis*, then  
Being lame and aged ; but she, of all men,  
*Charles Brandon* duke of Suffolk most affected,  
One whom her brother highly had respected,  
And had advanc'd : but scarcely had she been  
Five months in France, when the brave beauteous queen  
Buried the old king ; who no sooner dead,  
But she in heart determining to wed  
Her long-lov'd *Brandon*, this epistle writes ;  
Who back to her the answer soon indites.

Such health from heav'n myself may wish to  
me,  
Such health from France Queen *Mary* sends to  
thee.

*Brandon*, how long mak'st thou excuse to stay,  
And know'st how ill we women brook delay ?  
If one poor channel thus can part us two,  
Tell me (unkind !) what would an ocean do ?  
*Leander* had an *Hellespont* to swim,  
Yet this from *Hero* could not hinder him ;  
His bark (peer foul !) his breast, his arms, his oars,  
But thou a ship, to land thee on our shores ;  
And opposite to famous *Keat* do lie  
The pleasant fields of flow'ry *Picardy*,  
Where our fair *Calais*, walled in her sands,  
In kerning of the chisty *Dover* stands.

Here is no beldam nurse to pout nor low'r,  
When, wantoning, we revel in my tow'r ;

Nor need I top my turret with a light,  
To guide thee to me, as thou swim'st by night ;  
Compar'd with me, wert thou but half so kind,  
Thy sighs should stuff thy sails, though wanting  
wind :

But thy breast is becalm'd, thy sighs be slack,  
And mine too stiff, do blow thy broad sails back.  
But thou wilt say, that I should blame the flood,  
Because the wind so full against thee stood :  
Nay, blame it not, that it did roughly blow,  
For it did chide thee, that thou wast so slow ;  
For it came not to keep thee in the bay,  
But came from me, to bid thee come away.  
But that thou vainly let'st occasion slide,  
Thou might'st have wasted hither with the tide.  
If when thou com'st, I knit mine angry brow,  
Blame me not, *Brandon*, thou hast broke thy  
vow ;



to frown, I might be dumb,  
make thee stand in doubt to come :  
yet Charles, have care thy ship to

at heart, in faith I will not chide.  
brother and his lovely queen,  
my depart were seen,  
it date expired of my stay,  
Dover did depart away,  
what woe I suffer'd for thy sake,  
n'd of thee my leave to take :  
know'st, with what a heavy heart  
wel, when I should depart ;  
I'd, gave signal with my hand  
where I did see thee stand :  
ain, in all the peoples view,  
see, sweet Charles adieu, adieu.  
rile infant, that hath lost  
rewich it was delighted most,  
eking, to some corner creeps,  
r soul!) it fits it down and weeps ;  
se surle would fain content the

arms for that it cannot find :  
reful cabin did I lie,  
hip out of the road did slide.  
: thou my love was faithful then to

Castle to England sh'd for me ?  
if, if it were not of power,  
I am empire for my dower.  
court when ones report did bring,  
France didst revel with the king,  
in triumph of his victory,  
embroider'd canopy  
I Tournay, which did trembling

ercy at his conquer'ing hand ;  
endearments, how I joy'd ?  
alm was suddenly destroy'd.  
arles of Calisle there to banquet

sister, that ambitious dame,  
roud Duchess, knowing how long

d try'd to win my love from me ;  
shence might thy vows acquit,  
y Mary for a Margaret,  
King Henry's tent of cloth of gold,  
there in her arms unfold :  
ere scathed more deliciously,  
me did Mark Antony :  
all day did entertain your fight,  
maignee you pass'd away the night.  
: say, 'tis proper unto us,  
nature all are jealous,  
fate 'tis oft found in our sex,  
at loves, not any thing suspects :  
doth look with pale suspicion's eye :  
I love, if you take jealousy."  
d Tournay when King Henry took,  
change who then did ever look ?  
auxilian to these wags addrest,  
id's cross on his imperial breast,

(b) And in our army let his eagle fly,  
(f) That view'd our ensigne with a wond'ring eye;  
Little thought I when Bullen first was won,  
Welllock should end what angry war begun.  
From which I vow, I yet am free in thought,  
(f) But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.  
To his advice the king gave free consent,  
That will I, will I, I must be content.  
My virgin's right thy state could not advance,  
But now enriched with the dower of France ;  
Then, but poor Suffolk's duchess had I been,  
Now the great dowager, the most Christian  
queen.

But I perceive where all thy grief doth lie,  
Lewis of France had my virginity ;  
He had indeed, but shall I tell thee what ?  
Believe me, Brandon, he had scarcely that :  
Good feeble king, he could not do much harm,  
But age must needs have something that is warm,  
" Small drops (God knows) do quench that heat  
left here,

" When all the strength is only in desire."  
And I could tell (if modesty might tell)  
There's somewhat else that pleaseth lovers well ;  
To rest his cheek upon my sister's cheek,  
Was all he had, and more he did not lack ;  
So might the little baby clip the nurse,  
And it content, she never a whit the worse :  
Then think this, Brandon, if that make thee  
frown,

For maidenhood, he on me set a crown.  
Who would not change a kingdom for a kiss ?  
Hard were the heart that would not yield him  
this ;

And time yet half so swiftly doth not pass,  
Not yet full five months elder than I was.  
When thou to France conducted wast by fame,  
With many knights which from all countries  
came,

To see me at St. Dennis on my throne,  
Where Lewis held my coronation ;  
(f) Where the proud dauphin, for thy valour's  
sake,

Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take :  
When as the flames upon thy cask did light,  
Grieved therewith, I turn'd away my sight,  
And spake aloud, when I myself forgot,  
'Tis my sweet Charles, my Brandon, hurt him  
not.

But when I fear'd the king perceived this,  
Good-fellow man, I pleas'd him with a kiss ;  
And to extol his valiant son began,  
That Europe never bred a braver man :  
And when (poor king) he simply praised thee,  
Of all the rest I ask'd who thou should'st be ?  
Thus I with him dissembled for thy sake ;  
Open confession now amends must make.  
Whilst this old king upon a pallet lies,  
And only holds a combat with mine eyes ;  
Mine eyes from his, by thy sight stol'n away,  
Which might too well their mistress' thought :  
bewray,

But when I saw thy proud unconquer'd lance  
To beat the prize from all the flow'rs of France.



To see what pleasure did my soul embrace,  
Might eas'ly be discerned in my face.  
Look as the dew upon a damask rose,  
Now through that liquid pearl his blushing  
shows,  
And when the soft air breathes upon his top,  
From the sweet leaves falls eas'ly drop by drop;  
Thus by my cheek, distilling from mine eyes,  
One tear for joy another's room supplies.

Before mine eye (like touch) thy shape did  
prove,

Mine eye condemn'd my too too partial love;  
But since by others I the same do try,  
My love condemns my too too partial eye.  
The precious stone most beautiful and rare,  
When with itself we only it compare,  
We deem all other of that kind to be  
As excellent as that we only see;  
But when we judge of that, with others by,  
Too credulous we do condemn our eye,  
Which then appears more orient and more bright,  
Having a foil whereon to shew its light.  
Alanson, a fine timb'ed man, and tall,  
Yet wants the shape thou art adorn'd withal:  
Vandome good carriage, and a pleasing eye,  
Yet hath not Suffolk's princely majesty:  
Courageous Bourbon, a sweet manly face,  
Yet in his looks lacks Brandon's courtly grace:  
Proud Longaville, suppos'd to have no peer,  
A man scarce made was thought, whilst thou  
wast here:

County Saint-Paul, our best at arms in France,  
Would yield himself a 'squire to bear thy lance: . .

(m) Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for th  
might,

Under thy tow'ring blade have couch'd in fight

If with our love my brother angry be,  
I'll say, to please him, I first fancy'd thee:

And but to frame my liking to his mind,  
Never to thee had I been half so kind.

Worthy my love, the vulgar judge no man,  
Except a Yorkist, or Lancastrian;

Nor think that my affection should be set,  
But in the line of great Plantagenet.

I pass not what the idle commons say,

I pray thee Charles make haste, and come aw

To thee what's England, if I be not there?

Or what to me is France, if thou not here?

Thy absence makes me angry for a while,

But at thy presence I should gladly smile.

When last of me his leave my Brandon took

He swore an oath (and made my lips the book)

He would make haste, which now thou d  
deny;

Thou art forsworn; O wilful perjury!

Sooner would I with greater sins dispense,

Than by entreaty pardon this offence.

But yet I think, if I should come to shrive thee,

Great were the fault that I shou'd not forgi  
thee:

Yet wert thou here, I would revenged be,

But it should be with too much loving thee.

Ay, that is all that thou shalt fear to taste;

I pray thee Brandon come, sweet Charles ma  
haste.

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *The utmost date expired of my stay,  
When I from Dover did depart away.*

King Henry VIII. with the queen and nobles,  
in the sixth year of his reign, in the month of Sep-  
tember, brought this lady to Dover, where she  
took shipping for France.

(b) *Think'st thou my love was faithful unto thee,  
When young Castile to England su'd for me?*

It was agreed and concluded betwixt Henry VII.  
and Philip King of Castile, son to Maximilian the  
emperor, that Charles eldest son of the said Philip,  
should marry the lady Mary, daught r to King  
Henry when they came to age: which agreement  
was afterward in the 8th year of Henry VIII. an-  
nihilated.

(c) *When he, in triumph of his victory,  
Under a rich embroider'd canopy*

*Enter'd proud Tournay, which did tremble  
stand, &c.*

Henry VIII. after the long siege of Tournay  
which was delivered to him upon composition  
entered the city in triumph under a canopy  
cloth of gold, born by four of the chief and m  
noble citizens, the king himself mounted upon  
gallant courser barbed with the arms of Englan  
France, and Ireland.

(d) *When Charles of Castile to a banquet came  
With him his sister, that ambitious dame,  
Savoy's proud duchess.*

The king being at Tournay, there came to hi  
the prince of Castile, and the lady Margaret duch  
of Savoy his sister, to whom king Henry ga  
great entertainment.



(e) *Savoy's proud duchess, knowing how long she  
All means had try'd to win my love from me.*

At this time there was talk of a marriage to be concluded between Charles Brandon then lord Lisle, and the duchess of Savoy; the lord Lisle being highly favoured, and exceedingly beloved of the duchess.

(f) *When in king Henry's tent of cloth of gold.*

The king caused a rich tent of cloth of gold to be erected, where he feasted the prince of Castile and the duchess, and entertained them with sumptuous masks and banquets during their abode.

(g) *When Maximilian to these wars addrest,  
Wore England's cross on his Imperial breast.*

Maximilian the emperor, with all his soldiers who served under King Henry, wore the cross of St. George with the rose on their breasts.

(h) *And in our army let his eagle fly.*

The black eagle is the badge imperial, which here is used for the displaying of his ensign or standard.

(i) *That view'd our ensigns with a wond'ring eye.*

Henry VIII. at his wars in France, retained the emperor and all his soldiers in wages, who served with him during those wars.

(k) *But this alone by Wolsey's wit was wrought.*

Thomas Wolsey the king's almoner, then bishop of Lincoln, a man of great authority with the king, and afterward cardinal, was the chief cause that this lady Mary was married to the old French king, with whom the French had dealt underhand to befriend him in that match.

(l) *Where the proud Dauphin, for thy valour sake,  
Chose thee at tilt his princely part to take.*

Francis duke of Valois and dauphin of France, at the marriage of the lady Mary, in honour thereof proclaimed a joust; where he chose the duke of Suffolk and the marquis of Dorset for his aids at all martial exercises.

(m) *Galeas and Bounarme, matchless for their  
might.*

This county Galeas, at the jousts, ran a course with a spear, which was at the head five inches square on every side, and at the butt nine inches square, whereby he shewed his wondrous force and strength. This Bounarme, a gentleman of France, at the same time came into the field, armed at all points, with ten spears about him: in each stirrup three, under each thigh one, one under his left arm, and one in his hand; and putting his horse to the career, never stopt him till he had broken every staff. *Hall.*



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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CHARLES BRANDON, DUKE OF SUFFOLK,  
TO MARY THE FRENCH QUEEN.

But that my faith commands me to forbear,  
The fault's your own, if I impatient were :  
Were my dispatch such as should be my speed,  
I should want time your loving lines to read.  
Here, in the court, camelion-like I fare,  
And as that creature, only feed on air :  
All day I wait, and all the night I watch,  
And starve mine ears, to hear of my dispatch.

If Dover were th' Abydos of my rest,  
Or pleasant Calais were my Mary's Cest',  
You should not need, bright queen, to blame me  
so,

Eid not the distance, to desire say no :  
No tedious night from travel should be free,  
'Till through the seas, with swimming still to  
thee,

A snowy path I made unto the Bay,  
So bright as is that nectar-stained way,  
'The restless sun by travelling doth wear,  
Passing his course to finish up the year.  
But Paris locks my love within the main,  
And London yet thy Brandon doth detain.

Of thy firm love thou put'st me still in mind,  
But of my faith, not one word can I find.

(a) When Longaville to Mary was assy'd,  
And thou by him wast made King Lewis' bride,  
How oft I wish'd, that thou a prize might'st be,  
That I in arms might combat him for thee!

And in the madness of my love distraught,  
A thousand times his murder have fore-thought :

" But that th' all-seeing pow'rs, which sit above,  
" Regard not mad mens oaths, nor faults in love,  
" And have confirm'd it by the grant of heav'n,  
" That lovers sins on earth should be forgiv'n :  
" For never man is half so much distress'd,  
" As he that loves, to see his love possess'd."

Coming to Richmond after thy depart,  
(Richmond, where first thou stol'st away  
heart)

Methought it look'd not as it did of late,  
But wanting thee, forlorn and desolate ;  
In whose fair walks thou often hast been seen,  
To sport with Kath'rine, Henry's beauteous queen.  
Astonishing sad winter with thy sight,  
So that for thee the day hath put back night;  
And the small birds, as in the pleasant spring,  
Forgot themselves, and have begun to sing.

So oft as I by Thames go and return,  
Methinks for thee the river yet doth mourn,  
Whom I have seen to let his stream at large,  
Which like an handmaid waited on thy barge;  
And if thou hap'st against the flood to row,  
Which way it eb'd, it presently would flow,  
Weeping in drops upon the labouring oars,  
For joy that it had got thee from the shoars.  
'The swans with music that the roothers make,  
Ruffling their plumes, came gliding on the lake,  
As the swift dolphins by Arion's strings,  
Were brought to land with Siren ravishings :  
The flocks and herds that pasture near the flood,  
To gaze upon thee have forborn their food,  
And sat down sadly mourning by the brim,  
That they by nature were not made to swim.

When as the post to England's royal court,  
Of thy hard passage brought thee true report,  
(b) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were  
tost,

And thou thyself in danger to be lost,  
I knew 'twas Venus loath'd that aged bed,  
Where beauty so should be dishonoured ;  
Or fear'd the sea-nymphs haunting of the lake,  
If thou but seen, their goddesses should forsake.



hirling round her dove-drawn coach about,  
 w the navy then in launching out,  
 y mantle loosely doth unbind,  
 fanning forth a rougher gale of wind,  
 l thy sails with speed unto the land,  
 n thy ships on Bullen's harbouring strand.  
 r should I joy of thy arrive to hear!  
 a poor sea-faring passenger,  
 ong travel, tempest-torn and wrack'd,  
 e unpitt'ing pirate that is sack'd;  
 the false robber that hath stol'n his wealth,  
 l in some safe harbour, and in health,  
 l with the invaluable store,  
 rich he long had travelled before.  
 When thou to Abvile held'st th' appointed  
 day,  
 ard how Lewis met thee on the way;  
 thou, in glitt'ring tiffue strangely dight,  
 pear'dst unto him like the Queen of Light:  
 i of silver all thy virgin train,  
 ity sumptuous, as the northern wain;  
 ou alone the foremost glorious star,  
 leddest the team of that great waggoner.  
 could thy thought be, but as I did think,  
 thine eyes tasted what mine ears did drink?  
 cripple king, laid bed-rid long before,  
 thy coming crept out of the door:  
 well he rid, he had no legs to go,  
 is thy beauty forc'd his body to:  
 om a cullice had more fitter been,  
 n a golden bed a gallant Queen;  
 thy beauty as the miser gold,  
 hoards it up but only to behold;  
 oking on it with a jealous eye,  
 g to lend, yet loving usury.  
 lege (if beauty be divine)  
 ofane hand to touch the hallow'd shrine!  
 feit sickness on the sound man's diet;  
 content, yet still to live unquiet;  
 aving all, to be of all beguil'd,  
 it still longing like a little child.  
 When Marquis Dorset and the valiant  
 Grays,  
 rehearse fame, first cross'd the narrow seas,  
 all the knights that my associates went,  
 fear of thy nuptial tournament,  
 'st thou I joy'd not in thy beauty's pride,  
 hen thou in triumph didst through Paris  
 ride?  
 : all the streets, as thou didst pass along,  
 Arras, Bisse, and tapestry were hung;  
 ousand gallant citizens prepar'd,  
 attire thy princely self to guard:  
 hem, three thousand choice religious men,  
 den vestments follow'd on again;  
 n procession as they came along,  
 Hymenæus sang thy marriage-song.  
 ext these, five dukes, as did their places fall,  
 each of them a princely cardinal:  
 thou, on thy imperial chariot set,  
 n'd with a rich imperialed coronet;  
 st the Parisian dames, as thy train pass,  
 : precious incense in abundance cast.

As Cynthia, from her wave-embattel'd shrouds  
 Op'ning the west, comes streaming through the  
 clouds,  
 With shining troops of silver-tressed stars,  
 Attending on her as her torch-bearers;  
 And all the lesser lights about her throne  
 With admiration stand as lookers on;  
 Whilst she alone, in height of all her pride,  
 The Queen of Light along her sphere doth glide,  
 When on the tilt my horse like thunder came,  
 No other signal had I, but thy name;  
 'Thy voice 'my trumpet, and my guide thine  
 eyes,  
 And but thy beauty, I esteem'd no prize.  
 (i) That large-limb'd Almain, of the giant's  
 race.  
 Which bare strength on his breast, fear in his  
 face,  
 Whose sinew'd arms with his steel-temper'd  
 blade,  
 Through plate and mail such open passage made;  
 Upon whose might the Frenchmen's glory lay,  
 And all the hope of that victorious day:  
 Thou saw'st thy Brandon beat him on his knee,  
 Off'ring his shield a conquer'd spoil to thee.  
 But thou wilt say, perhaps, I vainly boast,  
 And tell thee that which thou already know'st.  
 No sacred queen, my valour I deny,  
 It was thy beauty, not my chivalry.  
 One of thy tressed curls there falling down,  
 As loth to be imprison'd in thy crown,  
 I saw the soft air sportively to take it,  
 And into strange and sundry forms to make it;  
 Now parting it to four, to three, to twain,  
 Now twisting it, then it untwist again;  
 Then make the threads to dally with thine eye,  
 A sunny candle for a golden fly.  
 At length from thence one little tear it got,  
 Which falling down as though a star had shot,  
 My up-turn'd eye pursu'd it with my sight,  
 The which again redoubled all my might.  
 'Tis but in vain of my descent to boast,  
 When heav'n's lamp shines, all other lights be  
 lost;  
 Faulcons seem poor, the eagle sitting by,  
 Whose brood surveys the sun with open eye;  
 (k) Else might my blood find issue from his force,  
 Who beat the tyrant Richard from his horse  
 On Bosworth plain, whom Richmond chose to  
 wield  
 His glorious ensign in that conqu'ring field;  
 And with his sword in his dear sov'reign's fight,  
 To his last breath stood fast in Henry's right.  
 Then, beauteous empress, think this safe delay  
 Shall be the even to a joyful day:  
 "Fore-sight doth still on all advantage lie,  
 "Wise men must give place to necessity;  
 "To put back ill, our good we must forbear;  
 "Better first fear, and after still to fear."  
 'Twere oversight in that, at which we aim,  
 To put the hazard on an after-game;  
 With patience then let us our hopes attend,  
 And till I come, receive these lines I send.



## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

*(a) When Longaville to Mary was affy'd*

The duke of Longaville, who was prisoner in England, upon the peace to be concluded between England and France, was delivered, and married the princess Mary for Louis the French king his master.

*(b) How in a storm thy well-rigg'd ships were tost,  
and thou, &c.*

As the queen sailed for France, a mighty storm arose at sea, so that the navy was in great danger, and was severed, some driven upon the coast of Flanders, some on Britain. The ship wherein the queen sailed was driven into the haven at Bullen with very great danger.

*(c) When thou to Abvile held'st th' appointed day.*

King Lewis met her by Abvile near to the forest of Arden, and brought her into Abvile with great solemnity.

*(d) Appeard' st unto him like the queen of light.*

Expressing the sumptuous attire of the queen and her train, attended by the chief of the nobility of England, with six-and-thirty ladies all in cloth of silver, their horses trapped with crimson velvet.

*(e) A cripple king, laid bed-rid long before.*

King Lewis was a man of great years, troubled much with the gout, so that he had long time before little use of his legs.

*(f) When marquis Dorset and the valiant Greys.*

The duke of Suffolk when the proclamation

came into England, of jousts to be held in France at Paris; he, for the queen's mistress, obtained of the king to go with whom went the marquis of Dorset four brothers, the lord Clinton, Sir Edw. Vill, Sir Giles Capell. Thomas Cheney, went over with the duke as his assistants.

*(g) When thou in triumph didst thro' Paris.*

A true description of the queen's entrance into Paris, after her coronation performed at Paris.

*(h) Next these, five dukes, as did their peers.*  
The dukes of Alanson, Bourbon, Vendôme, Longaville, Suffolk, with five cardinals.

*(i) That large-limb'd Almain of the giant's race.*  
Francis Valois the dauphin of France, the glory that the Englishmen had obtained in tilt, brought in an Almain secretly, a man almost of incomparable strength, who encountered Charles Brandon at the barriers; but in grappling with him, so beat him about with the pommel of his sword, that he came out of the fight of his cask.

*(k) Else might my blood find issue from my side.*  
*Who beat, &c.*

Sir William Brandon, standard-bearer of the earl of Richmond (after Henry VII.) at Bosworth field, a brave and gallant gentleman, was slain by Richard there; this was father Charles Brandon duke of Suffolk.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, TO THE LADY GERALDINE.

### *The Argument.*

The earl of Surrey, that renowned lord,  
Th' old English glory bravely that restor'd,  
That prince and poet (a name more divine)  
Falling in love with beauteous Geraldine,  
Of the Gerald's, which derive their name  
From Florence: whither, to advance her fame,  
He travels, and in public jousts maintain'd  
Her beauty peerless, which by arms he gain'd:  
But staying long, fair Italy to see,  
To let her know him constant still to be,  
From Tuscany this letter to her writes;  
Which her rescription instantly invites.

FROM (a) learned Florence (long time rich in  
fame)

From whence thy race, thy noble grandfires came  
To famous England, that kind nurse of mine,  
Thy Surrey sends to heav'nly Geraldine.  
Yet let not Tuscan think I do it wrong,  
That I from thence write in my native tongue;  
That in these harsh tun'd cadences I sing,  
Sitting so near the muses sacred spring;  
But rather think it self adorn'd thereby,  
That England reads the praise of Italy.  
Though to the Tuscans I the smoothness grant,  
Our dialect no majesty doth want,  
To set thy praises in as high a key,  
As France, or Spain, or Germany, or they.

What day I quit the fore-land of fair Kent,  
And that my ship her course for Flanders bent,

Yet think I with how many a heavy look  
My leave of England and of thee I took,  
And did intreat the tide (if it might be)  
But to convey me one sigh back to thee.  
Up to the deck a billow lightly skips,  
Taking my sigh, and down again it slips,  
Into the gulph itself it headlong throws,  
And as a post to England-ward it goes.  
As I sat wond'ring how the rough sea stirr'd,  
I might far off perceive a little bird,  
Which as she sail'd from shore to shore would fly.  
Had lost herself in the broad vasty sky,  
Her feeble wing beginning to deceive her,  
The seas of life still gaping to berave her:  
Unto the ship she makes, which she discovers,  
And there (poor fool!) a while for refuge  
hovers;



And when at length her flagging pinion fails,  
 Painting she hangs upon the rolling sails  
 And being forc'd to loose her hold with pain,  
 Yet beaten off, she straight lights on again,  
 And toils'd with flaws, with storms, with wind,  
     with weather,  
 Yet still departing thence, still turneth thither:  
 Now with the poop, now with the prow doth  
     bear,  
 Now on this side, now that, now here, now there.  
 Methinks these storms should be my sad depart,  
 The silly helpless bird is my poor heart,  
 The ship, to which for succour it repairs,  
 That is yourself, regardless of my cares.  
 Of every surge doth fall, or wave doth rise,  
 To some one thing I sit and moralize.

When for thy love I left the Belgic shore,  
 Divine Erasmus and our famous More,  
 Whose happy presence gave me such delight,  
 As made a minute of a winter's night;  
 With whom a while I staid at Roterdame,  
 Now so renowned by Erasmus' name:  
 Yet every hour did seem a world of time,  
 Till I had seen that soul reviving clime,  
 And thought the foggy Netherlands unfit,  
 A wat'ry soil to clog a fiery wit.  
 And as that wealthy Germany I nast,  
 Coming unto the Emperor's court at last,  
 (b) Great-learn'd Agrippa, so profound in art,  
 Who the infernal secrets doth impart,  
 When of thy health I did desire to know,  
 Me in a glass my Geraldine did show,  
 Sick in thy bed; and for thou could'st not sleep,  
 By a wax taper set the light to keep;  
 I do remember thou didst read that ode,  
 Sent back whilst I in Thanet made abode,  
 Where when thou cam'st unto that word of love,  
 Ev'n in thine eyes I saw how passion strove:  
 That snowy lawn which covered thy bed,  
 Methought look'd white, to see thy cheek so red;  
 Thy rosy cheek oft changing in my sight,  
 Yet still was red, to see the lawn so white:  
 The little taper which should give thee light,  
 Methought wax'd dim, to see thy eyes so bright;  
 Thine eye again supply'd the taper's turn,  
 And with his beams more brightly made it burn:  
 The thrugging air about thy temples hurks,  
 And wrap't thy breath in little clouded curls,  
 And as it did ascend, it straight did seize it,  
 And as it sunk it presently did raise it.  
 Canst thou by sickness banish beauty so,  
 Which if put from thee, knows not where to go  
 To make her shift, and for succour seek  
 To every rivell'd face, each bankrupt cheek?  
 "If health preserv'd, thou beauty still dost cherish;  
 "If that neglected, beauty soon doth perish.  
 Care draws on care, woe comforts woe again,  
 Sorrow breeds sorrow, one grief brings forth twain.  
 If live or die, as thou do'st, so do I;  
 If live, I live; and if thou die, I die:  
 One heart, on love, one joy, one grief, one troth,  
 One good, one ill, one life, one death to both.

If Howard's blood thou hold'st as but too vile  
 Or not esteem'st of Norfolk's princely stile;

If Scotland's coat no mark of fame can lend,  
 (c) That lion plac'd in our bright silver bend,  
 Which as trophy beautifies our shield,  
 (d) Since Scottish blood discolour'd Floden field;  
 When the proud Cheviot our brave ensign bare,  
 As a rich jewel in a Lady's hair,  
 And did fair Bramston's neighbouring vallies  
     choke

With clouds of cannons fire-disgorged smoke;  
 Of Surrey's Earldom insufficient be,  
 And not a dower so well contenting thee;  
 Yet I am one of great Apollo's heirs,  
 The sacred Muses challenge me for theirs.  
 By Princes my immortal lines are sung,  
 My flowing verses grac'd with ev'ey tongue:  
 The little children when they learn to go,  
 By painful mothers daded to and fro,  
 Are taught by sugar'd numbers to rehearse,  
 And have their sweet lips season'd with my verse.

When heav'n would strive to do the best it can,  
 And put an angel's spirit into man,  
 The utmost pow'r it hath, it then doth spend,  
 When to the world a Poet it doth intend.  
 That little diff'rence 'twixt the gods and us,  
 (By them confirm'd) distinguish'd only thus:  
 Whom they in birth ordain to happy days,  
 The gods commit their glory to our praise;  
 T' eternal life when they dissolve their breath,  
 We likewise share a second pow'r by death.

When time shall turn those amber locks to  
     gray,  
 My verse again shall gild and make them gay  
 And trick them up in knotted curls anew,  
 And to thy autumn give a summer's hue;  
 That sacred pow'r, that in my ink remains,  
 Shall put fresh blood into thy wither'd veins,  
 And on thy red decay'd, thy whiteness dead,  
 Shall set a white more white, a red more red:  
 When thy dim sight thy glass cannot descry,  
 Nor thy craz'd mirror can discern thine eye;  
 My verse, to tell th' one what the other was,  
 Shall represent them both, thine eye and glass:  
 Where both thy mirror and thine eye shall see,  
 What once thou saw'st in that, that saw in thee;  
 And to them both shall tell the simple truth,  
 What that in pureness was, what thou in youth.

If Florence once should lose her old renown,  
 As famous Athens, now a fisher-town;  
 My lines for thee a Florence shall erect,  
 Which great Apollo ever shall protect,  
 And with the numbers from my pen that falls,  
 Bring marble mines to re-erect those walls.

(e) Nor beauteous Stanhope, whom all tongues  
 To be the glory of the English court, [reper:  
 Shall by our nation be so much admir'd,  
 If ever Surry truly were inspir'd.

(f) And famous Wyat, who in numbers sings  
 To that enchanting Thracian harper's strings,  
 To whom Phoebus (the Poets god) did drink  
 A bowl of nectar, fill'd up to the brink;  
 And sweet-tongu'd Bryan (whom the Muses kept,  
 And in his cradle rockt him whilst he slept)  
 In sacred verses (most divinely penn'd)  
 Upon thy praises ever shall attend.



What time I came into this famous town,  
 And made the cause of my arrival known,  
 Great Medices a list for triumphs built;  
 Within the which, upon a tree of gilt,  
 (Which was with sundry rare devices set)  
 I did erect thy lovely counterfeit,  
 To answer those Italian dames desire,  
 Which daily came thy beauty to admire;  
 By which, my lion in his gaping jaws  
 Held up my lance, and in his dreadful paws  
 Reacheth my gauntlet unto him that dare  
 A beauty with my Geraldine's compare.  
 Which, when each manly valiant arm assays,  
 After so many brave triumphant days,  
 The glorious prize upon my lance I bear,  
 By herald's voice proclaim'd to be thy share.  
 The shiver'd slaves here for thy beauty broke,  
 With fierce encounters past at ev'ry shock,  
 When stormy courses answer's cuff for cuff,  
 Denting proud bevers with the counter-buff,  
 Upon an altar, burnt with holy flame,  
 I sacrific'd, as incense to thy fame:  
 Where, as the phoenix from her spiced fume  
 Renews herself, in that she doth consume;  
 So from these sacred ashes live we both,  
 Ev'n as that one Arabian wonder doth.

When to my chamber I myself retire,  
 Burnt with the sparks that kindled all this fire,  
 Thinking of England, which my hope contains,  
 The happy isle where Geraldine remains:  
 (g) Of Hunsdon, where those sweet celestial cyne  
 At first did pierce this tender breast of mine:  
 (h) Of Hampton-Court and Windsor, where  
 abound

All pleasures that in Paradise were found:  
 Near that fair castle is a little grove,  
 With hanging rocks all cover'd from above,  
 Which on the bank of goodly Thames doth stand,  
 Clipt by the water from the other land,  
 Whose bushy top doth bid the sun forbear,  
 And checks his proud beams that would enter  
 there;  
 Whose leaves still mutt'ring, as the air doth  
 breathe,  
 With the sweet bubbling of the stream beneath,  
 Doth rock the senses (whilst the small birds sing)  
 Lulled asleep with gentle murmuring;  
 Where light-foot Fairies sport at prison-base,  
 (No doubt there is some pow'r frequents the  
 place)  
 There the soft poplar and smooth beech do bear  
 Our names together carv'd every where,

And Gordian knots do curiously entwine  
 The names of Henry and Geraldine.  
 O let this grove, in happy times to come,  
 Be call'd the lovers bleis'd Elyzium;  
 Whither my mistress wonted to resort,  
 In summer's heat, in those sweet shades to sport:  
 A thousand sundry names I have it given,  
 And call'd it Wonder-hider, Cover-heav'n,  
 The roof where beauty her rich court doth keep,  
 Under whose compass all the stars do sleep.  
 There is one tree, which now I call to mind,  
 Doth bear these verses carved in the rind:  
 " When Geraldine shall sit in thy fair shade,  
 " Fan her fair tresses with perfumed air,  
 " Let thy large boughs a canopy be made,  
 " To keep the sun from gazing on my fair:  
 " And when thy spreading branched arms be  
 " sunk,

" And thou no sap nor pith shalt more retain,  
 " Ev'n from the dust of thy unwieldy trunk  
 " I will renew thee, phoenix-like, again,  
 " And from thy dry decayed root will bring  
 " A new-born stem, another Arson's spring.  
 I find no cause, nor judge I reason why,  
 My country should give place to Lombardy.  
 (i) As goodly flow'rs on Thamesis do grow,  
 As beautify the banks of wanton Po;  
 As many nymphs as haunt rich Arnus' strand,  
 By silver Severn tripping hand in hand:  
 Our shade's as sweet, though not to us so dear,  
 Because the sun hath greater power there.  
 This distant place doth give me greater woe;  
 Far off, my sighs the farther have to go.  
 Ah absence! why thus should'st thou seen so  
 long?

Or wherefore should'st thou offer time such  
 wrong,  
 Summer so soon to steal on winter's cold,  
 Or winter blasts so soon make summer old?  
 Love did us both with one self-arrow strike,  
 Our wounds both one, our cure should be the  
 like;

Except thou hast found out some mean by art,  
 Some pow'rful med'cine to withdraw the dart;  
 But mine is fixt, and absence being proved,  
 It sticks too fast, it cannot be removed.

Adieu, adieu, from Florence when I go,  
 By my next letters Geraldine shall know,  
 Which if good fortune shall by course direct,  
 From Venice by some messenger expect;  
 Till when, I leave thee to thy heart's desire,  
 By him that lives thy virtues to admire.



## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Then Windsor's or Fitzgerald's families.*

The coast of many kings which from time to time have adorned the castle at Windsor with their princely magnificence, hath made it more noble than that it need to be spoken of now, as though obscure; and I hold it more meet to refer you to our vulgar monuments for the founders and finishers thereof, than to meddle with matter nothing near the purpose. As for the family of the Fitzgeralds, of whence this lady was lineally descended, the original was English, though the branches did spread themselves into distant places, and names nothing consonant, as in former times it was usual to denominate themselves of their manors or forenames, as may partly appear in that which ensueth; the light whereof proceeded from my learned and very worthy friend Mr. Francis Thinn. Walter of Windsor the son of Oterus, had to issue William, of whom Henry now Lord Windsor is descended; and Robert of Windsor, of whom Robert the now Earl of Essex, and Gerald of Windsor his third son, who married the daughter of Rees the great Prince of Wales, of whom came Nesta paramour to Henry the first: which Gerald had issue Maurice Fitzgerald ancestor to Thomas Fitzmaurice Justice of Ireland, buried at Tralay; leaving issue John his eldest son first Earl of Kildare ancestor to Geraldine, and Maurice his second son first Earl of Desmond.

(k) *To raise the mount where Surrey's tow'rs must stand.*

Alluding to the sumptuous house which was

afterward built by him upon Leonard's-hill, against Norwich; which, in the rebellion of folk under Ket, in King Edward the sixth's was much defaced by that impure rabble. twixt the hill and the city, as Alexander describes it, the river of Yarmouth runs, to the west and south thereof a wood, and a little vale called Thorpe; and on the north the pasture Mousholl, which contain about six miles in length and breadth. So that besides the stately grounds of Mount-Surrey, which was the house's prospect and site thereof was passing pleasant and commodious; and no where else did the creating evil of the Norfolk fury unkennel then, but there, as it were for a manifest token their intent to debase all high things, and to profane all holy.

(c) *Like arras-work, or such like imag'ry.*

Such was he whom Juvenal taxeth in this manner

*Truncoque similis: H*

*Nulla quippe alio vinctis discrimine, quas*

*illi marmoreum caput est, tua vivit imago*

Seeming to be born for nothing else but appearance, and the outward appearance entitled complete, with whom the ridiculous fable of the ape in the story sorteth fitly; who coming into a carver's shop, and viewing many marble works, took up the head of a man very cunningly wrought, greatly in praising did seem to pity it; that he so comely an outside it had nothing within; empty figures walk and talk in every place, to whom the noble Geraldine modestly glanced



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## THE LADY JANE GRAY TO THE LORD GILFORD DUDLEY.

### *The Argument.*

Edward the sixth, his timeless life bereft,  
(Though doubtfully) yet his dominion left  
To his sister Mary : but by Henry Gray,  
Then Duke of Suffolk, bearing mighty sway,  
With the consent and by the pow'rful hand  
Of John the stout Duke of Northumberland,  
His fourth son, Gilford Dudley, they affy'd  
To fair Jane Gray, which by the mother's side  
Some title claim'd : this marriage them between,  
The Lady Jane was here proclaimed Queen,  
But Mary soon prevailing by her pow'r,  
Caused those two preserved in the Tow'r,  
There to be prison'd ; where, their blame to quit,  
They each to other these epistles writ.

My own dear Lord, sith thou art lock'd from  
me,

In this disguise my love must steal to thee,  
Since to renew all loves, all kindness past,  
This refuge scarcely left, yet this the last.

My keeper coming, I of thee inquire,  
Who with thy greeting answers my desire ;  
Which my tongue willing to return again,  
Grief stops my words, and I but strive in vain :  
Wherewith amaz'd, away in haste he goes,  
When through my lips my heart thrusts forth my  
woes.

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But then the doors, that make a doleful sound,  
Drive back my words, that in the noise are  
drown'd,

Which somewhat hush'd, the echo doth record,  
And twice or thrice reiterates my word :  
When like an adverse wind in Isis' course,  
Against the tide bending his boist'rous force ;  
But when the flood hath wrought itself about,  
He following on, doth headlong thrust it out :  
Thus strive my sighs with tears ere they begin,  
And breaking out, again sighs drive them in.

K



A thousand forms present my troubled thought  
Yet prove abortive ere they forth are brought,  
"The depth of woe with words we hardly sound,  
"Sorrow is so insensibly profound."

As tears do fall and rise, sighs come and go,  
So do these numbers ebb, so do they flow.  
These briny tears do make my ink look pale,  
My ink cloaths tears in this sad mourning vail;  
The letters mourners, weep with my dim eye,  
The paper pale, griev'd at my misery.  
Yet miserable ourselves why should we deem,  
Sith none are so but in their own esteem?

"Who in distress from resolution flies,

Is rightly said to yield to miseries."

(a) They which begot us, did beget this sin,  
They first begun what did our grief begin:  
We tasted not, 'twas they which did rebell,  
(Not our offence) but in their fall we fell:  
They which a crown would to my Lord have  
All hope of life and liberty extinct; [link'd,  
A subject born, a sov'reign to have been,  
Have made me now nor subject, nor a Queen.  
Ah, vile ambition, how dost thou deceive us!  
Which shew'st us heav'n, and yet in hell dost leave  
us.

"Seldom untouch'd doth innocence escape,  
"When error cometh in good counsel's shape;  
"A lawful title counterchecks proud might;  
"The weakest things become strong props to  
"right."

Then, my dear Lord, although affliction grieve  
us,

Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.

"Death but an acted passion doth appear,  
"Where truth gives courage and the conscience  
"clear."

And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,  
That I bear part of whatsoe'r is thine,  
As when we liv'd untouched with these disgraces,  
When as our kingdom was our dear embraces:

(b) At Durham palace, where sweet Hymen sang,  
Whose buildings with our nuptial music rang:  
When prothalamions prais'd that happy day,  
Wherein great Dudley match'd with noble Gray.  
When they devis'd to link by wedlock's band  
The house of Suffolk to Northumberland;  
Our fatal dukedom to your dukedom bound,  
To frame this building on so weak a ground.  
For what avails a lawless usurpation,  
Which gives a scepter, but not rules a nation?  
Only the surfeit of a vain opinion:

"What gives content, gives what exceeds do-  
"minion."

(c) When first mine ears were pierced with the  
fame

Of Jane, proclaimed by a Princess' name,  
A sudden fright my trembling heart appalls:

"The fear of conscience ent'reth iron walls."

Thrice happy for our fathers had it been,  
If what we fear'd, they wisely had foreseen,  
And kept a mean gate in an humble path,  
To have escap'd the heav'n's impetuous wrath,  
The true-bred eagle strongly stems the wind,  
And not each bird resembling their brave kind;

He, like a king, doth from the clouds command  
The fearful fowl, that move but near the land.

Though Mary be from mighty Kings de-  
scended,

My blood not from Plantagenet pretended;  
(d) My grandfire Brandon did our house advance,  
By princely Mary, dowager of France:  
The fruit of that fair stock, which did combine,  
And York's sweet branch with Lancaster entwine,  
And in one stalk did happily unite

The pure vermilion rose and purer white;

I, the untimely slip of that rich stem,  
Whose golden bud brings forth a diadem.

But oh, forgive me, Lord, it is not I,  
Nor do I boast of this, but learn to die:

Whilst we were as ourselves, conjoyned then,  
Nature to nature, now an alien. [blood?

"To gain a kingdom, who spares their next

"Nearness contemn'd, if sov'reignty withstand.

"A diadem once dazzling the eye,

"The day too dark to see affinity:

"And where the arm is stretch'd to reach a  
"crown,

"Friendship is broke, the dearest things thrown  
"down."

(e) For what great Henry most strove to avoid,  
The heav'n's have built, where earth would have  
destroy'd.

And seating Edward on his regal throne,  
He gives to Mary all that was his own,  
By death assuring what by life is theirs,  
The lawful claim of Henry's lawful heirs.  
By mortal laws the bond may be divorc'd,  
But heav'n's decree by no means can be forc'd:  
That rules the case, when men have all decreed,  
Who took him hence forswore who should succeed;  
For we in vain rely on human laws, [cause.

When heaven stands forth to plead the righteous  
Thus rule the skies in their continual course;

That yields to fate, that doth not yield to force.

"Man's wit doth build for time but to devour,

"But virtue's free from time and fortune's  
"pow'r."

Then my kind Lord, sweet Gilford, be not  
griev'd,

The soul is heav'nly, and from heaven reliev'd;

And as we once have plighted troth together,

Now let us make exchange of minds to either:

To thy fair breast take my resolved mind,

Arm'd against black despair and all her kind:

Into my bosom breathe that soul of thine,

There to be made as perfect as is mine:

So shall our faiths as firmly be approved,

As I of thee, or thou of me beloved.

This life, no life, wert thou not dear to me,

Nor this no death, were I not woe for thee.

Thou my dear husband and my lord before,

But truly learn to die, thou shalt be more.

Now live by pray'r, on heav'n fix all thy thought,

And surely find whate'er by zeal is sought:

For each good motion that the soul awakes,

A heav'nly figure sees, from whence it takes

That sweet resemblance, which by pow'r of kind

Forms (like itself) an image in the mind,



And in our high the operations be,  
Of that divineness which through that we see  
Which never errs, but accidentally,  
By our frail flesh's imbecility;  
By each temptation over-apt to slide;  
Except our spirit becomes our bodies guide:  
For as these towers our bodies do enclose,  
So our souls prisons verily are those:  
Our bodies stopping that celestial light,  
As these do hinder our exterior sight;  
Whereon death seizing, doth discharge the debt;  
And us as blessed liberty doth set.

Then draw thy forces all up to thy heart,  
The strongest fortress of this earthly part,  
And on these three let thy assurance lie,  
On faith, repentance, and humility,  
By which, to heav'n ascending by degrees,  
Perch in pray'r upon your bended knees:  
Whereon if you assuredly be stay'd,  
You need in peril not to be dismay'd,  
Which still shall keep you that you have not lost;  
For any peril that can you appall:  
The key of heav'n thus with you you shall have,  
And grace you guiding, get you entrance there;  
And you of those celestial joys possess,  
Which mortal tongue's unable to express.

Then thank the heav'n, preparing us this  
room,  
Crowding our hands with glorious martyrs.

Before the black and dismal days begin,  
The days of all idolatry and sin,  
Not fust'ring us to see that wicked age,  
When persecution vehemently shall rage;  
When tyranny new tortures shall invent  
To inflict vengeance on the innocent.  
Yet heav'n forbid that Mary's womb should bring  
England's fair sceptre to a foreign King;  
But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it,  
Which broken; here, and wounded shall receive  
it:

And in her temple having plac'd the crown,  
Root out the dregs idolatry hath sown:  
And Zion's glory shall again restore,  
Laid ruin, waste, and desolate before;  
And from black cinders, and rude heaps of stones,  
Shall gather up the martyrs sacred bones;  
And shall extirp the pow'r of Rome again,  
And cast aside the heavy yoke of Spain.

Farewel, sweet Gifford, know our end is  
near,  
Heav'n sows home, we are but strangers here  
Let us make haste to go unto the bliss,  
Which from these weary worldly labours rest.  
And with these lines, my dearest Lord, I greet  
thee,  
Until in heav'n thy Jane again shall meet thee.

ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Why wouldst thou us, didst thou this do.*  
Noting the ambition of the two Dukes their  
inborn, innate pride was made of the utter over-  
throw of their children.

(b) *As the two noblest men, great Hymen sang*  
*the building, &c.*

The Lord Gifford Dudley, fourth son to John  
Dudley Duke of Northumberland, married this  
Lady Jane Gray, daughter to the Duke of Suffolk;  
a daughter-in-law to the Strand.

(c) *When first mine eyes were plac'd with the*  
*of Jane, proclaimed by a Prince's name.*

Immediately upon the death of King Edward, the  
Lady Jane was taken as Queen, conveyed by  
water to the tower of London for her safety, and  
was proclaimed in divers parts of the realm, as  
is contained by King Edward's letters patents and  
his will.

(d) *My powerful Brethren all our best advance*  
*By Princes Mary, Daughter of France.*  
Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, married Frances

the eldest daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of  
Suffolk, by the French Queen; by which Frances  
he had this lady Jane. This Mary the French  
Queen was daughter to King Henry VII. by  
Elizabeth his Queen; which happy marriage con-  
joined the two noble families of Lancaster and  
York.

(e) *For what great Henry eigh first to avoid.*  
Noting the distrust that King Henry VIII.  
ever had in the Princess Mary his daughter,  
fearing she would alter the line of religion in  
the land, by matching with a stranger, con-  
fessing the right that King Henry's line had  
to the crown.

(f) *But she to fair Elizabeth shall leave it.*  
A prophecy of Queen Mary's barrenness, and  
of the happy and glorious reign of Queen Eliza-  
beth; her restoring of religion, the abolishing of  
the Romish service, and casting aside the yoke  
of Spain.



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# ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.

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## GILFORD DUDLEY TO THE LADY JANE GRAY.

As the swan singing at his dying hour,  
So I reply from my impris'ning tow'r :  
O, could there be that pow'r but in my verse,  
'T' express the grief which my sad heart doth  
pierce !

The very walls, that straitly thee inclose,  
Would surely weep at reading of my woes ;  
Let your eyes lend, I'll pay you every tear,  
And give you int'rest, if you do forbear ;  
Drop for a drop, and if you'll needs have loan,  
I will repay you frankly two for one.

Perhaps you'll think (your sorrows to appease)  
That words of comfort fitter were than these :  
True, and in you when such perfection liveth,  
As in most grief, me now most comfort giveth.  
But think not Jane, that cowardly I faint,  
To beg man's mercy by my sad complaint,  
That death so much my courage can controul,  
At the departing of my living soul.

For if one life a thousand lives could be,  
All those too few to consummate with thee  
When thou this cross so patiently dost bear,  
As if thou wert incapable of fear,  
And dost no more this dissolution fly,  
Than if long age constrained thee to die.

Yet it is strange, thou art become my foe,  
And only now add'st most unto my woe ;  
Not that I loath what most did me delight,  
But that so long deprived of thy sight :  
For when I speak, and would complain my wrong,  
Straitways thy name possesseth all my tongue,  
As thou before me evermore didst lie  
The present object to my longing eye.

No ominous star did at thy birthtide shine,  
That might of thy sad destiny divine ;

'Tis only I that did thy fall persuade,  
And thou by me a sacrifice art made,  
As in those countries where the loving wives  
With their kind husbands end their happy lives,  
And crown'd with garlands, in their brides attire,  
Burn with his body in the fun'ral fire ;  
And she the worthiest reckon'd is of all,  
Whom least the peril seemeth to appall.

I boast not of Northumberland's great name,  
(a) (Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame :  
When he to Norfolk with his armies sped,  
And thence in chains the rebels captive led,  
And brought safe peace returning to our doors,  
Yet spread his glory on the eastern shores ;  
(b) Nor of my brothers, from whose natural grace  
Virtue may spring to beautify our race ;  
(c) Nor of Gray's match, my children born by thee,  
Of the great blood undoubtedly to be :  
But of thy virtue only do I boast,  
That wherein I may justly glory most.

I crav'd no Kingdoms, though I thee did crave :  
It me suffic'd thy only self to have :  
Yet let me say, however it befall,  
Methinks a crown should have becom'd thee well :  
For sure thy wisdom merited, or none,  
(d) To have been heard with wonder from a  
throne ;

When from thy lips the counsel to each deed,  
Doth as from some wise oracle proceed.  
And more esteem'd thy virtues were to me,  
Than all that else might ever come by thee :  
So chaste thy love, so innocent thy life,  
As being a virgin when thou wert a wife ;  
So great a gift the heav'n on me bestow'd,  
As giving that, it nothing could have ow'd :



Such was the good I did possess of late,  
E'er worldly care disturb'd our quiet state;  
E'er trouble did in ev'ry place abound  
And angry war our former peace did wound.  
But to know this, ambition us affords,  
"One crown is guarded with a thousand swords;  
"To mean estates mean sorrows are but shown,  
"But crowns have cares, whose workings be  
"unknown."

(c) When Dudley led his armies to the east,  
Of our whole forces gen'rally possess,  
What then was thought his enterprise could  
let.

(f) Whom a grave council freely did abet,  
That had the judgment of the pow'ful laws  
In ev'ry point to justify the cause?  
The holy church a helping hand that laid,  
Who would have thought that these could not  
have sway'd?

But what (alas!) can parliaments avail,  
Where Mary's right must Edward's acts repeal?

(g) When Suffolk's pow'r doth Suffolk's hopes  
withstand,

Northumberland doth leave Northumberland;  
And they that should our greatness undergo,  
Us and our actions only overthrow.

It's greatness gain'd, we give it all our heart,  
But being once come, we wish it would depart,

And indiscreetly follow that so fast,  
Which overtaken, punisheth our haste.

If any one do pity our offence,  
Let him be sure that he be far from hence:  
Here is no place for any one that shall  
So much as once commiserate our fall:  
And we of mercy vainly should but think,  
Our timeless tears th' insatiate earth doth drink.  
All lamentations utterly forlorn,  
Dying before they fully can be born.

Mothers, that should their woful children rue;  
Fathers, in death to kindly bid adieu;

Friends, their dear farewell lovingly to take;  
The faithful servant weeping for our sake;

Brothers and sisters waiting on our bier,  
Mourners to tell what we were living here:

But we (alas!) deprived are of all,  
So fatal is our miserable fall.

And, where at first for safety we were shut,  
Now in dark prison wofully are put,

And from the height of our ambitious state,  
Lie to repent our arrogance too late.

To thy persuasion thus I then reply,  
Hold on thy course, resolved still to die;

And when we shall so happily be gone,  
Leave it to heaven to give the rightful throne;

And with that health regret I thee again,  
Which I of late did gladly entertain:

## ANNOTATIONS OF THE CHRONICLE HISTORY.

(a) *Nor of Ket conquer'd, adding to our fame.*  
John, Duke of Northumberland, when before  
he was Earl of Warwick, in his expedition against  
Ket, overthrew the rebels of Norfolk and Suffolk,  
encamped at Mount-Surrey in Norfolk.

(b) *Nor of my brothers, from whose natural  
grass.*  
Gilford Dudley, as remembering in this place  
the towardness of his brothers, which were all  
likely indeed to have raised that house of the Dud-  
leys, of which he was a fourth brother, if not sup-  
pressed by their father's overthrow.

(c) *Nor of Gray's match, my children born by  
her.*  
Noting in this place the alliance of the La-  
dy Jane Gray by her mother, which was Fran-  
ces the daughter of Charles Brandon, by Mary  
the French Queen, daughter to Henry VII. and  
sister to Henry VIII.

(d) *To have been heard with wonder from a  
throne.*

Seldom hath it ever been known of any woman  
indued with such wonderful gifts, as was this la-  
dy, both for her wisdom and learning: of whose  
skill in the tongues, one reporteth by this epi-  
gram:

*Miraris Janam Gradio sermone valere?  
Quo primum nata est tempore Graia fuit.*

(e) *When Dudley led his army to the east.*

The Duke of Northumberland prepared his  
power at London for his expedition against the  
rebels in Norfolk, and making haste away, ap-  
pointed the rest of his forces to meet him at New-  
market-Heath: of whom this saying is reported,  
that passing through Shore-Ditch, the Lord Gray  
in his company, seeing the people in great num-  
bers came to see him, he said, "The people press  
"to see us, but none bid God speed us."



(f) *What a grave council freely did abet.*

John Dudley Duke of Northumberland, when he went out against Queen Mary, had his commission sealed for the generalship of the army, by the consent of the whole council of the land: in-  
somuch that passing through the council-chamber at his departure, the Earl of Arundel wished, that he might have gone with him in that expedition, and to spend his blood in the quar-  
rel.

(g) *When Suffolk's power doth Suffolk's hope  
withstand.*

*Northumberland doth leave Northumberland.*

The Suffolk men were the first that ever re-  
sorted to Queen Mary in her distress, repairing to  
her succours whilst she remained both at Ken-  
ninghall and at Preningham Castle, still increas-  
ing her aids, until the Duke of Northumber-  
land was left forsaken at Cambridge.



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# *ENGLAND'S HEROICAL EPISTLES.*

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## A CATALOGUE OF THE HEROICAL LOVES.

The world's fair Rose, and Henry's frosty fire;  
John's tyranny, and chaste Matilda's wrong;  
Th'iraged Queen, and furious Mortimer;  
The sponge of France, and his chaste love I sing:  
Deposed Richard, Isabel exil'd;  
The gallant Tudor, and fair Catharine;  
Duke Humphry, and old Cobham's hapless child;  
Courageous Poel, and that brave spir'itful Queen;

Edward, and the delicious London dame;  
Brandon, and that rich Dowager of France;  
Surrey, with his fair paragon of fame;  
Dudley's mishap, and virtuous Gray's mischance:  
Their sev'ral loves since I before have shown,  
Now give me leave at last to sing mine own.



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# THE MISERIES

OF

## QUEEN MARGARET.

---

I sing a woman, and a pow'ful Queen,  
Henry the Sixth, the King of England's wife,  
The beauteous Marg'ret, whose misgovern'd  
spleen  
So many sorrows brought upon her life,  
As upon woman's never yet were seen;  
In the beginning of that fatal strife  
(Th' unlucky season) when the Yorkists sought  
To bring the line of Lancaster to nought.

It was the time of those great stirrs in France,  
'Their ancient right that th' English had re-  
gain'd,  
But the proud French attributing to chance,  
What by mere manhood stoutly ours obtain'd,  
'Their late-fall'n ensigns labour'd to advance,  
The streets with blood of either nation stain'd :  
These strive to hold, those to cast off the yoke,  
Whilst forts and towns flew up to heav'n in  
smoke.

The neighbouring princes, greatly pitying then  
'The Christian blood in that long quarrel shed,  
Which had devour'd such multitudes of men,  
'That the full earth could scarcely keep her dead;  
Yet for each English, of her native ten :  
In zeal to peace these neighbouring princes led,  
At Tours in Touraine set them down a diet,  
(Could it be done) these clamorous feuds to  
quiet.

From th' emperor there ambassadors arrive,  
The kings of Denmark, Hungary, and Spain;  
And that each thing they aptly might contrive,

And both the Kings there largely might com-  
plain,  
The Duke of Orleans for the French doth  
strive  
To shew his grievance; William Pool again,  
The Earl of Suffolk, doth for England stand,  
Who steer'd the state then with a pow'ful  
hand.

For eighteen months they ratify a peace  
'Twixt these proud realms, which Suffolk doth  
pursue  
With all his pow'rs, with hope still to encrease,  
The same expir'd, that it should soon renew :  
For by his means, if so this war might cease,  
He had a plot of which they never knew,  
To his intent, which if all things went right,  
He'll make the dull world to admire his  
might.

For having seen fair Margaret in France,  
(That time's bright'st beauty) being then but  
young,  
Her piercing eyes with many a subtle glance  
His mighty heart so forcibly had stung,  
As made him think, if that he could advance  
This mortal wonder, only that among  
His rising fortunes should the greatest prove,  
If to his queen he could advance his love.

Her eyes at all points arm'd with those deceits,  
That to her sex are natural every way ;  
Which with more art she, as inticing baits,  
For this great Lord doth with advantage lay ;



that on her bosom waits,  
 hat there, which could he come to  
 put fair as ever man did yet,  
 height of Fortune's wheel to sit.

ambition spur him in such sort,  
 he t' accomplish his desire,  
 Phaëton he would think it sport,  
 would set the universe on fire :  
 what the world of him report,  
 n that, who will dare to aspire ;  
 gh the air his wings him way shall  
 n his fall the frame of heaven he

ended from the royal stem  
 he Duke of Anjou, stiled king  
 cil, and Jerusalem ;  
 them he had not any thing,  
 title of a diadem ;  
 folk greater hopes to spring,  
 his daughter that great Lord to  
 d's counsels who kept all the keys.

ncounters strongly him oppose,  
 trance to this great design ;  
 vere mighty that against him rose,  
 pon him with a countermine ;  
 t now play cunningly, or lose ;  
 y were against him that combine,  
 : plot doth strain aloft to tower.  
 & great, 'twixt policy and power.

ry Duke of Glo'ster, stil'd the good,  
 otector, sought a match to make  
 princess of as royal blood,  
 r of the Earl of Arminake,  
 own'd nephew : but stout Suffolk  
 mistress, nor will her forsake,  
 her Henry's queen in spite of all ;  
 all rise, or Suffolk swears to fall.

ch faction when she up is cry'd,  
 ic excellence the prime,  
 o dull that her not deify'd,  
 nly master-piece of time ?  
 of her extended is so wide,  
 reon a man to heaven might climb :  
 es and ears enchanted with delight,  
 ey do talk, or hear of Margarete.

whom Pool about his prince had  
 'd,  
 purpose taught the tricks of court ;  
 at king, and many a time had grac'd,  
 is ears more apt for their report ;  
 : time most diligently trac'd,  
 ese things successfully to sort,  
 a hand, and up together bear,  
 fair Marg'ret music in his ear.

Anjou a duchy, Main a county great,  
 Of which the English long had been possess ;  
 And Mauns a city of no small receipt,  
 To which the Duke pretended interest :  
 For the conclusion, when they came to treat,  
 And things by Pool were to the utmost prest,  
 Are to Duke Reyner render'd up to hold :  
 To buy a Helen, thus a Troy was sold.

When of an Earl, a Marquis Pool is made,  
 Then of a Marquis is a Duke created ;  
 For he at ease in Fortune's lap was laid,  
 To glorious actions wholly consecrated :  
 Hard was the thing that he could not perswade,  
 In the King's favour he was so instated ;  
 Without his Suffolk who could not subsist,  
 So that he ruled all things as he list.

This with a strong astonishment doth strike  
 Th' amazed world, which knew not what to say ;  
 What living man but did the act mislike,  
 If him it did not utterly dismay,  
 That what with blood was bought at push of  
 pike,  
 Got in an age, giv'n in an hour away ?  
 Some largely speak, and some again are dumb,  
 Wond'ring what would of this strange world  
 become.

As when some dreadful comet doth appear,  
 Athwart the heaven that throws his threat'ning  
 light,  
 The peaceful people that at quiet were,  
 Stand with wild gazes wond'ring at the sight ;  
 Some war, some plagues, some famine greatly  
 fear,  
 Some falls of kingdoms, or of men of might :  
 The grieved people thus their judgments spend,  
 Of these strange actions what should be the  
 end.

When Suffolk, procurator for the king,  
 Is ship'd for France, t' espouse the beauteous  
 bride,  
 And fitted to the full of every thing,  
 Follow'd with England's gallantry and pride ;  
 (As fresh as is the bravery of the spring)  
 Coming to Tours, there sumptuously affy'd ;  
 This one, whose like no age had seen before,  
 Whose eyes out-shone the jewels that she wore.

Her reverent parents ready in the place,  
 As overjoy'd this happy day to see,  
 The king and queen the nuptials there to grace ;  
 On them three dukes, as their attendants be,  
 Seven earls, twelve barons in their equipage,  
 And twenty bishops : whilst that only she,  
 Like to the rosy morning towards the rise,  
 Cheers all the church, as it doth cheer the  
 skies.

Triumphal arches the glad town doth raise,  
 And tilts and turneys are perform'd at court,  
 Conceited masks, rich banquets, witty plays,



Besides amongst them many a pretty sport :  
Poets write prothalamions in their praise,  
Until mens ears were cloy'd with the report :  
Of either sex, and who doth not delight  
To wear the daisy for Queen (a) Margarine ?

The triumphs ended, he to England goes  
With this rich gem allotted him to keep,  
Still entertained with most sumptuous shows,  
In passing thorough Normandy to Disne,  
Where like the sea the concourse daily flows,  
For her departure whilst sad France doth weep ;  
And that the ships their crooked anchors  
weigh'd,  
By which to England she must be convey'd.

And being fitted both for wind and tide,  
Out of the harbour flies this goodly fleet,  
And for fair Portsmouth their straight course they  
ply'd,  
Where the king stay'd his lovely bride to meet :  
Yonder she comes, when as the people cry'd,  
Busy with rushes strewing ev'ry street,  
The brainless vulgar little understand  
The horrid plagues that ready were to land,

Which but too soon all-facing heaven foretold :  
For she was scarcely safely put on shore,  
But that the skies (O wond'rous to behold !)  
O'erspread with lightning hideously do rear,  
The furious winds with one another scold,  
Never such tempests had been seen before :  
With sudden floods whole villages were  
crown'd,  
Steeple with earthquakes tumbled to the  
ground.

When to their purpose things to pass were  
brought,  
And these two brave ambitious spirits were  
met,  
The queen and duke now frame their working  
thought,  
Into their hands the sovereignty to get :  
For soon they found the king could not be  
wrought  
Up to their ends, nature so low had set  
His humble heart ; that what they would ob-  
tain,  
'Tis they must do't ; by colour of his reign.

And for they found the grieved commons grutch,  
At this which Suffolk desperately had done,  
Who for the queen had parted with so much,  
Thereby yet nothing to the realm had won.  
And those that spur'd the people on, were such,  
As to oppose them openly begun ;  
Therefore by them some great ones down must  
go,  
Which if they mis'd of, they themselves must  
so.

(a) Margarine in French signifies a daisy.

York then, which had the Regency ;  
They force the king ignobly to dis-  
Thereto the Duke of Somerset t' ad-  
Their friend, and one of the Lancast  
For they betwixt them turn'd the wh  
'Tis they cry up, 'tis they that do d  
He's the first man they purpos'd t  
The only minion of the people's k

This open'd wide the public way, w  
Ruin rush'd in upon the troubled land  
Under whose weight it happen'd lan  
Quite overthrown with their ill-gui  
For their ambition looking over high  
Could in no measure aptly understan  
Upon their heads the danger that  
Whose force, too soon, they and  
knew,

For whilst this brave prince was  
broad,  
Th' affairs of France his mind up w  
But being thus disburthen'd of that l  
Which gave him leave into himself t  
The course he ran in evidently show  
His late allegiance that he off had sh  
And underhand his title set on foot  
To pluck their red-rose quite up t

Thus having made a regent of their  
By whom they mean great matters t  
For by degrees they will ascend the  
And but their own all aid they elc  
As with a tempest he to ground is b  
On whom their rage doth any way r  
Which good Duke Humphry first  
taste,  
Whose timeless death intemperate

This Henry's uncle, and his next of b  
Was both protector of the realm, and  
Whose meekness had instilled him th  
Of most especial trust in every thing  
One to his country constantly that sto  
As time should say, I forth a man wil  
So plain and honest, as on him I'll  
The age he liv'd in, as the only be

This grave protector, who both  
sway'd,  
Whilst the king's nonage his grave co  
In his great wisdom when he throug  
How this French lady here herself  
To make her game again, how Suff  
The realms from ruin hoping to hav  
Lost his dear life within a little sp  
Which overthrew the whole Lanc

This prince, who still dar'd stoutly to  
Those whom he saw all but their own  
Then found the league of his inveter  
To come upon him with the pow'r c  
And things to that extremity still ros  
(The certain sign of the declining sta



air faction every day grew strong,  
his virtues like to suffer wrong.

aret's malice propt with mighty

Suffolk, who her forward drew ;  
set, of France the regent then ;  
ham, his pow'r too well that knew ;  
Beaufort, and with him again  
arch-bishop to make up the crew ;  
ons doing all their best,  
and duke all government to wrest.

mpel the peaceful king to call  
their grievances to hear  
ake, that, to enforce his fall,  
have something that might colour

doobt his answer, and withal  
ng people they far more do fear,  
wn lives who lov'd him : therefore

o make him secretly away.

: with the parliament proceed,  
i's bury the appointed place,  
meant to do the fatal deed,  
much quickness should decide the

ner soon they had decreed,  
t they hasten them apace ;  
d prince their purpose to effect,  
n the people nothing should suspect.

s this great assembly met,  
marshal doth the duke arrest,  
rson such a guard they set,  
him were certainly possess ;  
vere from their attendance let,  
nt to prison or suppress ;  
ir lord left in this piteous plight,  
s bed, was strangled in the night.

y out, that of mere grief he dy'd,  
t they cruelly had done.  
: deed when once the day descry'd,  
eople to his lodging run,  
ne curse, yea little children chide,  
that faction the fair streets to shun :  
proud Suffolk sunk into the ground,  
plague the cruel queen confound.

ambition would not let them see  
eath they hasten'd their decay,  
know, that this was only he  
: Yorkists evermore at bay,  
m they must the murderers be,  
ife their safety only lay ;  
r blood, them nothing could suffice,  
' began Queen Margaret's miseries.

dean all things go to wreck,  
ad thought they could have made  
ve,

His noble counsels when they came to lack,  
Which could them with facility contrive,  
Nor could they stay them in their going back,  
One mischief still another doth revive ;  
As heav'n had sent a host of horrors out,  
Which all at once encompass'd them about.

Out fly the Irish, and with sword and fire  
Unmercied havoc of the English made ;  
They discontented here at home, conspire  
Yo stir the Scot the borders to invade :  
The faithless French then having their desire,  
To see us thus in seas of troubles wade,  
In every place outrageously rebel,  
As out of France the English to expel.

The sturdy Normans, with high pride inflam'd,  
Shake off the yoke of their subjection quite,  
Nor will with patience hear the English nam'd ;  
Except of those that speak of them in spite,  
But as their foes them publicly proclaim'd,  
And their allies to open arms excite.  
In every place thus England's right goes down,  
Nor will they leave the English men a town.

Newcastle, Constance, Maleon, and St. Lo,  
With Castle-Galliard, Argenton and Roan,  
Ponieu-de-Mer, with forts and cities mo,  
Than which that country stronger holds had none,  
Set ope their gates, and bade the English go,  
For that the French should then possess their own.  
And to their armies up their forts they yield,  
And turn the English out into the field.

And that great earl of Arminack again,  
A puissant peer and mighty in estate,  
Upon just cause, who took in high disdain  
To have his daughter so repudiate,  
(His countries bord'ring upon Aquitaine,)  
Pursues the English nation with such hate,  
As that he enter'd with his armed pow'rs,  
And from that duchy drave all that was ours.

Th' enraged commons ready are to rise  
Upon the regent, to his charge and lay'd,  
That from his slackness and base cowardice  
These towns were lost, by his neglect of aid ;  
Then follow Suffolk with confused cries,  
With Main and Anjou, and do him upbraid,  
And vow his life shall for their losses pay,  
Or at the stake their goods and lives to lay.

In th' open session and articulate,  
Seven several treasons urg'd against them both,  
As most pernicious members of the state,  
Which was confirmed by the common oath :  
So that the king, who saw the people's hate,  
(In his own self though he were very loath)  
To both the houses lastly doth assent,  
To set on Suffolk five years banishment.

His sovereign lady Suffolk thus must leave,  
And she her servant, to her soul so dear,  
Yet must they both conceal what they conceive,



Which they would not if any help there were :  
Yet of all comfort they cannot bereave  
Her, but this hope her pensive heart doth cheer,  
That he in France shall have his most resort,  
And live securely in her father's court.

His mighty mind nor can this doom molest,  
But kicks the earth with a disdainful scorn :  
If any thing do corrosive his breast,  
It was, that he was in base Engleland born.  
He curst the king and kingdom, but he blest  
The queen ; but if in any thing forlorn  
'Twas that he should her happy presence miss,  
'The endless sum of all his earthly bliss.

His sentence scarce in parliament had past,  
But that the rascal multitude arise,  
Pluck down his houses, lay his lordships waste,  
And search how they his person may surprise ;  
That he from England instantly must haste,  
Cover'd by night, or by some strange disguise,  
And to some small port secretly retire,  
And there some poor boat for his passage hire.

From Harwich haven and embark'd for France,  
As he for Calais his straight course doth steer,  
(O here behold a most disastrous chance !)  
A man of war (a) the seas that scoured there,  
One at his actions that still look'd a-scance,  
And to this duke did deadly hatred bear,  
After a long chase took this little cray,  
Which he suppos'd him safely should convey.

And from the fisher taking him by force,  
He under hatches straightly him bestow'd,  
And towards his country steering on his course,  
He runs his vessel into Dover road,  
Where railing on him without all remorse,  
Him from the ship to all the people shew'd ;  
And when no more they could the duke deride,  
They cut his head off on the cock-boat side.

Suffolk thus dead, and Somerset disgrac'd,  
His title York more freely might prefer ;  
The commons love when cunningly to taste,  
(Lest over-weening he perhaps might err,)  
He first suborns a villain that embrac'd  
The nobler name of March-born Mortimer,  
Which, in the title of the house of York,  
Might set the monstrous multitude awork.

His name was Cade, his native country Kent,  
Who though of birth and in estate but poor,  
Yet for his courage he was eminent,  
(Which the wise duke well understood before :)

He had a mind was of a large extent,  
The sign whereof on his bold brow he bore ;  
Stern of behaviour, and of body strong ;  
Witty, well-spoken, cautelous, though young.

(a) By our Minstrels called the Nicholas, and said to be the Duke's factor.

But for the Duke his title (b) must  
Out of the blood which bare that h  
Therefore must cast and cunningly  
To see how people relished the sam  
And if he found it fortun'd to thri  
Then at the mark he had a farther  
To shew himself his title good to  
To raise him friends and pow'  
take.

All opposition likewise to prevent,  
The crafty duke his meaning doth  
And Cade doth rise t' reform the g  
And base abuses of the public weal  
To which he knew the commons w  
Which otherwise his treason might  
Which rightly took, for by this  
Drew twenty thousand on his pa

From Suffex, Surrey, and from Kent  
Whom hope of spoil doth to this a  
Which still increase his army as it ;  
And on Black-heath his rendezvou  
Where in short time it to that vast  
As it at once the kingdom would i  
And he himself the conquest cou  
Of any pow'r king Henry could

And did in fight that gen'ral force  
Sent by the king that rebel to pursu  
When under colour of a feign'd ret  
He made as though he from the ar  
The slaughter of the soldiers must  
When he those Staffords miserably  
Captains select, and chosen by th  
To lead the pow'rs that should  
her teen.

When for a siege he to the city car  
Assaults the bridge with his embol  
And after oft repulsed takes the sai  
Makes himself master of the town  
Doing such things as might the de  
Destroys records, and virgins doth  
Robs, ransacks, spoils, and after :  
Lastly, beheaded the Lord Treas

These things by York being plotted  
Wise as he was, as one that had no  
Aught of these treasons, hastes to h  
To tame those (c) kern, rebellious tha  
He knew it was not in the barren  
That he this subtle pois'nous seed h  
Which came it on (as very well i  
It would make room for his pret

Whilst these rebellions are in Engl  
As though the fates should enviousl  
Our ruin, which too fast approach'  
About our ears was Aquitain afire :  
Their conquest to upon our towns :  
That Charles the French king then

(b) From the heir of Lionel Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III. married to Edward of March.

(c) The vulgar.



se troubles tire us here within,  
e whilst in France from us might win.

Margaret's miseries again,  
rance so bravely that had done,  
year had aw'd proud Aquitain,  
fort and famous battle won,  
(O endless grief!) was slain,  
d Lisle, his over-valiant son;  
the towns that he had got before,  
or would for England be no more.

nick from Ireland coming in,  
kingdom cumber'd in this wise,  
himself 'twere time he did begin;  
cans he 'gainst the king must rise;  
hought in any man were sin!)  
would proud Somerset surprise:  
ng strength 'gainst the whole state to

his bus'ness with a moderate hand.

mighty Sal'sbury doth sue,  
Warwick, and doth them intreat  
yes they would be pleas'd to view  
title. These two Nevils, great  
l with the people, whom he knew  
uke of Somerset to hate,  
ge offers he doth win at last,  
quarrel to cleave to him fast.

hibition having strongly back'd  
two fatal firebrands of war,  
as there very little lack'd,  
earls, all three so popular,  
himself be no occasion slack'd,  
he sees him from his ends to bar:  
nall tempest that he needs to fear,  
no such columns up betwixt them bear.

r strengths encourag'd, doth not sick  
action, boldly to o'erlook:  
season that the king was sick,  
alf the regency he took;  
s hopes upon him came so thick,  
e, doors from off the hinges shook.  
a nod seem'd the world for to direct:  
e but bow'd, if this great prince but  
it?

queen's great chamber doth arrest  
eriset, and sendeth him to ward,  
followers suddenly suppress,  
he number of his pow'rful guard!  
roud queen, this prince as proud contests,  
r frowns one friend of hers he spar'd:  
n his side, while such stand by to bet.  
ow at all that any one dare set.

, who saw which way this faction went;  
hese wrongs must still reflect on her,  
of York to her destruction bent,  
with herself it was full time to rise,

And if his plots she ever would prevent.  
Must with the wisest of her friends confer,  
Their busy brains, and must together beat,  
To lessen him, like else to grow too great.

His pride a while yet patiently endure,  
The king's recovery only to attend,  
Of which themselves they hardly could assure,  
Who once they thought had hasten'd to his end;  
But when they found his physic to procure  
his former health, then doth the queen extend  
Her utmost strength, to let the world to know  
Queen Margaret yet must not be master'd so.

With smiles and kisses when she woos the king,  
That of his place the duke he would discharge;  
Which being done, the next especial thing,  
She doth the duke of Somerset enlarge,  
And him of Calais gives the governing,  
Whither his friends she caus'd him to inbarge,  
Doubting the love and safeguard of the town.  
Thus doth the queen turn all things upside  
down.

Which so incens'd the angry duke to ire,  
With those two earls upon his part that take,  
Kindling in all that fierce revengeful fire,  
Which the dear blood of Somerset must flake,  
That into Wales they instantly retire,  
And in the marches up an army make:  
And there by oath were each to other ty'd,  
By dint of sword the quarrel to decide.

And whilst these lords are busied in the west,  
Of march-men must'ring a rebellious band,  
Henry again his southern people press'd,  
And settles there, their forces to withstand:  
Then bows and bills were only in request,  
Such rage and madness doth possess the land:  
Set upon spoil on either part they were,  
Whilst the weal-public they in pieces tear.

On either part when for this war prepar'd,  
Upon their march they at St. Albans met,  
Where drums and ensigns one the other dar'd,  
Whilst they in order the battalions set,  
And with his fellow every soldier shar'd,  
Bravely resolv'd to death to pay his debt:  
When if that ever horror did appear  
On th' English earth, it certainly was there.

That day the queen's lov'd Somerset was slain;  
There took the stout Northumberland his end:  
There Stafford's blood the pavement did distain;  
There Clifford fell, king Henry's constant friend.  
The earl of Warwick, who brought on the main,  
All down before him to pale death doth send.  
Antwessel, Bapthorp, Zouch, and Curwen, all  
King Henry's friends, before the Yorkists fall.

Whilst this distressed miserable king,  
Amazed much with fury of the fight,  
And peril still his person menacing,  
His living friends inforc'd to take their flight;



He, as a needful and neglected thing,  
In a poor cottage hides him out of sight :  
Who found by York, was as a pris'ner led,  
Though with mild words the duke him comforted.

And of his person being thus possest,  
They in his name a parliament procure ;  
For with his regal pow'r they will invest  
Themselves, supposing to make all things sure,  
That if their violent actions should be press'd  
In after-time, they better might endure  
The censuring the worst ; and so prevent,  
To shew them done by act of parliament.

And cause the king to take into his hands  
What to the crown did anciently pertain,  
Besides all honours, offices, and lands,  
Granted since the beginning of his reign ;  
And not a fee, though ne'er so little, stands ;  
All are call'd in, and let who will complain ;  
And all his friends from council are remov'd,  
None must sit there, but those of them be-  
lov'd.

The silly king a cypher, set aside,  
What was in him that in great York is not ?  
Amongst themselves all places they divide,  
And to be chancellor Sals'bury hath got,  
He is the man must take the law to guide ;  
And Calais falls to warlike Warwick's lot :  
And not a man at these must look awry,  
They make an act their acts to justify.

This done, the duke had more to do than this ;  
Something, it seem'd, more secretly to lurk,  
In which such pow'r (though from app'rance) is,  
As yet once more would fret the duke of York,  
And let him know he of his ends might miss ;  
For now the queen doth set her wits to work,  
To play the game that must renown her skill,  
And shew the law that rested in her will.

And from the root of Somerset late slain,  
Another stem to stand for her arose,  
Henry for Edmond, of his father's strain,  
(One of whose life she knew she could dispose)  
(Of a strong judgment and a working brain.  
Great Buckingham and Exeter are those  
She means to work by, and by these restore  
Her to that height from whence she fell before.

These were the men to whom she trusted most,  
To whom that faction much despight had done ;  
For at St. Alban's Somerset had lost  
His loved sire, and Buckingham his son ;  
And Exeter, pursu'd from coast to coast,  
From them enforc'd to sanct'ary to run :  
Fetch'd thence by them, and to cold Pontefract  
sent,  
And in a dungeon miserably pent.

Equal in envy as in pride and pow'r,  
With every aid to their designment fraught,

Taking their turns at every fitting hour,  
They on the king's much easiness so wrought  
As that they seem'd him wholly to devour,  
Until to pass their purposes they brought ;  
Lifting up still his spirit that was so poor,  
Once more to do as he had done before.

For which at Greenwich he a council held,  
Where, with th' opinion of those friends sup  
Those three which late with glorious titles sw  
Are from their sev'ral places put aside ;  
Yet more, to seek their safety are compell'd,  
At this prodigious turning of the tide :  
For now the wind was strangely come ab  
And brings them in who lately were shut

The cruel queen and cunningly had cast,  
At Coventry to cause them to appear,  
With shew to pardon all that had been past,  
If they but then would their allegiance swear  
Which had they done, that day had been their  
For she had plotted to destroy them there :  
Of which forewarn'd, immediately they  
Which then their safety only promised.

Yet whilst one wrong thus from another rose  
'Twixt them at last a meeting was ordain'd,  
All former strife and quarrels to compose,  
Which but too long betwixt them had remain'd  
Which to the world though handsomely it sh  
Yet in plain truth, all was but merely feign'd  
'To outward seeming yet are perfect friend  
" But dev'lish folk have still their dev'lish

And in procession solemnly they go,  
In general joy, one smiling on the other,  
A Yorkish and Lancastrian make up two,  
Envy and malice, brother like to brother,  
In mind far sunder'd, although coupled so,  
Bloody revenge and in their breasts they sm  
Ill's the procession, and foreruns much loss,  
Wherein men say, " the devil bears the cross

These rites of peace religiously perform'd  
To all men's thinking, the enraged queen  
At Warwick's greatness inwardly yet storm'  
(Which every day still more and more was  
Against the king who Calais had so arm'd,  
As it his own inheritance had been.

Which town, she saw, that if he still sh  
hold,

That she by him must hourly be controul'd

For which his murder she pursu'd so fast,  
As that she soon and secretly had lay'd  
Such to assault him as the streets he pass'd,  
As, if his brave name had not brought him at  
He of her vengeance had been sure to taste :  
The tragic scene so furiously was play'd,  
That he from London was forc'd to fly ;  
Like a rough sea her malice wrought so hi

And tow'rs the duke his speedy journey tak  
Who then at Middleham made his most abod



bury his habitation makes,  
 At time together they bestow'd,  
 Ages the earl of Warwick wakes,  
 When his sudden danger shew'd  
 His visage, and doth there disclose  
 Is set on him both with wounds and  
 A.

in council when they had discuss'd,  
 The danger whercin still they were,  
 Reasons shrouded in their trust,  
 Open else likely to appear,  
 At this might make a war seem just,  
 Their cause up to the world more  
 ;  
 Arms when they resolve at last,  
 Arm force, and wisely thus forecast :

to their tenants and their friends,  
 Upon the land to bring,  
 See their own sinister ends,  
 A subject in the smallest thing ;  
 And them (as their case then stands)  
 I shew'd their grievances to the king,  
 Their pow'r to Sal'sbury to guide,  
 The king the business should decide.

rection Salisbury is sent,  
 Calais (with what haste he may)  
 Speed a mischief to prevent,  
 Town must else be giv'n away :  
 York, by general consent,  
 On-castle they allot to stay,  
 Second power (if need should be)  
 Force them, or to set them free.

who heard (by such as were her  
 )  
 The earl how those of Cheshire sided,  
 Time how pow'rful he was grown,  
 Herself the shire might be divided,  
 Over to some of them were known ;  
 By might be, were her pleasure guided  
 Such person, of whose valour they  
 Opinion, which she thus doth lay.

king to give a large command  
 Lord Audley, pow'rful in those parts,  
 In force those rebels to withstand ;  
 In sov'reign as had loyal hearts,  
 Of captains o'er ev'ry band,  
 Of best blood, as of best deserts :  
 He so labour'd, till that he had brought  
 Half of one house 'gainst the other  
 At.

men arising from one bed,  
 Talk, from one another fly ;  
 A white rose, and that wears a red ;  
 York, that Lancaster doth cry :  
 To see that Audley well had sped ;  
 Gain to prosper Sal'sbury :  
 Their farewell when their leaves they  
 ,  
 Their sharp swords at one another shake.

This fire in ev'ry family thus set,  
 Out go the brown-bills with the well-strung bows,  
 Till at Blore-heath these boist'rous soldiers met,  
 For there it chanc'd the armies then to close,  
 This must not live, if that he strove to let ;  
 Never such friends yet e'er became such foes :  
 With downright strokes they at each other lay ;  
 No word for Cheshire was, but kill and slay.

The son (as some report) the father slew,  
 In opposition as they stoutly stood ;  
 The nephew's seen the uncle to pursue,  
 Bathing his sword in his own natural blood :  
 The brother in his brother's gore imbrue  
 His guilty hands, and at this deadly food,  
 Kinsman kills kinsman, which together fall,  
 As hellish fury had possess'd them all.

Here noble Tutchet the Lord Audley dy'd,  
 (Whose father won him such renown in France)  
 And many a Cheshire gentleman beside,  
 Fell at this field by war's uncertain chance.  
 These miseries queen Marg'ret must abide,  
 Whilst the proud Yorkists do themselves advance :  
 And poor king Henry on a pallet lay,  
 And scarcely ask'd which side had got the day.

Thus valiant Audley at this battle slain,  
 And all those friends to the Lancastrians lost ;  
 Cheshire by her such damage to sustain,  
 So much dear blood had this late conflict cost :  
 Wherefore the grieved queen, with might and  
 main,  
 Labours for life to raise a second host :  
 Nor time therein she meaneth to foreflow,  
 Either she'll get all, or will all forego.

And whilst their friends their forces gathering  
 were,  
 (The neighb'ring realms of this great business  
 ring)  
 The duke, and those that to his part adhere,  
 Proclaimed traitors ; pardon promising  
 To those at Blore that arms did lately bear,  
 So they would yet cleave to their lawful king ;  
 Which drive in many to their part again,  
 To make their full, they Yorkists in their wane.

York, who perceiv'd the puissant host prepar'd,  
 With his dear Nevils counsels what to do ;  
 For it behov'd him to make good his guard  
 With both their strengths, and all too little too.  
 And in the marches he no labour spar'd,  
 To win his friends along with him to go ;  
 With expedition which he could not get,  
 On the king's side the commons so were set.

And being to meet so absolute a pow'r,  
 Yet wanting much his party good to make ;  
 And Henry's proclamations ev'ry hour  
 His soldiers win, their general to forsake ;  
 Besides, the storm which rais'd this sudden show'r,  
 Them all in sunder likely was to shake :  
 He saw his safety to consist in flight ;  
 Thus, e'er he wist, o'ermaster'd in his might.



All on the spur for life away they post,  
 Their homes too hot, nor there they might  
 abide,  
 The three brave (f) Earls soon reach the west-  
 ern chaf,   
 From whence to Calais their strait course they  
 ply'd:  
 The duke to Wales, being there befriended most;  
 Yet for more safety he to Ireland hy'd:  
 So others ship themselves from ev'ry bay,  
 And happiest he that soon'st could get away.

As when a rout of rav'nous wolves are met,  
 T' assail some herd the desert past'ring near,  
 The watchful clowns which over them are set,  
 Oft taught before their tyranny to fear,  
 With dogs, with staves, and shouts together get,  
 Nor never leave till they their cattle clear:  
 So the king's pow'r the Yorkists still pursue,  
 Which like those wolves before those herdsmen  
 flew.

They gone, the king at Coventry begun  
 A parliament, by good advice; wherein  
 The duke of York, with th' earl of March his son,  
 With Sal'sbury and Warwick, who had been  
 Conspirators, much mischief and had done,  
 And by whose help he hapt so much to win,  
 He there attainds of treason, and bestows  
 All that was theirs upon his friends, their foes.

When now those Earls in Calais still that kept,  
 The charge whereof proud Warwick on him  
 took.

In their intended bus'ness never slept,  
 Nor yet their former enterprize forsook;  
 In e' Henry's councils who had those that crept,  
 And did each day his actions over-look:  
 From whom as their advertisements still arc,  
 So they their strengths accordingly prepare.

And in mean time the kingdom to embroil,  
 That with less noise their friends might raise  
 an host,  
 They plague the seas with piracy and spoil,  
 And rob the havens all along the coast;  
 They ne'er take pity of their native soil,  
 For that they knew this would avail them most;  
 That whilst the state was busied there about,  
 Arms might be rais'd within by those with-  
 out.

As I slaughtering many that were set to ward  
 Th' especial ports, th' unwieldy anchors weigh'd  
 Of the king's ships, whose freight as prize they  
 shar'd,  
 And them to Calais carefully convey'd  
 With their stol'n fleet, and his great navy dar'd,  
 As late by land, so now by sea they sway'd:  
 All in combustion, and their bloody rage,  
 Nor sea, nor land can possibly assuage.

(f) Edward Earl of March, eldest son to the Duke, the  
 Earls of Sal'sbury and Warwick.

Then have they forces rais'd for them  
 Their next and most convenient place  
 (Where should the adverse pow'r  
 prevent,  
 In Dover road yet were their ships at  
 And by their posts still to and fro that  
 They certainly were let to understand,  
 That Kent was surely theirs, and on  
 To rise in arms the Yorkists pow'r

When Falconbridge, who second broth-  
 'r To Sal'sbury, they send away before,  
 To see no ships should out of Sandwich  
 To hinder them in coming to the shore  
 There of munition took a wond'rous  
 Heapt in that town, that with th'  
 store  
 He armed many at their coming in,  
 Which of their side would scarcely  
 been.

That they no sooner settled were on la-  
 But that in arms th' rebellious Kentish  
 And the Lord Cobham with a mighty  
 With their Calicians presently doth clo-  
 That now they sway'd all with a pow'r  
 And in small time so great their army  
 From Suffex, Surrey, and those parts  
 That of her safety London well might

But yet at last the Earls she in doth let,  
 To whom the clergy coming day by day  
 From further shires them greater force  
 When tow'rd Northampton making  
 way,

Where the sad king his army down he  
 And for their coming only made his st-  
 With all the force his friends could  
 And for a fight with all things fitly

Who in his march the earl doth oft me-  
 (By their vauntcurrens hearing how th'  
 In many a streight, and often him dis-  
 By stakes and trenches that his horse m-  
 But the stout Yorkists still upon them  
 And still so fearful was great Warwick  
 That being once cry'd on, put them o-  
 On the king's army till at length th-

When th' Earl of March, then in th'  
 blood,  
 His virgin valour on that day bestows  
 And furious Warwick, like a raging fi-  
 Bears down before him all that dare o-  
 Old Sal'sbury so to his tackling stood,  
 And Falconbridge so lays amongst his  
 That ev'n like leaves the poor Lancelot  
 And the proud Yorkists bear away

There Humphry Duke of Buckingham  
 King Henry's comfort and his cause's f-  
 There Shrewsbury (even of his foes ad-  
 For his high courage) his last breath d-



mont there and Egremont lay tir'd  
there Lucy had his luckless end ;  
by a noble gentleman that day,  
in gore, on the wild champion lay.

ed king, as fortune's only scorn,  
slain, and he of all forsaken,  
sent, of men the most forlorn,  
time a pris'ner there is taken ;  
queen out of the battle horn  
soon, and when she doth awaken,  
about her hears but howls and cries.  
queen's like Marg'ret's miseries ?

ing in from Ireland in the end,  
ands thus finds the battle won,  
prowess of his faithful friend,  
wick, and that valiant March his

hopes the former so transcend,  
oud duke immediately begun  
ld actions to express his thought,  
so much blood what he so long had  
ht.

ommandment daring to deny,  
n Lord being call'd to wait upon,  
fortune bears himself so high,  
late presumes t' ascend his throne :  
ng's lodgings puts his servants by,  
in them such as were his own :  
ely insolent he grows,  
crown at pleasure would dispose.

ocures a parliament with speed,  
nself protector he doth make,  
ir apparent to succeed .  
hen death him from the world should

ad been at Coventry decreed,  
nls, from him and his to shake  
e yoke of all subjection quite.  
es the red rose, and up goes the

fortune that this while doth sport,  
outhern to him still were sure,  
e North if he should but resort,  
rt the Northern should procure,  
ways his greatness to support,  
n equal willingly endure :  
o Yorkshire doth to Sandal ride,  
ry site well suited with his pride.

een, whose very soul forgot  
thing as patience it had known,  
found her friends forsook her not,  
ver Hecuba had grown ;  
her wrongs and her revenge were

mind so down could not be thrown,  
nce more the bloody set she'll play  
t, ere so he bear the crown away.

And down to Sandal doth the duke pursue,  
With all the pow'r her friends could her provide,  
Led by those lords that had been ever true,  
And had stood fast upon King Henry's side :  
With that most valiant and selected crew,  
'The brav'it of queens so well her business ply'd,  
That coming soon in Sandal's loity sight,  
Into the field she dares him forth to fight.

And for this conflict there came on with her  
Her hope Prince Henry, her dear only son,  
Stout Somerset, and noble Exeter,  
Dukes, that for Marg'ret mighty things had done,  
Devon and Wilt, Earls using to conler  
With this wise queen, when danger she would  
shun ;  
Undaunted Clifford, Ros in war upbrought,  
Barons as brave as ere in battle fought.

When this stout duke, who in his castle stood,  
With Salisbury, who beat them all at Blore,  
Both which were flesht abundantly with blood,  
In those three battles they had won before,  
Thought in their pride it would be ever flood,  
Nor 'gainst Queen Margaret that they needed  
more ;  
For they led fortune chain'd with them about,  
'That of their conquest none but fools could  
doubt.

And for the field soon marshalling their force,  
All poor delays they scornfully defy,  
Nor will the duke stay for those troops of horse,  
With which his son him promis'd to supply ;  
In spite of fate they'll give their foe the worse,  
On their own valour they so much rely ;  
And with five thousand marshall'd well they  
come,  
Meaning to charge the queen's main battle  
home.

But in her host she having those that were  
Expert in all the stratagems of war,  
To fight with him do cause her to forbear,  
Till from his castle she had got him far ;  
Whilst in an ambush she had placed there  
Wiltshire and Clifford, with their strengths to bar  
Him from his home in off'ring to retire,  
Or wound his back ev'n as they would desire.

When to't they fell upon an easy plain,  
At the hill foot, where furiously they fought,  
Upon both sides where there were many slain :  
But for the queen four to his one had brought,  
'The Duke of York (for all his pride) was slain  
Back to recoil, where he was finely caught ;  
For Wilt and Clifford that in ambush were,  
'The van thus routed overthrew the rear.

Where York himself, who proudly but of late  
With no less hope than of a kingdom led,  
Upon this field, before his castle gate,  
Mangled with wounds, on his own earth lay  
dead ;



Upon whose body Clifford down him sat,  
 Stabbing the corps, and cutting off his head,  
 Crown'd it with paper, and (to wreak his teen)  
 Presents it so to the victorious queen.

His bastard uncles, both courageous knights,  
 Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, so sped;  
 Hall, Hastings, Nevill, who in sundry fights  
 Had shew'd their valour, on the field found dead;  
 And Sal'sbury among these tragic fights,  
 Who at Blore-heath so much dear blood had shed,  
 Taken alive, to Pomfret sent with speed,  
 And for their bloods himself there made to bleed.

Some climb up rocks, through hedges others run,  
 Their foes so roughly execute their rage;  
 Where th' Earl of Rutland, the Duke's eldest son,  
 Then in his childhood and of tender age,  
 Coming in hope to see the battle won,  
 Clifford, whose wrath no rigour could assuage,  
 Takes, and whilst there he doth for mercy kneel,  
 In his soft bosom sheaths his sharp'ned steel.

Edward of March, the Duke his father slain,  
 Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly sort,  
 Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,  
 To aid his father, for he came too short,  
 Hearing that Pembroke with a warlike train  
 Was coming tow'rs him; touch'd with the report,  
 His valiant Marchers for the field prepares  
 To meet the Earl, if to approach he dares.

Jasper, by birth half-brother to the king,  
 On bright Queen Cath'rine got by Owen Tether,  
 Whom Henry's love did to this earldom bring,  
 And as from Wales descended, sent him thither,  
 And of South Wales gave him the governing,  
 Where in short time he got an host together,  
 Cleaving to Henry, who did him prefer,  
 As an ally to th' house of Lancaster.

Upon their march when as they lastly met,  
 Near to the cross that Mortimer is nam'd,  
 Where they in order their battalions set:  
 The duke and earl with equal rage inflam'd,  
 With angry eyes they one the other threat,  
 Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd:  
 And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,  
 A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The Earl of Ormond, an associate then  
 With this young Tudor, for the king that stood,  
 Came in the vanguard with his Irish men,  
 With darts and skains; those of the British blood  
 With shafts and gleaves them seconding again,  
 And as they fall, still make their places good:  
 That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold  
 Men so ill arm'd upon their bows so bold.

Now th' Welch and Irish so their weapons wield,  
 As though themselves they conqu'rors meant to call;  
 Then are the Marchers masters of the field,

With their brown bills the Welchmen so th' maul;  
 Now th' one, now th' other likely were to yiel  
 These like to fly, then those were like to fall:  
 Until at length (as fortune pleas'd to guide)  
 The conquest turn'd upon the Yorkists side.

Three suns were seen that instant to appear,  
 Which soon again shut up themselves in one,  
 Ready to buckle as the armies were,  
 Which this brave Duke took to himself alone,  
 His drooping hopes which somewhat seem'd cheer,  
 By his mishaps near lately overthrown;  
 So that thereby encouraging his men,  
 Once more he sets the white rose up again.

Pembroke and Ormond save themselves by flight  
 Four thousand soldiers of both armies dead,  
 But the great loss on the Lancastrians light,  
 So ill the friends of poor King Henry sped;  
 Where Owen Tudor taken in the flight,  
 (This young Earl's father by Queen Cath'sim  
 bed)  
 At Hereford, not far away from thence,  
 Where others with him dy'd for their offence

Thus while the queen, the goal at Sandal gain'd  
 Leads on tow'rs London her victorious host,  
 Whose blades she shews with blood of Yorkist  
 stain'd,  
 Nor of her conquest can she leave to boast;  
 But to her side whilst lucky fortune lean'd,  
 Come what can come, she means to clear th' coast  
 Of those she knew in York's revenge would risk  
 Found she not means their forces to surprise.

And at St. Alban's finding on her way  
 John Duke of Norfolk, and her dev'lish foe  
 Fierce Warwick, who there with an army lay;  
 Which two, deceased York, when he should go  
 To Sandal, left them as his only kay  
 To keep King Henry (which they not foreflow,  
 Lest by the queen and hers she might be wrought  
 T' annul their late past parliament for nought)

For which to council calling up her lords,  
 Well to consider what was to be done,  
 Who cheer her up with comfortable words,  
 And would in no wise she her way should shun,  
 For they would make her entrance with their  
 swords;  
 Here what was lost, might here again be won:  
 Assuring her, their minds them strongly gave  
 That of this field the glory she should have.

And soon their army ordering for the ground,  
 Whereof a view they ev'ry way do take!  
 When for assault they bid their trumpets sound,  
 And so their entry on the town they make:  
 But coming to the market-place, they found  
 A shower of shafts as from a cloud it brake,



again made them so fast to bear,  
 van was like to rout their rear.

'd, another way they prove  
 their enemy to get;  
 their foes that they their force re-

stage wherein they were set;  
 y shafts into each other shove,  
 e it was an even bet,  
 thus dealt, and both so deeply in,  
 and Warwick or the Queen should

en constrained to recoil,  
 from them they absolutely won,  
 Yorkists miserably spoil,  
 em on their main battle run:  
 eatly straitned by the foil,  
 t do what else they might have

k and thin, o'er hedge and ditch  
 he that greatest haste could make.

k cries, ' Ye southern cowards,

e turn your faces to your foes;  
 langer, doth ye thus dismay;  
 rmer fortune of your bows  
 n the late-won glorious day  
 ce, the fame whereof you lose  
 ase flight.'—But he his breath  
 are;  
 well have call'd upon the air.

ep by wolves that had been fear'd,  
 ists; which when Norfolk saw,  
 wick, scarcely then prepar'd,  
 his danger to withdraw.  
 h he, you see that all is marr'd;  
 worn to keep us in her awe:  
 e gone, if longer here we stay;  
 urself, though we have lost the

and the foe came on so fast,  
 em to this lost battle brought,  
 d in his pavilion plac'd,  
 to leave, which late they little

those which made them make  
 e,  
 t stay to have their sovereign

battle had such ill success,  
 y thought their loss of him the

d, they quickly found the king,  
 peedy messenger is sent,  
 away to him to bring:  
 lords arriving at his tent,  
 ny a fall and many a spring  
 upon each other spent,

With strict embraces they each other strain,  
 No one had need a gladness there to feign.

Like as you see when partridges are flown,  
 (In falc'ners terms which we the covey call,)  
 By the sharp hawk and into thickets thrown,  
 There drops down one, there doth another fall,  
 Yet when they hear the questing spaniels gone:  
 They in the evening get together all,  
 With pretty juggling and each other greet,  
 Glad as it were they once again should meet.

But the fierce queen, her full revenge to take  
 Of those she thought the Yorkists well that meant,  
 The stout Lord Bonville for King Henry's sake,  
 And Thomas Kerril, a brave Knight of Kent,  
 Who the king's guard strove ever strong to make,  
 All threatening peril thereby to prevent,  
 And for their safeties had his sovereign word,  
 That cruel woman putteth to the sword.

This well might warn great Warwick not to trust  
 Too much to fortune, which so soon reveals  
 Her whorish likeness, like an averse gust,  
 And on the sudden makes him strike his sails,  
 Which when he most believ'd her to be just,  
 His forward hopes then most of all she fails;  
 All his accounts, and teach him thus to sum,  
 "None overcomes but may be overcome."

Some think that Warwick had not lost the day,  
 But that the king into the field he brought;  
 For with the worse that side went still away,  
 Which had King Henry with them when they  
 fought,

Upon his birth so sad a curse they lay,  
 As that he never prospered in aught.  
 The queen was two amongst the loss of many,  
 Her husband absent; present, never any,

But whilst herself with further hopes she fed,  
 The queen still watchful, wisely understands,  
 That Warwick late, who at St. Alban's fled,  
 (Whereas his heels serv'd better than his hands,)  
 And met the Duke of York, and made a head  
 Of many fresh and yet unfought with hands,  
 At Chipping-norton for more forces stay'd,  
 From whence tow'rs London they their march  
 had laid.

And for she saw the Southern to adhere  
 Still to the Yorkists, who again rely'd  
 Much on their aid, as London she doth fear,  
 A small relief which lately her deny'd,  
 She can (at all) conceive no comfort there,  
 With any succours nor to be supply'd;  
 But to the north her speedy course directs,  
 From whence fresh aids she every day expects.

Not four days march yet fully on her way,  
 But York to London with his army comes,  
 And near the walls his ensigns doth display,  
 Deaf'ning the city with his clamorous drums:  
 His title to the multitude doth sway,  
 That for his soldiers they provide him sums;



And those provisions they Queen Marg'ret  
ow'd,  
'Taken from her's, they on the Duke bestow'd.

The gates set open to receive him in,  
They with applause his gracious entrance greet;  
His presence to the peoples hearts doth win,  
That they come flocking in from every street,  
Kneeling before him as he crown'd had been;  
And as he rode along, they kiss his feet:

Whilst good King Henry tow'rd's the north is  
gone,

The poor Lancastrians damn'd by every one.

Whither (at once) doth presently repair  
The spiritual lords and temporal, who would have  
Him take the crown; who far more ready are  
To give, than he their suffrages to crave:  
The commons take him so into their care,  
Upon his name that doatingly they rave;  
And being ask'd who should their sovereign be?  
'They cry, King Edward, and no man but he.

Thus to his height this puissant prince they heave,  
The seat imperial; where then sitting down,  
Their fealty they force him to receive,  
Which on his head might firmly fix his crown,  
And in his hand the regal sceptre leave:  
Edward the fourth proclaim'd in ev'ry town,  
With all the pomp that they could think upon,  
They then adorn his coronation.

Thus news too quickly in Queen Marg'ret's ear,  
What by the Lords at London had been done,  
Even at the point to fall into despair,  
Ready she was on her own death to run;  
With her fair fingers rents her golden hair,  
Cursing that hour when first she saw the sun,  
With rage she faints; reviving, and doth call  
Upon high heav'n for vengeance on them all.

To aid her right yet still excites her friends,  
By her fair speech enchanted, as by charms,  
Scarce any man on any lord depends  
That follows her, that riseth not in arms:  
The spacious north such plenteous succour sends,  
That to her side the soldiers come in swarms.  
Then day by day she addeth more and more  
To that full army which she had before.

Not long it was but Edward understood  
Of this great pow'r prepared in the north,  
When he, to make his coronation good,  
Calls to his aid his friends of greatest worth:  
With whom, then rising like a raging flood,  
This forward king breaks violently forth,  
That with the netp of tributary flows,  
Extends his breadth still onward as he goes.

Nor Henry's army needed to be sought,  
For every man could tell him where it lay;  
In twelve days march which Edward eas'ly  
reought,

Without resistance keeping on his way,  
Near fifty thousand in his host he brou  
Whose brandish'd ensigns seem'd to  
day;

And under Pomfret his proud tents  
Providing hourly for a deadly fight.

Of Henry's host when they who  
mand,

On whom the Queen imposed had the  
Great Somerset and stout Northumber  
And Clifford, whom no danger yet co  
The walls of York first having through  
There plac'd the King; when quickl  
pare

To range their battle, which consist  
Of threescore thousand valiant Nort

From Edward's host the Lord Fitzwat  
And valiant Nevill, Warwick's bastar  
At Ferrybridge the passage to prevent,  
From coming over Eyre to keep the o  
'Gainst whom the adverse the Lor  
sent,

Who taking night his enterprize to sn  
The dawn yet dusky, passing throug  
Puts them and all their soldiers to t

At the shrill noise when Warwick con  
And finds his brother and Fitzwater d  
Even as a man distracted that had been  
Out of his face the lively colour fled:

'Doth cruel Clifford thus (quoth he) b  
'For ev'ry drop of blood that he hath  
'This day, I'll make an enemy to b  
'Or never more in battle let me sp

And to the king returning in this mood  
'My Liege (quoth he) all mercy now  
'Delay no longer to revenge their blo  
'Whose mangled bodies breathless you  
'And let the man that means King  
'good,

'Stand fast to Warwick, who no  
'lie;  
'Resolv'd to win, or bid the world  
Which spoke, the earl his spright  
flew.

This resolution so extremely wrought  
Upon King Edward, that he gave com  
That on his side who willingly not toug  
Should have his leave to quit him out o  
That ev'ry one should kill the man he  
To keep no quarter; and who meant t  
To his just cause, rewarded he would  
This day he'll rise, or this day ruin'd

When near to Towton, on the spacious  
These puissant armies on Palm-Sunday  
Where downright slaughter angry he  
rain,

With clouds of rage the element is set:  
The winds breathe fury, and the earth



hot gore of her own natives wet,  
 up a smoke, which makes them all so  
 ad,  
 her part that mercy could be had.

id fight another doth appall;  
 ul cry another doth confound;  
 so thick upon each other fall,  
 ne shriek another's shriek is drown'd :  
 od for blood incessantly doth call  
 wide mouth of many a gaping wound,  
 er so soon grows big, that com'n to  
 rth,  
 onstrous burthen overloads the earth.

ly tempest ten long hours doth last,  
 ither side could to itself assure  
 ry; but as their lot was cast,  
 inds and death they stoutly it endure;  
 valiant Yorkists at the last,  
 in number near ten thousand fewer,  
 : long fight their forces manage so,  
 hey before them lay their conquer'd  
 s.

as Clifford first here fell to ground,  
 broat with a blunt arrow struck :  
 smorland receiv'd his deadly wound :  
 l the stout Northumberland, that stuck  
 s Sovereign; Wells and Dacres found  
 had lighted on King Henry's luck :  
 up and Horne, two brave commanders,  
 ad,  
 Somerset and Exeter were fled.

o thousand in this battle slain,  
 strays lie heap'd up like a wall;  
 ie scatter'd round about the plain :  
 s, a river though but small,  
 h those flying, doth so deeply stain  
 r Wharf, int' which this Cock doth  
 ll,  
 t the fountain which this flood doth  
 ed,  
 their blood, had seem'd for them to  
 ted.

ary's hopes thus utterly forlorn,  
 te loss of this unlucky day :  
 he crown even from his temples torn,  
 ord point which Edward bears away :  
 : his fall the angry Fates had sworn,  
 no comfort longer here to stay ;  
 ving York, he post to Berwick goes,  
 Queen and son, true partners in his  
 oes.

ig for Scotland, and for France the  
 ueen,  
 ience, since them thus Fortune thwarts,  
 is time there seldom had been seen  
 e sever'd with so heavy hearts :  
 ice their son then standing them be-  
 ved,

Their song is sorrow, and they bear their parts;  
 He to the King of Scots, to get supplies;  
 She to the French King, and her father flies.

Which well might show a prince's slippery state :  
 For when she hither at the first came in,  
 England and France did her congratulate;  
 Then in two battles she had conqueror been,  
 Seeming to tread upon the Yorkis hate,  
 As from that day she had been born to win;  
 Now to sail back with miseries far more,  
 Than were her triumphs landing here be-  
 fore.

This cruel blow to the Lancastrians lent,  
 At fatal Towton that Palm-Sunday fight,  
 Where so much blood they prodigally spent,  
 To France and Scotland as inforc'd their flight,  
 Lifts up the Yorkists to their large extent;  
 And Edward now to see his crown fate right,  
 Proud in his spoils, to London doth repair,  
 And re-anointed mounts th' imperial chair.

Where he a speedy parliament doth pass,  
 T' annul those laws which had been made be-  
 fore

'Gainst his succession, and dissolve the mass  
 Of treasons heap'd on his, them to restore :  
 Whereby King Henry so much lessen'd was,  
 As after that he should subsist no more ;  
 Little then thinking Lancaster again,  
 Now but an exile, over him should reign.

Where he attaints as traitors to his crown,  
 John earl of Oxford, and his valiant son  
 Aubry De Vere, with whom likewise went  
 down  
 Montgom'ry, Teril, Tudenham, who were done  
 To death : so heav'n on Henry seems to frown :  
 And Somerset, King's Henry's wrath to shun,  
 Himself submitting, is receiv'd to grace.  
 Such is Queen Marg'ret's miserable case !

Henry in Scotland, the sad Queen the while  
 Is left to France, to Lewis there to sue  
 To lend her succour : scorning her exile,  
 In spite of fate she will the war renew ;  
 She will tempt Fortune till again she smile :  
 In such a pitch her mighty spir't till flew,  
 That should the world oppose her, yet that  
 strength  
 She hopes shall work up her desires at length

And with five thousand valiant volunteers  
 Of native French, put under her command,  
 With arms well-fitted, she tow'rd Scotland  
 sters ;

With which before she possibly could land,  
 The wrath of heaven upon this Queen appears,  
 And with fierce tempests strives her to with-  
 stand :

The winds make war against her with her  
 foe,  
 Which, join'd together, work her overthrow.



Her forces thus unfortunately lost,  
Which she in Scotland hop'd to have increas'd,  
And in this tempest she herself so tost,  
As never lady; yet she here not ceas'd:  
But since she found her enterprize thus cross'd,  
She to the Scottish her fair course address'd,  
Nor would desist, till she had rais'd again  
Ten thousand valiant well-appointed men.

And in upon Northumberland doth break,  
Rousing the sluggish villages from sleep,  
Bringing in Henry though a help but weak,  
But leaves her son in Berwick safe to keep:  
Her rattling drums so rough a language speak,  
The ruffling Scots and all the country sweep;  
Which rumour ran so fast with through the  
air,  
That Edward thought it shook his very  
chair.

And Somerset, receiv'd to grace before,  
With Sir Ralph Percy, from that fatal day  
At Towton, found each minute more and more,  
How sad a fate on the Lancastrians lay;  
Yet hoping now King Henry to restore,  
Who, they suppos'd, had new found out the  
way,  
Revolt from Edward, and in Henry's name  
Call in their friends, to aid him as he came.

This noise of war arising from the North,  
In Edward's ears re-echoing, bids him stir;  
And rumour tells him, if he made not forth,  
Queen Margaret com'n, he must resign to her;  
For they were captains of especial worth.  
On whom she did this mighty charge confer:  
For that her ensigns she at large display'd;  
And as she came, so still came in her aid.

For which his much lov'd Montacute he sends,  
With England's valiant infantry his peers;  
To whose wise guidance he this war commends,  
His soldiers expert, pickt in sundry shires.  
His utmost strength King Edward now extends,  
Which he must do, or dragg'd down by the  
ears  
From his late-gotten, scarcely-settled throne,  
And on his shoulders she remount thereon.

And Montacute had scarcely march'd away,  
But he himself sets forward with an host,  
And a strong navy likewise doth purvey,  
To scour the seas, and keep the British coast,  
Fearing from France fresh succours every day,  
To aid Queen Marg'ret, which perplex'd him  
most:  
For he perceiv'd his crown fate not so sure,  
But might be shak'd, should she her pow'rs  
procure.

Now is the North fill'd with refulgent arms,  
Edward's are English, Scots Queen Marg'ret  
brings.

The North's cold bosom this great concommotion  
warms,  
Their quarrel is the right of two great Kings,  
Which oft before have wrought each other  
harms,  
And from that root new horror daily springs;  
And tho' much blood they both had spilt  
before,  
Yet not so much, but that there must  
more.

At Hegly-Heath their skirmishes begin,  
Where two bold Barons, Hungerford and Ross  
With Sir Ralph Percy (he who late had been  
Leagu'd with King Edward, but then gott  
loose,  
Strives by all means to expiate that sin,)  
To the Lancastrian faction cleaves so close,  
That when those barons from that conflict  
fly,  
In Henry's right he bravely dares to die.

Which leads along as tragical an act,  
As since the wars had ever yet been play'd:  
For Montacute b'ing fortunately backt,  
By brave King Edward's coming to his aid:  
As of their force King Henry little lackt,  
The plain call'd Livels, where the scene was  
laid,  
Not far from Exham near to Dowil's flood,  
That day discolour'd with Lancastrians blood

There struck they battle, bow-men bow-men  
ply'd,  
Northern to Southern, slaughter ceaseth all;  
Long the fight lasted, ere that either side  
Could tell to which the victory would fall:  
But to the Yorkists Fortune is so ty'd,  
That she must come when they shall please to  
call;  
And in his cradle Henry had the curse,  
That where he was, that side had still the  
worst.

This luckless day by the Lancastrians lost,  
Was Somerset surprized in his flight,  
And in pursuing of this scatter'd host,  
On Mullins, Ross, and Hungerford they light,  
Which this day's work ere long full dear  
cost;  
And with these lords were taken many a knight  
Nor from their hands could Henry hard  
shift,  
Had not his guide been, as his horse was  
swift.

Still must Queen Marg'ret's miseries endure,  
This mass of sorrow markt out to sustain:  
For all the aids this time she should procure,  
Are either taken, put to flight, or slain;  
Of nothing else she can herself assure,  
That she will leave her losses to complain;  
For since she sees that still her friends  
lie  
down,  
She will curse Fortune if she do not frown.



o Scotland back is fain,  
ce the woful Queen is glad,  
r son inforced to remain,  
might thence again be had :  
hard necessities constrain,  
own that it doth make me sad :  
ck came miseries, I ween,  
: King and a woful Queen.

King Edward his strong army

castles which not long before  
ver'd to King Henry's friends,  
ieges makes them to restore;  
rders watchfully attends,  
aid that there should come no

old, as one ordain'd to ill,  
t follows hapless Henry still !

e deep melancholy fit,  
as fall'n into despair,  
not rightly in his wit,  
otland, and still succour'd there;  
en he abandons it,  
and inly ent'ring, where  
z'd, and (in his enemies power)  
Edward shut up in the Tower.

Henry ; who when he was born  
ings the greatest then alive,  
own full forty years had worn,  
gal sov'reignty survive,  
ing and the most forlorn,  
ing can destiny contrive :  
ndry miseries, as he,  
fore had ever liv'd to see.

s Queen Margaret must endure,  
r father's court confin'd,  
g Edward held himself secure,  
ell out so fitly to his mind,  
est he did himself assure,  
rose so rough a wind,  
ig hand which shook his scepter  
e storms that e'er had blown be-

ind to league himself with France,  
eiv'd would be the surest way  
title highly to advance ;  
d should serve him for a kay  
their policies, whose chance  
isting, and they next to play :  
et still the French King Lewis

ids, nor would she let him rest.

sends a marriage to entreat  
s Bona (with whose rich report  
ess'd with, as a task too great)  
Queen's sister, and with her in

Warwick the man chose forth to work the  
feat ;

Who is sent thither in most sumptuous sort,  
And in short time so well his bus'nes plies,  
That she was like to prove an English prize.

In the mean while, this youthful King by chance  
Coming to Grafton, where the Duchefs lay,  
Then stil'd of Bedford, his eye haps to glance  
On her bright daughter the fair widow Gray,  
Whose beauties did his senses so intrance,  
And stole his heart so suddenly away,

That must he lose his crown, come weal, come  
woe,

She must be his, though all the world say no.

Her looks (like Lethe) make him to forget  
Upon what bus'ness he had Warwick sent ;  
Upon this lady he his love so set,  
That should his crown from off his head be  
rent,

Or his rebellious people rise, to let

This choice of his, they should it not prevent :  
For those pure eyes, his bosom that had  
pierc'd,  
Had writ a law there, not to be revers'd.

' What less amends this Lady can I make,  
' For her dear husband in my quarrel slain,  
' Than lawful marriage? which for justice  
' sake  
' I must perform (quoth he) lest she complain ;  
' For a just prince so me the world shall take.'  
Soothing himself up in this amorous vein,  
With his affections in this sort doth play,  
Till he a Queen made the fair lady Gray.

This act of Edward's com'n to Warwick's ear,  
And that the sequel show'd it to be true,  
In his stern eyes it eas'ly might appear  
His heart too great for his streight bosom grew,  
He his commission doth in piece-meal tear,  
Breaks the broad seal, and on the ground it  
threw ;

And prays blest heav'n may curse him, if that  
he

For this disgrace revenged would not be.

' Have I (quoth he) so lifted thee aloft,  
' That to thy greatness I the scorn am grown ?  
' Have I for thee adventur'd been so oft  
' In this long war, as to the world is known,  
' And now by thee thus basely am I scofft,  
' By this disgrace upon me thou hast thrown ?  
' If these thy wrongs unpunish'd slightly pass,  
' Hold Warwick base, and fall'n from what he  
' was.

' Know, 'twas the Nevil's for thy title stood,  
' Else long e'er this laid lower than the ground ;  
' And in thy cause my father shed his blood,  
' None of our house for thee but bears some  
' wound ;

And now at last to recompence this good,  
Only for me this guerdon hast thou found ?



' From thy proud head this hand shall pluck  
' thy crown,  
' Or if thou stand, then needs must Warwick  
' down.'

Yet he to England peaceably repairs,  
And with a smooth brow smothers his intent,  
And to the King relates the French affairs,  
And what in court had pass'd there since he  
went :

His spleen he for a fitter season spares,  
Till he the same more liberally might vent :  
Calm was his count'nance, and his language  
fair.

But in his breast a deep revenge he bare.

MEAN while Queen Marg'ret (a poor exile)  
hears

How things in England in her absence went,  
Her half-burst heart which but a little cheers,  
For from her head she felt the crown was rent :  
Yet though far off a little glimpse appears,  
A seeming hope and though it faintly lent,  
It might have said, had not the Fates said no,  
These storms at home might her some profit  
blow.

She hears how Warwick cunningly had wrought  
George Duke of (a) Clarence from his brother's  
side ;

And that brave youth at Calais having caught,  
His eldest daughter had to him affy'd :  
How to rebel the (b) Northern men were  
brought ;

And who by Warwick 'pointed was their guide ;  
As on the Welch he had a mighty hand,  
By Edward rais'd those rebels to withstand.

Of new (c) rebellions at Northampton rais'd,  
And to despight the King what they had done ;  
How they at Grafton the earl (d) Rivers seiz'd,  
And Sir John Woodville his most hopeful son,  
Who with their heads could hardly be appeas'd ;  
And of the same by puissant Warwick won,  
Who having taken (e) Edward in his tent,  
His King his pris'ner into Yorkshire sent.

Then hears again how Edward had escap'd,  
And by his friends a greater pow'r had got ;  
How be the men of Lincolnshire intrap'd,  
Who near to Stamford pay'd a bloody shot :  
And when the Earl his course of Calais shap'd,  
When England lastly grew for him too hot,  
Vaulere, who there his depnty he put,  
The ports against his late grand Captain shut.

(a) He was second brother to King Edward.

(b) Warwick by his agents stirr'd up a rebellion in the north, while he remains at Calais to prevent his being suspected.

(c) Headed by one whom they termed Robert of Kildare.

(d) Earl Rivers was father to Lady Gray, then Queen of England.

(e) At Woolsey in Warwickshire, by entering his camp in the night.

Lastly she hears that he at Diepe arrives,  
And lately com'n to Amboise to the Court  
Whereas King Lewis to his utmost strives  
To entertain him in most Princely sort :  
When the wise Queen her bus'ness so con  
That she comes thither ; small what tho  
port,

Yet brings along the sweet young Pri  
son,

To prove what good with Warwick n  
done.

When both in court and presence of the K  
Their due respect to both of them that ga  
He will'd them in so pertinent a thing,  
That they the like should of each other ha  
The tears began from both their eyes to f  
That each from other pity seem'd to crave  
In graceful manner when the griev'd  
Thus to that great Earl gently breat  
spleen.

' Warwick, faith she, how merciless a foe  
' Hast thou been still to my poor child an  
' That villain York which hast advanced  
' Which never could have risen but for th  
' That valour thou on Edward didst besto  
' O hadst thou show'd for him thou here c  
' Our damask roses had adorn'd the cre  
' And with their wreathes thy ragge  
' been drest.

' First at St. Albans, at Northampton the  
' And fatal Towton, that most fearful fig  
' How many, nay, what multitudes of me  
' By thee, fierce Warwick, slain and  
' flight !  
' O if thy sword, that ever stood for ten,  
' Had but been drawn for Henry, and hi  
' He should have built thee trophies  
' where,  
' Wrought with our crown, supporte  
' thy bear.

' What glory had it won the Nevils nam  
' To have upheld the right-succeeding rac  
' Of that fifth Henry, he that was of fame  
' The only minion, whom thou now dost  
' But Salisbury the first against us came,  
' Then Falconbridge and Montacute : (c  
' To advance a traitor to his sovereign  
' But to our crown your name is onine

' How many a brave peer, thy too near  
' (Whose loss the babe that's yet unb  
' rue)

' Have made themselves a willing sacrifice  
' In our just quarrel, who it rightly knew  
' Whose blood 'gainst York and his ad  
' cries,

' (Whom many a sad curse ever shall pur  
' O Warwick, Warwick, expiate this g  
' By shedding theirs, for whom our ble  
' spilt.



like language this great Earl again  
the Queen, and woes her to forbear  
grief one thought to entertain :  
are not now (quoth he) as once they  
were :

of these past help, it is in vain ;  
ough it ease your heart, and please your  
ear,  
is not it, no, it must be our swords  
right our wrongs (dear Lady) not our  
words.

(quoth he) by this my vexed heart,  
ard's head which oft hath with'd the  
rown,  
Queen Marg'ret cleave to Warwick's  
art,  
ad that heav'd him up shall hew him  
own ;  
om Henry, Richard Nevile start,  
y house let heav'n for ever frown :  
ak the crown to this young Prince I'll  
ring,  
t be Warwick, if he be not King.

y accord, Prince Edward should assy  
ari's daughter ; to confirm it more,  
ent themselves they strictly tie,  
gain King Henry to restore,  
quarrel they would live and die :  
g likewise in the oath they swore,  
Earl and Clarence should protectors  
he King Henry and the prince should  
e.

a great Warwick into England sends,  
his friends that they for war prepare,  
ry's title and to them commends,  
should take his cause into their care :  
e time that he must try his friends,  
himself 'gainst Edward must declare ;  
hen much strife amongst the commons  
e,  
they should aid, or whom they should  
pose.

with all things well befitting war,  
King Lewis to Queen Marg'ret lent ;  
(whose name fame sounded had so far,  
with wonder view'd him as he went,  
a living the most popular)  
ev'ry hour to be but idly spent,  
land's troubled earth until he were,  
the troops attending for him there.

my took with him along  
d Pembroke, who had been destroy'd  
d, sworn now to revenge their wrong,  
in the French Admiral convoy'd,  
arrive the shores with people throng ;  
f Warwick and so overjoy'd,  
very one a Warwick, Warwick cries :  
ay the Red-rose by great Warwick rise.

Like some black cloud, which hovering lately  
hung,

Thrust on at last by th' wind's impetuous pow'r,  
The groves and fields comes raging in among  
As though both fowls and flocks it would devour,  
That those abroad make to the shelters strong,  
To save themselves from the outrageous show'r :  
So fly the Yorkists before Warwick's drums,  
Like a stern tempest roaring as he comes.

When Edward late who wore the costly crown,  
Himself so high and on his fortunes bore,  
Then heard himself in ev'ry place cry'd down,  
And made much less than he was great before ;  
Nor dares he trust himself in any town,  
For in the inlands, as along the shore,  
Their proclamations him a traitor make,  
And each man charg'd against him arms to  
take.

For which the washes he is forc'd to wade,  
And in much peril lastly gets to Lynn,  
(To save himself such shift King Edward made,  
For in more danger he had never been ;)  
Where finding three Dutch hulks which lay for  
trade,  
The greatest of them he hires to take him in,  
Richard his brother, Hastings his true friend,  
Scarce worth one sword their persons to defend.

When Warwick now the only Prince of pow'r,  
Edward the fourth out of the kingdom fled,  
Commands himself free entrance to the Tow'r,  
And sets th' imperial wreath on Henry's head,  
Brings him through London to the Bishop's bow'r,  
By the applauding people followed ;  
Whose shrill re-echoing shouts resound from  
far,  
A Warwick, Warwick, long live Lancaster.

And presently a parliament they call,  
In which they attain King Edward in his blood ;  
The lands and goods made forfeitures of all  
That in this quarrel with proud York had stood ;  
Their friends in their old honours they install,  
Which they had lost, now by an act made good ;  
Intail the crown on Henry and his heirs ;  
The next on Clarence, should they fail in theirs

Whilst Warwick thus King Henry doth advance,  
See but the fate still following the sad Queen !  
Such storms and tempests in that season chance,  
Before that time as seldom had been seen ;  
That twice from sea she was forc'd back to France,  
As angry heav'n had put itself between  
Her and her joys, and would a witness be,  
That nought but sorrow this sad Queen must see.

This might have lent her comfort yet at last,  
So many troubles having undergone,  
And having through so many perils past,  
T' have seen her husband settled on his throne ;  
Yet still the skies with clouds are overcast :  
Well might she hear, but of this sees she none,



Which from far off, as flying news, doth greet  
her :  
Nought but mischance, when she comes in, must  
meet her.

But all this while King Edward not dismay'd,  
His brother Charles of Burgundy so plies,  
That though the subtle Duke on both sides  
play'd,  
Edward and Henry both his near allies,  
Upon the Duke King Edward yet so lay'd,  
(Having his sister's furtherance, who was wise,)  
That underhand his strength he so restores,  
As that he dar'd t' attempt the English shores.

With fourteen ships from th' easterlings being  
hir'd,  
And four Burgonians, excellently mann'd,  
After some time with storms and tempests tir'd,  
He near the mouth of Humber haps to land,  
Where though the beacons at his sight were fir'd,  
Yet few or none his entrance do withstand ;  
For that his friends had giv'n it out before,  
He fought the Dukedom, and he would no  
more.

Upon his march when forward as he came,  
Resolv'd to try the very worst of war,  
He summons York (whereof he bare the name)  
To him her Duke her gates that doth unbar;  
And coming next to rock-rear'd Nottingham,  
Montgomery, Borough, Harrington, and Par,  
Bring him their pow'r ; at Liecester again,  
Three thousand came, to Hastings that retain.

To Coventry and keeping on his way,  
Sets down his army in the city's fight,  
Where at that time the Earl of Warwick lay,  
To whom he sends to dare him out to fight ;  
Which still the Earl defers from day to day,  
Perceiving well all that things went not right ;  
For with his succours Clarence came not in,  
Whom to suspect he greatly doth begin.

And not in vain : for that disloyal Lord  
Taking those forces he had levy'd, leaves  
The Earl, and with his brother doth accord ;  
Which of all hope brave Warwick so bereaves.  
That now King Edward hopes to restor'd,  
Which then too late the credulous Earl perceives.  
Edward towards London with his army sped,  
To take the crown once more from Henry's  
head.

The Queen, in France this woful news that  
heard,  
How far through England Edward thus had past ;  
As how by Clarence (whom she ever fear'd)  
Warwick behind-hand mightily was cast ;  
This most undaunted Queen her hopes yet cheer'd,  
By those great perils she had lately past,  
And from King Lewis doth three thousand  
press,  
To aid her friends in England in distress.

Whilst she is busy gathering up those aids,  
(In so short time) as France could her afford ;  
Couragious Warwick basely thus betray'd,  
By Clarence lewdly falsifying his word,  
The most couragious Earl no whit dismay'd  
But trusting still to his successful sword,  
Follows the King tow'rds London march  
before,  
Each day his pow'r increasing more and more

But Edward by the Londoners let in,  
Who in their gates his army took to guard ;  
Warwick this while that trifling had not been,  
But with a pow'r sufficiently prepar'd  
T' approach the city, bravely doth begin  
To dare the King, who lately him had dar'd ;  
Who then from London his arm'd forces leav  
Tow'rds where his march ambitious Warwi  
treads.

From London this, that from Saint Alban's set,  
These two grand soldiers should ring for t  
crown,  
They in the mid-way are at Barnet met,  
Where then they set their puissant armies down  
Warwick, as near as ever he could get,  
But Edward only taketh up the town ;  
Betwixt whose tents a heath call'd Gladmo  
lies,  
Where they prepare to act this bloody prize.

With drums and trumpets they awake the day,  
Muffled in mists her lowering self that shows,  
To stop their madness doing all it may,  
Knowing what blood her light was like to lose  
But hope of slaughter bears so great a sway,  
That with the sun their rage still higher grows  
Full were their hands of death, so freely dea  
That the most mortal wounds the least we  
felt.

The adverse ensigns to each other wave,  
As 'twere to call them forward to the field  
The King the Earl, the Earl the King doth brav  
Nor cares he for the Leopards in his shield :  
And whilst one friend another strives to save,  
He's slain himself, if not, enforc'd to yield :  
In either army there is not one eye,  
But is spectator of some tragedy.

Those wrongs the King had from the Earl re  
ceiv'd,  
Expuls'd the kingdom only by his pow'r,  
Ev'n to the height his pow'rful hand up-heav'd  
For full revenge in this unhappy hour ;  
And by the King the Earl his hopes bereav'd,  
Shelter'd by him from many a bloody show'r,  
Spurs up revenge, and with that violent  
rage,  
That scarcely blood their fury could assuage.

Warwick, who sees his soldiers had the work,  
And at a near point to be put to flight,  
Throwing himself from off his armed horse,



oot into the deadliest fight :  
with an unusual force,  
on, in the armies fight,  
garland, which if now he lose,  
crown at pleasure would dispose.

de but Fortune doth encline,  
valour then was but in vain ;  
there destin'd to resign,  
ste his valiant brother slain :  
(with them that did combine)  
and Exeter is fain  
self by sanctuary ; this day  
forious, and bears all away.

unluckily thus lost,  
o destiny contrives,  
v'd queen at sea turmoil'd and

ys, in Weymouth road arrives ;  
landed, but post after post  
ill news, which so far deprives  
misfort, that she curs'd and bann'd  
y winds that suffer'd her to land.

uoth he) so fortunate in fight,  
wick, when thou wert our foe ?  
u stood'st in our undoubted right,  
for Henry thy high valour show,  
ain ; what pow'r in our despight  
m heav'n upon our overthrow ?  
y stars have certainly made laws,  
or death the fav'ers of our cause.

ual brought that Edward back,  
'd by Warwick's pow'rful hand !  
way his rotten ship to wrack ?  
o rock ? was there no swell'wing

wretched subjects were so slack,  
so traiterously to land :  
ole heav'n against us have con-  
roubles they had else been tir'd.

so long detain'd in France  
tempests, and reserv'd till now,  
d land to meet with this mis-  
: ?

st be, the pow'rs have made a

ight my sorrows to advance,  
nine all miseries shall bow ;  
e sorrow mortals can furnish,  
r short of Marg'ret's miseries."

arce spoke, her half-slain heart to

eath of comfort to prevent,  
vs in-rushing after these,  
Henry to the Tow'r was sent,  
lf ev'n Destiny should please,  
arg'ret's heavy discontent)

Thronging so thick, as like themselves to smo-  
ther,  
Or as one ran to overtake another.

Those scatter'd troops from Barnet that escap'd,  
Hearing the queen thus landed with her pow'r,  
Though much dismay'd with what had lately  
hapt  
On gore-drown'd Gladmoor in that bloody show'r,  
And fearing by the foe to be entrapt ;  
Through untrod grounds, in many a tedious hour,  
Flock to her daily, till that by their aid,  
Equal with Edward's they her army made.

When Somerset and Devonshire came in  
To the sad queen, and bade her not despair,  
Though they of late unfortunate had been,  
Yet there was help that ruin to repair ;  
What they had lost, they hop'd again to win,  
And that the way lay open yet and fair ;  
For that the West would wholly with her rise,  
Besides from Wales assur'd her of supplies.

And every day still adding to their force,  
As on their host tow'rs Gloucester they guide,  
When Edward finding their intended course,  
Again for battel strongly doth provide :  
Both armies they supply with foot and horse,  
By both their friends, as they affect the side ;  
And in their march at Tewksbury they met,  
Where they in order their battalions set.

Ill was her choice of this uneven ground,  
Ruckleless the place, unlucky was the hour,  
The heavens upon her so extremely frown'd,  
As on her head their plagues at once to pour,  
As in a deluge here her hopes were drown'd :  
Here sees she death her faithful friends devour,  
The earth is fill'd with groans, the air with cries,  
Horror on each side doth enclose her eyes.

Never did death so terrible appear,  
Since first their arms the English learnt to wield :  
Who would see slaughter, might behold it here  
In the true shape upon this fatal field.  
In vain was valour, and in vain was fear,  
In vain to fight, in vain it was to yield,  
In vain to fly ; for destiny discust,  
By their own hands, or others, die they must.

Here her dear Devonshire, noble Courtney dy'd ;  
Her faithful friend great Somerset here fell ;  
Delves, Leuknor, Hamden, Whittingham beside.  
O Marg'ret, who thy miseries can tell !  
Sharp were those swords which made their wounds  
so wide,  
Whose blood the soil did with th' abundance  
swell.

Other her friends, into the town that fled,  
Taken, no better than the former sped.

But the amazing misery of all,  
As heaven the great'st until the last had kept,  
As it would say, that after this none shall



By mortal eyes be worthy to be wept,  
 The prince her son, who sees his friends thus  
     fall,  
 And on each side their carcases lie heapt,  
     Making away in this most piteous plight,  
     Is taken pris'ner in his tardy flight :

And forth by Crofts before the conq'ror brought,  
 His proclamations clearing every doubt  
 Of the youth's safety, living were he caught,  
 As a reward to him should bring him out ;  
 But when they once had found him whom they  
     sought,  
 Hearing his answers princely, wife, and stout,  
     Those bloody brothers, Hastings, and the rest,  
     Sheath'd their sharp poinards in his manly breast,

Queen Marg'ret thus of mortals most forlorn,  
 Her son now slain, her army overthrown,  
 Left to the world as Fortune's only scorn,  
 And not one friend to whom to make her moan,  
 (To so much woe was never woman born)  
 This wretched lady wand'ring all alone,  
     Gets to a homely cell not far away,  
     If possibly to hide her from the day.

But (wretched woman !) quickly there be-  
     wray'd,  
 She thence is taken, and to prison sent,  
 Meanly attended, miserably array'd,

The people wond'ring at her as she went :  
 Of whom the most malicious her upbraid  
 With good Duke Humphry's death, her hear-  
     rent ;  
     Whilst her mil'd looks and graceful gait  
     drew  
     Many a sad eye, her miseries to rue.

Till by Duke Rayner ransomed at last,  
 Her tender father, who a prince but poor,  
 Borrow'd great sums of Lewis with much woe  
 Which for he was not able to restore,  
 Provence and both the Sicils to him pass'd,  
 With fruitful Naples, which was all his store :  
     To bring her back, from earthly joys exil'd,  
     The undone father helps the undone child.  
 And though enlarg'd, e'er she could leave  
     land,  
 Making a long year of each short-liv'd hour,  
 She hears that by Duke Richard's murth'ring  
     hand  
 The King her husband suffers in the Tow'r :  
 As though high heaven had laid a strict com-  
     mand  
 Upon each star, some plague on her to pour ;  
     And until now that nothing could suffice,  
     Nor give a period to her miseries.



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# *N Y M P H I D A :*

T H E

## C O U R T O F F A I R Y.

---

haucer doth of Topas tell,  
ablaïs of Pantagruel,  
third of Dowdabel,  
With such poor trifles playing :  
the like have labour'd at,  
of this thing, and some of that,  
any of they know not what,  
But that they must be saying.

er fort there be, that will  
ting of the Fairies still,  
ver can they have their fill,  
As they were wedded to them :  
es of them their thirst can slake,  
th delight therein they take,  
me strange thing they fain would make,  
Knew they the way to do them.

ince no muse hath been so bold,  
he later, or the old,  
elvish secrets to unfold,  
Which lie from others reading ;  
ive muse to light shall bring  
urt of that proud Fairy King,  
il there of the revelling :  
Jove prosper my proceeding.

ou Nymphida, gentle Fay,  
meeting me upon the way,  
secrets didst to me bewray.  
Which now I am in telling :

My pretty light fantastic maid,  
I here invoke to thee my aid,  
'That I may speak what thou hast said,  
In numbers smoothly swelling.

This palace standeth in the air,  
By necromancy placed there,  
That it no tempests needs to fear,  
Which way so'er it blow it :  
And somewhat southward tow'rd the noon,  
Whence lies a way up to the moon,  
And thence the Fairy can as soon  
Pass to the earth below it.

The walls of spiders legs are made,  
Well morticed and finely laid,  
He was the master of his trade,  
It curiously that builded :  
The windows of the eyes of cats,  
And for the roof, instead of flats,  
Is cover'd with the skins of bats,  
With moonshine that are gilded.

Hence Oberon, him sport to make,  
(Their rest when weary mortals take,  
And none but only Fairies wake)  
Descendeth for his pleasure :  
And Mab, his merry Queen, by night  
Bestrides young folks that lie upright,  
(In elder times the Mare that hight)  
Which plagues them out of measure.'



‘ Hoh, hoh, quoth Hob, God save thy grace,  
 ‘ Who drest thee in this piteous case ?  
 ‘ He thus that spoil’d my sov’reign’s face,  
 ‘ I would his neck were broken.”

This Puck seems but a dreaming dolt,  
 Still walking like a ragged colt,  
 And oft out of a bush doth bolt,  
 Of purpose to deceive us;  
 And leading us, makes us to stray  
 Long winters nights out of the way,  
 And when we stick in mire and clay,  
 He doth with laughter leave us.

‘ Dear Puck, quoth he, my wife is gone ;  
 ‘ As e’er thou lov’st King Oberon,  
 ‘ Let every thing but this alone,  
 ‘ With vengeance and pursue her :  
 ‘ Bring her to me, alive or dead ;  
 ‘ Or that vile thief Pigwiggen’s head ;  
 ‘ That villain hath defil’d my bed,  
 ‘ He to this folly drew her.”

Quoth Puck, “ My liege, I’ll never lin,  
 “ But I will thorough thick and thin,  
 “ Until at length I bring her in,  
 “ My dearest lord, ne’er doubt it.”  
 Thorough brake, thorough brier,  
 Thorough muck, thorough mier,  
 Thorough water, thorough fier,  
 And thus goes Puck about it.

This thing Nymphidia overheard,  
 That on this mad king had a guard,  
 Not doubting of a great reward,  
 For first this bus’ness broaching :  
 And through the air away doth go  
 Swift as an arrow from the bow,  
 To let her sovereign Mab to know  
 What peril was approaching.

The queen, bound with love’s pow’rful charm,  
 Sate with Pigwiggen arm in arm ;  
 Her merry maids, that thought no harm,  
 About the room were skipping :  
 A humble-bee their minstrel, play’d  
 Upon his hautbois, ev’ry maid  
 Fit for this revel was array’d,  
 The hornpipe neatly tripping.

In comes Nymphida, and doth cry,  
 ‘ My sovereign, for your safety fly,  
 ‘ For there is danger but too nigh,  
 ‘ I posted to forewarn you :  
 ‘ The king hath sent Hobgoblin out,  
 ‘ To seek you all the fields about,  
 ‘ And of your safety you may doubt,  
 ‘ If he but once discern you.”

When like an uproar in a town,  
 Before them every thing went down ;  
 Some tore a ruff, and some a gown,  
 ‘Gainst one another juggling:  
 They flew about like chaff i’ th’ wind;  
 For haste some left their masks behind,

Some could not stay their gloves to find ;  
 There never was such bustling.

Forth ran they by a secret way,  
 Into a brake that near them lay,  
 Yet much they doubted there to stay,  
 Lest Hob should hap to find them :  
 He had a sharp and piercing sight,  
 All one to him the day and night,  
 And therefore were resolv’d by flight  
 To leave this place behind them.

At length one chanc’d to find a nut,  
 In th’ end of which a hole was cut,  
 Which lay upon a hazel root,  
 There scatter’d by a squirrel,  
 Which out the kernel gotten had :  
 When quoth this Fay, ‘ Dear queen, be glad,  
 ‘ Let Oberon be ne’er so mad,  
 ‘ I’ll set you safe from peril.

‘ Come all into this nut, (quoth she)  
 ‘ Come closely in, be rul’d by me,  
 ‘ Each one may here a chuser be,  
 ‘ For room ye need not wrestle,  
 ‘ Nor need ye be together heapt.’  
 So one by one therein they crept,  
 And lying down, they soundly slept,  
 And safe as in a castle.

Nymphidia, that this while doth watch,  
 Perceiv’d if Puck the queen should catch,  
 That he would be her over-match,  
 Of which she well berthought her ;  
 Found it must be some pow’rful charm,  
 The queen against him that must arm,  
 Or surely he would do her harm,  
 For throughly he had sought her.

And list’ning if she aught could hear,  
 That her might hinder, or might fear ;  
 But finding still the coast was clear,  
 Nor creature had descry’d her :  
 Each circumstance and having scann’d,  
 She came thereby to understand,  
 Puck would be with them out of hand,  
 When to her charms she hy’d her.

And first her fern-seed doth bestow,  
 The kernel of the missetow ;  
 And here and there as Puck should go,  
 With terror to affright him,  
 She night-shade straws to work him ill,  
 Therewith her vervain and her dill,  
 That hind’rETH witches of their will,  
 Of purpose to despight him.

Then sprinkles she the juice of rue,  
 That groweth underneath the yew,  
 With nine drops of the midnight dew,  
 From lunary distilling ;  
 The molewarp’s brain mixt therewithal,  
 And with the same the pismire’s gall :  
 For she in nothing there would fall,  
 The Fairy was so willing.



der a brier doth creep,  
ends was rooted deep,  
ce times she leapt,  
gic much availing :  
piss doth call,  
r spell doth fall,  
yon repeat I shall,  
ne tittle failing.

ng of the frog ;  
ng of the dog ;  
of the hog  
ft the storm arising ;  
ng curfew-bell ;  
l dying knell ;  
direful spell,  
hinder thy surprizing.

akes dreadful groans ;  
cane sad moans ;  
of dead mens bones  
urnel-houses rattling ;  
of the snake,  
of the fire-drake,  
this place forsake,  
f Queen Mab be prattling.

wind's hollow sound,  
er's dreadful sound,  
s under ground,  
ge thee not to fear us :  
howl's dismal note,  
night-raven's throat,  
s, Hob, to tear thy coat  
horns, if thou come near us."

poke, she slept aside,  
herself doth hide,  
what would betide,  
doth only mind him :  
y the Puck espies,  
markt his gloating eyes,  
ery leaf he pries,  
ng still to find them.

ircle got within,  
work do straight begin,  
ught as in a gin :  
e thus was busy,  
is head-piece feels,  
ed tree he reels,  
oor Hobgoblin's heels :  
is brain was dizzy.

his feet he gets,  
ses, Hobgoblin frets,  
e forward sets,  
rough the bushes scrambles,  
trip him in his pace,  
oor Hob upon his face,  
ly tore his case  
ft the briers and brambles.

Queen Mab (quoth he)  
maids, whose'er they be ;

' I think the devil guided me,  
' To seek her, so provoked.'  
When stumbling at a piece of wood,  
He fell into a ditch of mud,  
Where to the very chin he stood,  
In danger to be choked.

Now worse than e'er he was before,  
Poor Puck doth yell, poor Puck doth roar,  
That wak'd Queen Mab, who doubted fore  
Somewhat had been wrought her :  
Until Nymphidia told the Queen  
What she had done, what she had seen,  
Who then had well-near crack'd her spleen  
With very extreme laughter.

But leave we Hob to clamber out,  
Queen Mab and all her Fairy rout,  
And come again to have a bout  
With Oberon yet madding :  
And with Pigwiggen now distrougth,  
Who much was troubled in his thought,  
That he so long the queen had fought,  
And through the fields was gadding.

And as he runs, he still doth cry,  
' King Oberon, I thee defy,  
' And dare thee here in arms to try,  
' For my dear lady's honour :  
' For that she is a queen right good,  
' In whose defence I'll shed my blood,  
' And that thou in this jealous mood  
' Hast laid this slander on her,

And quickly arms him for the field,  
A little cockle-shell his shield,  
Which he could very bravely wield,  
Yet could it not be pierced :  
His spear a bent both stiff and strong,  
And well near of two inches long :  
The pile was of a horse-fly's tongue,  
Whose sharpness naught reversed.

And puts him on a coat of mail,  
Which was of a fish's scale,  
That when his foe should him assail,  
No point should be prevailing.  
His rapier was a hornet's sting,  
It was a very dangerous thing ;  
For if he chanc'd to hurt the king,  
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,  
Most horrible and full of dread,  
That able was to strike one dead,  
Yet it did well become him :  
And for a plume, a horse's hair,  
Which being tossed by the air,  
Had force to strike his foe with fear,  
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,  
Yet scarce he on his back could get,  
So oft and high he did curvet,  
E'er he himself could settle :



He made him turn, and stop, and bound,  
To gallop, and to trot the round,  
He scarce could stand on any ground,  
He was so full of mettle.

When soon he met with Tomalin,  
One that a valiant knight had been,  
And to great Oberon of kin :

Quoth he, 'Thou manly Fairy,  
' Tell Oberon I come prepar'd,  
' Then bid him stand upon his guard ;  
This hand his baseness shall reward,  
' Let him be ne'er so wary.

Say to him thus, That I defy  
' His slanders and his infamy,  
' And as a mortal enemy  
' Do publicly proclaim him :  
' Withal, that if I had mine own,  
' He should not wear the Fairy crown,  
' But with a vengeance should come down ;  
' Nor we a king should name him.'

This Tomalin could not abide,  
To hear his sovereign vilify'd ;  
But to the Fairy court him hy'd,  
Full furiously he posted,  
With ev'ry thing Pigwiggen said ;  
How title to the crown he laid,  
And in what arms he was array'd,  
And how himself he boasted.

'Twixt head and foot, from point to point,  
He told the arming of each joint,  
In every piece how neat and quaint ;  
For Tomalin could do it :  
How fair he sat, how sure he rid ;  
As of the courser he bestrid,  
How manag'd, and how well he did.  
The king, which listen'd to it,

Quoth he, Go, Tomalin, with speed,  
' Provide me arms, provide my steed,  
' And every thing that I shall need,  
' By thee I will be guided :  
' To strait account call thou thy wit,  
' See there be wanting not a whit,  
' In ev'ry thing see thou me fit,  
' Just as my foe's provided.

Soon flew this news through Fairy-land,  
Which gave Queen Mab to understand  
The combat that was then in hand  
Betwixt those men so mighty :  
Which greatly she began to rue,  
Perceiving that all Fairy knew,  
The first occasion from her grew,  
Of these affairs so weighty.

Wherefore attended with her maids,  
Through fogs, and mists, and damps she wades,  
To Proserpine the Queen of shades,  
To treat, that it would please her  
The cause into her hands to take,  
For ancient love and friendship's sake,

And soon thereof an end to make,  
Which of much care would ease her.

A while there let we Mab alone,  
And come we to King Oberon,  
Who arm'd to meet his foe is gone,  
For proud Pigwiggen crying :  
Who fought the Fairy King as fast,  
And had so well his journies cast,  
That he arrived at the last,  
His puissant foe espying.

Stout Tomalin came with the King,  
Tom Thumb doth on Pigwiggen bring,  
That perfect were in ev'ry thing  
To single fights belonging :  
And therefore they themselves engage,  
To see them exercise their rage,  
With fair and comely equipage,  
Not one the other wronging.

So like in arms these champions were,  
As they had been a very pair,  
So that a man would almost swear  
That either had been either :  
Their furious steeds began to neigh,  
That they were heard a mighty way :  
Their staves upon their rests they lay ;  
Yet e'er they flew together,

Their seconds minister an oath,  
Which was indifferent to them both,  
That on their knightly faith and troth,  
No magic them supplied ;  
And fought them that they had no charms,  
Wherewith to work each other's harms,  
But came with simple open arms,  
To have their causes tried.

Together furiously they ran,  
That to the ground came horse and man ;  
The blood out of their helmets span,  
So sharp were their encounters :  
And though they to the earth were thrown,  
Yet quickly they regain'd their own ;  
Such nimbleness was never shewn,  
They were two gallant mounters.

When in a second course again,  
They forward came with might and main,  
Yet which had better of the twain,  
The seconds could not judge yet :  
Their shields were into pieces cleft,  
Their helmets from their heads were rest,  
And to defend them nothing left,  
These champions would not budge yet

Away from them their staves they threw,  
Their cruel swords they quickly drew,  
And freshly they the fight renew,  
They every stroke redoubled :  
Which made Proserpina take heed,  
And make to them the greater speed,  
For fear lest they too much should bleed,  
Which wond'rously her troubled.



to th' infernal Styx she goes,  
as the fogs from thence that rose;  
a bag doth them enclose,  
When well she had them blended :  
her then to Lethe spring,  
and thereof doth bring,  
with she meant to work the thing  
Which only she intended.

As serpene with Mab is gone  
to place where Oberon  
and Pigwiggen, one to one,  
both to be slain were likely :  
where themselves they closely hide,  
they would not be espy'd ;  
As serpene meant to decide  
The matter very quickly.

At length unties the poke,  
out of it sent such a smoke,  
that was them all to choke,  
so grievous was the pother :  
the knights each other lost,  
and as still as any post,  
Thum nor Tomalin could boast  
themselves of any other.

In the mist 'gan somewhat cease,  
then commandeth peace,  
that a while they should release  
each other of their peril :  
where (quoth she) I do proclaim  
in dreadful Pluto's name,  
as ye will eschew his blame,  
You let me hear the quarrel.

For yourselves you must engage,  
that to cool your spleenish rage,  
grievous thirst and to assuage,  
That first you drink this liquor ;

' Which shall your understandings clear,  
' As plainly shall to you appear,  
' Those things from me that you shall hear,  
' Conceiving much the quicker.'

This Lethe water, you must know,  
The memory destroyeth so,  
That of our weal, or of our woe,  
It all remembrance blotted,  
Of it nor can you ever think :  
For they no sooner took this drink,  
But nought into their brains could sink,  
Of what had them besotted.

King Oberon forgotten had,  
That he for jealousy ran mad ;  
But of his queen was wond'rous glad,  
And ask'd how they came thither.  
Pigwiggen likewise doth forget,  
That he Queen Mab had ever met,  
Or that they were so hard beset,  
When they were found together.

Nor either of 'em both had thought,  
That e'er they had each other sought,  
Much less that they a combat fought,  
But such a dream were loathing.  
Tom Thum had got a little sup,  
And Tomalin scarce kiss'd the cup,  
Yet had their brains so sure lockt up,  
That they remember'd nothing.

Queen Mab and her light maids the while  
Amongst themselves do closely smile,  
To see the king caught with this wile,  
With one another jesting :  
And to the Fairy court they went,  
With mickle joy and merriment,  
Which thing was done with good intent ;  
And thus I left them feasting.

M ij





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# THE MOON-CALF.

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STULTORUM PLENA SUNT OMNIA.

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**H**ELP! neighbours, help! for God's sake come  
with speed,

For of your help there never was such need.  
Midwives, make haste, and dress ye as ye run;  
Either come quickly, or we're all undone:  
The world's in labour, her throws come so thick,  
That with the pangs she's waxt start lunatic.  
"But whither? whither?" one was heard to cry.  
She that call'd thus, doth presently reply,  
"Do ye not see, in ev'ry street and place,  
The general world now in a piteous case?"

Up got the gossips, and for very haste  
Some came without shoes, some came all unlac'd,  
As she had first appointed them, and found  
The world in labour, dropt into a swoond:  
Wallowing she lay, like to a boist'rous hulk,  
Dropfy'd with riots, and her big-swoln bulk  
Stuff'd with infection, rottenness, and stench;  
Her blood so fir'd, that nothing might it quench  
But the asp's poison, which stood by her still,  
That in her drought she often us'd to swill.  
Cloathed she was in a fool's coat and cap  
Of rich embroider'd silks, and in her lap  
A sort of paper puppets, gauds, and toys,  
Trifles scarce good enough for girls and boys,  
Which she had dandled, and with them had play'd,  
And of this trash her only god had made.

"Out and alas! (quoth one the rest among)  
I doubt me, neighbours, we have stay'd too  
long!"

"Pluck off your rings, lay me your bracelets by,  
Fall to your bus'ness, and that speedily;

"Or else I doubt, her spirits confound so fast,  
That e'er the birth, her strength will quite be  
past."

But when more wistly they did her behold,  
There was not one that once durst be so bold  
As to come near her, but stood all amaz'd,  
Each upon other silently and gaz'd;  
When as her belly they so big do see,  
As if a ton within the same should be;  
And heard a noise and rumbling in her womb,  
As at the instant of the general doom:  
Thunder and earthquakes raging, and the rocks  
Tumbling down from their sites, like mighty  
blocks

Roll'd from huge mountains, such a noise they  
make,

As though in sunder heaven's huge ax-tree brake,  
They either poles their heads together pass'd,  
And all again into the chaos dash'd.

Some of slight judgment, that were standing by,  
Said, it was nothing but a tympany;  
Others said, sure she human help did want,  
And had conceived by an elephant;  
Or some sea-monster, of a horrid shape,  
Committed with her by some violent rape:  
Others more wise, and noting very well  
How her huge womb did pass all compass well,  
Said, certainly (if that they might confess her)  
It would be found some devil did possess her.

Thus while they stood, and knew not what  
to do,

"Women, quoth one, why do you trifle so?"



you, think but wherefore ye came hither;  
 Bomb and burthen perish both together?  
 Worth the birth-stool—no, let it alone—  
 So far beyond all compass grown,  
 Her new device us needs must sted,  
 She never can be brought to bed,  
 That hath some execrable spell,  
 Presently her entrance into hell,  
 Hecate and the damn'd Furies hither,  
 If they will undertake together  
 To the sick world.' One is out of hand  
 'd for hell, who by the dread command  
 Full charms brought Hecate away;  
 Leaving her bus'ness, from herself doth lay  
 Aspect she wont to put on there  
 Lack empire, and doth now appear  
 Lucina, giving strength and aid  
 To women; mild as any maid,  
 Sweet hope her brow seem'd, and her eyes  
 Fresh comfort, like the morning skies.  
 One the Furies with their bosoms bare,  
 Slightly cover'd with their snaky hair  
 Was contorted, mumbling hellish charms,  
 Her elbows naked were their arms.  
 The eldest of these damn'd female fiends,  
 Her wrists, biting her fingers ends,  
 Came first; Tisiphone the next,  
 Tovenge her sister thoroughly vexed,  
 And bare a whip, and in the other  
 A snake knife; the third, which seem'd to  
 Another  
 Her of revenge, cast such an eye,  
 Near turn'd to stone all that stood by,  
 The Aleto, which no plague doth rue,  
 Her leaves them whom she doth pursue.  
 When pray the goddesses now to stand  
 As to them, and to lend her hand  
 To this sick world; which willingly she granted:  
 She fight, as altogether daunted,  
 Her clear face the sprightly vigour fled,  
 She saw the women hard bested,  
 Had gone, nor one glance back had shot,  
 'N or hell she o'er her head had got;  
 Herself retires next to the door.  
 As, worse than e'er they were before,  
 At wits end, know not which way to take;  
 When the world beginning to awake  
 From trance, in which she lay as dead,  
 Slightly raising her unwieldy head,  
 She Lucina call'd for help, that she  
 Her travail would propitious be.  
 Not from feeling of her woe,  
 Nor with what the world might go,  
 She dreaded Hecate, having power  
 To keep hell's ugly baleful bower,  
 As the Furies to step in and aid her,  
 The midwives, till they safe had laid her.  
 Those pleasure as they were about,  
 The housewife pertly stepping out,  
 Told a while, and let the quean alone;  
 In matter, let her lie and groan:  
 For still to't, we'll do the best we can  
 Out of her certainly the man

' Which owns the bastard: for there's not a  
 ' nation  
 ' But hath with her committed fornication;  
 ' And by her base and common prostitution,  
 ' She came by this unnatural pollution.  
 ' There is a mean for women thus abus'd,  
 ' Which at this time may very well be us'd,  
 ' That in this case, when people do desire  
 ' To know the truth, yet doubtful of the fire,  
 ' When as the woman most of life doth doubt her  
 ' In grievous throws, to those that are about her,  
 ' He that is then at the last cast disclos'd,  
 ' The natural father is to be suppos'd;  
 ' And the just law doth faithfully decide,  
 ' That for the nursing he is to provide:  
 ' Therefore let's see what in her pangs she'll say,  
 ' Lest that this bastard on the land we lay.'  
 They lik'd her counsel, and their help deny'd,  
 But bade her lie and languish till she dy'd,  
 Unless to them she truly would confess  
 Who fill'd her belly with this foul excess.

" Alas! (quoth she) the devil dress'd me thus,  
 " Amidst my riot, whilst that Incubus  
 " Wrought on my weakness, and, by him be-  
 " guil'd,  
 " He only is the father of the child:  
 " His instrument, my apish imitation  
 " Of ev'ry monstrous and prodigious fashion,  
 " Abus'd my weakness; women, it was she,  
 " Who was the bawd betwixt the fiend and me:  
 " That this is true, it on my death I take;  
 " Then help me, women, even for pity's sake."

When ominous signs to shew themselves began,  
 That now at hand this monstrous birth foreran:  
 About at noon flew the affrighted owl,  
 And dogs in corners set them down to howl;  
 Bitches and wolves, these fatal signs among,  
 Brought forth most monstrous and prodigious  
 young;

And from his height the earth-refreshing sun,  
 Before his hour his golden head doth run  
 Far under us, in doubt his glorious eye  
 Should be polluted with this prodigy.  
 A panic fear upon the people grew,  
 But yet the cause there was not one that knew,  
 When they had heard this; a short tale to tell,  
 The Furies straight upon their bus'ness fell,  
 And long it was not ere there came to light  
 The most abhorred, the most fearful sight  
 That ever eye beheld, a birth so strange,  
 That at the view, it made their looks to change.  
 ' Women, quoth one, stand off, and come not  
 ' near it;

' The devil, if he saw it, sure would fear it:  
 ' For by the shape, for aught that I can gather,  
 ' The child is able to affright the father.  
 ' Out! (cries another) now for God's sake hide it,  
 ' It is so ugly, we may not abide it:  
 ' The birth is double, and grows side to side,  
 ' That human hand it never can divide;  
 ' And in this wondrous sort as they be twins,  
 ' Like male and female, they be Androgynes:  
 ' The man is partly woman, likewise she  
 ' Is partly man, and yet in face they be



' Full as prodigious as in parts; the twin  
 ' That is most man, yet in the face and skin  
 ' Is all mere woman: that which most doth take  
 ' From weaker woman, nature seems to make  
 ' A man in shew, thereby as to define,  
 ' A feminine man, a woman masculine.  
 ' Before bred nor begot; a more strange thing  
 ' Than ever Nile yet into light could bring,  
 ' Made as creation merely to despight,  
 ' Nor man, nor woman, scarce hermaphrodite.  
 ' Afric, that's said, mother of monster is,  
 ' Let her but shew me such a one as this,  
 ' And then I will subscribe (to do her due)  
 ' And swear that what is said of her is true.  
 Quoth one, "'Tis monstrous, and for nothing fit;  
 " And, for a monster, quick let's bury it."  
 ' Nay, quoth another, rather make provision,  
 ' If possibly, to part it by incision;  
 ' For were it parted, for aught I can see,  
 ' Both man and woman it may seem to be.'  
 ' Nay, quoth a third, that must be done with cost,  
 ' And were it done, our labour is but lost:  
 ' For when w' have wrought the utmost that we  
     ' can,  
 ' He's too much woman, and she's too much  
     ' man:  
 ' Therefore, as 'tis a most prodigious birth,  
 ' Let it not live here to pollute the earth.'  
 ' Gossip, quoth the last, your reason I deny,  
 ' 'Tis more bylaw than we can justify;  
 ' For fire and dam have certainly decreed,  
 ' That they will have more comfort of their seed:  
 ' For he begot it, and 'twas born of her,  
 ' And out of doubt they will their own prefer.  
 ' Therefore, good women, better be advis'd;  
 ' For precious things should not be lightly priz'd.  
 ' This Moon-Calf, born under a lucky fate,  
 ' May pow'rful prove in many a wealthy state;  
 ' And, taught the tongues, about some few years  
     ' hence  
 ' (As now we're all tongue, and but little sense)  
 ' It may fall out, for any thing you know,  
 ' This Moon-Calf may on great employments go;  
 ' When learned men, for noble action fit,  
 ' Idly at home (unthought of once) may sit;  
 ' A bawd, or a projector he may prove,  
 ' And by his purse so purchasing him love,  
 ' May be exalted to some thriving room,  
 ' Where seldom good men suffer'd are to come,  
 ' What will you say, hereafter when you see  
 ' The times so graceless and so mad to be,  
 ' That men their perfect human shape shall fly,  
 ' To imitate this beast's deformity?  
 ' Nay, when you see this monster, which you now  
 ' Will hardly breath upon the earth allow,  
 ' In his caroch with four white Friezlands drawn,  
 ' And he as py'd and garish as the Pawn,  
 ' With a set face, in which, as in a book,  
 ' He thinks the world for grounds of state should  
     ' look,  
 ' When to some greater one, whose might doth  
     ' awe him,  
 ' He's known a verier jade than those that draw  
     ' him?

' Nay, at the last, the very killing sight,  
 ' To see this Calf (as virtue to despight)  
 ' Above just honest men his head to rear,  
 ' Nor to his greatness may they once come near?  
*Each ignorant set to honour seeks to rise;  
 But as for virtue, who did first devise  
 That title, a reward for her to be,  
 As most contemned and despised she,  
 Goes unregarded, that they who should own her,  
 Dare not take notice ever to have known her:  
 And but that virtue, when she seemeth thrown  
 Lower than hell, hath power to raise her own  
 Above the world, and this her monstrous birth,  
 She long e'er this had peris'd from the earth;  
 Her faulter banish'd by her foes so high,  
 Which look so big, as they would scale the sky.*  
 But seeing no help, why should I thus complain?  
 Then to my Moon-Calf I return again,  
 By his dear dam the world so choicely bred,  
 To whom there is such greatness promised;  
 For it might well a perfect man amaze,  
 To see what means the fire and dam will raise  
 T' exalt their Moon-Calf, and him so to cherish,  
 That he shall thrive when virtuous men shall pe-  
     rish.

*The drunkard, glutton, or who doth apply  
 Himself to beastly sensuality,  
 Shall get him many friends, for that there be  
 Many in every place just such as he.  
 The evil love them that delight in ill;  
 Like have cleav'd to their like, and ever will.  
 But the true virtuous man (God knows) hath few;  
 They that his straight and harder steps pursue,  
 Are a small number, scarcely known of any;  
 "God hath few friends, the devil hath so many."*

But to return, that ye may plainly see,  
 That such a one he likely is to be,  
 And that my words for truth that ye may try,  
 Of the world's babe thus do I prophesy:  
 Mark but the more man of these monstrous twins,  
 From his first youth, how tow'rdly he begins!  
 When he should learn, being learn'd to leave the  
     school,  
 This arrant Moon-Calf, this most beastly fool,  
 Just to our English proverb shall be seen,  
*Scarcely so wise at fifty, as fifteen:*  
 And when himself he of his home can free,  
 He to the city comes, where then if he,  
 And the familiar butterfly his page,  
 Can pass the street, the ord'nary, and stage,  
 It is enough; and he himself thinks then  
 To be the only absolut'st of men.  
 Then in his cups you shall not see him shrink,  
 To the grand devil a carouse to drink.  
 Next to his whore he doth himself apply;  
 And to maintain his goatish luxury,  
 Eats capons cookt at fifteen crowns a piece,  
 With their fat bellies stuff'd with ambergrise.  
 And being to travel, he sticks not to lay  
 His post-caroches still upon his way:  
 And in some six days journey doth consume  
 Ten pounds in suckets and the Indian fume,  
 For his attire, then foreign parts are sought,  
 He holds all vile in England that is wrought,



landers sendeth for the nonce,  
Ten of shirts providing him at once,  
The seams with costly lace, that be  
In fashion, whole below the knee;  
As in milk, in which when he hath been,  
He one for the preposterous sin,  
The wicked and rebellious Jews  
Whic in their male-kind stews.  
All of 's foot the ground he may not

He tread upon his toe and heel:  
A d-cloke, with plush and velvet lin'd;  
A d-piece, that is fill'd with wind-  
ing horses, dogs, drabs, drink, and dice,  
Things that he doth hold in price:  
Can these, naught doth him so delight,  
A smooth-chin'd, plump-thigh'd cata-

er great sin that burning sank,  
A draught the pit infernal drank,  
Aft God on earth could not abide,  
Such the devils terrify'd,  
A feat them well near to exile,  
A spew'd her up after this while?  
A fen, and her sin agen  
A beastly and outrageous men?  
He jests at incest, as therein  
No fault, counts sacrilege no sin:  
A nies he useth for his grace,  
The truth doth oftentimes outface:  
A virtue madness, or mere folly;  
A high things, and profanes all holy.  
A thunder, God, art thou asleep?  
A offering band giv'st thou to keep  
A and vengeance? where is now the strength  
A thy arm, fails it at length?  
A stars to comets, to outflare  
A moon-tide, that he shall not dare  
A ke a glow-worm, for that he  
A melting these damnations see.

'I'll leave, lest I my pen defile:  
Moon-Calf keep I close the while,  
He knave persuaded he hath wit,  
A brave soul, he to utter it,  
A desperate boldness roughly pass  
A on those books, which the poor ass  
A reach to, things from darkness sought,  
A light with blood and sweat were  
A ght:  
A upon him those things to controul,  
A ld the brainless idiot sell his soul,  
A race, and he, can never buy  
A base pelf, his glorious industry.  
A with him is idle, if it strain  
A compass of his yelty brain:  
A men's worths but by a second hand,  
A elf doth nothing understand;  
A ave something, but what 'tis he shews  
A :  
A would speak, nay what to think he  
A ns not:  
A ; more than truth and knowledge  
A is,  
A ; he admires of man, but cloaths.

Now for that I thy detage dare mislike;  
And seem so deep into thy soul to strike;  
Because I am so plain, thou lik'st not me:  
Why now, poor slave, I no more think of thee,  
Than of the ordure that is cast abroad,  
I bate thy vice more than I do a toad.  
Poor is the spirit that fawns on thy applause,  
Or seeks for suffrage from thy barbarous jaws.  
Misfortune light on him that ought to weigh,  
Ye sons of Belial, what ye think or say:  
Who would have thought, whilst wit fought to advance  
Itself so high, damn'd beastly ignorance  
Under the cloak of knowledge should creep in,  
And from desert should so much credit win?  
But all this poisonous froth bell hath let fly,  
In these last days, at noble posy,  
That which hath had both in all times and places,  
For her much worth, so sundry sovereign graces:  
The language which the spheres and angels speak,  
In which their mind they to poor mortals break,  
By God's great power, into rich souls infus'd,  
By every Moon-Calf lately thus abus'd:  
Shou'd all bell's black inhabitants conspire,  
And more unheard-of mischief to them hire,  
Such as high heav'n were able to affright,  
And on the noonstid bring a double night,  
Than they have done, they could not more disgrace her,  
As from the earth (ev'n) utterly to rane her;  
What princes lov'd, by peasants now made hateful  
In this our age, so damnably ungrateful.  
And to give open passage to her fall,  
It is devis'd to blemish her withall,  
That th' hideous braying of each barb'rous ass,  
In printed letters freely now must pass,  
In accents so untuneable and vile,  
With other nations as might damn our isle,  
If so our tongue they truly understood,  
And make them think our brains were merely mud.  
To make her vile and ugly to appear,  
Whose natural beauty is divinely clear,  
That on the stationer's stall who passing looks,  
To see the multiplicity of books  
That pester it, may well believe the press,  
Sick of a surfeit, spew'd with the excess:  
Which breedeth such a dulness through the land,  
'Mongst those one tongue who only understand,  
Which, did they read those sinewy poems writ,  
That are material, relishing of wit,  
Wise policy, morality, or story,  
Well portraying th' ancients and their glory,  
These blinded fools, on their base carrion feeding,  
Which are (in truth) made ignorant by reading,  
In little time would grow to be asham'd,  
And blush to bear those lousy pamphlets nam'd,  
Which now they study, nought but folly learning,  
Which is the cause that they have no discerning,  
The good from bad, the ill, that well to know,  
Because in ignorance they are nourish'd so.  
Who for this hateful trash should I condemn,  
They that doubt, or authorize them?  
O that the ancients should so careful be  
Of what they did impress, and only we  
Loosely at random should let all things fly,  
Though 'gainst the Muses it be blasphemy!



*But yet to happy spirits, and to the wise,  
 'Tis but foolish that they can devise;  
 For when contempt of poesy is proudest,  
 Then have the Muses ever sung the loudest.*

But to my Calf; who, to be counted prime,  
 According to the fashion of the time,  
 Him to associate some buffoon doth get,  
 Whose brains he still with much expence must  
 whet,

And ever bear about him as his guest,  
 Who coming out with some ridiculous jest,  
 Of one perhaps a God that well might be,  
 If but compar'd with such an ass as he,  
 His patron roars with laughter, and doth cry,  
 'Take him away, or presently I die;  
 Whilst that knave-fool, which well himself doth  
 know,

Smiles at the coxcomb, which admires him so;  
 His time and wealth thus lewdly that doth spend,  
 As it were lent him to no other end:

Until this Moon-Calf, this most drunken puff,  
 Even like a candle burnt into the snuff,  
 Fir'd with surfeit, in his own grease fries,  
 Sparkles a little, and then stinking dies.

*The wealth his father by extortion won,  
 Thus in the spending helps to damn the son,  
 And so falls out indifferently to either,  
 Whereby in hell they justly meet together;  
 And yet the world much joys in her behalf,  
 And takes no little pleasure in her Calf.  
 Had this declining time the freedom now,  
 Which the brave Roman once it did allow,  
 With wire and whipcord ye should see her paid,  
 Till the luxurious whore should be afraid  
 Of prostitution; and such lusts given,  
 To make her blood spirt in the face of heaven,  
 That men by looking upwards as they go,  
 Should see the plagues laid on her here below.*

But now proceed we with the other twin,  
 Which is most woman, who shall soon begin  
 To shew herself. No sooner got the teens,  
 But her own natural beauty she disdains;  
 With oils and broths most venomous and base  
 She plasters over her well-favour'd face;  
 And those sweet veins by nature rightly plac'd,  
 Wherewith she seem'd that white skin to have  
 lac'd,

She soon doth alter; and with fading blue  
 Blanching her bosom, she makes others new,  
 Blotting the curious workmanship of nature;  
 That e'er she be arriv'd at her full stature,  
 E'er she be dress'd, she seemeth aged grown,  
 And to have nothing on her of her own.  
 Her black, brown, auburn, or her yellow hair,  
 Naturally lovely, she doth scorn to wear;  
 It must be white, to make it fresh to shew,  
 And with compounded meal she makes it so,  
 With fumes and powd'rings raising such a smoke,  
 That a whole region able were to choke:  
 Whole stench might fright a dragon from his  
 den;

The sun yet ne'er exhal'd from any fen,  
 Such pestilentious vapours as arise  
 From their French powd'rings, and their mercuries.

*Ireland, if thou wilt able be alone,  
 Of thine own power to drive out thy Tyrone,  
 By heaping up a mass of coin together,  
 Shear thy old wolves, and send their fleeces hither.  
 Thy white goats hair, Wales, dearer will be sold  
 Than silk of Naples, or than thread of gold.  
 Our water-dogs and islands here are shorn,  
 White hair of women here so much is worn.  
 Nay more than this, they'll any thing endure,  
 And with large sums they stick not to procure  
 Hair from the dead, yea and the most unclean;  
 To help their pride they nothing will disdain.  
 Then in attiring her, and in her sleep,  
 The day's three parts she exercis'd doth keep;  
 And in ridiculous visits she doth spend  
 The other fourth part, to no other end  
 But to take note how such a lady lies,  
 And to glean from her some deformities,  
 Which for a grace she holds, and till she get,  
 She thinks herself to be but counterfeit.  
 Our merchants from all parts 'twixt either land,  
 Cannot get silk to satisfy her mind;  
 Nor nature's perfect'st patterns can suffice  
 The curious draughts for her embroideries.  
 She thinks her honour utterly is lost,  
 Except those things do infinitely cost  
 Which she doth wear; nor thinks they can her  
 dress,*

Except she have them in most strange excess.  
 And in her fashion she is likewise thus,  
 In ev'ry thing she must be monstrous.  
 Her piccadil above her crown upbears;  
 Her fardingale is set above her ears,  
 Which like a broad sail with the wind doth swell,  
 To drive this fair hulk headlong into hell.

After again note, and you shall her see  
 Shorn like a man; and for that she will be  
 Like him in all, her congies she will make  
 With the man's court'sy, and her hat off take,  
 Of the French fashion; and wear by her side  
 Her sharp filetto in a riband ty'd;  
 Then gird herself close to the paps she shall,  
 Shap'd breast and buttock, but no waist at all.

But of this She-Calf now to cease all strife,  
 I'll by example limn her to the life:  
 Not long ago it was my chance to meet  
 With such a fury, such a female sprite,  
 As never man saw yet, except 'twere she,  
 And such a one as I may never see  
 Again, I pray; but where I will not name,  
 For that the place might so partake her shame:  
 But when I saw her rampant to transcend  
 All womanhood, I thought her (sure) some  
 fiend;

And to myself my thoughts suggested thus,  
 That she was gotten by some Incubus;  
 And so remembering an old woman's tale,  
 As she sat dreaming o'er a pot of ale,  
 That on a time she did the devil meet,  
 And knew him only by his cloven feet;  
 So did I look at her's where she did go,  
 To see if her feet were not cloven so.  
 Ten long-tongu'd tapsters in a common inn,  
 When as the guests to flock apace begin,



fair one, down-stair another hies,  
 making clamours and confused cries,  
 yet make such a noise as she ;  
 he boldly justify, that he  
 one hour her loud clack can endure,  
 turbed, safely, and secure  
 or any bells, and never hear  
 ey were rung, the clappers at his ear ;  
 long'st night with one sweet sleep be-  
 le,

he dreamt of music all the while.  
 sight of her, when she doth roar,  
 strike dumb the boldest whore  
 traded : she'll not stick to tell,  
 life that ever her befell ;  
 with lain with all degrees and ages,  
 boys, scullions, lackies, and some pages ;  
 when we have said all that we can,  
 is nothing worth a pin in man ;  
 here's nothing doth so please her mind,  
 nares and horses do their kind :  
 she's tipsy, howsoe'er t' offend,  
 er speech to bawdry doth intend ;  
 s secrets, and she'll name ye all  
 e midwives at the Surgeons hall.

poor coxcomb her dull husband dead,  
 rst then this female Moon-Calf wed,  
 ite put down the Roman, which once  
 pt

urning gulf, thereby to keep  
 y from devouring with the flame :  
 : we her, of all her sex the shame.  
 t the rest at the world's labour, there  
 old women most especial were,  
 l been jolly wenches in their days,  
 ll the parish and had borne the praise  
 tales ; one, mother Redcap hight,  
 or Howlet, somewhat ill of sight,  
 d hurt her eyes with watching late ;  
 er Bumby, a mad jocund mate  
 slept ; and with her there came  
 er Gurton, a right pleasant dame  
 t of them ; being thus together,  
 ss done for which they had come thi-  
 r,

y mother Redcap at the last,  
 ight is quickly like to waste ;  
 : the world so kindly now is laid,  
 child safe, which made us all afraid,  
 e a night on't, wenches ; hang up  
 row,  
 at sleep wants now, take it up to-  
 morrow.

ie fire, and let us have our ale,  
 our cups let each one tell her tale :  
 ft gossips, and to put you in,  
 the ice, and thus doth mine begin.  
 was a certain prophesy of old,  
 an isle had anciently been told,  
 r many years were com'n and gone,  
 en came out, and the set time came  
 ;

it told the very day and hour,  
 should fall so violent a show'r,

' That it new rivers in the earth should wear,  
 ' And dorps and bridges quite away should bear :  
 ' But where this isle is, that I cannot shew,  
 ' Let them inquire that have desire to know :  
 ' The story leaves out that ; let it alone,  
 ' And, gossips, with my tale I will go on.  
 ' Yet what was worse, the prophecy thus spake,  
 ' (As to warn men defence for it to make)  
 ' That upon whom one drop should chance to  
 ' light,  
 ' They should of reason be deprived quite.  
 ' This prophecy had many an age been heard,  
 ' But not a man did it one pin regard ;  
 ' For all to folly did themselves dispose,  
 ' (On verier calves the sun yet never rose)  
 ' And of their laughter made it all the theme,  
 ' By terming it, the drunken wizard's dream.  
 ' There was one honest man, among the rest,  
 ' That bare more perfect knowledge in his breast,  
 ' And to himself his private hours had kept,  
 ' To talk with God, whilst others drank or slept,  
 ' Who, in his mercy to this man, reveal'd  
 ' That which in justice he had long conceal'd  
 ' From the rude herd, but let them still run on  
 ' The ready way to their destruction.  
 ' This honest man the prophecy that noted,  
 ' And things therein more curiously had-quoted.  
 ' Found all those signs were truly come to pass,  
 ' That should foreshew this rain, and that it was  
 ' Nearly at hand ; and from his depth of skill  
 ' Had many a time forewarn'd them of their ill,  
 ' And preach'd to them this deluge (for their  
 ' good)  
 ' As to th' old world Noe did before the flood,  
 ' But lost his labour ; and since 'twas in vain  
 ' To talk more to those idiots of the rain,  
 ' He let them rest, and silent sought about  
 ' Where he might find some place of safety out,  
 ' To shroud himself in ; for right well he knew,  
 ' That from this show'r, which then began to  
 ' brew,  
 ' No roof of tile or thatch he could come in,  
 ' Could serve him from being wet to the bare  
 ' skin.  
 ' At length this man bethought him of a cave  
 ' In a huge rock, which likely was to save  
 ' Him from the show'r, upon a hill so steep,  
 ' As up the same a man could hardly creep ;  
 ' So that, except Noah's flood should come again,  
 ' He never could be raught by any rain :  
 ' Thither at length, though with much toil he  
 ' clomb,  
 ' List'ning to hear what would thereof become,  
 ' It was not long e'er he perceiv'd the skies  
 ' Settled to rain, and a black cloud arise,  
 ' Whose foggy grossness so oppos'd the light,  
 ' As it would turn the noonstid into night.  
 ' When the wind came about with all his pow'r,  
 ' Into the tail of this approaching show'r,  
 ' And it to lighten presently began,  
 ' Quicker than thought from east to west that ran ;  
 ' The thunder following did so fiercely rave,  
 ' And through the thick clouds with such fury  
 ' drave,



' As hell had been set open for the nonce,  
 ' And all the devils heard to roar at once :  
 ' And soon the tempest so outrageous grew,  
 ' That it whole hedge-rows by the roots upthrew,  
 ' So wond'rouly prodigious was the weather,  
 ' As heaven and earth had meant to go together ;  
 ' And down the show'r impetuously doth fall,  
 ' Like that which men the hurricano call ;  
 ' As the grand deluge had been come again,  
 ' And all the world should perish by the rain.  
 ' And long it lasted ; all which time this man,  
 ' Hid in this cave, doth in his judgment scan  
 ' What of this inundation would ensue,  
 ' For he knew well the prophecy was true :  
 ' And when the show'r was somewhat overpast,  
 ' And that the skies began to clear at last,  
 ' To the cave's mouth he softly put his ear,  
 ' To listen if he any thing could hear,  
 ' What harm this storm had done, and what be-  
   ' came  
 ' Of those that had been sow'd in the same.  
 ' No sooner he that nimble organ lent  
 ' To the cave's mouth, but that instant  
 ' There was a noise, as if the garden bears,  
 ' And all the dogs together by the ears,  
 ' And those of Bedlam had enlarged been,  
 ' And to behold the baiting had come in.  
 ' Which when he heard, he knew too well (alas !)  
 ' That what had been foretold, was come to pass ;  
 ' Within himself, good man, he reason'd thus :  
 ' 'Tis for our sins this plague is fall'n on us.  
 ' Of all the rest, though in my wits I be,  
 ' (I thank my maker) yet it grieveth me  
 ' To see my country in this piteous case.  
 ' Woe's me that ever they so wanted grace !  
 ' But when as man once casts off virtue quite,  
 ' And doth in sin and beastliness delight,  
 ' We see how soon God turns him to a sot.  
 ' To shew myself yet a true patriot,  
 ' I'll in amongst them, and if so that they  
 ' Be not accurs'd of God, yet, yet I may  
 ' By wholesome counsel (if they can but hear)  
 ' Make them as perfect as at first they were  
 ' And thus resolv'd, goes this good poor man  
   ' down ;  
 ' When at the entrance of the neighbouring town  
 ' He meets a women with her buttocks bare,  
 ' Got up astride upon a wall-ey'd mare,  
 ' To run a horse-race, and was like to ride  
 ' Over the good man ; but he stept aside :  
 ' And after her, another that bestrode  
 ' A horse of service, with a lance she rode  
 ' Arm'd, and behind her on a pillion sat  
 ' Her frantic husband, in a broad-brim'd hat,  
 ' A mask and safeguard ; and had in his hand  
 ' His mad wife's distaff for a riding-wand.  
 ' Scarce from these mad folk had he gone so far,  
 ' As a strong man will eas'ly pitch a bar,  
 ' But that he found a youth in tinsel brave,  
 ' (A daintier man one would not wish to have)  
 ' Was courting of a loathsome meazled sow,  
 ' And, in his judgment, swore he must allow  
 ' Her's the prime beauty that he ever saw,  
 ' Thus was she su'd to (by that prating daw)

' Who on the dunghill in the loathsome gore  
 ' Had farrowed ten pigs scarce an hour before,  
 ' At which this man in melancholy deep,  
 ' Burst into laughter, like before to weep.  
 ' Another fool, to fit him for the weather,  
 ' Had arm'd his heels with cork, his head with  
   ' feather,  
 ' And in more strange and sundry colours clad,  
 ' Than in the rain-bow ever can be had ;  
 ' Stalk'd through the streets, preparing him to fly  
 ' Up to the moon upon an embassy.  
 ' Another seeing his drunken wife disgorge  
 ' Her pamp'rd stomach, got her to a forge,  
 ' And in her throat the severous heat to quench,  
 ' With the smith's horn was giving her a drench,  
 ' One his next neighbour halter'd had by force,  
 ' So frantic, that he took him for a horse,  
 ' And to a pond was leading him to drink.  
 ' It went beyond the wit of man to think,  
 ' The sundry frenzies that he there might see.  
 ' One man would to another married be ;  
 ' And for a curate taking the town bull,  
 ' Would have him knit the knot. Another gull  
 ' Had found an ape was chained to a stall,  
 ' Which he to worship on his knees doth fall ;  
 ' To do the like and doth his neighbours get,  
 ' Who in a chair this ill-fac'd monkey set,  
 ' And on their shoulder lifting him on high,  
 ' They in procession bear him with a cry ;  
 ' And him a Lord will have at least, if not  
 ' A greater man. Another sort had got  
 ' About a pedlar, who had lately heard  
 ' How with the mad-men of this isle it far'd ;  
 ' And having nothing in his pack but toys,  
 ' Which none except mere madmen and fond boys  
 ' Would ever touch, thought verily that he  
 ' Amongst these Bedlams would a gainer be,  
 ' Or else lose all ; scarce had he pitch'd his pack,  
 ' E'er he could scarcely say, what do ye lack ?  
 ' But that they throng'd about him with their  
   ' money,  
 ' As thick as flies about a pot of honey.  
 ' Some of these lunatics, these frantic asses,  
 ' Gave him spur-rials for his farthing glasses ;  
 ' There should you see another of these cattle  
 ' Give him a pound of silver for a rattle ;  
 ' And there another that would needfully score  
 ' A costly jewel for a hobby-horse.  
 ' For bells and babies, such as children small  
 ' Are ever us'd to solace them withal,  
 ' Those they did buy at such a costly rate,  
 ' That it was able to subvert a state.  
 ' Which when this wise and sober man behind,  
 ' For very grief his eyes with tears were swell'd.  
 ' Alas, that e'er I saw this day ! (quoth he)  
 ' That I my native country-men should see  
 ' In this estate ! When out of very zeal  
 ' Both to his native earth and common-weal,  
 ' He thrust amongst them, and thus frames his  
   ' speech,  
 " Dear country-men, I humbly ye beseech,  
 " Here me a little, and but mark me well,  
 " Alas ! it is not long since first ye fell



s frenzy, these outrageous fits;  
 I pray you, so out of your wits,  
 to mind th' inevitable ill  
 All on ye, if ye continue still  
 mad and frantic; therefore be not worse  
 our brute beasts, to bring thereby a curse  
 our nephews, so to taint their blood  
 twenty generations shall be woo'd;  
 this brave land, for wit that hath been  
 fam'd,  
 of Idiots after shall be nam'd:  
 rains are not so craz'd, but leave this riot,  
 no question, but with temp'rate diet,  
 counsel of wise men, when they shall see  
 perate estate wherein you be,  
 h such med'cines as thy will apply,  
 quickly cure your grievous malady."  
 He would proceed with his oration,  
 he chiefest of this bedlam nation,  
 ld on him, and asks who he should be:  
 follow, (quoth his Lord) where had we  
 hee?  
 Thou to preach to us that he so wise?  
 wilt thou take upon thee to advise  
 hom all now underneath the sky  
 ll be seen to learn frugality?  
 rely, honest fellow thou art mad.  
 r standing by, swore that he had  
 n in Bedlam fourteen years ago.  
 h a third) this fellow do I know;  
 an arrant coxcomb, a mere dizard,  
 member, this is the same wizard,  
 took upon him wisely to fore-tell  
 w'r, so many years before it fell;  
 strong effects being so strange and rare,  
 ade us such brave creatures as we are,  
 of this nation all the frantic rout  
 o laughter the poor man about:  
 ade mouths at him, others, as in scorn,  
 eir fork't fingers pointed him the horn:  
 all'd him ass and dolt, and bade him go  
 st such fools as he himself was, who  
 ot teach them. At which this honest  
 man  
 g that nought but hate and scorn he wan  
 st these idiots and their beastly kind,  
 or small remnant of his life behind,  
 ineth to solitude to give,  
 true hermit afterward to live.  
 He thus ended, 'Gossip, by your leave,  
 mother Bumby) 'I do well perceive  
 oral of your story, which is this  
 & me, dame, if I do judge amiss:)  
 it I'll tell you, by this honest ale,  
 conceit this is a pretty tale;  
 some handsome players would it take,  
 e) a pretty interlude would make.  
 the moral: This same mighty shower  
 igne sent by supernatural power  
 he wicked. For when God intends  
 a curse on men's ungodly ends,  
 erstanding he doth them deprive: (give,  
 taken from them, up themselves they  
 stiness; nor will he let them see  
 iferable estate wherein they be,

' The rock to which this man for safety climbs,  
 ' The contemplation is of the sad times  
 ' Of the declining world. His counsels told  
 ' To the mad rout, to spoil and baseness sold,  
 ' Shews, that from such no goodness can proceed;  
 ' Who counsels fools, shall seldom better speed.'  
 Quoth mother Redcap, "You have hit it right."  
 Quoth she, 'I know it gossip; and to quit  
 ' Your tale, another you of me shall have,  
 ' Therefore a while your patience let me crave.  
 ' Out in the North tow'rds Greenland, far away,  
 ' There was a witch, (as ancient stories say)  
 ' As in those parts there many witches be;  
 ' Yet in her craft above all other she  
 ' Was the most expert, dwelling in an isle,  
 ' Which was in compass scarce an English mile;  
 ' Which by her cunning she could make to float  
 ' Whither she list, as though it were a boat;  
 ' And where again she meant to have it stay,  
 ' There could she fix it in the deepest sea.  
 ' She could sell winds to any one that would  
 ' Buy them for money, forcing them to hold  
 ' What time she listed, tie them in a thread,  
 ' Which ever as the seafarer undid,  
 ' They rose or scanted, as his sails would drive,  
 ' To the same port whereas he would arrive.  
 ' She by her spells could make the moon to stay,  
 ' And from the east she could keep back the day,  
 ' Raise mists and fogs that could eclipse the  
 ' light,  
 ' And with the noonsted she could mix the  
 ' night.  
 ' Upon this isle whereas she had abode,  
 ' Nature (God knows) but little cost bestow'd;  
 ' Yet in the same some bastard creatures were,  
 ' Seldom yet seen in any place but there;  
 ' Half men, half goat, there was a certain kind,  
 ' Such as we Satyrs pourtray'd out do find;  
 ' Another sort of a most ugly shape,  
 ' A bear in body, and in face an ape;  
 ' Other like beasts, yet had the feet of fowls,  
 ' That demi-urchins were, or demi-owls:  
 ' Besides, there were of sundry other sorts,  
 ' But we'll not stand too long on these reports.  
 ' Of all the rest that most resembles man,  
 ' Was an o'er-worn ill-favour'd Babian;  
 ' Which of all other (for that only he  
 ' Was full of tricks as they are us'd to be)  
 ' Him in her craft so seriously she taught,  
 ' As that in little time she had him brought,  
 ' That nothing could afore this ape be set,  
 ' That presently he could not counterfeit;  
 ' She learnt him med'cines instantly to make;  
 ' Him any thing whose shape he pleas'd to take;  
 ' And when this skill she had on him bestow'd,  
 ' She sent him for intelligence abroad.  
 ' He like a gypsy oftentimes would go,  
 ' Thus fully furnish'd, and by her sent out,  
 ' He went to practise all the world about.  
 ' He like a gipsy oftentimes would go,  
 ' All kind of gibb'rish he had learnt to know,  
 ' And with a stick, a short string, and a noose:  
 ' Would shew the people tricks at fast and loose;  
 ' Tell folks their fortunes, for he would find out  
 ' By sly inquiry as he went about,



- ' What chance this one he, or that she had prov'd,  
 ' Whom they most hated, or whom most they  
   ' lov'd;  
 ' And looking in their hands, as there he knew it  
 ' Out of his skill would counterfeit to shew it.  
 ' Sometimes he for a mountebank would pass,  
 ' And shew you in a crucible or glass  
 ' Some rare extraction, presently and run  
 ' Through all the cures that he therewith had  
   ' done.  
 ' An aspick still he carry'd in a poke,  
 ' Which he to bite him often would provoke,  
 ' And with an oil, when it began to swell,  
 ' The deadly poison quickly could expell;  
 ' And many times a juggler he would be,  
 ' (A craftier knave there never was than he)  
 ' And by a mist deceiving of the sight,  
 ' (As knavery ever falsifies the light)  
 ' He by his active nimbleness of hand  
 ' Into a serpent would transform a wand,  
 ' As those Egyptians, which by magic thought,  
 ' Far beyond Moses wonders to have wrought.  
 ' There never was a subtilty devis'd,  
 ' In which this villain was not exercis'd.  
 ' Now from this region where they dwelt, not  
   ' far,  
 ' There was a wise and learn'd astronomer,  
 ' Who skilful in the planetary hours,  
 ' The working knew of the celestial powers,  
 ' And by their ill, or by their good aspect,  
 ' Men in their actions wisely could direct;  
 ' And in the black and gloomy arts so skill'd,  
 ' That he even Hell in his subjection held;  
 ' He could command the spir'its up from below,  
 ' And bind them strongly, till they let him know  
 ' All the dread secrets that belong'd them to,  
 ' And what those did, with whom they had to do.  
 ' This wizard, in his knowledge most profound,  
 ' Sitting one day the depth of things to sound;  
 ' For that the world was brought to such pass  
 ' That it well-near in a confusion was;  
 ' For things set right, ran quickly out of frame,  
 ' And those awry to rare perfection came:  
 ' And matters in such sort about were brought,  
 ' That states were puzzled almost beyond  
   ' thought,  
 ' Which made him think (as he might very  
   ' well)  
 ' There were more devils than he knew in Hell:  
 ' And thus resolves, that he would cast about  
 ' In his best skill to find the engine out  
 ' That wrought all this, and put himself therein.  
 ' When in this bus'ness long he had not been,  
 ' But by the spirits which he had sent abroad,  
 ' And in this work had every way bestow'd,  
 ' He came to know this foul witch, and her  
   ' factor,  
 ' The one the plotter, and the other th' actor  
 ' Of all these stirs, which many a state had spoil'd,  
 ' Whereby the world so long had been turmoil'd;  
 ' Wherefore he thought it much did him behove,  
 ' Out of the way this couple to remove,  
 ' Or (out of question) half the world e'er long  
 ' Would be divided, hers and his among.
- ' When turning over his most mystic books,  
 ' Into the secrets of his art he looks;  
 ' And th' earth and th' air doth with such magic  
   ' fill,  
 ' That ev'ry place was troubled by his skill,  
 ' Whilst in his mind he many a thing revolves,  
 ' Till at the last he with himself resolves,  
 ' One spirit of his should take the witch's shape,  
 ' Another in the person of the ape  
 ' Should be join'd with him, so to prove by this  
 ' Whether their pow'r were less, or more than  
   ' his;  
 ' Which he performs, and to their task them sets,  
 ' When soon that spirit, the witch that counter-  
   ' feits,  
 ' Watch'd till he found her far abroad to be,  
 ' Into the place then of her home gets he:  
 ' And when the Babian came the news to bring  
 ' What he had done abroad, and ev'ry thing  
 ' Which he had plotted, how their bus'ness went,  
 ' And in the rest to know her dread intent,  
 ' Where she was wont to call him her dear son,  
 ' Her little play-scer, and her pretty bun;  
 ' Hug him, and swear he was her only joy,  
 ' Her very Hermes, her most dainty boy;  
 ' O most strange thing! she chang'd her wonted  
   ' cheer,  
 ' And doth to him most terrible appear:  
 ' And in most fearful shapes she doth him  
   ' threaten  
 ' With eager looks, as him she would have  
   ' eaten,  
 ' That from her presence he was forc'd to fly,  
 ' As from his death, or deadly enemy.  
 ' When now the second, which the shape doth  
   ' take  
 ' Of the bahoön, determining to make  
 ' The like sport with him, his best time doth  
   ' watch,  
 ' When he alone the curst witch might catch;  
 ' And when her factor farthest was remote,  
 ' Then he began to change his former note;  
 ' And where he wont to tell her pleasing stories  
 ' Full of their conquests, triumphs, and their  
   ' glories,  
 ' He turns his tale, and to the witch relates  
 ' The strange revolts of tributary states,  
 ' Things gotten back, which late they had for  
   ' prize,  
 ' With new discoveries of their policies;  
 ' Disgusts and dangers that had cross'd their con-  
   ' ning,  
 ' With sad portents, their ruin still forerunning:  
 ' That thus the witch and the baboon deceiv'd  
 ' Of all their hopes, of all their joys bereav'd,  
 ' As in despair do bid the world adieu.  
 ' When as the ape, which weak and sickly grew,  
 ' On the cold earth his scurvy carrion lays,  
 ' And worn to nothing, ends his wretched days:  
 ' The filthy hag, abhorring of the light,  
 ' Into the North past Thule takes her flight,  
 ' And in those deeps, past which no land is  
   ' found,  
 ' Her wretched self she miserably drown'd.'



Is thus ended, mother Owl doth take  
 , and thus to mother Bumby spake :  
 e our gossip Redcap told before,  
 well riddled, that there can no more  
 of it ; and therefore as your due,  
 ou have done for her, I'll do for you.  
 thus it is : That same notorious witch,  
 mbition men have to be rich  
 eat ; for which all faith aside they lay,  
 the devil give themselves away.  
 sting life, where she is said to won,  
 rious courtes are through which they  
 run  
 their ends. And by the ape is meant  
 jamned villains, made the instrument  
 air designs. That wond'rous man of  
 skill,  
 counsel is ; or rather, if you will,  
 fine justice, which doth bring to light  
 wicked plots, not raught by common  
 fight ;  
 ough they never have so closely wrought,  
 confusion lastly they are brought.'  
 lip, indeed you have hit it to a hair ;  
 surely your morality is rare,"  
 mother Bumby. Mother Owl reply'd,  
 come, I know I was not very wide :  
 fore, to quit your tales, and make 'em  
 three,  
 next gossips, listen now to me.  
 re was a man not long since dead, but he  
 a devil might accounted be :  
 lgment, at her best, could hardly scan,  
 er he were more devil, or more man :  
 he was, he did himself apply  
 kind of witchcraft and black sorcery ;  
 r his humour naturally stood  
 ft, to rapine, and to shedding blood,  
 se damn'd hags, with whom he was in  
 grace,  
 id to meet in many a secret place,  
 out an herb of such a wond'rous pow'r,  
 vere it gather'd at a certain hour,  
 ature for the same did so provide,  
 ough from knowledge gladly it to hide,  
 sunset itself it did disclose,  
 not itself up as the morning rose)  
 with thrice saying a strange magic spell,  
 , but to him, to no man they would  
 tell,  
 as so e'er that simple he would take,  
 a war-wolf instantly would make ;  
 put in practice, he most certain prov'd,  
 so a forest he himself remov'd,  
 gh which there lay a plain and-common  
 road,  
 he the place chose for his chief abode,  
 ere this monster sat him down to thief,  
 ng but stolen goods might this fiend re-  
 lieve.  
 y woman by that way could pass,  
 r this wolf she surely ravish'd was ;  
 he found her flesh were soft and good,  
 serv'd for lust, must also serve for food.

' Into a village he sometime would get,  
 ' And watching there (as for the purpose set)  
 ' For little children when they came to play,  
 ' The fatt'st he ever bore with him away :  
 ' And as the people oft were wont to rise,  
 ' Following with hubbubs and confused cries,  
 ' Yet was he so well-breathed, and so light,  
 ' That he would still outstrip them by his  
 ' flight ;  
 ' And making straight to the tall forest near,  
 ' Of the sweet flesh would have his junkets  
 ' there.  
 ' And let the shepherds do the best they could,  
 ' Yet would he venture oft upon the fold ;  
 ' And taking the fatt'st sheep he there could  
 ' find,  
 ' Bear him away, and leave the dogs behind.  
 ' Nor could men keep so much as pig or lamb,  
 ' But it no sooner could drop from the dam,  
 ' By hook or crook but he would surely catch,  
 ' Though with their weapons all the town should  
 ' watch.  
 ' Amongst the rest there was a silly ass,  
 ' That on the way by fortune chanc'd to pass,  
 ' Yet (it was true) he in his time had been  
 ' A very perfect man in shape and skin ;  
 ' But by a witch (envying his estate)  
 ' That had borne to him a most deadly hate,  
 ' Into this shape he was transform'd, and so  
 ' From place to place he wander'd to and fro,  
 ' And oftentimes was taken for a stray,  
 ' And in the pinfold many a time he lay ;  
 ' Yet held he still the reason that he had  
 ' When he was man, although he thus was clad  
 ' In a poor ass's shape, wherein he goes,  
 ' And must endure what Fortune will impose.  
 ' Him on his way this cruel wolf doth take,  
 ' His present prey determining to make.  
 ' He bray'd and roar'd, to make the people  
 ' hear ;  
 ' But it fell out, no creature being near,  
 ' The silly ass, when he had done his best,  
 ' Must walk the common way amongst the  
 ' rest ;  
 ' When tow'rs his den the cruel wolf him  
 ' tugs,  
 ' And by the ears most terribly him lugs :  
 ' But as God would, he had no list to feed,  
 ' Wherefore to keep him still he should have  
 ' need,  
 ' The silly creature utterly forlorn,  
 ' He brings into a brake of briars and thorn,  
 ' And so entangles by the mane and tail,  
 ' That he might pluck and struggle there, and  
 ' hale,  
 ' Till his breath left him, unless by great chance  
 ' Some one might come for his deliverance.  
 ' At length the people grievously annoy'd  
 ' By this vile wolf, so many that destroy'd,  
 ' Determined a hunting they would make,  
 ' To see if they by any means could take  
 ' This rav'nous war-wolf : and with them they  
 ' bring  
 ' Mastiffs and mongrels, all that in a string



' Could be got out, or could but lug a hog;  
 ' Ball, Eatall, Cuttail, Blackfoot, bitch and dog.  
 ' Bills, bats, and clubs the angry men do bear;  
 ' The women, eager as their husbands were,  
 ' With spits and fireforks, swear if they could  
   ' catch him,  
 ' It should go hard but they would soon dispatch  
   ' him.  
 ' This subtle wolf, by passengers that heard  
 ' What forces thus against him were prepar'd,  
 ' And, by the noise, that they were near at  
   ' hand,  
 ' Thinking this ass did nothing understand,  
 ' Goes down into a spring that was hard by,  
 ' Which the ass noted, and immediately  
 ' He came out perfect man, his wolf's shape  
   ' left,  
 ' In which so long he had committed theft.  
 ' The silly ass so wistly then did view him,  
 ' And in his fancy so exactly drew him,  
 ' That he was sure to own this thief again,  
 ' If he should see him 'mongst a thousand men.  
 ' This wolf turn'd man, him instantly doth  
   ' shroud  
 ' In a near thicket, till the boist'rous crowd  
 ' Had somewhat past him, then he in doth fall  
 ' Upon the rear, not any of them all  
 ' Makes greater stir, nor seems to them to be  
 ' More diligent to find the wolf than he.  
 ' They beat each brake and tuft o'er all the  
   ' ground,  
 ' But yet the war-wolf was not to be found;  
 ' But a poor ass entangled in the briers,  
 ' In such strange sort, as ev'ry one desires  
 ' To see the manner, and each one doth ga-  
   ' ther  
 ' How he was fasten'd so, how he came thither.  
 ' The silly ass yet being still in hold,  
 ' Makes all the means that possibly he could  
 ' To be let loose; he hums, he kneels, and cries,  
 ' Shaketh his head, and turneth up his eyes  
 ' To move their pity; that some said, 'twas  
   ' sure  
 ' This ass had sense of what he did endure:  
 ' And at the last amongst themselves decreed  
 ' To let him loose. The ass no sooner freed,  
 ' But out he goes the company among,  
 ' And where he saw the people thick'nt to  
   ' throng,  
 ' There he thrusts in, and looketh round about;  
 ' Here he runs in, and there he rusheth out;  
 ' That he was likely to have thrown to ground  
 ' Those in his way: which when the people  
   ' found,  
 ' Though the poor ass they seemed to disdain,  
 ' Follow'd him yet, to find what he should  
   ' mean,  
 ' Until by chance that he this villain met,  
 ' When he upon him furiously doth set,  
 ' Fast'ning his teeth upon him with such  
   ' strength,  
 ' That he could not be loos'd, till at the length  
 ' Railing them in, the people make a ring,  
 ' Struck with the wonder of so strange a thing;

' Whilst they are cag'd, contending whether  
   ' can  
 ' Conquer, the ass some cry, some cry the  
   ' man:  
 ' Yet the ass dragg'd him, and still forward  
   ' drew  
 ' Tow'rd the strange spring, which yet they  
   ' never knew;  
 ' Yet to what part the struggling seem'd to  
   ' sway,  
 ' The people made a lane, and gave them way.  
 ' At length the ass had tugg'd him near there  
   ' to,  
 ' The people wond'ring what he meant to do;  
 ' He seem'd to shew them with his foot the  
   ' well,  
 ' Then with an ass-like noise he seem'd to tell  
 ' The story now by pointing to the men,  
 ' Then to the thief, then to the spring again:  
 ' At length waxt angry, growing into passion  
 ' Because they could not find his demonstration,  
 ' T' express it more, he leaps into the spring,  
 ' When on the sudden (O most wond'rous  
   ' thing!)  
 ' To change his shape he presently began,  
 ' And at an instant became perfect man,  
 ' Recov'ring speech; and coming forth, accus'd  
 ' The bloody murth'rer, who had so abus'd  
 ' The honest people, and such harm had done;  
 ' Before them all and presently begun,  
 ' To shew them in what danger he had been,  
 ' And of this wolf the cruelty and sin,  
 ' How he came chang'd again, as he had  
   ' prov'd.  
 ' Whereat the people being strangely mov'd,  
 ' Some on the head, some on the back do clasp  
   ' him,  
 ' And in their arms with shouts and kisses beset  
   ' him;  
 ' Then all at once upon the war-wolf flew,  
 ' And up and down him on the earth they  
   ' drew;  
 ' Then from his bones the flesh in collops cut,  
 ' And on their weapon's points in triumph put;  
 ' Returning back with a victorious song,  
 ' Bearing the man aloft with them along.  
 Quoth gammer Gurton, " On my honest  
   " word,  
 " You've told a tale doth much conceit afford,  
 " Good neighbour Howlet; and as ye have  
   " done  
 " Each one for other since our tales begun,  
 " And since our stand of ale so well endures,  
 " As you have moral'd Bumby's, I will yours.  
 " The fable of the war-wolf I apply  
 " To a man given to blood and cruelty,  
 " And upon spoil doth only set his rest;  
 " Which by a wolf's shape liveliest is express'd.  
 " The spring, by which he gets his former shape,  
 " Is the evasion after every rape  
 " He hath to start by. And the silly ass,  
 " Which, unregarded, every where doth pass,  
 " Is some just soul who though the world disdain  
 " Yet he by God is strangely made the mean



'bring his damned practices to light."  
 both mother Howlet, 'You have hit the  
 'white.'

'ought as much (quoth gammer Gurton :)  
 'then

'turn comes next, have with you once a-  
 'gain.

'mighty waste there in a country was,  
 'not so great as it was poor of grafs.  
 'was said of old, a saint once curst the soil,  
 'barren and so hungry, that no toil  
 'did ever make it any thing to bear,  
 'would aught prosper that was planted  
 'there.

'on the earth the spring was seldom seen,  
 'was winter there, when each place else was  
 'green ;

'in summer did her most abundance yield,  
 'it lay still brown as any fellow field ;  
 'on the same some few trees scattering  
 'stood,

'it was autumn e'er they us'd to bud ;  
 'd. they were crookt and knotty, and the  
 'leaves

'niggard lay so utterly deceives,  
 'at sprouting forth, they drooping hung the  
 'head,

'd were near wither'd e'er yet fully spread.  
 'mirthful birds the boughs did ever grace,  
 'could be won to stay upon that place ;  
 'by the night-crow sometimes you might  
 'see,

'aking, to sit upon some ranpick-tree,  
 'ich was but very seldom too, and then  
 'aded great mortality to men.

'were the trees, which on that common  
 'grew,

'were the cattle, starvings ; and a few  
 'and mules, and they were us'd to gnaw  
 'very earth to fill the hungry maw ;  
 'on they far'd best, they fed on fern and  
 'brack,

'ir lean shrunk bellies cleav'd up to their  
 'back.

'all the rest in that great waste that went,  
 'those quick carrions the most eminent  
 'a poor mule, upon that common bred,  
 'l from his foaling farther never fed ;  
 'summer well-near ev'ry year was past,  
 'he his ragged winter coat could cast ;  
 'then the jade would get him to a tree  
 't had a rough bark, purposely, where he  
 'bing his buttocks and his either side,  
 'uld get the old hair from his starved hide ;  
 'l though he were as naked as my nail,  
 'he would whinny then, and wag the  
 'tail.

'his short pasture one day as he stood  
 'dy to faint amongst the rest for food,  
 'the poor beast (according to his kind)  
 'ring his nostrils up into the wind,  
 'sweet fresh feeding thought that he did  
 'vent,

'thing, as hunger, sharpeneth so the scent ;)

'For that not far there was a goodly ground,  
 'Which with sweet grafs so greatly did a-  
 'bound,

'That the fat soil seem'd to be over-fraught,  
 'Nor could bestow the burthen that it brought ;  
 'Besides that bounteous nature did it stick  
 'With sundry sorts of fragrant flow'rs so thick,  
 'That when the warm and balmy south-wind  
 'blew,

'The luscious smells o'er all the region flew.  
 'Led by his sense, at length this poor jade  
 'found

'This pasture (senc'd though with a mighty  
 'mound,

'A pale and quickset circling it about,  
 'That nothing could get in, nor nothing out)  
 'And with himself thus wittily doth cast :  
 'Well, I have found good pasture yet at last,  
 'If by some means accomplish'd it might be ;  
 'Round with the ditch immediately walks he ;  
 'And long though 'twas, (good luck ne'er comes  
 'too late)

'It was his chance to light upon a gate  
 'That led into it : though his hap were good,  
 'Yet was it made of so sufficient wood,  
 'And every bar that did to it belong  
 'Was so well jointed, and so wond'rous strong,  
 'Besides a great lock with a double ward,  
 'That he thereby of entrance was debarr'd,  
 'And thereby hard beset ; yet thought at  
 'length,

''Twas done by sleight, that was not done by  
 'strength.

'Fast in the ground his two fore-feet doth get,  
 'Then his hard buttocks to the gate he set,  
 'And thrust, and shook, and labour'd, till at  
 'last,

'The two great posts, that held the same so  
 'fast,

'Began to loosen ; when again he takes  
 'Fresh foot-hold, and afresh he shakes and  
 'shakes,

'Till the great hinges to fly off he feels,  
 'And heard the gate fall clatt'ring at his heels ;  
 'Then neighs and brays with such an open  
 'throat,

'That all the waste resounded with his note.  
 'The rest, that did his language understand,  
 'Knew well there was some good to them in  
 'hand,

'And tag and rag through thick and thin came  
 'running,

'Nor dale nor ditch, nor bank nor bushes shun-  
 'ning ;

'And so desirous to see their good hap,  
 'That with their thronging they stuck in the  
 'gap.

'Now they bestir their teeth, and do devour  
 'More sweetness in the compass of one hour,  
 'Than twice so many could in twice the time,  
 'For now the spring was in the very prime ;  
 'Till prick't with plenty, eas'd of all their  
 'lacks,

'Their pamp'rd bellies swoln above their backs ;



' They tread and waddle all the goodly grafs,  
 ' That in the field there scarce a corner was  
 ' Left free by them; and what they had not  
   ' swallow'd,  
 ' There they had dung'd, and laid 'em down and  
   ' wallow'd:  
 ' One with another they would lie and play,  
 ' And in the deep fog batten all the day.  
 ' Thus a long while this merry life they led,  
 ' Till ev'n like lard their thicken'd fides were  
   ' fed.  
 ' But on a time, the weather being fair,  
 ' And season fit to take the pleasant air,  
 ' To view his pasture the rich owner went,  
 ' And see what grafs the fruitful year had sent;  
 ' Finding the feeding, for which he had toil'd  
 ' To have kept safe, by these vile cattle spoil'd,  
 ' He in a rage upon them sets his cur,  
 ' But for his bawling not a beast would stir;  
 ' Then whoots and shouts, and claps his hands;  
   ' but he  
 ' Might as well move the dull earth, or a tree,  
 ' As once but stir them: when all would not do,  
 ' Last with his goad amongst them he doth go,  
 ' And some of them he girdeth in the haunches,  
 ' Some in the flanks, that prickt their very  
   ' paunches:  
 ' But when they felt that they began to smart,  
 ' Upon a sudden they together start,  
 ' And drive at him as fast as they could ding,  
 ' They flirt, they jerk, they backward fluce and  
   ' fling,  
 ' As though the devil in their heels had been,  
 ' That to escape the danger he was in,  
 ' He back and back into a quagmire by,  
 ' Though with much peril, forced was to fly:  
 ' But lightly treading thereupon, doth shift,  
 ' Out of the bog his cumber'd feet to lift,

' When they the peril that do not fore cast,  
 ' In the stiff mud are quickly flabled fast:  
 ' When to the town he presently doth fly,  
 ' Raising the neighbours with a sudden cry,  
 ' With cords and halters that came all at once,  
 ' For now the jades were fitted for the nonce:  
 ' For by that time th' had sunk themselves  
   ' deep,  
 ' That scarce their heads above ground they cou  
   ' keep,  
 ' When presently they by the necks them bound  
 ' And so they led them to the common pound.  
 Quoth mother Redcap, ' Right well have ye  
   ' done,  
 ' Good gammer Gurton; and as we begun,  
 ' So you conclude: 'tis time we parted now;  
 ' But first of my morality allow.  
 ' The common that you speak of here, say I,  
 ' Is nothing else but want and beggary,  
 ' In the world common; and the beasts that go  
 ' Upon the same, which oft are famish'd so,  
 ' Are the poor, bred in scarcity. The mule,  
 ' The other cattle that doth seem to rule,  
 ' Some crafty fellow that hath sily found  
 ' A way to thrive by. And the fruitful ground  
 ' Is wealth, which he by subtilty doth win;  
 ' In his possession which not long hath been,  
 ' But he with riot and excess doth waste,  
 ' For goods ill-gotten do consume as fast;  
 ' And with the law they lastly do contend,  
 ' Till at the last the prison is the end.  
 Quoth gammer Gurton, ' Well yourself ye  
   quit.

By this the dawn usurpt upon the night,  
 And at the window biddeth them good day,  
 When they departed each their several way.



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T H E  
  
L E G E N D

O F

*ROBERT, DUKE OF NORMANDY.*

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---

When time soft night had silently begun  
And by minutes on the long-liv'd days,  
The rous'd dog-star following the bright sun,  
The noisom heat infects his chearful rays,  
The earth with many a sad disease;  
Which then inflam'd with their intemp'rate  
Fires,  
Set self in light habiliments attires.

When in the morning newly but awake,  
With fresh beauty burnishing her brows,  
Beholding in the gen'ral lake,  
Which she pays her never-ceasing vows,  
The new day me willingly to rouse,  
I to fair Thames I gently took my way,  
From whom the winds continually do play,

As to fancy his chaste breast to move,  
And all pleasures plentifully flow,  
Which him along the wanton tide doth shove,  
To keep back, they easily do blow,  
To force forward, thinking him too slow;  
Which with his waves would check the winds  
Embrace,  
And lest they fan air upon his crystal face.

OL. III.

Still forward falling from his bounteous source,  
Along the shores lasciviously doth strain,  
Making such strange meanders in his course,  
As to his fountain he would back again,  
Or turn'd about to look upon his train;  
Whose sundry soils with coy regard he greets,  
Till with clear Medway happily he meets.

Steering my compass by this wand'ring stream,  
Whose flight preach'd to me Time's swift-posting  
hours,  
Delighted thus, as with some pretty dream,  
Where pleasure wholly had possess'd my pow'rs,  
And looking back on London's stately tow'rs;  
So Troy, thought I, her stately head did rear,  
Whose cras'd ribs the furrowing plow doth  
eyre.

Weary, at length a willow tree I found,  
Which on the bank of this brave river stood,  
Whose root with rich grass greatly did abound,  
Forc'd by the fluxure of the swelling flood,  
Ordain'd (it seem'd) to sport his nymphish brood;  
Whose curled top envy'd the heav'n's great eye  
Should view the stock it was maintained by.

N



The lark, that holds observance to the sun,  
 Quaver'd her clear notes in the quiet air,  
 And on the river's murmuring base did run,  
 Whilst the pleas'd Heav'n her fairest liv'ry ware,  
 The place such pleasure gently did prepare;  
 The flow'rs my smell, the flood my taste to  
 steep,  
 And the much softness lulled me asleep.

When in a vision as it seem'd to me,  
 Triumphal music from the flood arose,  
 As when the sov'reign we embarged see,  
 And by fair London for his pleasure rows,  
 Whose tender welcome the glad city shows:  
 The people swarming on the pester'd shoars,  
 And the curl'd waters overspread with oars

A troop of nymphs came suddenly on land,  
 In the full end of this triumphal sound,  
 And me encompass'd, taking hand in hand,  
 Casting themselves about me in a round,  
 And so down set them on the easy ground,  
 Bending their clear eyes with a modest grace  
 Upon my swart and melancholy face.

Next, 'twixt two ladies came a goodly knight,  
 As newly brought from some distressful place,  
 To me who seemed some right worthy wight,  
 Though his attire were miserably base,  
 And time had worn deep furrows in his face;  
 Yet, though cold age had frosted his fair  
 hairs,  
 It rather seem'd with sorrow than with years.

The one a lady of a princely port,  
 Leading this sad lord, scarcely that could stand;  
 The other fleeing in disdainful sort,  
 With scornful gestures drew him by the hand,  
 Who lame and blind, yet bound with many a  
 band:  
 When I perceived nearer as they came,  
 This fool was Fortune, and the braver Fame.

Fame had the right hand in a robe of gold,  
 (Whose train old Time obsequiously did bear)  
 Whereon in rich embroid'ry was enroll'd  
 The names of all that worthies ever were,  
 Which all might read depainted lively there,  
 Set down in lofty well-composed verse,  
 Fitt'st the great deeds of heroes to rehearse.

On her fair breast she two broad tablets wore,  
 Of crystal one, the other ebony;  
 On which engraven were all names of yore  
 In the clear tomb of living Memory,  
 Or the black book of endless Obloquy:  
 The first with poets and with conqu'rors  
 fill'd,  
 That with base worldlings ev'ry where de-  
 fill'd.

And in her words appeared (as a wonder)  
 Her present force and after-during might,  
 Which softly spoke, far off were heard to thunder

About the world, that quickly took their flig  
 And brought the most obscurest things to lig  
 That still the farther off, the greater still  
 Did make our good, or manifest our ill.

Fortune, as blind as he whom she did lead,  
 Changing her feature often in an hour,  
 Fantastically carrying her head,  
 Soon would she smile, and suddenly would lo  
 And with one breath her words were sweet  
 low'r;  
 Upon stark fools she amorously would glaze  
 And upon wise men coyly look asance.

About her neck, in manner of a chain,  
 Torn diadems and broken scepters hung;  
 If any on her steadfastly did lean,  
 Them to the ground despoightfully she flung;  
 And in this posture as she past along,  
 She bags of gold out of her bosom drew,  
 Which she to fots and arrant idiots threw.

A dusky veil did hide her sightless eyes,  
 Like clouds that cover our uncertain lives,  
 Whereon were pourtray'd direful tragedies,  
 Fools wearing crowns, and wise men drag  
 in gyves;  
 How all things she preposterously contrives,  
 Which, as a map, her regency discovers  
 In camps, in courts, and in the way of loves.

An easy bank near to this place there was,  
 A seat fair Flora us'd to sit upon,  
 Curling her clear locks in this liquid glass,  
 Putting her rich gems and attirings on,  
 Fitter than this about us there was none:  
 Where they set down that poor distressed  
 When to the purpose Fortune thus began.

' Behold this Duke of Normandy, quoth she,  
 ' The heir of William conqueror of this isle,  
 ' Appealing to be justify'd by thee,  
 ' (Whose tragedy this poet must compile)  
 ' He whom I have ever esteemed vile,  
 ' Marking his birth with an unlucky brand;  
 ' And yet for him thou com'st prepared  
 ' stand.

' What art thou, but a tumour of the mind,  
 ' A bubble, blown up by deceitful breath?  
 ' Which never yet exactly wert defin'd,  
 ' In whom no wise man e'er reposed faith,  
 ' Speaking of few well, until after death,  
 ' That from loose humour hast thy tinsel  
 ' birth,  
 ' Unknown to heaven, not much esteem'd  
 ' earth.

' First, by opinion had'st thou thy creation,  
 ' On whom thou still dost servilely attend,  
 ' And like whom, long thou keep'st not my  
 ' fashion;  
 ' But with the world uncertainly do'st wend,  
 ' Which as a post thee up and down dost send:



profane tongues thou canst never  
sholden, be it not with lies.

er prying like a thief,  
each cranny like the wind do'st

t, as easy of belief :  
these counsel thou dost ever keep ?  
to fancily dar'st peep,  
truth what thou can'st but suppose,  
that which thou should'st not dis-

e toil and labour thou art sought,  
way which leadeth to thy cell,  
ood thy favour must be bought,  
ll have thee, fetcheth thee from

impal'd with fire and sword do'st  
; thou art in all this peril found,  
thou? only but a tinkling sound.

world doth hold to be but base,  
atures and the most doth scorn,  
t men fit in the servil'st place,  
most part thou do'st most suborn,  
Fame, whose weeds are nearly  
: poor wretches cannot come to thee,  
fer'd and dignify'd by me.

such supposed to advance,  
e fantastically deem,  
youth, or frenzy doth entrance;  
ound, but only so doth seem,  
wise sort a dotage but esteem)  
by the humorous abusing,  
eir error and thy fault excusing.

ril thou do'st not appear;  
then, but with intreats and wooing,  
when as thou should'st be near,  
inish'd, and augmented going,  
ays the greatest cost bestowing,  
ing men's losses to repair,  
formance but a little air.

erfes (as the fittest grounds)  
a blood thy sad memorials lye,  
s are immedicable wounds,  
ets for the weeping eye;  
he dust men's worths do'st only try,  
before thou falsely didst deprave,  
t acknowledge only in the grave.

self is witness of my pow'r,  
reign with the eternal fates,  
I sit in council every hour,  
tions of all times and states,  
down their changes and their dates,  
ointing ev'ry thing to come,  
great and universal doom.

- ' The stars to me an everlasting book,
- ' In that eternal register, the sky,
- ' Whose mighty volumes I oft overlook,
- ' Still turning o'er the leaves of destiny,
- ' Which man I too inviolate deny,
- ' And his frail will thereby I see controul'd,
- ' By such strong clauses as are there enroll'd.
- ' Predestination giving me a being,
- ' Whose depth man's wisdom never yet could
- ' sound,
- ' Into whose secrets only I have seeing,
- ' Wherein wise reason doth herself confound,
- ' Searching where doubts do more thereby a-
- ' bound :
- ' For sacred texts unlock the way to me,
- ' To lighten those that will my glory see.
- ' Those names th' old poets to their gods did
- ' give,
- ' Were only figures to express my might,
- ' To shew the virtues that in Fortune live,
- ' And my much pow'r in this all-moving wight,
- ' Who all their altars to my godhead dight ;
- ' Which alterations upon earth do bring,
- ' And give them matter still whereon to sing.
- ' What though uncertain, varying in my course,
- ' I make my changes aim one certain end,
- ' Crossing man's forecast, to make known my
- ' force,
- ' Still foe to none, to none a perfect friend ?
- ' To him least hoping, soonest I do send,
- ' That all should find, I worthily bestow,
- ' And 'tis a reason, that I think it so.
- ' Forth off my lap I pour abundant bliss,
- ' All good, proceeds from my all-giving hand,
- ' By me, man happy or unhappy is,
- ' For whom I stick, or whom I do withstand,
- ' And it is I am friendship's only band ;
- ' And upon me all greedily take hold,
- ' Which being broke, all worldly love grows
- ' cold.'

Pausing the frown'd, when suddenly withal  
A fearful noise ariseth from the flood,  
As when a tempest furiously doth fall  
Within the thick waste of some ancient wood ;  
That in amazement ev'ry mortal stood,  
As though her words such pow'rfulness did  
bear,  
That each thing seem'd her menaces to fear.

- When Fame yet smiling, mildly thus replies :
- ' Alas, (quoth she) what labour thou hast lost !
- ' What wond'rous mists thou casts before our
- ' eyes !
- ' Yet will the gain not countervail the cost.
- ' What would'st thou say, if thou hadst cause to
- ' boast,
- ' Which sett'st thy state out in such wond'rous
- ' sort,
- ' Which, but thyself, none ever could report ?



' For what is fortune only, but event,  
 ' Breeding in some a transitory terror?  
 ' A what men will, that falls by accident,  
 ' And only named to excuse their error.  
 ' What else is fortune? or who doth prefer her?  
 ' Or who to her so foolish is to lean,  
 ' Which weak tradition only doth maintain?

' A toy, whereon the doating world doth dream,  
 ' First soothed by uncertain observation,  
 ' Of men's attempts that being the extreme,  
 ' Fast'neth thereby on weak imagination;  
 ' Yet notwithstanding all this usurpation,  
 ' Must to thy self be incidently loathing,  
 ' Most when thou would'st be, that art right-  
 ' ly nothing.

' And with the world insinuating thus,  
 ' And under so allowable pretence,  
 ' Closely encroachest on man's genius,  
 ' In good and evil taking residence;  
 ' And having got this small preeminence,  
 ' When to thy self a being thou would'st frame,  
 ' Art in conclusion only but a name.

' Those ignorant, which made a God of nature,  
 ' And nature's God divinely never knew,  
 ' Were those to fortune that first built a stature,  
 ' For whom thy worship ignorantly grew,  
 ' Which being ador'd foolishly by few,  
 ' Grounded thy looser and uncertain laws  
 ' Upon so weak and indigent a cause.

' First sloth did hatch thee in her sleepy cell,  
 ' And thee with ease dishonourably fed,  
 ' Deliv'ring thee with cowardice to dwell,  
 ' Which with base thoughts continually thee bred;  
 ' By superstition idly being led,  
 ' It an imposture after did thee make,  
 ' Whom for a goddess fools do only take.

' Nor never dost thou any thing forecast,  
 ' But as thou art improvident, so light;  
 ' And this most wicked property thou hast,  
 ' That against virtue thou bend'st all thy might,  
 ' With whom thou wagest a continual fight;  
 ' The yielding spirit in fetters thou dost bind,  
 ' But art a mere slave to the constant mind.

' Such is thy froward and malignant kind,  
 ' That what thou do'st, thou still do'st in despite,  
 ' And art enamour'd of the barbarous hind,  
 ' Whom thou dost make thy only favourite:  
 ' None but the base in baseness do delight;  
 ' For wert thou heavenly, thou in love wouldst be  
 ' With that which nearest doth resemble thee.

' But I alone the herald am of heaven,  
 ' Whose spacious kingdom stretcheth far and wide,  
 ' Through ev'ry coast upon the light'ning driven,  
 ' As on the sun-beams gloriously I ride,  
 ' By them I mount, and down by them I slide,  
 ' I register the world's long-during hours,  
 ' And know the high will of th' immortal pow'rs.

' Men to the stars me guiding them do  
 ' That all dimensions perfectly express,  
 ' I am alone the vanquisher of time,  
 ' Bearing those sweets which cure death's st  
 ' I all good labours plentifully bless,  
 ' Yea, all abstruse profundities impar  
 ' Leading men through the tedious wi

' My palace placed betwixt earth and fl  
 ' Which many a tower ambitiously up  
 ' Whereof the windows are all glaz'd w  
 ' The walls as neatly builded are of ear  
 ' Where ev'ry thing in heaven and earth  
 ' Nothing so softly whisper'd in the  
 ' But through my palace presently de

' And under foot floor'd all about with  
 ' The rafters trumpets admirably clear,  
 ' Sounding aloud each name that thither  
 ' The crannies tongues, and talking ev'  
 ' And all things past in memory do bea  
 ' The doors unlock with ev'ry little l  
 ' Nay, open wide with each word w  
 ' faith,

' And hung about with arms and conque  
 ' The posts whereon the goodly roof do  
 ' Are pillars graven with Herculean toi  
 ' Th' achievements great of many a war  
 ' As well in christned, as in heathen lanc  
 ' Done by those nobles that are most  
 ' That there by me immortally are c

' Here, in the body's likeness whilst it l  
 ' Appear the thoughts proceeding from t  
 ' To which the place a glorious habit g  
 ' When once to me they freely are refig  
 ' To be preserv'd here: and are so refu  
 ' That when the corps by death d  
 ' perish,  
 ' Then doth this place the mind's tr  
 ' cherish.

' My beauty never fades, but still new-l  
 ' As years encrease, so ever waxing you  
 ' My strength is not diminished, nor we  
 ' Time weak'ning all things, only makes  
 ' Nor am I subject to base worldly wro  
 ' The power of kings I utterly defy,  
 ' Nor am I aw'd by all their tyranny

' The brow of heav'n my monuments c  
 ' (And is the mighty register of fame)  
 ' Which there in fiery characters remain  
 ' The gorgeous cieling of th' immortal  
 ' The constellations publishing my nam  
 ' Where my memorials evermore abi  
 ' So by th' old poets was I glorify'd.

Fame having ended, fortune soon began  
 Further to urge what the before had said  
 ' When lo (quoth she) Duke Robert is  
 ' Which, as my prisoner, I in bonds do  
 ' For whom thou com'st against me here



' Who I alone deprived of his crown;  
' Who can raise him, that Fortune will have  
' down?'

' A fitter instance (Fame replying) none  
' Than is Duke Robert; Fortune, do thy worst,  
' Greater on man thy might was never shewn,  
' Doing to him all that thou could'st or durst:  
' And since thy turn allotted is the first,  
' Proceed; see which the Norman duke shall  
' have,  
' After so long being laid up in his grave.'

Quoth Fortune: ' Then I found th' unstedfast star,  
' Whose luckless working limited his fate,  
' That mark'd his sad nativity with war,  
' And brothers most unnatural debate,  
' As to be punish'd by his parents hate:  
' For that the kingdom, which the conqu'ror  
' won,  
' Should be the wrack of him, his first-born  
' son.

' By that which nature did on him bestow,  
' In him her best that strained her to try,  
' Thereby himself I made him overthrow,  
' In human birth so powerful am I;  
' Marking his breast too openly to lye,  
' From both his brothers different too far,  
' Too mild for peace, too merciful for war.

' And yet the courage that he did inherit,  
' And from the greatness of his blood did take,  
' Though shrowded in so peaceable a spirit,  
' When once his wrongs came roughly to a-  
' wake,  
' Forth with so strange and violent fury brake,  
' As made the world apparently to see  
' All human actions managed by me.

' That till revenge was wholly him bereft,  
' (In ev'ry thing opposed by my pow'r)  
' For him to lean to, nothing being left,  
' And danger him most threat'ned to devour,  
' To the last period of the utmost hour,  
' Oft by vain hopes that he might get my love,  
' There was no peril but I made him prove.

' For whilst his father with the Norman sword,  
' His prosp'rous entrance upon England made,  
' I laid the project, that this youthful lord  
' In the mean time did Normandy invade,  
' Upon his fire and made him draw his blade;  
' The mean whereby he thought he could  
' not miss,  
' That which he else might fail of to make his.

' That Robert daily in disgrace might run  
' With the great conqu'ror, as he still did grow  
' Nearer his death; who vexed by his son,  
' (His pride which but too openly did shew)  
' His state devised wisely to bestow  
' Upon his second, that his days to close,  
' Himself he might more quietly repose.

' And then, lest time might chance to cool his  
' blood,  
' That luckless war by ling'ring I supply'd,  
' That while Duke Robert justly censur'd stood  
' For disobedience and unnat'ral pride,  
' In heat of this the conqu'ror William dy'd,  
' Setting young Rufus upon England's throne,  
' Leaving his eldest struggling for his own.

' Which in short time so many mischiefs bred,  
' (As sundry plagues on William's offspring sent)  
' Which soon rose to so violent a head,  
' That policy them no way could prevent,  
' When to destruction all things headlong went;  
' And in the end, as consummating all,  
' Duke Robert's irrecoverable fall.

' Whom then I did auspiciously persuade,  
' Once more with war to fright the English fields,  
' His brother (then King William) to invade,  
' To make him know the diff'rence of their  
' shields;  
' Where though his arms he ne'er so wisely wielded,  
' And though by him the kingdom were not  
' taken,  
' His sceptre should be violently shaken.

' These sundry soils, in both of which was sown  
' (By so approv'd and fortunate a hand)  
' Seed, which to both might prosp'rously have  
' grown,  
' Had they remain'd in friendship's sacred band:  
' In opposition when they came to stand,  
' Far wider wounds to either of them lent.  
' Than all the pow'r that Europe could have  
' sent.

' Thus did I win King William in his life,  
' His conquer'd realm on Rufus to bestow;  
' What he had got by strength, to leave in strife,  
' Those to molest that from his stock should grow:  
' Which by my cunning I contrived so,  
' To plague his issue with a general ill,  
' Yet the extreme to fall on Robert still.

' That Prelate Odo (that with William held)  
' To Bishop Lanfrank for his deadly spight,  
' That William lov'd, against the king rebell'd,  
' With all his power abetting Robert's right,  
' Aided by Mortain's and Montgom'ry's might,  
' Upon this land to bring a second war,  
' Of her late conquest whilst she bear the scar.

' And when he was in so direct a way,  
' Great friends at hand his enterprise to back,  
' Ready before him when his entrance lay,  
' Nor could he think of aught that he did lack,  
' Yet won I him his enterprise to slack,  
' Stopping the course which rightly he had run,  
' All to undo that he before had done.

' Thus did I first provoke him to that rage,  
' Which had so far prevail'd upon his blood,  
' And at my pleasure did the same assuage,



- ' When this brave heat in stead might him have  
   ' stood,  
 ' So to my humour alter'd I his mood,  
   ' By taking arms, his cost and coin to lose,  
   ' And leaving them to animate his foes.  
  
 ' That by concluding this untimely peace,  
 ' I might thereby a ling'ring war begin,  
 ' That whilst these tumults for a while did cease,  
 ' William on Robert might advantage win :  
 ' Thus let I treason secretly in,  
   ' Giving deceitful policy the key,  
   ' Into the closet where his counsels lay.  
  
 ' Thus, in the habit of a faithful friend,  
 ' I drew into him a most dang'rous foe,  
 ' His wit that used to no other end,  
 ' But to cloath treason in a virtuous shew,  
 ' Which he for current so contriv'd to go,  
   ' As he in secret hurt Duke Robert more  
   ' By this soft peace, than in the war before.  
  
 ' And to thee, Fame, I then my pow'r address'd,  
 ' Nay, thee mine only instrument I made,  
 ' That whilst these brothers at this point did rest,  
 ' Robert to war I won thee to persuade,  
 ' With those that went the Soldan to invade,  
   ' With great Duke Godfrey's pressing forth his  
   ' bands  
   ' From his proud pow'r to free the Holy Lands.  
  
 ' Thus by thee, Fame, did I his humour feed,  
 ' The only way to draw this duke abroad,  
 ' That whilst at home his presence most should  
   ' need,  
 ' In foreign parts to fasten his abode,  
 ' Him in this manner wisely I bestow'd ;  
   ' That William dying, Robert being gone,  
   ' Henry might seat him on the English throne.  
  
 ' His ear so seas'ning with the sound of arms,  
 ' As in aught else no music it could find,  
 ' Neither had any feeling of his harms,  
 ' On Palestine so placed he his mind,  
 ' (Clearly that shew'd the greatness of his kind)  
   ' And him so high and with such force did  
   ' bear,  
   ' As when he had most cause, he lest did fear.  
  
 ' Thus was he thrown into his endless thrall,  
 ' Which though the mean devised was by me,  
 ' And ev'ry thing was fitted to his fall,  
 ' Which none could hinder, though the most  
   ' foresee,  
 ' Yet here I made an instrument of thee :  
   ' For where destruction I do once pretend,  
   ' All that man doth, still sorteth to that end.  
  
 ' He gone, and Rufus being robb'd of breath,  
 ' And Henry Beauclerk coveting to reign,  
 ' Offer'd so fairly by King William's death,  
 ' Whilst Robert doth in Palestine remain,  
 ' Whereby a kingdom he might eas'ly gain :  
   ' What by his pow'r and science to persuade,  
   ' Himself a monarch absolutely made.  
  
 ' Whilst this great duke embraced was by thee,  
 ' Which thou as thine do'st absolutely claim,  
 ' But finds mere shadows, only missing me,  
 ' And idle castles in the air doth frame ;  
 ' Lo, such a mighty monarches is Fame,  
   ' That what she gives, so easy is to bear,  
   ' As none therefore needs violence to fear.  
  
 ' Till Robert safely from the holy wars  
 ' Returning, honour'd by the Pagans flight,  
 ' From foreign battles into civil jars,  
 ' From getting others, for his own to fight,  
 ' Inforc'd to use the utmost of his might,  
   ' With that brave sword, in Pagan blood im-  
   ' bru'd,  
   ' To save himself, by his own friends pursu'd.  
  
 ' When wanting sums, the sinews of a force,  
 ' (Which his high spirit too quickly came to find,  
 ' E'er he could put himself into his course)  
 ' Most strangely seem'd to mollify his mind ;  
 ' And on the sudden Henry seeming kind,  
   ' Offer'd his love at any rate to buy,  
   ' So that fast to him he the duke might tie.  
  
 ' Thus of Duke Robert wisely did he win,  
 ' Not then so well establish'd as he would,  
 ' Till he by craft had closely copen in,  
 ' Setting himself substantially to hold,  
 ' Offering him great sums of bewitching gold,  
   ' As yearly tribute from this realm to rise,  
   ' Quite to blot out all former injuries.  
  
 ' Which to the poor duke yielding much relief,  
 ' Henry to pass his purposes so brought,  
 ' Whilst Robert yet suspected not that thief,  
 ' Which underhand so cunningly him caught :  
 ' Of whom, the least when princely Robert thought,  
   ' Ev'n in a moment did annoy him more,  
   ' Than all those ills that happ'd to him before.  
  
 ' Which to this Lord (believing well) unknown,  
 ' And he not finding eas'ly could not fly,  
 ' For it a bait into his way was thrown,  
 ' Which to avoid, Duke Robert look'd too high :  
 ' (Into good minds craft can eas'liest pry :)  
   ' For in his pliant nature, as a mould,  
   ' Well could I cast what form soe'er I would.  
  
 ' For by this tribute cutting off the claim,  
 ' Which he, the elder, to his England made ;  
 ' His former hopes he forcibly did maim,  
 ' Which for a while by Henry being paid,  
 ' But after by him fraudulently stay'd,  
   ' As from a fountain, plenteously did spring  
   ' Th' efficient cause of Robert's ruining.  
  
 ' When as his friends, so well to him that meant,  
 ' To take his part and did their force prepare,  
 ' Finding him thus their purpose to prevent,  
 ' And how thereby 'twas like with him to fare ;  
 ' Upon King Henry planted all their care,  
   ' Giving their pow'rs, their peace with him  
   ' to make,  
   ' Gather'd at first the Norman part to take.



hat friendly evermore had been  
 lent Normans, which by me had won,  
 e myself the earth's imperious queen,  
 w the world by me what can be done,  
 it this Robert, William conqu'ror's son,  
 England against Normandy do stand,  
 er'd but lately by the Norman hand.

ne, which were conqu'rors of this isle,  
 ngs which the Englishmen did tame,  
 ives, graced with the English stile,  
 first country carry back their claim,  
 : returning whence it lately came ;  
 once as England felt Nueftria's stroke,  
 ke Nueftria to bear England's yoke.

gry brothers in the field of arms,  
 om there were not two more deadly  
 king other in the hott'st alarms, [foes,  
 eir meeting changing deadly blows,  
 hat meant to win, or soon to lose :  
 t would fain release himself of thrall ;  
 again doth hotly put for all.

which late in Palestine I smil'd,  
 , at fatal Tenacbray I frown,  
 : his dukedom him that day exil'd,  
 id he won it, might have worn a crown :  
 e sure him in mishap to drown,  
 himself he in the fight did lose,  
 a prisoner by his trait'rous foes.

ound to England basely did him bring,  
 bus'd and mockt at of his own,  
 : where he should have been a king ;  
 the lot by me upon him thrown :  
 lament his misery alone,  
 b'd to one poor solitary place, [space.  
 ould have progress'd all a kingdom's

man knowledge comprehend my hate,  
 found the depth of things divine,  
 d amazed at Duke Robert's state,  
 ink no pow'r to be compar'd to mine,  
 the gods would all to me resign :  
 man's fall apparently might see,  
 the stars what might there rests in me.

le on him, in battle which had pow'r,  
 much blunted to abridge his days ;  
 u so fast from all away doth scour.  
 end with dilatory stays,  
 : his brother's tyranny obeys,  
 e in life a thousand deaths might die.  
 I will plague, so tyrannous am I.

e in Cardiff he a captive lies,  
 indows were but niggards of their light,  
 t, this Henry's rage not to suffice,  
 he robb'd Duke Robert of his sight,  
 his little piece of day to night ;  
 ough that sense, whose want should be  
 e last  
 things living, he the first should taste.

' That Robert so unfortunately blind,  
 ' No outward object might disperse his care,  
 ' The better to illuminate his mind,  
 ' To see his sorrows throughly what they were,  
 ' To do so much to this great prince I dare,  
 ' By taking from him that which serv'd him  
 ' To his affliction to turn all the rest. [best.

' And when he was bereaved of his ease,  
 ' With the remembrance of so heinous wrong,  
 ' Upon his breast so strongly that did seize,  
 ' And his sad heart so violently stung ;  
 ' Yet made I nature in that prince so strong,  
 ' That grief, which many doth of life deprive,  
 ' Seem'd to preserve and keep him still alive.

' Him I forbade that any foe should kill,  
 ' Nor by his own hand suffer'd him to die,  
 ' That life to Robert should be loathsome still,  
 ' And that death from him evermore should fly,  
 ' Making them both to him an enemy ;  
 ' Willing to die, by life him doubly killing ;  
 ' Urged to live, twice dying, he unwilling.

' So many years as he had worn a crown,  
 ' So many years as he had hop'd to rise,  
 ' So many years upon him did I frown,  
 ' So many years he liv'd without his eyes,  
 ' So many years in dying, e'er he dies ;  
 ' So many years shut up in prison strong,  
 ' Though sorrow make the shortest time seem  
 ' long.

' Thus sway I in the course of earthly things.  
 ' To make time work him everlasting spite,  
 ' To shew how I can tyrannize on kings,  
 ' And in the fall of great ones do delight,  
 ' In finite things my working infinite :  
 ' All worldly changes at my will disposed,  
 ' For that in me all wonder is inclosed.'

At fortune's speech amazed whilst they stand,  
 And fame herself much wonder'd at his woe,  
 When from Duke Robert, fortune took her hand,  
 Whose misery she thus had let them know ;  
 When now to answer her despightful foe,  
 Fame from deep silence seeming to awake,  
 For her dear client modestly thus spake.

' What time I held my residence in Rome,  
 ' Striving myself o'er Europe to advance,  
 ' To win her princes to regain the tomb,  
 ' Which had been lost by their misgovernance,  
 ' Awakening England, Germany, and France ;  
 ' All which were woo'd, and bravely won by me,  
 ' From the proud Pagans Palestine to free.

' Peter, that holy hermit putting on,  
 ' T' all Christian Princes to preach out the loss,  
 ' And stirring brave Duke Godfrey to be gone,  
 ' Under the banner of the bloody cross,  
 ' And whilst in so fair forwardness it was,  
 ' And every ear attentive seem'd to stand,  
 ' To hear what pow'r brave Bulloyn should  
 ' command :



- Thither did I all happy spirits exhort,
- As to that bus'ness luckily to bring,
- Allured by the confident report,
- That from so great an enterprize did spring,
- T' adventure in so popular a thing,
- And deemed no man worthy to be mine,
- That was found backward in this great design.

What time this Duke, great William's conqu'ror's  
son

- That in his native Normandy did rest :
- For of what else his valiant father won,
- His brother William Rufus was possest,
- Which, whilst he striveth from his hands to wrest,
- This brave attempt brake like a deluge forth,
- By my shrill trumpet sounded through the  
• north.
- Which having got free entrance to his ear,
- Such entertainment happen'd there to find,
- As suffer'd no persuasion to be there,
- From that high purpose to divert his mind :
- For being most religiously inclin'd,
- Woo'd with this offer, wisely did prepare
- Himself to furnish for this great affair.
- That kingdom he doth carelessly neglect,
- Which William Rufus wrongfully did keep,
- And only that dath constantly respect,
- Where he once in his sepulchre did sleep,
- At whose dear death the very rocks did weep :
- His crown of gold this Christian Prince doth  
• scorn,
- So much he lov'd him that was crown'd with  
• thorn.
- And though his wants him grievously oppress'd,
- Of those great sums which lately he had spent
- In levying pow'r, which him should have pos-  
• sess'd
- Of England, and much hinder'd his intent;
- Yet his brave purpose it could not prevent,
- Although a while it seem'd delay to make
- Of that, which he resolv'd to undertake.
- Wherefore this noble and clear-spirited Lord,
- Whilst the great bus'ness standeth at this stay;
- And since his state no better could afford,
- In gage to William Normandy doth lay,
- Providing first his soldiers how to pay :
- And of the two, yet rather chose to leave
- His crown, than he that army would deceive.
- To his victorious ensign came from far
- Th' ensil'd Redshanks, touch'd with no remorse;
- The nimble Irish, that with darts do war;
- The Scot, that is so cunning on his horse;
- The English archer, of a lion's force;
- The valiant Norman, not the least among;
- The Camber-Briton, hardy, big, and strong.
- Which long enclos'd within these colder climes,
- He to the blessed sepulchre did bring,
- And taught them how they should redeem the  
• times,

- Whence their eternal memory might spring
- To see the place whereas their heav'nly  
• Their dear redemption happily began
- Living on earth, that was both god and

- Ye islanders, bound in the ocean's chain,
- Lock'd up like pris'ners from the cheerfu
- Your brave commander brought ye to th
- Which to my court shew'd ye the open
- And his victorious hand became the key
- To let ye in to my rich treasure, wher
- None ever come, but those that I hold

- And did thereto so zealously proceed,
- That those fair locks, whose curls did him
- Till he had seen the holy city freed,
- He deeply vow'd he never would have sh
- Which, for they so religiously were worr
- In every eye did beautify him more,
- Than did the crown of Normandy bef

- No threats his hand could cause him to
- As I the sequel briefly shall relate,
- Yet bare himself right wisely as he could
- And best became his dignity and state ;
- Teaching how his themselves should mod
- Not following life, so with his chance c
- Nor flying death, so truly valiant.

- So did he all his faculties bestow,
- That every thing exactly might be done,
- That true foresight before the act might
- Others gross errors happily to shun,
- Wisely to finish well what was begun,
- Justly directed in the course of things,
- By the strait rule which sound exp
- brings.

- Idle regards of greatness he did scorn,
- Careless of pomp, magnificent to be,
- That man reputed to be noblest born,
- Which was the most magnanimous and
- In honour so impartial was he,
- Esteeming titles meriteless and nought,
- Unless with danger absolutely bought.

- Giving the soldier comfortable words,
- And oft imbalm'd his well-received wou
- And in his need him maintenance affords
- To brave attempts encouraging the soun
- Never dismay'd in any danger found :
- His tent a seat of justice to be griev'd ;
- And 'twas a court, when want sho
- reliev'd.

- So perfectly celestial was that fire,
- Bestow'd in the compoture of his mind,
- To that high pitch as rais'd his desire
- Above the usual compass of his kind,
- And from all dross so clearly him refin'd,
- As did him wholly consecrate to glory,
- And made him a fit subject for a story.

- Who on embassy to the emperor sent,
- Passing along through Macedon and Thr



in bed, nor slept out of his tent,  
 :w'd Duke Godfrey's rev'rend face ;  
 came into that hallow'd place,  
 ree hours by night he never slept :  
 e the cares his troubled brain that kept.

ore thou great singer of thy days,  
 Tasso, in thy noble story,  
 o slack in this great worthy praise,  
 much should'st set forth others glory ?  
 or this thou canst not be but sorry,  
 n should'st leave another to recite  
 ch so much thou didst neglect to write.

not found in all the Christian host,  
 re more forward to the field ;  
 he army of another host,  
 nself more bravely with his shield ;  
 arms this noble duke could wield,  
 s one he properly should be,  
 d mean to consecrate to me.

ved and deliver force,  
 is lance, or brandishing his blade :  
 had the leading of their horse,  
 e he charg'd, he slaughter ever made ;  
 s so happy to invade, [chace,  
 re he absent when they gave the  
 oppos'd the day did lose the grace.

ights, where danger hap'd to fall,  
 be present ever by his will ;  
 : the Christians for supplies did call,  
 rough peril Robert pressed still,  
 courage, or relieve by skill :  
 y place so providently seeing,  
 r in him had absolutely being.

he morn his courser he bestrid,  
 compos'd essentially of fire,  
 he field he ever drooping rid,  
 : vanquish'd, only to retire ;  
 rest, the furth'st from his desire :  
 he spoil his soldiers shar'd the crowns,  
 ch in gold, he only rich in wounds.

they had the holy city won,  
 thereof they gladly would him make,  
 gn titles he so much did shun,  
 s'd the charge on him to take,  
 in world so clearly did forsake ;  
 was from his religious mind,  
 vile things with those of heav'nly kind.

that him no triumph should adorn,  
 gh praise for sinful man that dy'd ;  
 mark of victory was worn,  
 d cross, to tell him crucify'd ;  
 glories he himself deny'd :  
 life but willingly he leads,  
 ng alms, and bidding of his beads.

pilgrim he return'd again ;  
 ing arms, in palmers homely gray,

' Leaving his lords to lead his warlike train,  
 ' Whilst he alone came sadly on the way,  
 ' Dealing abroad his lately purchas'd prey,  
 ' A hermit's staff his careful hand did hold,  
 ' That with a lance the heathen foe controul'd.

' But now to end this long-continued strife,  
 ' Henceforth thy malice takes no further place ;  
 ' Thy hate began and ended with his life ;  
 ' By thee his spirit can suffer no disgrace,  
 ' Now in mine arms his virtues I embrace ;  
 ' His body thine, his crosses witness be ; [free.  
 ' But mine his mind, that from thy pow'r is

' Thou gav'st up rule, when he gave up his breath,  
 ' And where thou endedst, there did I begin,  
 ' Thy strength was buried in his timeless death,  
 ' And as thy conqu'ror lastly come I in ;  
 ' And all thou gott'st, from thee again I win :  
 ' To me thy right I call thee to resign,  
 ' And make thy glory absolutely mine.

' To the base world then, fortune, get thee back,  
 ' The earth with dreary tragedies to fill ;  
 ' Empires and kingdoms bring thou there to wrack,  
 ' And on weak mortals only work thy will :  
 ' And since thou only do'st delight in ill,  
 ' Hear his complaint, who wanting eyes to see,  
 ' Can lend thee sight, which art as blind as he.'

At her great words amazed whilst they stand,  
 The prince, which look'd most fearfully and grim,  
 Bearing his eyes in his distressful hand,  
 Whose places stood with blood up to the brim ;  
 And as in anguish quaking ev'ry limb,  
 After deep sighs and lamentable throws,  
 Thus to the world disburthened his woes,

' Dear eyes, adieu, by envy thus put out,  
 ' Where in your places buried is my joy,  
 ' With endless darkness compassed about,  
 ' Which death would scarce have dared to destroy ;  
 ' To breed my more perpetual annoy,  
 ' That even that sense I only should forego,  
 ' That could alone give comfort to my woe.

' Ye which beheld fair Palestine restor'd,  
 ' From the profane hands of the Pagans freed,  
 ' The sepulchre of that most glorious Lord,  
 ' And seen that place where his dear wounds did  
 ' bleed,  
 ' Which with the sight my zealous soul did feed,  
 ' Sith from your functions night doth you dis-  
 ' sever,  
 ' Seclude me now from wordly joys for ever.

' Ye saw no sun, nor did ye view the day ;  
 ' Except a candle, ye beheld no light ;  
 ' The thick stone walls those blessing kept away.  
 ' What could be fear'd? ye could not hurt the  
 ' night,  
 ' For then tears wholly hinder'd ye of sight ;  
 ' O then, from whence should Henry's hate arise,  
 ' That I saw nothing, yet that I had eyes ?



' The wretched'st thing, the most despised beast,  
 ' Enjoys that sense as gen'rally as we,  
 ' The very gnat, or what than that is least,  
 ' Of sight by nature kindly is made free.  
 ' What thing hath mouth to feed, but eyes to  
   ' see?

' O that a tyrant then should me deprave,  
 ' Of that, which else all living creatures have !

' Whilst yet the light did mitigate my moan,  
 ' Tears found a mean to sound my sorrows deep,  
 ' But now (ah me!) that comfort being gone,  
 ' By wanting eyes wherewith I erst did weep,  
 ' My cares alone concealed I must keep.  
 ' O God, that blindness, dark'ning all delight,  
 ' Should above all things give my sorrow  
   ' sight!

' Where sometime stood the beauty of this face,  
 ' Lamps clearly lighted as the Vestal flame,  
 ' Is now a dungeon, a distressful place,  
 ' A harbour fit for infamy and shame ;  
 ' Which but with horror one can scarcely name :  
   ' Out of whose dark grates misery and grief,  
   ' Starv'd for vengeance, daily beg relief.

' The day abhors me, and from me doth fly,  
 ' Night still me follows, yet too long doth stay,  
 ' Th' one I o'ertake not though it still be nigh ;

' The other coming, vanisheth away.  
 ' But what availeth either night or day ?  
   ' All's one to me, still day, or ever night ;  
   ' My light is darkness, and my darkness light.

' O ye, wherewith I did my comfort view,  
 ' Th' all-covering heaven, and glory that it bears,  
 ' No more that sight shall e'er be seen of you !  
 ' The blessed sun, that every mortal cheers,  
 ' Eclips'd to me eternally appears ;  
   ' Robert, betake thee to the darksome cell,  
   ' And bid the world eternally farewell.'

His speech thus ending, fortune discontent,  
 Turned herself as she away would flie,  
 Playing with fools and babes incontinent,  
 As never touch'd with human misery ;  
 As what she was, herself to verify,  
   And straight forgetting what she had to tell,  
   To other speech and girlish laughter fell.

When graceful fame conveying thence her charge,  
 (As first with him she thither did resort)  
 Gave me this book, wherein was writ at large  
 His life, set out though in this legend short,  
 T' amaze the world with this so true report :  
   But fortune, angry with her foe therefore,  
   Gave me the gift that I should still be poor.



---

T H E  
  
L E G E N D  
  
O F  
  
*M A T I L D A T H E F A I R.*

---

a Muse there' happily remain,  
by truth so diligently taught,  
ing not on foolish things to fain,  
eak but what with modesty she ought;  
be such, which I so long have sought,  
er I crave my life may be reveal'd,  
ch black oblivion hath too long conceal'd.

such favour I might hap to find,  
n the earth but once to speak again,  
disburthen my oppressed mind,  
endeavour of a powerful pen,  
: my sorrows happy were I then :  
hundred years by all men overpast,  
ing one friend to pity me at last.

of him so happily elect,  
I entreat to prosecute my story,  
ost dear, most worthy of respect,  
orld's rar'st jewel, and your sex's glory,  
suffice, if you for me be sorry,  
ing my legend builded by his verse  
h must hereafter serve me for a herse.

the pattern, by whose perfect view,  
or fair self he wisely may me make,  
alive none fitter is than you,

Whose form unspotted chastity may take :  
Be you propitious, for whose only sake,  
For me, I know, he'll gladly do his best,  
So you and I may equally be blest.

Bright Rosamond exceedingly is graced,  
Inrolled in the register of fame,  
Nay, in our faintest kalender is placed,  
By him who strives to stellify her name.  
Yet will the modest say, she was to blame :  
Though full of state, and pleasing be his rhyme,  
Yet all his skill cannot excuse her crime.

The wife of Shore wins general applause,  
Finding a pen laborious in her praise.  
Elstred reviv'd to plead her pitied cause  
After the envy of so many days  
And happy's he their glory high'st can raise.  
Thus the loose wanton liked is of many ;  
Vice still finds friends, but virtue seldom any.

To vaunt of my nobility were vain,  
Which were, I know, not better'd of the best,  
Nor would beseem an honourable strain,  
And me a maiden fits not of the rest :  
All transitory titles I detest,



A virtuous life I mean to boast alone;  
Our birth's our fires, our virtues be our own.

Thou that do'st fetch thy long descent from Kings,  
If from the Gods derived thou could'st be, [things,  
And shew'st th' achievements of those wond'rous  
Which thou thyself then lived'st not to see,  
These were their own, and not belong to thee,  
If thou do'st stain that honour which was theirs,  
Who could not leave their virtues to their heirs

Heaven pour'd down more abundance on my birth,  
Than it before had usually bestow'd,  
And was in me so bountiful to earth,  
As though her very utmost she had shew'd,  
Her graces so immeasurably flow'd,  
That such a shape, with such a spirit inspir'd,  
Even of the wisest made me most admir'd.

Upon my brow sat beauty in her pride,  
To her beholders ministring her law,  
And to them all her bounties so divide,  
As did to her their due attention draw;  
And yet mine eye did keep her so in awe,  
As that which only could true virtues measure;  
Ordain'd by nature to preserve her treasure.

My carriage such, as did content the wise  
My tongue did that sweet decency retain,  
As of the younger was not deem'd precise,  
Nor of the aged was accounted vain,  
So well instructed to observe the mean,  
As if in nature there were scarce that good,  
Which wanted in the temper of my blood.

In me so did she her perfections vary,  
As that the least allow'd not of compare,  
And yet so well did teach me them to carry;  
Than they could be, as made them seem more rare,  
Or in my portion would have none to share;  
Or in her grace would none should be but I,  
Which she had made the minion of the sky.

Whence fame began my beauty first to blaze,  
And soon became to lavish in the same:  
For she so stuff'd her trumpet with my praise,  
That every place was fill'd up with my name,  
For which, report, thou too wert much to blame:  
But to thy doom is Beauty subject still,  
Which hath been cause of many Ladies ill.

This tattling gossip hath a thousand eyes,  
Her airy body hath as many wings;  
Now about earth, now up to heav'n she flies,  
And here and there with every breath she flings  
Hither and thither lies and tales she brings;  
Nothing so secret, but to her appeareth,  
So doth she credit every thing she heareth.

And princes ears stand open to report,  
All strive to blaze a beauty to a king,  
Which is the only subject of a court,  
Whither fame carries, and whence she doth bring,  
And which of either she doth loudly ring;

Thither (ah!) me unhappily she brought,  
Where I my bane unfortunately caught.

There stood my beauty boldly for the prize,  
Where the most clear and perfect judgments be  
And of the same the most judicial eyes  
Did give the goal impartially to me:  
So did I stand unparallel'd and free;  
And, as a comet in the evening-sky,  
Strook with amazement every wond'ring eye

Which soon possess'd me of Imperial John,  
And of my sov'reign, him my subject made;  
By this his freedom was quite overthrown,  
Him and his powers this wholly did invade,  
From this no reason could the King dissuade:  
This taught his eyes their due attendance still,  
This held the reins which over-rul'd his will.

When my grave father, great that time in court  
And by his blood thought equal to the best,  
Having his ear oft struck with this report,  
Which, as ill news, it hardly could digest:  
And on my good since all his hopes did rest,  
He soon pursu'd it by those secret spies,  
Which still in court attend the Prince's eyes.

And to the world although he seem'd to sleep,  
Yet sought he then the King's intent to sound,  
And to himself as secrets he did keep,  
What his his foresight had providently found;  
So well this wise Lord could conceal his wound:  
Yet wiser cast how dang'rous it might  
prove,  
To cross the course of this impatient love.

For as he found how violent a flame  
My youth had kindled in this lustful King;  
So found he too, if he should stop the same,  
Upon us both what mischief it might bring:  
Which known to him so dangerous a thing,  
He thought to prove how he could me persuade  
E'er for my safety further means he made.

' Dear girl, quoth he, thou seest who doth await  
' T' intrap thy beauty, bred to be thy foe,  
' That is so fair and delicate a bait,  
' As every eye itself would here bestow,  
' Whose power the king too sensibly doth know  
' Of his desire that what the end may be,  
' Thy youth may fear, my knowledge doth  
foresee.

' Think how thou liv'st here publicly in court  
' Whose privilege doth every mean protect,  
' Where the ensample of the greater sort  
' Doth more than opportunity effect,  
' None thriving here that stand upon respect;  
' Being a lottery whereat few do win,  
' And yet those seldom neither, but by sin.

' Here every day thou hast to tempt thy sight,  
' All that thy youth to pleasure may provoke,  
' That still at hand, wherein thou tak'st delight



Which with thy sex doth strike too great a  
 stroke,  
 Having withal imperious power thy cloke,  
 With such strong reasons on his part pro-  
 pounded,  
 As may leave virtue seemingly confounded.

Many the ways that lead thee to thy fall,  
 But to thy safety few or none to guide thee,  
 And when thy dangers is the greatest of all  
 Even then thy succour is the most deny'd thee:  
 Sundry the means from virtue to divide thee,  
 Having withal mortality about thee,  
 Fraiky within, temptation near without thee.

The letcher's tongue is never void of guile,  
 Nor wants he tears, when he would win his  
 prey;  
 The subtil'st tempter hath the smoothest stile,  
 Sirens sing sweetliest when they would betray:  
 Lust of itself had never any stay,  
 Nor to contain it, bounds could have devised,  
 But most when fill'd, is least of all sufficed.

And to avail his pleasure is there aught,  
 That such a prince hath not within his power?  
 And thus be sure he'll leave no means unsought,  
 Soft golden drops did pierce the brazen tow'r,  
 Watching th' advantage of each sitting hour,  
 Where every minute serves to do amiss,  
 Thy baneful poison spiced with thy bliss.

And when this lustful and unbridled rage,  
 Which in him now doth violently reign,  
 Time shall by much satiety assuage,  
 Then shall thy fault apparent be and plain,  
 To after ages ever to remain:  
 Sin in a chain leads on her sister shame,  
 And both on gyves are fetter'd to defame.

Kings use their loves as garments they have worn,  
 Or as the meat whereon they full have fed:  
 The saint once gone, who doth the shrine adorn?  
 Or what is nectar on the ground if shed?  
 What prince's wealth redeems thy maiden-head,  
 Which should be held as precious as thy  
 breath,  
 Whose dissolution consummates thy death?

The stately eagle from his highest stand,  
 Through the thin air the fearful fowl doth smite,  
 Yet scorns to touch it lying on the land,  
 When he hath felt the sweet of his delight,  
 But leaves the same a pray to every kite.  
 With much we surfeit, plenty makes us poor,  
 The wretched Indian scorns the golden ore.

When every period pointing with a tear,  
 He in my bosom made so wide a breach,  
 As it each precept firmly fixed there,  
 His counsel as continually to preach,  
 My father so effectually could teach;  
 So that his words I ever after found,  
 As grav'd on an inviolable ground.

The King, whose love deluded was the while.  
 Yet in his bosom bare this quenchless fire,  
 Finding his hopes like flatt'ers to beguile,  
 And not one jot to further his desire,  
 But gone thus far, he meant not to retire:  
 And thinks, if fitly he could find but place,  
 His words had power to purchase him my grace.

For since all former practices did fail,  
 Nor to his mind aught kindly took effect,  
 He with himself resolv'd me to assail,  
 And other means doth utterly neglect:  
 In spite what fear could any way object,  
 His courage doth all hindrances confute,  
 And me accosting thus commenc'd his suit.

Know, girl, quoth he, that nature thee ordained,  
 (As her brav'st piece, when she to light would  
 bring,  
 Wherein her former workmanship she stained)  
 Only a gift to gratify a King,  
 And from all other, as a seld-seen thing,  
 Seal'd thee a charter dated at thy birth,  
 To be the fair'st that e'er was made of earth.

Hoard not thy beauty, when thou hast such store,  
 Wer't not great pity it should thus lye dead,  
 Which by thy lending might be more much  
 more?  
 (For by the use should every thing be fed)  
 Yea, and to him so hard for thee bestead, [light,  
 Yet no more less'n'd than the sun, whose  
 Though it light all things, loseth not his  
 light.

From those two stars such streams of lightning  
 glide, [heart,  
 As through men's eyes do pierce the flintiest  
 Which thou by closing striv'st in vain to hide,  
 For through their lids their subtle rays do dart,  
 Such power wise nature did to them impart;  
 Those two bright planets, clearer than the  
 seven, [heaven.  
 That with their splendor light the world to

Were art so curious in herself to know  
 Thy rare perfections rightly in their kind,  
 In beauty thy divinity to shew,  
 Oh! it were able to transport the mind,  
 Beyond the bounds by heaven to it assign'd:  
 But oh! in thee their excellence is such,  
 As thought cannot ascend to, once to touch.

He is thy king, who is become thy subject;  
 Sometime thy Lord, now servant to thy love;  
 Thy angel beauties be his only object,  
 Who for thy sake a thousand deaths dare prove.  
 A prince's pray'r should much compassion move:  
 Let wolves and bears be cruel in their kinds,  
 But women meek, and have relenting minds.

Vouchsafe to look upon these brimful eyes,  
 With tides of tears continually frequented  
 Where love without food hunger-starven lies,



Which to betray me traiterously consented,  
 And for the fact being lawfully convented,  
 Is in these waters judg'd to have his being,  
 For his presumption through these eyes thee  
 seeing.

Sit thou commanding under mine estate,  
 Having thy temples honour'd with my crown,  
 A beauty destin'd for no meaner fate,  
 And make the proud'st to tremble with a frown,  
 Raise whom thou wilt, cast whom it please thee  
 down:  
 Be thou alone the rect'refs of this isle,  
 With all the titles I can thee instile.

What if my Queen, repining at our bliss,  
 Thee, as did Juno Jove's dear darling, keep?  
 Mine I'll preserve, as that great God did his;  
 Wife Mercury lull'd Argus' eyes to sleep:  
 Love ever laughs, when jealousy doth weep.  
 When must she stir, my pow'r shall keep her  
 under, [thunder.]  
 She may raise storms, but I do rule the

Thus having made an entrance for his love,  
 Which he believ'd assuredly in time  
 Of better news the messenger might prove,  
 By which he after to his joys might climb,  
 Hoping a fair full to ensue this prime,

Leaves me, not knowing well which way to  
 turn me, [burn me.

Warm'd with the fire that unawares might

Upon my weakness which so strongly wrought,  
 That in my breast a mutiny arose,  
 Fear and desire a doubtful combat fought,  
 Like two most eager and ambitious foes,  
 Th' one fain would win, the other would not lose;  
 By this oft cleared, and by that accused,  
 Whilst still I fear'd by both to be abused,

And in my self, my self suspected treason,  
 Knowing who watch'd to win me for his prey,  
 And in so fit and dangerous a season,  
 When youth and beauty bare so great a sway,  
 And where he battery still to me might lay,  
 Who girt so strongly every way about,  
 Well might I fear I could not long hold out.

But setting all these sundry doubts aside,  
 From court resolv'd I secretly to go,  
 And to what place my happy stars should guide,  
 There I my self determin'd to bestow,  
 Until time might this passion over-blow;  
 Or if at least it wrought not, the extrusion  
 Might strengthen me yet in my resolution.

When my brave fire, that never me forlook,  
 But many a sweet sleep for my safety brake,  
 Much being pleas'd with the course I took,  
 As one that truly suffer'd for my sake,  
 Did his abode at Baynards-castle make,  
 Whom since I thus had left the court, to leave me  
 To his protection, gladly did receive me.

Whence all those sorrows seem'd to me exil'd,  
 Wherein my life I long before did waste,  
 The present time and happily beguil'd,  
 To think what peril I had lately past,  
 There in my freedom fortunately plac'd,  
 Even as a bird escap'd the fowler's snare,  
 Which former danger warn'd to beware.

When the proud King, whose purposes were croi  
 Which this my flight had happen'd to prevent,  
 And that those means to which he trusted most  
 Were those, which most had hinder'd his intent  
 Finding his suit preposterously went,  
 Another course bethinks himself to run,  
 Else farther off than when he first begun.

And thenceforth plotteth to disperse the mass,  
 Which lay so full betwixt him and the light,  
 That in his suit the only hindrance was,  
 And (least expected) wrought him most despigh  
 Finding the cause why matters went not right  
 He most forecast my father to remove,  
 Or he was like to walk without his love.

Thus scarcely cur'd of this late sickly qualm,  
 And that my heart sat happily at ease,  
 But as a ship, that in a quiet calm  
 Floats up and down on the unsurging seas,  
 By some rough gust, which some ill star doth raise  
 Is driven back into the troubled main;  
 Even so was I, that safely else had lain.

For this great king, whom thus I did reject,  
 First seeks in court my father to disgrace,  
 Thereby to give the people to suspect,  
 To fault in something sitting near his place,  
 Them by all means it urging to embrace;  
 To which, if clearly he could find the way,  
 He made no doubt but once to have a day.

And for his purpose to promote his hate,  
 Into the plot he his court-devils drew,  
 Cunning in all the stratagems of state,  
 Which he suborn'd my father to pursue;  
 By whose devices he soon overthrew  
 That noble lord, which succour should have give  
 To me, that then was from all refuge driven.

And not their clear and far-discerning sight,  
 Into the quarrel that did thoroughly look,  
 Nor our allies, that to their utmost might  
 'Gainst his proceedings on our part that stuck,  
 And at our need us never once forlook,  
 Of the king's malice could th' effect prevent,  
 But to exile my father must be sent.

Not all his service to his sovereign done,  
 In war courageous, and in counsel sound,  
 Which from King John compassion might have won  
 To him, who faithful evermore was found:  
 Ingratitude, how deeply dost thou wound!  
 Sure, first devised to no other end,  
 But to grieve those whom nothing could offend.



and hopeleſs, left before my foe,  
 fortune baſely thus betray'd,  
 or maiden was beſieged ſo,  
 lepreſſed that ſhould lend me aid;  
 ght the heaven upon my birth had laid!  
 t herſelf true virtue never loſeth,  
 : her fair courſe, though hell it ſelf op-  
 oſeth.

I for France, his ſad dejected eyes  
 p with tears in moſt abundant ſtore,  
 ck threat'ned by the lowering ſkies,  
 behind, and ſorrow him before;  
 fail, from ſight of either ſhore,  
 h withal his ſad laments in vain,  
 : rude waters only to complain.

re a deer before the hounds imboſt,  
 n his ſtrength beginneth to forſake,  
 ie ſmooth lawns, to which he truſted moſt,  
 he covert doth himſelf betake,  
 ;, and creeps from brake again to brake:  
 till I ſhift me from the prince's face,  
 had me then continually in chace.

t thus clear'd, ſuſpicion laid to reſt,  
 nothing fit to further his intent,  
 much pleaſure quieted his breaſt,  
 ry thing ſo proſperouſly went;  
 he reſt ſucceſſively conſent,  
 mer aid I being quite forſaken,  
 pes the fort might in ſhort time be taken.

's arms are ſtretch'd from ſhore to ſhore;  
 eeping, ſee with eyes of other men.  
 ds a key to open any door,  
 boots my ſelf in walls to pen;  
 b was cloſed in the lion's den,  
 e watchful eyes too eaſily deſcry'd me,  
 ound me ſoon'ſt, where ſur'ſt I thought to  
 ide me.

is by ſpies he diligently noted;  
 he held ſo vigilant a watch,  
 my beauty he ſo fondly doated,  
 each look he enviously did catch,  
 dy ſtill attending at my latch  
 id thoſe, that continually did ward,  
 on my handmaid, falſhood was my guard.

ce with me it ſell ſo croſſly out,  
 my ſhifts ſo hardly he me drave,  
 e new courſe I thought to caſt about,  
 later harbour happily to have:  
 was not ſufficient me to ſave,  
 ower ſo ſpacious every way did lie,  
 till I ſtood in his ambitious eye.

r, which taught me every mean to prove,  
 th my ſelf of many to debate,  
 he laſt it pleas'd the pow'rs to move,  
 upon me a religious ſtate,  
 oly cloiſter none might violate,)  
 e after all theſe ſtorms I did endure,  
 I at laſt might hope to live ſecure.

Wherefore to Dunmow I my ſelf convey'd,  
 Into an abbey, happily begun  
 By Juga, of our anceſtry, a maid,  
 At whoſe ſole charge that monaſt'ry was done,  
 Wherein ſhe after did become a Nun,  
 And kept her order ſtrictly with the reſt,  
 Which in that place virginity profeſt.

Where I my ſelf did ſecretly beſtow  
 From the vain world, which I too long had try'd,  
 Me my affliction taught myſelf to know,  
 My youth and beauty gently that did chide;  
 And by inſtruction, as a ſkilful guide,  
 Printed withal ſuch coldneſs in my blood,  
 That it might ſo perpetuate my good.

The king, who hear'd me ſafely thus to be  
 Set in my cloiſter, ſtrongly diſcontent,  
 That me from thence he had not power to free,  
 Which his ſad breaſt ſeem'd ſtrongly to torment:  
 But ſince that I ſo wilfully was bent,  
 And he paſt hope then ever to enjoy me,  
 Reſolv'd by ſome means laſtly to deſtroy me.

And finding one moſt fit for ſuch a fact,  
 To whom he durſt his ſecret thoughts impart,  
 One, for his king, that any thing would act,  
 And for the purpoſe wanted not his art,  
 That had a ſtrong hand and relentless heart,  
 On him the king (with me poor maid enrag'd)  
 Impos'd my death, and him thereto engag'd.

Who making haſte the fatal deed to do,  
 Thither repairs, but not as from the king:  
 For well he knew what did belong thereto,  
 Nor therein needed any tutoring;  
 But as one ſent upon ſome needful thing,  
 With a ſmooth count'nance and a ſettled brow,  
 Obtain'd to get in where I paid my vow.

Where I alone, and to his tale expos'd,  
 (As one to him a willing ear that lent)  
 Himſelf to me he but too ſoon diſclos'd,  
 And who it was that thither had him ſent,  
 From point to point relating his intent;  
 Who, whiſt I ſtood ſtruck dumb with this in-  
 vaſion,  
 He thus purſues me ſtrongly with perſuaſion.

' Hear but (ſaith he) how blindly thou do'ſt err,  
 ' Fondly to doat upon thine own perfection,  
 ' When as the king thee highly will prefer,  
 ' Nay, and his power attendeth thy protection;  
 ' So indiſcreetly ſort not thy election,  
 ' To ſhut that in a melancholy cell,  
 ' Which in a court ordained was to dwell.

' Yet further think, how dangerous is his of-  
 ' fer,  
 ' If thy neglect do careleſſly abuſe it:  
 ' Art thou not mad, that thus do'ſt ſee a coffer  
 ' Fill'd up with gold, and proffer'd, to reſuſe it?  
 ' So far, that thou want'ſt reaſon to excuſe it,  
 ' Thyſelf condemning in thine own good hap,  
 ' Spilling the treaſure caſt into thy lap.



Wring not thy fair youth, nor the world deprive  
Of these rare parts which nature hath thee lent,  
'Twere pity thou by niggardise should'st thrive,  
Whose wealth by waxing craveth to be spent;  
For which, thou of the wisest shalt be shent,  
' Like to some rich churl hoarding up his pelf,  
' Both to wrong others, and to starve himself.

' What is this vain and idle reputation,  
' Which to the shew you seemingly respect?  
' Only the weakness of imagination,  
' Which, in conclusion, worketh no effect,  
' And lesser can the worshipers protect;  
' That only standeth upon fading breath,  
' And hath at once the being and the death,

' A fear that grew from doating superstition,  
' To which your weak credulity is prone,  
' And only since maintained by tradition,  
' Into our ears impertinently blown,  
' By folly gathered, as by error sown;  
' Which us still threatening, hind'reth our  
' desires,  
' Yet all it shews us be but painted fires.

' Persuade thyself this monast'ry to leave,  
' Which youth and beauty justly may forsake;  
' Do not thy prince of those high joys bereave,  
' Which happy him, more happy thee may make,  
' Who sends me else thy life away to take:  
' For dead to him if needly thou wilt prove,  
' Die to thyself, be bury'd with his love.'

Rage, which resum'd the likeness of his face,  
Whose eye seem'd as the basilisk to kill;  
The horror of the solitary place,  
Being so fit wherein to work his will,  
And at the instant he my life to spill;  
All seem'd at once my overthrow to further,  
By fear dissuaded, menaced by murther.

In this so great and peremptory trial,  
With strong temptations sundry ways afflicted,  
With many a yielding, many a denial,  
Oft-times acquitted, often-times convicted,  
Terror before me lively stood depicted;  
When as it was, that but a little breath  
Gave me my life, or sent me to my death.

But soon my soul had gather'd up her pow'rs,  
Which in this need might friend-like give her aid,  
The resolution of so many hours,  
Whereon herself she confidently stay'd  
In her distress, whose helps together lay'd,  
Making the state which she maintained good,  
Expell'd the fear usurping on my blood.

And my lock'd tongue did liberally inlarge,  
From those strict limits wherein long confin'd  
Care had it kept, my bosom to discharge,  
And my lost spirits their wonted strength assign'd,  
Into mine eyes which coming as refin'd,  
Most bravely there mine honour to maintain,  
Checkt his presumption with a coy disdain.

Who finding me inviolably bent,  
And for my answer only did abide;  
Having a poison mard'ring by the scent,  
If to the organ of that sense apply'd,  
Which for the same, when fittest time he spy'  
Into my nostrils forcibly did strain,  
Which in an instant wrought my deadly b

With his rude touch my vail disorder'd then,  
My face discovering, my delicious cheek  
Tincted with crimson, faded soon again,  
With such a sweetness as made death seem as  
And was to him beholding it most like  
A little spark extinguish'd to the eye,  
That glows again e'er suddenly it dye.

And whilst thereat amazed he doth stand,  
Wherein he then such excellency saw,  
Ruining the spoil done by his fatal hand,  
What naught before, him this at last could as  
From his stern eyes as though it tears would do  
Which wanting them, wax'd suddenly as d  
Grieving for me that they had none to sh

When life grown faint, hies lastly to my heart  
The only fort to which she had to take,  
Feeling cold death to seize on every part,  
A strong invasion instantly to make:  
Yet e'er she should me utterly forsake,  
To him who sadly stood me to behold,  
Thus in mild words my grief I did unfold.

' Is this the gift the king on me bestows,  
' Which in this sort he sends thee to present?  
' I am his friend, what gives he to his foes,  
' If this in token of his love be sent me?  
' But 'tis his will, and must not discontent me  
' Yet after, sure, a proverb this will prove,  
' The gift King John bestow'd upon his lov

' When all that race in memory are set,  
' And by their statues their achievements don  
' Which won abroad, and which at home did  
' From son to sire, from sire again to son,  
' Grac'd with the spoils that gloriously th  
' won:  
' Oh! that of him it only should be said,  
' This was King John, the murth'rer of a m

' Oh! keep it safely from the mouth of fame,  
' That none do hear of his unhallowed deed;  
' Be secret to him, and conceal his shame,  
' Lest after-ages hap the same to read,  
' And that the letters shewing it do bleed!  
' Oh! let the grave mine innocence hold,  
' Before of him this tyranny be told!

Thus having spoke, my sorrows to assuage,  
The heavy burthen of my pensive breast,  
The poison then that in my brain did rage,  
His deadly vigour forcibly exprest,  
Not suff'ring me to stand upon the rest,  
Longer for him it was no time to stay;  
And death call'd on, to hasten me away.



my closet being left alone,  
 he floor uncomfortably lying,  
 & committed, and the murth'rer gone,  
 I at the utmost point of dying,  
 of the sisters me by chance espying,  
 and all the rest, that in most woful plight  
 to behold that miserable sight.

like a rose by some unkindly blast,  
 & many buds that round about it grow,  
 th'ring leaves improsp'rously doth cast,  
 all the rest their sovereign beauties shew :  
 this goodly sisterhood even so,  
 with cold death untimely did I fade,  
 & they about me piteous wailing made.

My sad soul upon her sudden flight,  
 forsaken of each several sense,  
 All the horror death could her affright,  
 My disturbed at her parting hence,  
 Myself fled her! for her last defence,  
 to her spotless innocence betake her,  
 & left her not, when all the rest forsake  
 her.

For our pleasures are but children's toys,  
 mere shadows, or like bubbles pass,  
 & encrease, so waning are our joys,  
 even as our favours in a glass,  
 tale of that which never was :  
 so, death us and our delights can sever,  
 & alone abandoneth us never.

But thus from imprisonment enlarg'd,  
 I have got out of her earthly room,  
 & to nature faithfully discharg'd,  
 the hour appointed on my tomb?  
 as the heaven's inevitable doom,  
 Baynard's-castle to the world did bring,  
 now again my place of burying.

Scarcely was my breathless body cold,  
 My where my tragedy was spread,  
 & in same in ev'ry place had told  
 III.

My resolution, being lately dead,  
 Ruining my blood so prodigally shed ;  
 And to my father flies with this mischance,  
 That time remaining in the court of France,

His loss too great to be bewail'd with tears,  
 It was not words that could express his woe,  
 Grief had herself so settled in his ears,  
 No more might enter, nothing out might go;  
 Scarce since man was, was man perplexed so :  
 Enough of sorrow is already shewn,  
 And telling his, were to renew mine own.

Let it suffice me, that I here relate,  
 And bear myself the burthen of my ill,  
 If to the life I have express'd my fate,  
 Its all I ask, and I obtain my will  
 For that true sorrow needs not others skill ;  
 Enough's that present bitterness we taste,  
 Without remembring of that which is past.

Some say, the king repentant for this deed,  
 When his remorse to think thereof him drove,  
 Poorly disguised in a pilgrim's weed,  
 Offered his tears on my untimely grave,  
 For which, no doubt, but heaven his sin forgave ;  
 And my blood calling for revenge appeas'd,  
 He from the sin, I from my labours eas'd.

Thus told my story, I my love devise  
 To you, dear madam, fitt'st with you to rest,  
 Which all my virtues daily exercise,  
 That be imprinted on your patient breast,  
 By whom alone I rightliest am express'd ;  
 For whom my praise, it grieves me, is too scant ;  
 Whose happy name an epithet shall want.

Then, most sweet lady, for a maiden's sake,  
 To shed one tear if gently you but deign,  
 For all my wrongs it full amends shall make,  
 And be my pass to the Elysian plain.  
 In your charming eyes such pow'r there doth remain,  
 As can th' afflicted prosp'rously deliver;  
 Happy be they, who look upon them ever.



---

THE  
LEGEND  
OF  
*PIERCE GAVESTON.*

---

From gloomy shadows of eternal night,  
Shut up in darkness endlessly to dwell,  
Oh! here behold me miserable wight,  
A while releas'd, my tragedy to tell;  
Let me have leave my sorrows to impart,  
Somewhat to ease my sad afflicted heart.

Goddes of arms and arts Pallas divine,  
Let thy bright fauchion lend me cypress boughs,  
Be thou assisting to this poet of mine,  
With funera' wreaths ingarlanding his brows;  
Pitying my woes, when none would hear me  
weep,  
That for my sorrows lays his own to sleep.

Thou mournfull'st maiden of the sacred nine,  
That baleful sounds immoveably do'st breath,  
With thy swol'n visage and thy blubber'd eie,  
Let me to thee my sad complaints bequeath,  
Ne'er to thyself canst thou win greater glory,  
Than in exactly setting forth my story.

Tell how the fates my giddy course did guide,  
Th' inconstant turns of ev'ry changing hour,  
By many a low ebb, many a lusty tide,  
Many a smooth calm, many a fowling show'r,  
The beight whereto I lastly did ascend,  
And my beginning to my fatal end.

When our first Edward sat on England's throne,  
Longshanks, who long victoriously did reign,  
First of that name, and second yet to none,  
In what to knighthood ever did pertain;  
My life began, a life so full of bliss,  
Then in his days, those happy days of his.

Virtue did then men's hearts so much inflame,  
That no promotion could be got with gold:  
For in his days he that desired fame,  
Bought it of him that it full dearly sold;  
Hateful excess did not so much devour,  
Law had less force, and honesty more pow'r.

And since swift Time so violently preys  
Upon those ages that even holiest be;  
Let me remember those so happy days,  
In these sad hours which my vex'd eyes do see,  
With greater grief to make me to deplore  
These, when I think of those that were of yore.

Then Muse, lo, I obsequiously appeal  
To thee (my life since I intend to shew)  
That thou of me wilt faithfully reveal  
Even what the most inquisitive would know,  
Whilst here my soul embodied did abide  
In this vain world, which pamper'd me with  
pride.



th a Gascoigne, of a fair descent,  
 four house, the heir my father born,  
 his wars that with King Edward went,  
 n his liegeman, and a soldier sworn,  
 l in our country left his whole estate,  
 follow him, who seem'd to govern fate.

trust that great king highly did employ,  
 ear his person had him for the same,  
 with myself, then but a little boy,  
 e court of famous England came,  
 ereas the king, for service by him done,  
 le me a page to the brave prince his son.

in in shape I did so far excell,  
 parts in me such harmony did bear)  
 my model nature seem'd to tell,  
 her perfection she had placed here,  
 from each age reserving the rar'st feature,  
 make me up her excellentest creature.

oks so powerful, adamant to love,  
 ad such virtue to attract the sight,  
 hey could fix it, or could make it move  
 ough it follow'd some celestial light;  
 t where my thoughts intended to surprise,  
 my pleasure conquer'd with mine eyes.

ome great Apelles in his art [know,  
 l that the world his master-piece should  
 ration doing then her part;  
 he had done the utmost he could do,  
 that rare picture to fit out a mind,  
 one was I, the wonder of my kind.

ainty bait I laid for Edward's love,  
 .soon upon him got so sure a tie,  
 misfortune e'er could it remove,  
 she the utmost of her force did try;  
 death itself had after power to sunder;  
 ld-seen friendship, in the world a wonder!

in this earth the only mean thou art,  
 by we hold intelligence with heav'n,  
 is thou that only do'st impart  
 od that to mortality is given.  
 cred bond, by time that art not broken:  
 ing divine, by angels to be spoken!

with young Edward bath'd in worldly bliss,  
 tutors care his wand'ring years did guide,  
 enjoying whatsoe'er was his,  
 e'er my pleasure any thing deny'd:  
 se watchful eye so duly me attended,  
 e my safety if his life depended.

ether it my rare perfections were,  
 ron my youth such favour in his eye,  
 leas'd heav'n (to shew it held me dear)  
 w'r on me this blessing from the sky,  
 ow not; but it rightly could direct,  
 t could produce so pow'rful an effect.

dread book, where our fates are enroll'd,  
 nth so clear eyes as to look into thee?

What is that man, by whom thou art controul'd,  
 Or hath the key of reason to undo thee?

When none but heaven thy dark decrees can  
 know,  
 Whose depth we found not which dwell here  
 below.

The soul her liking eas'ly can espy  
 (By sympathy, to her by heav'n assign'd)  
 Through her clear windows, the well-seeing  
 eye.

Which doth convey the image to the mind  
 Without advisement, and can apprehend  
 That, whose true cause man's knowledge doth  
 transcend.

This Edward in the April of his age,  
 Whilst yet the crown sat on his father's head,  
 Like sportful Jove with his rapt Phrygian page,  
 Me with ambrosial delicacies fed:  
 He might command, who was the sov'reign's  
 But my direction only must be done. [son,

My will a law authentically past;  
 My Yea by him was never cross'd with No;  
 In his affection chain'd to me so fast,  
 That as my shadow still he seem'd to go;  
 To me this prince so pliant was in all,  
 Still as an echo answ'ring to my call.

My smiles, his life; so joy'd he in my sight,  
 That his delight was led by my desire,  
 From my clear eyes so borrowing all his light,  
 As pale-fac'd Cynthia from her brother's fire.  
 He made my cheek the pillow for his head,  
 My brow his book, my bosom was his bed.

Like fair Idalia, bent to amorous sport  
 With young Adonis in the pleasant shade,  
 Expressing their affections in that sort,  
 As though her utmost passion should persuade  
 The one of us the other still to move  
 To all the tender dalliances of love.

The table thus of our delight was lay'd,  
 Serv'd with what dainties pleasure could devise,  
 And many a Syren sweetly to us play'd,  
 But youth had not us therewith to suffice:  
 For we on that insatiately did feed,  
 Which our confusion afterwards did breed.

For still I spurr'd up his untam'd desire,  
 Then sitting in the chariot of the sun;  
 My blandishments were fuel to that fire  
 Wherein he fry'd: I for his flight begun  
 To wax his wings, and taught him art to fly,  
 Who on his back might bear me through the  
 sky

Whilst the vain world so cunningly could win  
 Us, her false flatteries who too long did trust,  
 Till having lost the clue which led us in,  
 We wander'd in the labyrinth of lust.  
 For when the soul is nuzled once in vice,  
 The sweet of sin makes hell a paradise.



Who to the full thy vileness, World, e'er told?  
 What is in thee, that's not extremely ill?  
 A loathsome shop, where poison's only sold,  
 Whose very entrance instantly doth kill;  
     Nothing in thee but villany doth dwell,  
     And all thy ways lead headlong into hell.

The king, whose trust I lewdly had betray'd,  
 His son, like Phaeton, vent'ring on the skies,  
 Perceiv'd his course was per'lous to be stay'd,  
 For he was grave, and wonderfully wise,  
     And if with skill he curb'd not his desire,  
     Edward might eas'ly set his throne on fire.

This was a cor'sive to old Edward's days,  
 And without ceasing fed upon his bones,  
 'That in the day bereav'd him of his ease,  
 Breaking his sleep with continual moans;  
     This more depress'd and sadder weigh'd him  
     down,  
 'Than the care else belonging to the crown.

And though he had judicially descry'd  
 'The cause from whence this malady first grew,  
 It was no cure, unless he could provide  
 Means to prevent the danger to ensue;  
     Wherefore he for his purpose made them way,  
     Against my courses that had aught to say.

When those in court my opposites that were,  
 This fair advantage and could finely take,  
 And for my fall what did to them appear  
 So fitly for their purposes to make,  
     Thereon their forces instantly to ground,  
     Me to the world perpetually to wound.

What thing so false, but taken was for truth,  
 So that on me a scandal it might bring,  
 By such as stuck not to accuse my youth,  
 To sin in the unnaturalest thing,  
     And all forepassed outrages awake,  
     Me to mankind contemptible to make?

Wherefore the prince more straitly was bestow'd,  
 In foreign realms and I adjudg'd to roam,  
 And sharply censur'd to be held abroad,  
 Who had betray'd my hopeful trust at home;  
     Adjudg'd to die, were I by any found,  
     After my set day, on the English ground.

'That, as astounded with a mighty blow,  
 I stood a while insensible of pain,  
 'Till somewhat waken'd by my colder woe,  
 I felt the wound by which my joys were slain,  
     By which I fainted hourly more and more,  
     Nor could I think what cure could me restore.

But as a turtle for her loved make,  
 Whose youth her dear virginity enjoy'd,  
 Sits shrowded in some solitary brake,  
 With melancholy pensiveness annoy'd:  
     Thus without comfort sat I all alone,  
     From the sweet presence of Prince Edward  
     gone.

My beauty, that disdain'd the summer's  
 Now foully beaten with bleak winter's  
 My limbs were put to travel day and night  
 So often hugg'd in Princely Edward's arms  
     Those eyes oft viewing pleasure in her  
     Saw fearful objects on their either side

Whilst in these tempests I was strangely  
 Myself confining in my native France,  
 By many a sad calamity still crost,  
 Inseparables to my sore mischance;  
     Others, that stem'd the current of the  
     Whence I had fall'n, suddenly to climb

Like the chameleon, whilst Time turns  
 And with false Proteus puts on sundry  
 This change scarce gone, a second doth  
 One fill'd, another for promotion gapes:  
     Thus do they swarm like flies about the  
     Some drown'd, and some do with much  
     swim.

And some, on whom the sun shone wondrous  
 Yet of the season little seem'd to vaunt,  
 For there were clouds hung in the trouble  
 Threat'ning that they of their desires might  
     Which made them flag, prepared else  
     Whilst with their falls they fading ho

When posting Time, that never turns again  
 Whose winged feet fly swiftly with the  
 By the fleet hours attending on his train,  
 His revolution fatally begun,  
     And in his course brought suddenly about  
     That, which before the wiser sort did

For whilst King Edward wholly doth at  
 A happy voyage to the Holy Land,  
 For which the laity mighty sums did lend  
 Even whilst this business hotly was in hand  
     See but to me what fortune there can  
     This conqueror's death hath quickly a

Should I presume his praises to report,  
 Thinking thereby to grace his so great  
 My mean endeavours would fall far too  
 And I too much should but impair his fame  
     I'll leave that to some sacred muse to  
     Upon whose life a poet's pen might d

Scarce was his body lap'd up in the lead  
 Before his doleful obsequies were done,  
 When England's crown was set on Edward  
 With whom too soon my joyful days be  
     As the black night at the approaching  
     My former sorrows vanished away.

Edward Carnarvon calls me from exile,  
 Whom Edward Longshanks banish'd to  
 I, whom the father held most base and  
 Was to the son as precious as his breath  
     What th' old king writ, the young king  
     did blot,  
     Th' alive's remembered, dead men's



For wind wafts me to that wish'd-for place,  
 To me safely on that blessed shore,  
 Whence I seem'd but banish'd for a space,  
 My return might honour'd be the more,  
 And to my lov'd lord happily to leave me,  
 His arms were cast wide open to receive me.

Could have seen that noble Roman dame,  
 Who with joy, give up her vital breath,  
 Returning founded in by fame,  
 Thankful Rome had mourned for his  
 Death,  
 And here behold her personated right,  
 My approach to my dear Edward's sight.

Now Lord of the ascendent is,  
 Perfect to promise happy speed,  
 On me that influence of his,  
 Had the course wherein we did proceed;  
 Most prodigious it to some appears,  
 Among the troubles of ensuing years.

Like to Midas, all I touch'd was gold,  
 And showr'd, as into Danae's lap,  
 Gained any thing I would,  
 Had fortune lotted out my hap:  
 Since treasures like to oceans are,  
 From all rivers naturally repair.

Of Man the first to me he gave,  
 And not stay, until I would demand;  
 Be sure to give e'er I could crave,  
 Received from his bounteous hand  
 Wallingford, which many years had been  
 A wealthy dow'r of Elenor the Queen.

As his father had been levying long  
 Contributions for the war abroad,  
 His princely benefits among,  
 On me he liberally bestow'd,  
 Some that saw how much on me he cast,  
 And his wealth could not maintain his  
 Waste.

And me then his secretary's place,  
 To train me in affairs of state;  
 Those rooms, that I was in, to grace,  
 I of Cornwall frankly did create;  
 And, in court more freely to partake me,  
 And land he High Chamberlain did make me.

He royal blood me to ally,  
 Did but back my humour of ambition)  
 Of wedlock did to me affy  
 In an excellent condition,  
 Joan of Arches his dear sister bare  
 Earl of Glo'ster, that right noble Clare,

His bounty giving all content!  
 His fautors of all noble arts,  
 And his success to every good intent,  
 That rests in the most godlike hearts,  
 Given to none but happy souls infused,  
 Is that e'er thou wast abused.

When those here first that my exile procur'd,  
 Which in my heart still hated did abide,  
 As they before by no means me endur'd,  
 So were they now impatient of my pride:  
 For emulation ever did attend  
 Upon the great, and shall so to the end.

To cross whom, into favour I wrought those,  
 That from mean places lifted up by me,  
 Being factious spirits, were fittest to oppose  
 Them, that perhaps too pow'ful else might be,  
 That against envy raised by my hand,  
 Must uphold me, to make themselves to stand.

Having my frame so cunningly contriv'd,  
 To bolster me in my ambitious ways,  
 I shew'd the king my hate to be deriv'd  
 From those high honours that he on me lays,  
 Drawing him on (my courses to partake)  
 Still to maintain what he himself did make.

Thus did my youth but exercise extremes,  
 My heed was rashness to forerun my fall,  
 My wit but folly, and my hopes but dreams,  
 My counsel serv'd myself but to inthrall,  
 Abusing me but with a vain illusion,  
 And altogether hastening my confusion.

When as King Edward hast'neth his repair,  
 To espouse the Princess Isabel of France,  
 Daughter to Philip that was call'd the Fair,  
 By which he thought his strength much to ad-  
 vance;  
 And here at home to perfect my command,  
 He left me the protection of the land.

Giving me power so absolute withal,  
 That I drank pleasure in a plenteous cup,  
 When there was none me to account to call,  
 All to my hands so freely render'd up,  
 That heav'n on me no greater bliss could bring,  
 Except to make me greater than my king.

Thus being got as high as I could climb,  
 With this abundance beyond measure blest,  
 I thought to embrace the benefit of time,  
 Fully to take what freely I possess;  
 Holding for truth, that he is worse than mad,  
 Fondly to spare, a prince's wealth that had.

Their counsel then continually I cross'd,  
 As scorning their authority and blood,  
 And those things that concern'd their honours  
 most,  
 In those against them evermore I stood,  
 And things for public, privately did spend  
 To feed my riot, that could find no end.

Until false fortune, like a treacherous foe,  
 Which had so long attended on my fall,  
 In the plain path wherein I was to go,  
 Lay'd many a bait to train me on withal,  
 Till by her skill she cunningly had brought me  
 Into the trap where she at pleasure caught me.



For when the barons hotly went in hand,  
 With tilts and tourneys for the king's return,  
 To shew the French the glory of the land,  
 The fixed day I labour'd to adjourn,  
 Till all their charge was lastly overthrown,  
 Who could abide no glory but mine own.

Thus fought my fate me forward still to set,  
 As though some engine seiz'd me with a slight :  
 One mischief soon a second doth beget,  
 The second brings a third but on too right,  
 And every one itself employeth wholly  
 In their just course to prosecute my folly.

For when the barons found me to retain  
 Th' ambitious course wherein I first began,  
 And deeply felt, that under my disdain,  
 Into contempt continually they ran,  
 They took up arms to remedy their wrong,  
 Which their cold spirits had suffer'd but too  
 long.

Me boldly charging to abuse the king,  
 A wasteful spender of his wealth and treasure,  
 A secret thief of many a sacred thing,  
 And that I led him to unlawful pleasure ;  
 Who never did in any thing delight,  
 But what might please my bestial appetite.

That like a sickness on the land was sent,  
 Whose hateful courses the chief cause had been  
 The commonwealth thus totter'd was and rent,  
 And worse and worse yet every day foreseen.  
 'Thus was I scandal'd publicly of many,  
 Who pitied none, nor pitied was of any.

And since I thus was match'd by men of might,  
 The king, my danger that discreetly weigh'd,  
 Seeing them to pursue me with such spight,  
 Me into Ireland secretly convey'd,  
 Till with my peers my peace he might procure,  
 Or might my safety otherwise assure.

Like one, whose house remedilessly burning,  
 Seeing his goods long heap'd together lost,  
 The mischief no whit lessen'd by his mourning,  
 Taketh some one thing that he loveth most,  
 And to some sure place doth with that retire,  
 Leaving the rest to th' mercy of the fire.

And he that nought too dear for me did deem,  
 So it might serve to cover my disgrace,  
 To make my absence otherwise to seem,  
 And to the world to bear a fairer face,  
 Lest my exile, suggested by their hate,  
 In England here perhaps might wound my state :

By their wise counsel that were him about,  
 Of Ireland he me deputy doth make,  
 And caus'd it each where to be given out,  
 My journey therefore thither I did take,  
 To stop their mouths, that gladly would embrace  
 The least thing that might sound to my disgrace.

Whereas he set me in that princely sort,  
 As in my place might purchase me renown,

With no less bounty to maintain a court,  
 Than hourly crav'd th' revenues of a crown,  
 Thither his bounty so much did me bring,  
 That though he reign'd, yet there was I a kin

There were few weeks, but some the Channel cross  
 With sundry presents of a wond'rous price,  
 Some jewel that him infinitely cost,  
 Or some rich robe of excellent device,  
 That they which saw what he upon me threw  
 Well might discern some change must needs  
 ensue.

And since the flow me follow'd in this wise,  
 The fulness I as amply entertain,  
 It had been folly to have seem'd precise,  
 To take that which fell on me like the rain,  
 Such as before no age had ever seen,  
 And since he was, I think, hath seldom been.

So that, when the bold barony had found  
 The cunning us'd in covering of my flight,  
 That shifted me but to a surer ground,  
 On which they vainly had bestow'd their might,  
 Perceiv'd far off that greater peril rose,  
 Than they could find how fitly to dispose.

Like those that strive to stop some swelling source  
 ( Whose plenty none can comprehend in bounds,  
 Which climbs above th' opposers of his course,  
 And that which should encircle it surrounds,  
 That so innated in itself is blest,  
 That 'tis the more, the more it is deprest.

For fearing much the force I had abroad,  
 Who knew the way the Irish hearts to win,  
 They thought me better here to be bestow'd,  
 And for the state more safely far therein,  
 Where though my spoil they hop'd not to  
 prevent,  
 Yet could they see the giddy course I went.

Of which they scarcely had conceiv'd the thought  
 And did thereto but seemingly descend,  
 But that the king immediately it caught,  
 Nor car'd he by it what they did intend,  
 Plot what they could, so he thereby might gain  
 me,  
 Once in his court again to entertain me.

What is so hard, but majesty commands,  
 Yea, and severely humbleth with the eye ?  
 Whose very nod acts with a thousand hands,  
 In it such virtue secretly doth lye,  
 Having t' uphold it the high power of fate,  
 It is imperious both o'er love and hate.

This king, who no occasion could neglect,  
 That aught me to my happiness might win,  
 Did with such care my bus'nesses effect,  
 And ever was so fortunate therein,  
 That he to pass in little time did bring,  
 What most men thought to be a doubtful thing

When posts away with their full packets went,  
 Me out of Ireland instantly to call,



the general consent,  
lik'd of inwardly of all;  
efficient that it freedom gave me,  
ere where he desir'd to have me.

swelling with a prosp'rous wind,  
seas did homage to mine eyes,  
ere their usual course were kind,  
clouds abandoning the skies,  
earn'd in any star to fear me,  
self sat at the helm to steer me.

king a progress needs would make  
ales, his native place to see,  
leed but only for my sake,  
Chester knew to meet with me,  
with all the state he could devise,  
honour in the people's eyes.

landing long he did provide,  
might want to nourish my delight,  
dging as along we ride,  
me with some pleasing sight;  
e realm our friendship might report,  
London in this royal fort.

sharp spurs to my untam'd desire,  
eins to my lascivious will,  
orth upon my full career,  
ery, and my manage ill;  
refight, and over much my haste,  
(alas!) unfortunately cast.

ear when having at command,  
ould have, he must me entertain;  
e it past to my gripple hand,  
at'st part to my private gain;  
what from any I could wring,  
oin into my coffers bring.

g'd I great monopolies,  
nds belonging to the crown,  
all the best commodities  
land, needed of her own,  
sold all offices, till then  
ward of well-deserving men,

onsiderately proud,  
s vile that suited not my vein;  
t pasa, but that which I allow'd,  
on to my wit to gain,  
terms and nicknames of disgrace,  
great birth, and of greater place.

e out that execrable rage,  
efore had boiled in their blood,  
oath against me they engage,  
all authority withstood,  
quarrel up their arms do take,  
ll, or better it to make.

irm my mother was a witch,  
e condemned burnt to be,  
, so rightly of her pitch,  
ath'd her forceries to me;

Urging it on, for a most certain thing,  
That I by magic wrought upon the king.

And into France they charg'd me to convey  
A goodly table of pure massy gold,  
A relique kept in Windsor many a day,  
Which to King Arthur did belong of old,  
Upon whose margent, as they did surmise,  
There were engraven Merlin's prophecies.

And by appealing to the see of Rome,  
They soon procur'd a legate to the land,  
With malediction by the church's doom,  
Upon that man, which on my part should stand;  
The king suspending, should he not consent,  
To ratify the barony's intent.

Which they to purpose prosp'rously effect,  
Then at full strength, to counterpoise his force;  
Having withal the clergy to direct  
Them the best way in their resistless course,  
Till at the last King Edward they procure,  
By solemn oath me ever to abjure.

Th' uncertain issue of each earthly thing,  
Set out most lively in my star-cross'd state,  
That doth remain in fortune's managing,  
Appearing in my variable fate:  
On me that frown'd and flatter'd me so oft,  
Casting me down, then setting me aloft.

To Flanders then my present course I cast,  
Which as the fair'st, so fittest for my case:  
That way is saf'st that soonest can be past,  
All not my friends that were abroad at seas;  
Such friends in France they daily did procure,  
That there myself I doubted to secure.

Where, though I chang'd my habit and my name,  
Hoping thereby to live unknown to any;  
Yet swift report had so divulg'd my shame,  
My hateful life was publish'd to too many,  
That as I pass'd through every street along,  
I was the tale of every common tongue.

From whence I found a secret means, to have  
Intelligence with my kind lord the king,  
Who fail'd no month, but he me notice gave  
What the proud barons had in managing;  
And labour'd thon, as he had done before,  
Me into England safety to restore.

For which relying on my sovereign's love,  
To whom as life I had been ever dear,  
Which ne'er than now I had more need to prove,  
Who strove t' obtain, if any mean there were,  
A dispensation for his former oath,  
In their despight that thereto seem'd most loth.

Which long debating, we resolv'd at length,  
Since I by marriage strongly was ally'd,  
I at this pinch should stand upon my strength  
And should for England, hap what could best  
And in a ship that for my passage lay,  
Thither myself to secretly convey.



Where safely landed on the wished shore,  
 With speed to court I closely me betook,  
 Yet gave the king intelligence before,  
 About what time he there for me should look,  
 Who was devising, when I should arrive,  
 The surest way my safety to contrive.

Which the lords finding, whilst their blood was  
 hot,  
 That to themselves then only were to trust;  
 For what before was done, avail'd them not,  
 And for my sake they found the king unjust,  
 Bringing thereby, whilst trifling they do stand,  
 Spoil on themselves, and peril on the land.

Who was so dull, that did not then distaste,  
 That thus the king his nobles should neglect?  
 And those in court we for our purpose plac'd,  
 Gave us just cause their dealings to suspect,  
 And they that view'd us with the pleas'd'st eye,  
 Yet at our actions often look'd awry.

Which made King Edward presently provide  
 A chosen convoy of his chiefest friends,  
 To guard me safe to York, to be supply'd  
 With foreign succours, and to Scotland sends  
 To warlike Baliol, and to Wales, from whence  
 He hop'd for power to frustrate their pretence.

But they his agents quickly intercept,  
 Not then to seek in so well known a thing,  
 And both the marches they so strictly kept,  
 That none could enter to assist the king,  
 Only to chastise my abhorred sin,  
 Who had the cause of all these troubles been.

Thus like a ship, despoiled of her sails,  
 Shov'd by the wind against the streamful tide,  
 This way the one, that way the other hales,  
 Now tow'rs this shore, and now tow'rs that  
 doth ride,  
 As that poor vessel's, such my brittle stay,  
 The nearer land, the nearer cast away.

Thou kingdom's corsive, home-begotten hate,  
 In any limits never that wast bounded,  
 When didst thou yet seize upon any state,  
 By thee that was not utterly confounded?  
 How many empires be there that do rue thee?  
 Happy the world was till too well it knew thee.

Thus of all succour utterly bereft,  
 Only some small force that we had at sea,  
 For us to trust to, fortune had us left,  
 On which our hopes upon this up-cast lay,  
 Which we to hasten speed by do make,  
 Our former courtes forced to forsake.

Our present peril hap'ning to be so,  
 That did for aid importunately call,  
 Wherefore in York, as fast it from the foe,  
 He left me to the keeping of the wall,  
 Till his return me further aid might give,  
 When more and more he studied to relieve.

The barons then from Bedford setting on,  
 Th' appointed rendy where they gath'ed head,  
 When they had notice that the king was gone,  
 Tow'rs Yorkshire with celerity them sped,  
 To seize my person purposed that were,  
 Whose presence else might make them to be  
 bear.

When leaving York, to Scarborough I post,  
 With that small force the city had to lend me,  
 The strongest fort that stood upon the coast,  
 And of all other likeliest to defend me,  
 Which at the worst, from whence in the  
 despoil,  
 The hills at hand might privilege my flight.

But they which kept the country round about,  
 Upon each passage set so watchful spies,  
 Of well-wall'd York that I was scarcely out,  
 But on their light-horse after me they rise,  
 And suddenly they in upon me came,  
 E'er I had time to get into the same.

Thence with intent tow'rs Oxford to convey me  
 When by the way, as birds do at the owl,  
 Some wonder'd at me, some again did bay me,  
 As hungry wolves at passengers do howl:  
 Each one rejoicing that I thus was caught,  
 Who on the land these miseries had brought.

Conducted thus to Dedington at last,  
 Where th' Earl of Pembroke will'd me to be stay  
 To understand before they further past,  
 What by the king could on my side be said  
 About this business, and tow'rs Edward we  
 T' acquaint him with the general intent.

But th' Earl of Warwick (lying but too near)  
 The dog of Arden that I us'd to call,  
 Who mortal hatred did me ever bear,  
 He whom I most suspected of them all,  
 Thither repairing with his powerful band,  
 Seiz'd upon me with a violent hand.

To Warwick castle carrying me along,  
 (Where he had long desired me to get)  
 With friends and tenants absolutely strong,  
 Whom all the puissant barony abet,  
 Which since occasion offer'd them such hold,  
 Hasten my death by all the means they could.

North from the town, a mile or very near,  
 A little hill in public view doth lye,  
 That's called Blacklow of the dwellers there,  
 Near to the ancient hermitage of Guy,  
 To which the lords me as a traitor led,  
 And on a scaffold took away my head.

My life and fortunes lively thus express'd,  
 In the sad tenor of my tragic tale,  
 Let me return to the fair fields of rest,  
 Thither transported with a prosperous gale,  
 And leave the world my destiny to view,  
 Bidding it thus eternally adieu.



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T H E  
L E G E N D  
O F  
*T H O M A S C R O M W E L L,*  
E A R L O F E S S E X.

---

and trembling betwixt rage and dread  
The loud slander (by the impious time)  
My actions every where is spread,  
By which to honour falsely I should climb :  
The sad dwelling of th' untimely dead,  
Of that execrable crime,  
Well appears, his wretched plight to shew,  
That can tell, as one that much did  
know.

Not made up in the common mould,  
With the vulgar vilely I should die,  
Singing so strange of Cromwell is not told?  
Can more prais'd? who more condemn'd  
than I?  
In the world when I am waxed old,  
Were unfit that Fame of me should lie,  
Fables vain my history to fill,  
Saying my good, excusing of my ill.

You, that but hearing of my hated name,  
Your ancient malice instantly bewray,  
And for my sake your ill deserved blame  
Upon my legend publicly shall lay,  
Would you forbear to blast me with defame,  
Might I so mean a privilege but pray,  
He that three ages had endur'd your wrong,  
Hear him a little, who hath heard you  
long.

Since Rome's sad ruin here by me began,  
Who her religion pluckt up by the root,  
Of the false world such hate for which I wan,  
Which still at me her poisoned'st darts doth  
shoot;  
That to excuse it, do the best I can,  
Little, I fear, my labour me will boot :  
Yet will I speak, my troubled heart to ease,  
Much to the mind herself it is to please.



O powerful number, from whose stricter law  
Heart-moving music did receive the ground,  
Which man to fair civility did draw,  
With the brute beast when lawless he was found :  
O, if according to the wiser saw,  
There be a high divinity in sound,  
Be now abundant, prosp'rously to aid  
The pen prepar'd my doubtful case to plead.

Putney the place made blessed by my birth,  
Whose meanest cottage simply me did shrowd,  
To me as dearest of the English earth ;  
So of my bringing that poor village proud,  
Though in a time when never less the dearth  
Of happy wits, yet mine so well allow'd,  
That with the best she boldly durst prefer  
Me, that my breath acknowledged from her.

Twice flow'd proud Thames, as at my coming  
woo'd,  
Striking the wond'ring borderers with fear,  
And the pale genius of that aged flood,  
'To my sick mother labouring did appear,  
And with a countenance much distracted stood,  
Threat'ning the fruit her pained womb should  
bear :  
My speedy birth being added thereunto,  
Seem'd to fore-tell that much I came to do.

Who was reserved for those worse days,  
As the great ebb unto so long a flow,  
When what those ages formerly did raise,  
This, when I liv'd, did lastly overthrow,  
And that great'st labour of the world did seize,  
Only for which immedicable blow,  
Due to that time, me dooming heaven or-  
dain'd,  
Wherein confusion absolutely reign'd,

Vainly yet noted this prodigious sign,  
Often predictions of most fearful things,  
As plagues, or war, or great men to decline,  
Rising of commons, or the death of kings ;  
But some strange news though ever it divine,  
Yet forth them not immediately it brings,  
Until th' effects men afterward did learn,  
To know that me it chiefly did concern.

Whilst yet my father by his painful trade,  
Whose labour'd anvil only was his fee,  
Whom my great tow'rdness strongly did persuade,  
In knowledge to have educated me ;  
But death did him unluckily invade,  
E'er he the fruits of his desire could see,  
Leaving me young, then little that did know,  
How me the heavens had purpos'd to bestow.

Hopeless as helpless most might me suppose,  
Whose meanness seem'd their abject breath to  
draw :

Yet did my breast that glorious fire inclose,  
Which their dull purblind ignorance not saw,  
Which still is settled upon outward shows,  
The vulgar's judgment ever is so raw,

Which the unworthiest sottishly do love,  
In their own region properly that move.

Yet me my fortune so could not disguise,  
But through this cloud were some that did  
know,  
Which than the rest more happy, or more wif  
Me did relieve, when I was driven low,  
Which, as the stairs by which I first did rise,  
When to my height I afterward did grow,  
Them to requite, my bounties were so high,  
As made my name through every ear to flie.

That height and god-like purity of mind,  
Resteth not still, where titles most adorn  
With any, nor peculiarly confin'd  
To names, and to be limited doth scorn :  
Man doth the most degenerate from kind,  
Richest and poorest both alike are born ;  
And to be always pertinently good,  
Follows not still the greatness of our blood.

Pity it is, that to one virtuous man  
That mark him lent, to gentry to advance,  
Which first by noble industry he wan,  
His baser issue after should inhance,  
And the rude slave not any good that can,  
Such should thrust down by what is his by chance  
As had not he been first that him did raise,  
Ne'er had his great heir wrought his grandfin  
praise.

How weak art thou, that makest it thy end  
To heap such worldly dignities on thee,  
When upon fortune only they depend,  
And by her changes governed must be ?  
Besides the dangers still that such attend,  
Liveliest of all men pourtray'd out in me,  
When that, for which I hated was of all,  
Soon'ft from me fled, scarce tarrying for a  
fall.

You that but boast your ancestors proud stile,  
And the large stem whence your vain greatness  
grew,  
When you yourselves are ignorant and vile,  
Nor glorious thing dare actually pursue,  
'That all good spirits would utterly exile,  
Doubting their worth should else discover you,  
Giving yourselves unto ignoble things,  
Bast I proclaim you, though deriv'd from king

Virtue, but poor, God in this earth doth place,  
'Gainst the rude world to stand up in his right,  
To suffer sad affliction and disgrace,  
Nor ceasing to pursue her with despight :  
Yet when of all she is accounted base,  
And seeming in most miserable plight,  
Out of her power new life to her doth take,  
Least then dismay'd, when all do her forsake.

That is the man of an undaunted spirit.  
For her dear sake that offereth him to die,  
For whom, when him the world doth dishonour



Looketh upon it with a pleased eye,  
 What's done for virtue thinking it doth merit,  
 Daring the proudest menaces defy, [rate him,  
 More worth than life, 'owe'er the base world  
 Belov'd of heaven, although the earth doth  
 hate him.

Injurious time, unto the good unjust,  
 O! how may weak posterity suppose  
 Ever to have their merit from the dust,  
 'Gainst them thy partiality that knows?  
 To th' report, O who shall ever trust,  
 Triumphant arches building unto those,  
 Allow'd the longest memory to have,  
 That were the most unworthy of a grave?

But my clear metal had that powerful heat,  
 As it not turn'd with all that fortune could:  
 Nor when the world me terriblest did threat,  
 Could win that place, which my high thoughts  
 did hold,  
 That waxed still more prosperously great,  
 The more the world me strove to have controll'd,  
 On mine own columns constantly to stand,  
 Without the false help of another's hand.

My youthful course thus wisely did I steer,  
 To avoid those rocks my wrack that else did threat;  
 Yet some fair hopes from far did still appear,  
 Which too much my wants did me not let:  
 Wherefore myself above myself to bear,  
 Still as I grew, I knowledge strove to get,  
 To perfect that which in the embryo was,  
 Whose birth, I found, time well might bring  
 to pass.

But when my means to fail me I did find,  
 Myself to travel presently I took:  
 For 'twas distasteful to my noble mind,  
 That the vile world into my wants should look,  
 Being besides industriously inclin'd,  
 To measure others actions with my book,  
 My judgment more to rectify thereby,  
 In matters that were difficult and high.

When lo it hapt, that fortune, as my guide,  
 Of me did with such providence dispose,  
 That th' English merchants then, who did reside  
 At Antwerp, me their secretary chose,  
 (As though in me to manifest her pride)  
 Whence to those principalities I rose,  
 To pluck me down, whom afterward she fear'd,  
 Beyond her power that almost she had rear'd.

When first the wealthy Netherlands me train'd,  
 In wise commerce most proper to that place,  
 And from my country carefully me wain'd,  
 As with the world it meant to win me grace,  
 Where great experience happily I gain'd;  
 Yet here I seem'd but tutor'd for a space,  
 For high employment otherwise ordain'd,  
 Till which the time I idly entertain'd.

For Boston bus'ness hotly then in hand,  
 The charge thereof on chambers being laid,

Coming to Flanders, hapt to understand  
 Of me, whom he requested him to aid;  
 Of which, when I the benefit had scan'd,  
 Weighing what time at Antwerp I had stay'd,  
 Soon it me won fair Italy to try,  
 Under a cheerful and more lucky sky.

For what the meanest clearly makes to shine,  
 Youth, wit, and courage, all in me concur:  
 In every project, that so powerful trine,  
 By whose kind working bravely I did stir,  
 Which to each high and glorious design  
 (The time could offer) freely did me spur,  
 As forcing fate some new thing to prepare,  
 (Shewing success) t' attempt that could me  
 dare.

Where now my spirit got roomth itself to show,  
 To the fair'st pitch to make a gallant flight,  
 From things that too much earthly were and low,  
 Strongly attracted by a genuine light,  
 Where higher still it every day did grow;  
 And being in so excellent a plight,  
 Crav'd but occasion happily to prove,  
 How much it sat each vulgar spirit above.

The good success th' affairs of England found,  
 Much prais'd the choice of me that had been  
 made:  
 For where most men the depth durst hardly sound,  
 I held it nothing boldly through to wade,  
 Myself and through the straitest ways I wound.  
 So could I act, so well I could persuade,  
 As merrily jovial in myself was I,  
 Compos'd of freedom and alacrity.

Not long it was e'er Rome of me did ring,  
 (Hardly shall Rome so full days see again)  
 Of freemens catches to the Pope I sing,  
 Which wan much licence to my countrymen,  
 Thither the which I was the first did bring,  
 That were unknown to Italy till then:  
 Light humours them when judgment doth  
 direct,  
 Even of the wise win plausible respect.

And those, from whom that pensions were allow'd,  
 And there did for intelligence remain,  
 Under my power themselves were glad to shrowd,  
 Russell and Pace yea oftentimes were fain,  
 When as their names they durst not have avow'd,  
 Me into their society t' retain,  
 Rising before me, mighty as they were,  
 Great though at home, yet did they need me  
 there.

In foreign parts near friends I yet forsake,  
 That had before been deeply bound to me,  
 And would again I use of them should make,  
 But still my stars command I should be free,  
 And all those offers lightly from me shake,  
 Which to requite, I fetter'd else might be;  
 And though that oft great perils me oppugn,  
 And means were weak, my mind was ever  
 strong.



Yet those great wants fate to my youth did tie,  
 Me from the pomp of those rich countries drive,  
 Thereby enforc'd with painful industry,  
 Against affliction manfully to strive,  
 Under her burthen faintly not to lie :  
 But since my good I hardly must derive,  
 Into the same I thought to make my way,  
 Through all the pow'r against me she could lay.

As a comedian and my life I led,  
 For so a while my need did me constrain,  
 With other my poor countrymen (that play'd)  
 Thither that came in hope of better gain :  
 Whereas when fortune seem'd me low to tread  
 Under her feet, she set me up again,  
 Until her use had made me not to fear,  
 Her good and ill that patiently could bear.

Till Charles the Fifth th' Imperial pow'r did bend  
 'Gainst Rome, which Bourbon skilfully did guide,  
 Which fast-declining Italy did rend ;  
 For th' right that him her holiness deny'd,  
 Wholly herself enforced to defend  
 'Gainst him that justly punished her pride,  
 To which myself I lastly did partake,  
 To see thereof what fortune meant to make.

And at the siege with that great gen'ral serv'd,  
 When he first girt her stubborn waist with steel,  
 Within her walls who well near being starv'd,  
 And that with faintness she began to reel,  
 Shewing herself a little as she swerv'd :  
 First her then noting I began to feel,  
 She, whose great pow'r so far abroad did roam,  
 What in herself she truly was at home.

That the great school of the false world was then,  
 Where her's their subtle practices did vie,  
 Amongst that mighty confluence of men,  
 French plots propt up by English policy,  
 The German powers false shuffling, and again  
 All countermin'd by skilful Italy ;  
 Each one in possibility to win,  
 Great rests were up, and mighty hands were in.

Here first to work my busy brain was set,  
 (My inclination finding it to please,  
 This stirring world which strongly still did whet)  
 To temper in so dangerous essays,  
 Which did strange forms of policies beget ;  
 Besides in times so turbulent as these,  
 Whereto my studies wholly I did bend  
 To that, which then the wisest made their end.

And my experience happily me taught  
 Into the secrets of those times to see,  
 From whence to England afterward I brought  
 Those flights of state deliver'd there to me,  
 Int' which there then were very few that sought,  
 Nor did with th' humour of that age agree,  
 Which after did most fearful things effect,  
 Whose secret working few did then suspect.

When though 'twere long, it happen'd yet at last  
 Some hopes me homeward secretly allur'd,

When many perils strangely I had past,  
 As many sad calamities endur'd :  
 Beyond the moon when I began to cast,  
 By my rare parts what place might be procur'd  
 If they at home were to the mighty known  
 How they would seem compared with their o

Of if that there the great should me neglect,  
 As I the worst that vainly did not fear,  
 To my experience how to gain respect,  
 In other countries that do hold it dear,  
 I no occasion vainly did reject,  
 Whil'st still before me other rising were,  
 And some themselves hath mounted to the  
 Little before unlike to thrive as I.

When now in England bigamy with blood,  
 Lately begot by luxury and pride,  
 In their great'st fulness peremptory flood ;  
 Some that those courses diligently ey'd,  
 Silly were fishing in that troubled flood,  
 For future changes wisely to provide,  
 Finding the world so rankly then to swell,  
 That till it brake, it never could be well.

But floating long upon my first arrive,  
 Whil'st many doubts me seemed to appall,  
 Like to a bark that with the tide doth drive,  
 Having nought left to fasten it withall,  
 Thus with the time by suff'ring I do strive,  
 Into what harbour doubtful yet to fall ;  
 Until forc'd to put it to the chance,  
 Casting the fair'st, my fortune to advance.

Making myself to mighty Woolsey known,  
 That Atlas, with the government up-stay'd,  
 Who from mean place in little time was grow'd  
 Up to him, which that wight upon him lay'd  
 And being got the nearest to his throne,  
 He the more eas'ly this great kingdom sway'd  
 Leaning thereon his wearied self to breath,  
 Whil'st even the greatest sat him far beneath.

Where learned More and Gardiner I met,  
 Men in those times immatchable for wit,  
 Able that were the dullest spirit to whet,  
 And did my humour excellently fit,  
 Into their rank and worthily did get,  
 There as their proud competitor to sit.  
 One excellence to many is the mother,  
 Wits do, as creatures, one beget another.

This founder of the palaces of Kings,  
 Whose veins with more than usual spirit  
 fill'd,  
 A man ordained to the mightiest things,  
 In Oxford then determining to build  
 To Christ a college, and together brings  
 All that thereof the great foundation wills.  
 There me employs, whose industry he saw  
 Worthy to work upon the noblest ground.

Yet in the entrance wisely did he fear  
 Coin might fall short, yet with this work  
 Wherefore such houses as religious were,



ing no necessity require,  
 be greater very well might bear,  
 ne the Card'nal cunningly did hire,  
 g withal his sovereign to consent,  
 ring with so holy an intent.

a symptom to a long disease,  
 orerunner to this mighty fall,  
 too unadvisedly did seize  
 part that ruined all,  
 and the work been of so many days,  
 : again recover hardly shall :  
 it sunk, which time did long up-hold,  
 now it lies even levell'd with the mold.

, great Rome, here first wast overthrown,  
 c harms that blindly couldst not see,  
 is work they only were thine own,  
 owledge lent that deadly wound to thee,  
 the world before had they not shown,  
 those secrets been descry'd by me,  
 thy wealth so many from the plow.  
 those high types wherein they flourish  
 ow.

after Woolsey might and main,  
 favour with the King me brought  
 whom myself so well I did demean,  
 seem'd to exercise his thought,  
 great liking strongly did retain,  
 at before that Card'nal had me taught,  
 whose example, by those cells but small,  
 the subversion lastly of them all.

a let was cast into the way,  
 I ran so steadily and right,  
 y a snare my adversaries lay, [their flight,  
 ought they with their power, much with  
 receiving that my smallest stay  
 wir'd the utmost of their might,  
 ascendant hasting then to climb,  
 as the first predonning the time.

what wealth me earnestly did woo,  
 through Woolsey happen'd had to find,  
 id the path most perfectly unto,  
 g thereafter earnestly inclin'd,  
 slides what after I might do,  
 ut power me fully were assign'd,  
 their means against me strongly wrought,  
 ng as fast to bring their church so nought

o the King continually I sue,  
 his bus'ness faithfully did stir,  
 to prove my judgment to be true,  
 hose who most supposed me to err ;  
 least means, which any way I knew  
 race me, or my purposes perfer,  
 omit, till I had won his ear [to hear,  
 that me mark'd, when least he seem'd

and to them thus violently given,  
 me her sharpest darts did rove,  
 g the supremacy of heaven,

As the first giants warring against Jove,  
 Heap'd hills on hills, the gods till they had driven,  
 The meanest shapes of earthly things to prove :  
 So must I shift from them that 'gainst me rose,  
 Mortal their hate, as mighty were my foes.

But their great force against me wholly bent,  
 Prevail'd upon my purposes so far,  
 That I my ruin scarcely could prevent,  
 So momentary worldly favours are,  
 That till the utmost of their spight was spent,  
 Had not my spirit maintain'd, a manly war,  
 Risen they had, when I had lain full low,  
 Upon whose ruin after I did grow.

When the great King, the strange reports that  
 Who as pernicious as they potent were, [took,  
 And at the fair growth of my fortune strook,  
 Whose deadly malice blame me not to fear,  
 Me at the first so violently shook,  
 That they this frame were likely down to bear,  
 If resolution with a settled brow  
 Had not upheld my peremptory vow.

Yet these encounters thrust me not awry,  
 Nor could my courses force me to forsake,  
 After this shipwrack I again must try,  
 Some happier voyage hopeful still to make :  
 The plots that barren long we see do lie,  
 Some fitting season plentifully take :  
 One fruitful harvest frankly doth restore  
 What many winters hinder'd have before.

That to account I strictly call my wit,  
 How in it this while had managed my state ;  
 My soul in counsel summoning to sit,  
 If possible to turn the course of fate ;  
 For ways there be the greatest things to hit,  
 If men could find the peremptory gate :  
 And since I once was got so near the brink,  
 More than before 'twould grieve me now to sink.

Russel, whose life (some said) that I had sav'd  
 In Italy, one that me favour'd most,  
 And reverend Hailes, who but occasion crav'd  
 To shew his love, no less that I had cost,  
 Who to the King perceiving me disgrac'd,  
 Whose favour I unluckily had lost,  
 Both with him great, a foot set in withall,  
 If not to stray, to qualify my fall.

High their regard, yet higher was their hap,  
 Well-near quite sunk, recover me that could,  
 And once more get into fortune's lap,  
 Which well myself might teach me there to hold,  
 Escap'd out of so dangerous a trap,  
 Whose praise by me to ages shall be told,  
 As the two props by which I only rose,  
 When most supprest, most trod on by my foes.

This me to urge the premunire won,  
 Ordain'd in matters dangerous and high,  
 In t' which the heedless prelaey were run  
 That back unto the papacy did flee



Sworn to that see, and what before was done,  
Due to the King, dispensed were thereby,  
In t' which first entering offer'd me the mean,  
That to throw down, already that did lean.

This was to me that over-flowing source,  
From whence his bounties plentifully spring,  
Whose speedy current with unusual force  
Bare me into the bosom of the King,  
By putting him into that ready course,  
Which soon to pass his purposes might bring,  
Where those which late imperiously controll'd  
me, [me.  
Struck pale with fear, stood trembling to behold

When state to me those ceremonies show'd,  
That to so great a favourite were due,  
And fortune still with honours did me load,  
As though no mean she in my rising knew,  
Or heaven to me more than to a man had ow'd,  
(What to the world unheard of was and new)  
And was to other sparing of her store,  
Till she could give, or I could ask no more.

Those high preferments he upon me lay'd,  
To make the world me publicly to know,  
Were such, in judgment rightly being weigh'd,  
Seemed :oo great for me to undergo ;  
Nor could his hand from pouring on be stay'd,  
Until I so abundantly did flow,  
That looking down whence lately I was clomb,  
Danger bad fear, if further I should roam.

For first from knighthood rising in degree,  
The office of the jewel-house my lot,  
After, the rolls he frankly gave to me,  
From whence a privy counsellor I got,  
Then of the garter ; and then Earl to be  
Of Essex : yet sufficient these were not,  
But to the great vicegerency I grew,  
Being a title as supreme as new.

So well did me these Dignities besit,  
And honour so me every way became,  
As more than man I had been made for it,  
Or as from me it had deriv'd the name :  
Where was he found whose love I not requit,  
Beyond his own imaginary aim,  
Which had me succour'd, nearly being driven,  
As things to me that idly were not given ?

What tongue so slow, the tale shall not report  
Of hospitable Friscobald and me,  
And shew in how reciprocal a sort  
My thanks did with his courtesy agree,  
When as by means in Italy were short,  
That me reliev'd ? I, less that would not be,  
When I of England was vicegerent made,  
His former bounties lib'rally repay'd,

The manner briefly' gentler muse, relate,  
Since oft before it wisely hath been told,  
The sudden change of unavoided fate,

That famous merchant, reverend Friscobald,  
Grew poor, and the small remnant of his state,  
Was certain goods to England he had sold,  
Which in the hands of creditors but bad,  
Small hope to get, yet lesser means he had,

Hither his wants him forcibly constrain'd,  
Though with long travel both by land and seas,  
Led by this hope, that only now remain'd,  
Whereon his fortune finally he lays ;  
And if he found that friendship here were feign'd  
Yet at the worst, it better should him please,  
Far out of sight to perish here unknown,  
Than unreliev'd be pitied of his own.

It chanc'd as I tow'rd Westminster did ride,  
'Mongst the great concourse passing to and fro,  
An aged man I happily espy'd,  
Whose outward looks much inward grief did show  
Which made me note him, and the more I ey'd  
Him, methought more precisely I should know  
Revolving long, it came into my mind,  
This was the man to me had been so kind.

Was therewithall so joyed with his sight,  
(With the dear sight of his so reverend face)  
That I could scarcely keep me from t' alight,  
And in mine arms him kindly to embrace :  
Weighing yet (well) what some imagine might,  
He being a stranger, and the public place,  
Checkt my affection, till some fitter hour  
On him my love effectually might show'r.

' Never, quoth I, was fortune so unjust,  
' As to do wrong to thy most noble heart :  
' What man so wicked could betray the trust  
' Of one so upright, of so good desert ?  
' And though obey necessity thou must,  
' As when th' wast great'st, the same to me thou  
' Let me alone the last be left of all, (art  
' That from the rest declin'd not with thy fall.

And calling to a gentleman of mine,  
Wife and discreet that well I knew to be,  
Shew'd him that stranger, whose dejected eyne,  
Fixt on the earth, ne'er once lookt up at me :  
' Bid yonder man come home to me and dine,  
' (Quoth I) bespeak him reverently you see ;  
' Scorn not his habit ; little canst thou tell,  
' How rich a mind in those mean rags doth  
' dwell.'

He with my name that kindly did him greet,  
Slowly cast up his deadly-moving eye,  
That long time had been fixed on his feet,  
To look no higher than his misery,  
Thinking him more calamity did greet,  
Or that I had supposed him some spy ;  
With a deep sigh that from his heart he drew,  
Quoth he, " His will accomplit be by you."

My man departed, and the message done,  
He whose sad heart a strange impression struck,  
To think upon this accident begun,



himself suspiciously to look;  
doubts he fearfully doth run,  
Self cheering, oft himself forsook:  
gely perplexed, he to my house doth come,  
knowing why judg'd, nor dreading yet his  
room.

ants set his coming to attend,  
ere therein not common for their skill,  
sage yet the former did amend:  
d not good, nor guilty was of ill;  
man, whose thoughts were at an end,  
e, quoth he, then work on me thy will:  
er than man I think he were that knew  
ence this may come, or what will it ensue."

ur'd presence so did me inflame,  
ng then in presence of my peers,  
d not to meet him as he came,  
ry hardly could contain my tears)  
late him, call him by his name,  
together ask him how he cheers:  
still along maintaining the extreme,  
an thought sure he had been in a dream.

h to wake him gently, I began  
is demand, if once he did not know  
omas Cromwell, a poor Englishman,  
reliev'd, when he was driven low?  
perceiv'd he my remembrance wan,  
his tears it silently did show,  
t for woe, to see mine host distressed;  
e for joy, to see his happy guest.

he Lords I publish'd by my praise,  
ay table carefully him set,  
ing them the many sundry ways  
this good gentleman in debt;  
as he was in Florence in those days,  
that grace or reverence him might get:  
h all the while yet silently he hears,  
ing among his viands with his tears

endfulness lastly to his fate,  
ms I gave him, and what was his due.  
own, myself became his advocate,  
my charge his creditors I sue,  
ing him unto his former state:  
the world began by me anew,  
shall to all posterity express  
onour'd bounty, and my thankfulness.

se, recount before thou farther pass,  
is great change so quickly came about,  
at the cause of this sad downfall was,  
part the spacious realm throughout,  
fected in so little space;  
ot thereof posterity to doubt,  
the world obscured else may be,  
his place revealed not by thee.

hole land did on the church rely,  
full pow'r Kings to account to call,  
the world read only policy,

Besides heaven's keys to stop or let in all,  
Let me but know from her supremacy  
How she should come so suddenly to fall:  
'Twas more than chance sure put a hand there-  
That had the power so great a thing to do. [to,

Or aught there were had biding under sun,  
Who would have thought those edifices great,  
Which first religion holily begun,  
The church approv'd, and wisdom richly feat,  
Devotion nourish'd, faith allowance won,  
With what might make them any way complete,  
Should in their ruins lastly bury'd lie,  
But that begun and ended from the sky?

And the King, late obedient to her laws,  
Against the clerk of Germany had writ,  
As he the first that stirr'd in the church's cause,  
Against him greatli'ft that oppugned it;  
And wan from her so grateful an applause,  
Then in her favour chiefly that did sit,  
That as the prop whereon she only stay'd,  
Him she instil'd Defender of the Faith.

But not their power, whose wisdoms them did  
In the first rank, the oracles of state, [place  
Who that opinion strongly did embrace,  
Which through the land received was of late,  
Then aught at all prevailed in this case.  
O powerful doom of unavowed fate,  
Whose depth not weak mortality can know!  
Who can uphold, what heaven will overthrow.

When time now universally did show  
The power to it peculiarly annex'd,  
With most abundance then when she did flow,  
Yet every hour still prosp'rously she wax'd,  
But the world poor did by loose riots grow  
Which served as an excellent pretext,  
And colour gave to pluck her from her pride,  
Whose only greatness suffer'd none beside,

Likewise to that, posterity did doubt  
I'hoie at the first not rightly to adore,  
Their fathers that, too credulous devout,  
Had to the church contributed their store,  
And to recover only went about  
What their great zeal had lavished before,  
On her a strong hand violently lay'd,  
Preying on that they gave for to be pray'd.

Besides, the King set in a course so right,  
Which I for him laboriously had tract,  
(Who, till I learn'd him, had not known his  
might)

I still to prompt his power with me to act,  
Into those secrets got so deep a sight,  
That nothing lastly to his furtherance lackt  
And by example it to him was shown,  
How Rome might here be eas'ly overthrown.

In taking down yet of this goodly frame,  
He suddenly not brake off every band,  
But took the power first from the papal name,



After, a while let the religion stand,  
When limb by limb he daily did it lame;  
First, took a leg, and after took a hand,  
Till the poor semblance of a body left,  
But all should stay it utterly bereft.

For if some abby happen'd void to fall,  
By death of him that the superior was  
Gain, that did first church-liberty enthrall,  
Only supreme promoted to the place,  
Mongst many bad, the worst most times of all  
Under the colour of some other's grace,  
That by the slander which from him should  
spring,  
Into contempt it more and more might bring.

This time from heaven when by a secret course  
Diffension universally began,  
(Prevailing as a planetary source)  
I' th' church believing, as Mahumetan,  
When Luther first did these opinions nurse,  
Much from great Rome in little space that wan,  
It to this change so aptly did dispose,  
From whose sad ruin ours so great arose.

When here that fabric utterly did fail,  
Which powerful fate had limited to time,  
By whose strong law it naturally must quail,  
From that proud height to which it long did  
climb,  
Letting 'gainst it the contrary prevail,  
Therein to punish some notorious crime,  
For which at length just-dooming heaven de-  
creed,  
That on her buildings ruin here should feed.

Th' authority upon her she did take,  
And use thereof in every little thing,  
Finding herself how oft she did forsake,  
In her own bounds herself not limiting,  
That awful fear and due obedience brake,  
Which her reputed holiness did bring,  
From slight regard and brought her into hate,  
With those that much dislik'd of her estate.

Seeing those parts she cunningly had play'd,  
Belief to her great miracles to win,  
To the wise world were every day bewray'd,  
From which the doubt did of her pow'r begin,  
Damnation yet to question what she said,  
Made most suspect the faith they had been in,  
When their salvation eas'ly might be bought,  
Found not this yet the way that they had  
sought.

Whence those ill humours ripen'd to a head,  
Bred by the rankness of the plenteous land,  
And they not only strangely from her fled,  
Bound for her ancient liberty to stand,  
But what their fathers gave her being dead,  
The son's rap'd from her with a violent hand,  
And those her buildings must of all abus'd,  
That with the weight their fathers coffins  
bruis'd.

The wisest and most provident but build  
For time again but only to destroy,  
The costly piles and monuments we gild,  
Succeeding time shall reckon but a toy:  
Vicissitude impartially will'd,  
The goodliest things be subject to annoy,  
And what one age did studiously maintain  
The next again accounteth vile and vain.

Yet time doth tell, in some things they did e  
That put their help her bravery to deface,  
When as the wealth that taken was from her  
Others soon raised, that did them displace,  
Their titles and their offices confer  
On such before as were obscure and base,  
Who would with her, they likewise d  
should go,  
And o'erthrew them that her did overthro

And th' Romish rites, that with a clearer sigl  
The wisest thought they justly did reject,  
The after saw, that the received light  
Not altogether free was from defect,  
Mysterious things being not conceived right,  
Thereof bred in the ignorant neglect:  
For in opinion something short doth fall,  
Wants there have been, and shall be still in

But negligent security and ease,  
Unbridled sensuality begat,  
That only sought his appetite to please,  
As it in midst of much abundance sat;  
The church not willing others should her prai  
That she was lean, when as her lands were fat  
Herself to too much liberty did give, [1  
Which some perceiv'd that in those times

Pierce the wise plowman, in his vision saw  
Conscience sore hurt, yet sorer was affraid  
The seven great sins to hell him like to draw,  
And to wise clergy mainly cry'd for aid;  
Fal'n e'er he wist (whom peril much did awe  
On unclean priests whil'st faintly he him staid  
Willing good clergy t' ease his wretched ca  
Whom these strong giants hotly had in cha

Clergy call'd friers, which near at hand did du  
And them requests to take in hand the cure,  
But for their leechcraft that they could not w  
He list'd not their dressing to endure,  
When in his ear need softly did him tell  
(And of his knowledge more did him assure)  
They came for gain, their end which they  
make,  
For which on them the charge of souls they u

And voluntary poverty profess,  
By food of angels seeming as to live;  
But yet with them th' accounted were the bel  
That most to their fraternity did give,  
And beyond number that they were increast.  
' If so (quoth conscience) thee may I believe,  
' Then 'tis in vain more on them to bestow  
' If beyond number like they be to grow.'



The Frier soon feeling conscience had him found,  
And hearing how hypocrisy did thrive,  
That many teachers every where did wound,  
For which contrition miserably did grieve :  
Now in deceit to shew himself profound,  
His former hopes yet lastly to revive,  
Gett the Pope's letters, whereof he doth shape  
Him a disguise from conscience to escape.

And so tow'rds goodly unity he goes,  
A strong-built castle standing very high,  
Where conscience liv'd, to keep him from his foes,  
Whom, lest some watchful sentinel should spy,  
And him should to the garrison disclose,  
His cowl about him carefully doth tie,  
Creeps to the gate, and closely thereat beat,  
As one that entrance gladly would entreat.

Peace, the good porter, ready still at hand,  
It doth unpin, and prays him God to save,  
And after salving, kindly doth demand  
What was his will, or who he there would have?  
The Frier low-lowting, crossing with his hand,  
'T' speak with contrition (quoth he) I would  
crave."  
"Father (quoth peace) your coming is in vain,  
"For him of late hypocrisy hath slain."

"God shield!" (quoth he, and turning up his eyes,)  
"To former health I hope him to restore,  
"For in my skill his sound recovery lies ;  
"Doubt not thereof, if setting God before."  
"Are you a surgeon?" (peace again replies )  
"Yea (quoth the Frier,) and sent to heal his sore."  
"Come near (quoth peace) and God your  
"coming speed,  
"Never of help contrition had more need."

And for more haste he halth in the Frier,  
And his lord conscience quickly of him told,  
Who entertain'd him with right friendly cheer :  
"O sir, (quoth he) entreat you that I could  
"To lend your hand to my dear cousin here,  
"Contrition, whom a sore disease doth hold,  
"That wounded by hypocrisy of late,  
"Now lieth in most desperate estate,"

"Sir, (quoth the Frier) I hope him soon to cure,  
"Which to your comfort quickly you shall see,  
"Will be a while my dressing but endure."  
And to contrition therewith cometh he,  
And by fair speech himself on him assure,  
But first of all going thorough for his see :  
Which done, quoth he, "If outwardly you show  
"Sound, 't not avails if inwardly or no."

But secretly assailing of his sin,  
No other medicine will he to him lay,  
Saying, that heaven his silver him should win ;  
And to give Friars, was better than to pray ;  
So he were shriv'd, what need he care a pin ?  
Thus with his patient he so long did play,  
Until contrition had forgot to weep.  
This the wise plowman shew'd me from his  
sleep.

Vol. III.

He saw their faults that loosely lived then,  
Others again our weaknesses shall see :  
For this is sure, he bideth not with men,  
That shall know all to be what they should be :  
Yet let the faithful and industrious pen  
Have the due merit; but return to me,  
Whose fall this while blind fortune did devise,  
To be as strange as strangely I did rise.

Those secret foes yet subt'ly to deceive,  
That me maligning, lifted at my state,  
The King to marry forward still I have,  
(His former wife being repudiate)  
With Ann the sister of the Duke of Cleve,  
The German princes to confederate, [lay,  
To back me still 'gainst those that against me  
Which as their own retain'd me here in pay.

Which my destruction principally wrought,  
When afterwards, abandoning her bed,  
Which to his will to pass could not be brought,  
So long as yet I bare about my head,  
The only man her safety that had sought,  
Of her again and only favoured,  
Which was the cause he hasted to my end.  
Upon whose fall hers likewise did depend.

For in his high distemp'rature of blood,  
Who was so great whose life he did regard ?  
Or what was it that his desires withstood,  
He not invested, were it ne'er so hard ?  
Nor held he me so absolutely good,  
That though I cross'd him, I could not be spar'd :  
But with those things I lastly was to go,  
Which he to ground did violently throw.

When Winchester, with all those enemies  
Whom by much power from audience had debar'd  
The longer time their mischiefs to devise,  
Feeling with me how lastly now it far'd,  
When I had done the King what did suffice,  
Lastly, thrust in against me to be heard,  
When what was ill, contrarily turn'd good,  
Making amain to th' shedding of my blood.

And that the King his action doth deny,  
And on my guilt doth altogether lay,  
Having his riot satisfy'd thereby,  
Seems not to know how I therein did sway,  
What late was truth, now turn'd to heresy :  
When he by me had purchased his prey,  
Himself to clear, and satisfy the sin,  
Leaves me but late his instrument therein.

Those laws I made myself alone to please,  
To give me power more freely to my will,  
Even to my equals hurtful sundry ways,  
(Forced to things that most do say were ill)  
Upon me now as violently seize,  
By which I lastly, perish'd by my skill,  
On mine own neck returning (as my due)  
That heavy yoke wherein by me they drew.

My greatness threaten'd by ill-boding eyes  
My actions strangely censured of all,  
Yet in my way, my giddiness not sees



The pit wherein I likely was to fall.  
 O, were the sweets of man's felicities  
 Often amongst not temper'd with some gall,  
 He would forget by his o'erweening skill,  
 Just heaven above doth censure good and ill!

Things over-rank do never kindly bear,  
 As in the corn, the fluxure when we see  
 Fills but the straw, when it should fill the ear;  
 Rotting that time in ripening it should be,  
 And being once down, itself can never rear :  
 With us well doth this simile agree,  
 (By the wise man) due to the great in all,  
 By their own weight being broken in their fall.

Self-loving man what sooner doth abuse,  
 And more than his prosperity doth wound ?  
 Into the deep but fall how can he choose,  
 That over-strides whereon his foot to ground ?  
 Who sparingly prosperity doth use,  
 And to himself doth after-ill propound,  
 Unto his height who happily doth climb,  
 Sits above fortune, and controlleth time.

Not choosing what us most delight doth bring,  
 And most that by the general breath is freed,  
 Wooing that suffrage but the virtuous thing,

Which in itself is excellent indeed,  
 Of which the depth and perfect managing  
 Amongst the most but few there be that heed,  
 Affecting that agreeing with their blood,  
 Seldom enduring, and as seldom good.

But whilst we strive too suddenly to rise,  
 By flatt'ring princes with a servile tongue,  
 And being soothers to their tyrannies,  
 Work our much woes by what doth many wrong  
 And unto others tending injuries,  
 Unto ourselves it hap'ning oft among,  
 In our own snares unluckily are caught,  
 Whilst our attempts fall instantly to naught.

The council-chamber place of my arrest,  
 Where chief I was, when greatest was the store  
 And had my speeches noted of the best,  
 That did them as high oracles adore :  
 A Parliament was lastly my inquest,  
 That was myself a Parliament before,  
 The Tower-hill scaffold last I did ascend :  
 Thus the great'st man of England made his  
 end.



## THE QUEST OF CYNTHIA:

In the groves were clad in green,  
 As dressed all in flowers,  
 The sleek-hair'd nymphs were from  
 Their summer bowers:

I by the sliding rills,  
 Where Cynthia sat,  
 As so often from the hills  
 As wonder'd at.

Upon my quest to bring,  
 As sure might excel,  
 The grove which should sweetest sing,  
 The which should sweetest smell.

I ring in the wood, said I,  
 Where's Cynthia gone?  
 The echo doth reply  
 As word,—"go on,"

Upon a lofty fir  
 My chance to find,  
 The dear name most due to her,  
 Was upon the wind.

I list with wonder I beheld,  
 As their honey brought,  
 The carved letters fill'd,  
 With gold were wrought.

That tree's more spacious root,  
 Lying on the ground,  
 Of her most dainty foot  
 As there I found.

As there like a curious seal,  
 As it should forbid  
 The mortals, to reveal  
 Where it was hid.

The flowers which it had press'd,  
 As to my view  
 As lovely than the rest,  
 The meadows grew.

5

The clear drops, in the steps that stood  
 Of that delicious girl,  
 The nymphs, amongst their dainty food,  
 Drunk for dissolved pearl.

The yielding sand, where she had trod,  
 Untouch'd yet with the wind,  
 By the fair posture plainly shew'd,  
 Where I might Cynthia find.

When on upon my wayless walk  
 As my desires me draw,  
 I like a madman fell to talk  
 With every thing I saw:

I ask'd some lilies, "Why so white  
 As they from their fellows were?"  
 Who answer'd me, "That Cynthia's light  
 Had made them look so clear."

I ask'd a nodding violet "Why  
 As it sadly hung the head?"  
 It told me, "Cynthia late pass'd by,  
 Too soon from it that fled."

A bed of roses saw I there,  
 Bewitching with their grace;  
 Besides so wondrous sweet they were,  
 That they perfum'd the place:

I of a shrub of those inquir'd,  
 From others of that kind,  
 Who with such virtue them inspir'd?  
 It answer'd (to my mind):

"As the base hemlock were we such,  
 As the poisoned 'st weed that grows,  
 Till Cynthia, by her godlike touch,  
 Transform'd us to the rose,"

"Since when those frosts that winter brings  
 As which candy every green,  
 Renew us like the teeming springs,  
 And we thus fresh are seen."

"Pij



At length I on a fountain light,  
Whose brim with pinks was platted;  
The bank with daffodillies dight,  
With grass like sleeve was matted :

When I demanded of that well,  
What pow'r frequented there ;  
Desiring, it would please to tell  
What name it us'd to bear :

It told me, ' it was Cynthia's own,  
' Within whose cheerful brims,  
' That curious nymph had oft been known  
' To bathe her snowy limbs ;

' Since when that water had the pow'r  
' Lost maidenhoods to restore,  
' And make one twenty in an hour,  
' Of *Alfon*'s age before,

And told me ' That the bottom clear,  
' Now lay'd with many a fett  
' Of seed pearl, e'er she bath'd her there,  
' Was known as black as jet :

' As when she from the water came,  
' Where first she touch'd the mould,  
' In balls the people made the same,  
' For pomander and sold.'

When chance me to an arbour led,  
Whereas I might behold;  
Two blest clysums in one sted,  
The less the great infold ;

The place which she had chosen out,  
Herself in to repose :  
Had they come down, the gods no doubt  
The very same had chose.

The weak Spring yet never bore  
That sweet, nor dainty flower,  
That damask'd net the chequer'd floor  
Of Cynthia's summer bower.

The birch, the myrtle, and the bay,  
Like friends and all embrace ;  
And their large branches did display,  
To canopy the place.

Where she like *Venus* doth appear  
Upon a rosy bed ;  
As luscious the soft pillows were,  
Whereon she lay'd her head.

Heav'n on her shape such cost bestow'd,  
And with such bounties blest,  
No limb of her's but might have made  
A goddess at the least.

The *fl*es by chance meslit in her hair,  
By the bright radiance thrown  
From her clear eyes, rich jewels were,  
They lo like diamonds shone.

The meanest weed the soil there bare,  
Her breath did so refine,  
That it with woodbine durst compare,  
And heard the *Eglantine*.

The dew which on the tender grass  
The evening had distill'd,  
To pure rose-water turned was,  
The shades with sweets that fill'd.

The winds were hush'd, no leaf so small  
At all was seen to stir :  
Whilst tuning to the waters fall,  
The small birds sang to her.

Where she too quickly me espies,  
When I too plainly see  
A thousand cupids from her eyes  
Shoot all at once at me.

" Into these secret shades (quoth she)  
" How dar'll thou be so bold  
" To enter, consecrate to me,  
" Or touch this hallowed mould ?

" Those words (quoth she) I can pronounce  
" Which to that shape can bring  
" Thee, which that hunter had, who once  
" Saw *Dian* in the spring."

' Bright nymph, again I thus reply,  
' This cannot me affright :  
' I had rather in thy presence die,  
' Than live out of thy sight.

' I first upon the mountains high  
' Built altars to thy name,  
' And grav'd it on the rocks thereby,  
' To propagate thy name.

' I taught the shepherds on the downs  
' Of thee to form their lays :  
' 'Twas I that fill'd the neighbouring towns  
' With duties of thy praise.

' Thy colours I devis'd with care,  
' Which were unknown before :  
' Which since that, in their braided hair  
' The nymphs and sylvans wore.

' Transform me to what shape you can,  
' I pass not what it be :  
' Yes, what most hateful is to man,  
' So I may follow thee."

Which when she heard, full pearly floods  
In her eyes might view.  
(Quoth she) " Most welcome to these woods  
" Too mean for one so true.

" Here from the hateful world we'll live,  
" A den of mere delight :  
" To idiots only that doth give,  
" Which be for folk delight.



o people the infernal pit,  
That more and more doth strive;  
Here only villany is wit,  
And devils only thrive.

Whose vileness us shall never awe:  
But here our sports shall be,  
Such as the golden world first saw,  
Most innocent and free.

Of simples in these groves that grow;  
We'll learn the perfect skill;  
The nature of each herb to know,  
Which cures, and which can kill.

The waxen palace of the bee,  
We seeking will surprise,  
The curious workmanship to see  
Of her full-laden thigh.

We'll suck the sweets out of the comb,  
And make the gods repine,  
As they do feast in Jove's great room;  
To see with what we dine.

Yet when there haps a honey fall,  
We'll lick the syrup leaves;  
And tell the bees, that their's is gall  
To this upon the greaves.

The nimble Squirrel noting here,  
Her mossy dray that makes;  
And laugh to see the dusty deer  
Come bounding o'er the brakes.

" The spider's web to watch we'll stand,  
" And when it takes the bee,  
" We'll help out of the tyrant's hand  
" The innocent to free.

" Sometime we'll angle at the brook;  
" The freckled trout to take,  
" With filken worms and bait the hook,  
" Which him our prey shall make.

" Of meddling with such subtle tools;  
" Such dangers that enclose,  
" The moral is, that painted fools  
" Are caught with filken shews.

" And when the moon doth once appear,  
" We'll trace the lower grounds,  
" When fairies in their ringlets there  
" Do dance their nightly rounds.

" And have a flock of turtle doves,  
" A guard on us to keep,  
" As witness of our honest loves  
" To watch us till we sleep."

Which spoke, I felt such holy fires  
To overspread my breast,  
As lent life to my chaste desires,  
And gave me endless rest.

By Cynthia thus do I subsist,  
On earth heaven's only pride;  
Let her be mine, and let who list  
Take all the world beside.



## *THE SHEPHERD'S SIRENA.*

**DORILUS**, in sorrows deep,  
Autumn waxing old and chill,  
As he sat his flocks to keep,  
Underneath an easy hill,  
Chanc'd to cast his eye aside  
On those fields, where he had seen  
Bright Sirena, Nature's pride,  
Sporting on the pleasant green :  
To whose walks the shepherds oft  
Came, her god-like foot to find ;  
And in places that were soft,  
Kist the print there left behind :  
Where the path which she had trod,  
Hath thereby more glory gain'd,  
'Than in heav'n that milky road,  
Which with nectar Hebe stain'd.  
But bleak winter's boist'rous blasts  
Now their fading pleasures chide,  
And so fill'd them with his wastes,  
That from sight her steps were hid.  
Silly shepherd, sad the while  
For his sweet Sirena gone,  
All his pleasures in exile,  
Laid on the cold earth alone :  
Whilst his gamesome cut-tail'd curr  
With his mirthless master plays,  
Striving him with sport to stir,  
As in his more youthful days.  
Dorilus his dog doth chide,  
Lays his well-tun'd bagpipe by,  
And his sheep-hook casts aside,  
There (quoth he) together lie.  
When a letter forth he took,  
Which to him Sirena writ,  
With a deadly downcast look,  
And thus fell to reading it.

‘ Dorilus, my dear, (quoth she)  
Kind companion of my woe,  
Though we thus divided be,  
Death cannot divorce us so :  
Thou whose bosom hath been still  
Th' only closet of my care,  
And in all my good and ill  
Ever had thy equal share :  
Might I win thee from thy fold,  
Thou should'st come to visit me ;

But the winter is so cold,  
That I fear to hazard thee.  
The wild waters are wax'd high,  
So they are both deaf and dumb ;  
Lov'd they thee so well as I,  
They would ebb when thou should'st come :  
Then my cott with light should shine  
Purer than the vestal fire ;  
Nothing here but should be thine,  
That thy heart can well desire :  
Where at large we will relate  
From what cause our friendship grew,  
And in that the varying fate,  
Since we first each other knew :  
Of my heavy passed plight,  
As of many a future fear,  
Which, except the silent night,  
None but only thou shalt hear.  
My sad heart it shall relieve,  
When my thoughts I shall disclose,  
For thou canst not chuse but grieve,  
When I shall recount my woes.  
There is nothing to that friend,  
To whose close uncranied breast  
We our secret thoughts may send,  
And there safely let 'hem rest :  
And thy faithful counsel may  
My distressed case assist ;  
Sad affliction else may sway  
Me, a woman, as it list.  
Hither I would have thee haste,  
Yet would gladly have thee stay,  
When those dangers I forecast,  
That may meet thee by the way.  
Do as thou shalt think it best,  
Let thy knowledge be thy guide ;  
Live thou in my constant breast,  
Whatsoever shall betide.’

He her letter having read,  
Puts it in his scrip again,  
Looking like a man half dead,  
By her kindness strangely slain :  
And as one who inly knew  
Her distressed present state,  
And to her had still been true,  
Thus doth with himself dilate.



ill not thy face admire,  
 rable though it be,  
 ine eyes, whose subtle fire  
 ch wonder win in me :  
 y marvel shall be now,  
 of long it hath been so)  
 womankind that thou  
 ordain'd to taste of woe.  
 eauty so divine,  
 life in little done)  
 : fortune should assign  
 : but what thou well might'st shun !  
 y counsels such must be,  
 gh as yet I them conceal)  
 ir deadly wound in me,  
 thy hurt must only heal.  
 I give what thou dost crave,  
 at pass thy state is grown,  
 eby thy life may save,  
 n sure to lose mine own.  
 at joy thou do'st conceive,  
 gh my heart the way doth lie,  
 n in two for three must cleave,  
 hat thou should'st go awry.  
 my death must be a toy,  
 n my pensive breast must cover ;  
 eloved to enjoy,  
 be taught thee by thy lover.  
 the choice I have to chuse ;  
 yself if friend I be,  
 t my Sirena lose ;  
 so, she loseth me.'  
 whilst he doth cast about  
 erein were best to do,  
 ld yet resolve the doubt,  
 r he should stay or go :  
 : fields not far away  
 as many a frolic swain,  
 ruffets day by day,  
 pt revels on the plain.  
 Tom, firnam'd the Tup,  
 pipe without a peer,  
 ld tickle *Trenchmore* up,  
 ould joy your heart to hear :  
 as much renown'd for skill,  
 e tabor touch'd so well :  
 gittern little Gill,  
 l other did excel :  
 id Rollo every way,  
 ll led the rustic ging,  
 ld troull a roundelay,  
 ould make the fields to ring :  
 n his shalm so clear,  
 . high-pitch'd note that had,  
 ld make the echoes near  
 s they were waxen mad :  
 l lusty swain beside,  
 r nought but pleasure car'd,  
 Dorilus espy'd,  
 th him knew how it far'd,  
 it from him they would remove  
 ong melancholy fit ;  
 should it not behove,  
 o put him out of's wit :

Having learnt a song which he  
 Sometime to Sirena sent,  
 Full of jollity and glee,  
 When the nymph liv'd near to Trent ;  
 They behind him softly got,  
 Lying on the earth along,  
 And when he suspected not,  
 Thus the jovial Shepherds song.

NEAR to the silver Trent  
 Sirena dwelleth,  
 She to whom nature lent  
 All that excelleth ;  
 By which the Muses late,  
 And the neat Graces,  
 Have for their greater state  
 Taken their places ;  
 Twisting an Anadem,  
 Wherewith to crown her,  
 As it belong'd to them  
 Most to renown her.  
*Cbo. On thy bank,*  
*In a rank,*  
*Let thy swans sing her,*  
*And with their music*  
*Along let them bring her.*

Tagus and Pactolus  
 'Are to thee debtor,  
 Nor for their gold to us  
 Are they the better :  
 Henceforth of all the rest,  
 Be thou the river,  
 Which as the daintiest,  
 Puts them down ever.  
 For as my precious one  
 O'er thee doth travel,  
 She to Pearl paragon  
 Turneth thy gravel.  
*Cbo. On thy bank,*  
*In a rank,*  
*Let thy swans sing her,*  
*And with their music*  
*Along let them bring her.*

Our mournful Philomel,  
 That rarest tuner,  
 Henceforth in April  
 Shall wake the sooner ;  
 And to her shall complain  
 From the thick cover,  
 Redoubling every strain  
 Over and over :  
 For when my love too long  
 Her chamber keepeth ;  
 As though it suffered wrong,  
 The morning weepeth.  
*Cbo. On thy bank,*  
*In a rank,*  
*Let thy swans sing her,*  
*And with their music*  
*Along let them bring her.*



Oft have I seen the Sun,  
 To do her honour,  
 Fix himself at his noon  
 To look upon her,  
 And hath gilt every grove,  
 Every hill near her,  
 With his flames from above,  
 Striving to cheer her :  
 And when she from his sight  
 Hath herself turned,  
 He, as it had been night,  
 In clouds hath mourned.

*Cho. On thy bank,  
 In a rank,  
 Let thy swans sing her,  
 And with their music  
 Along let them bring her.*

The verdant meads are seen,  
 When she doth view them,  
 In fresh and gallant green  
 Strait to renew them ;  
 And every little grass  
 Broad itself spreadeth,  
 Proud that this bonny lass  
 Upon it treadeth :  
 Nor flower is so sweet  
 In this large cincture,  
 But it upon her feet  
 Leaveth some tincture.

*Cho. On thy bank,  
 In a rank,  
 Let thy swans sing her,  
 And with their music  
 Along let them bring her.*

The fishes in the flood  
 When she doth angle,  
 For the hook strive agood  
 Them to entangle ;  
 And leaping on the land  
 From the clear water,  
 Their scales upon the sand  
 Lavishly scatter ;  
 Therewith to pave the mold  
 Whereon she passes,  
 So herself to behold  
 As in her glasses.

*Cho. On thy bank,  
 In a rank,  
 Let thy swans sing her,  
 And with their music  
 Along let them bring her.*

When she looks out by night,  
 The stars stand gazing,  
 Like comets to our sight  
 Fearfully blazing ;  
 As wond'ring at her eyes,  
 With their much brightness,  
 Which so amaze the skies,  
 Dimming their lightness.  
 The raging tempests are calm  
 When she speaketh,

Such most delightful balm  
 From her lips breaketh.

*Cho. On thy bank,  
 In a rank,  
 Let thy swans sing her,  
 And with their music  
 Along let them bring her.*

In all our Brittany  
 There's not a fairer,  
 Nor can you fit any,  
 Should you compare her.  
 Angels her eye-lids keep,  
 All hearts surprizing ;  
 Which look whilst she doth sleep  
 Like the sun's rising :  
 She alone of her kind  
 Knoweth true measure,  
 And her unmatched mind  
 Is heaven's treasure.

*Cho. On thy bank,  
 In a rank,  
 Let thy swans sing her,  
 And with their music  
 Along let them bring her.*

Fair Dove and Darwent clear,  
 Boast ye your beanties,  
 To Trent your mistress here  
 Yet pay your duties.  
 My love was higher born  
 Tow'rd the full fountains,  
 Yet she doth Moorland scorn,  
 And the Peak mountains ;  
 Nor would she none should dream  
 Where she abideth,  
 Humble as is the stream,  
 Which by her slideth.

*Cho. On thy bank,  
 In a rank,  
 Let thy swans sing her,  
 And with their music  
 Along let them bring her.*

Yet my poor rustic Muse,  
 Nothing can move her,  
 Nor the means I can use,  
 Though her true lover :  
 Many a long winter's night  
 Have I wak'd for her,  
 Yet this my piteous plight  
 Nothing can stir her.  
 All thy sands, silver Trent,  
 Down to the Humber,  
 The sighs that I have spent  
 Never can number.

*Cho. On thy bank,  
 In a rank,  
 Let thy swans sing her,  
 And with their music  
 Along let them bring her.*

Taken with this suddain song,  
 Least for mirth when he doth look,



A heart more deeply stung  
 the former care he took.  
 In laughter and amas'd,  
 while he sat aghast;  
 little having gaz'd,  
 as them bespake at last.  
 this time for mirth (quoth he)  
 a man with grief oppress'd?  
 Al wretches as you be,  
 the sorrows in my breast  
 at upon you one by one;  
 as now you mock my woe,  
 in your mirth is turn'd to moan,  
 your like then serve you so.  
 Can one swain among the rest  
 him merrily bespake:  
 thee up, thou arrant beast,  
 this season love to make?  
 Is thy sheep-hook in thy hand,  
 p thy cur and set him on;  
 our fields 'tis time to stand,  
 they quickly will be gone,  
 with swineherds, that repine  
 our flocks, like beastly clowns,  
 fear that they will bring their swine,

And will root up all our downs:  
 They their holly whips have brac'd,  
 And tough hazel goads have got;  
 Soundly they your sides will bathe,  
 If their courage fail them not.  
 Of their purpose if they speed,  
 It is neither drow nor reed,  
 Shepherds, that will serve your turns.  
 Angry Olcon sets them on,  
 And against us part doth take,  
 Ever since he was out-gone,  
 Off'ring rhymes with us to make.  
 Yet if so our sheep-hooks hold,  
 Dearly shall our downs be bought;  
 For it never shall be told,  
 We our sheep-walks fold for naught.  
 And we here have got us dogs,  
 Best of all the Western breed,  
 Which though whelps shall ling their hogs,  
 Till they make their ears to bleed:  
 Therefore, shepherd, come away.  
 When as Dorilus arose,  
 Whistles cut-tail from his play,  
 And along with them he goes.



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# POLYOLBION.

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## PREFACE TO THE GENERAL READER.

*[When Mr. Drayton published eighteen Songs only of this Poem.]*

IN publishing this my poem, there is this great disadvantage against me, that it cometh out at this time, when verses are wholly deduced to chambers, and nothing esteemed in this lunatic age, but what is kept in cabinets, and must only pass by transcription. In such a season, when the idle humerous world must hear of nothing that either savours of antiquity, or may awake it to seek after more than dull and slothful ignorance may easily reach unto: these, I say, make much against me; and especially in a poem, from any example, either of ancient, or modern, that have proved in this kind; whose unusual tract may perhaps seem difficult to the female sex; yea, and I fear, to some that think themselves not meanly learned, being not rightly inspired by the Muses: such I mean, as had rather read the fantasies of foreign inventions, than to see the rarities and history of their own country delivered by a true native Muse. Then, whosoever thou be, possessed with such stupidity and dulness, that, rather than thou wilt take pains to search into ancient and noble things, choosest to remain in the thick fogs and mists of ignorance, as near the common lay-stall of a city; refusing to walk forth into the tempe and fields of the Muses; where, through most delightful groves, the angelic harmony of birds shall steal thee to the top of an easy hill, where in artificial caves, cut out of the most natural rock, thou shalt see the ancient people of this isle delivered thee in their

lively images; from whose height thou mayest behold both the old and later times, as in thy prospect, lying far under thee; then conveying thee down by a soul-pleasing descent through delicate embroidered meadows, often veined with gentle gliding brooks; in which thou mayest fully view the dainty nymphs in their simple naked beauties, bathing them in crystalline streams; which shall lead thee to most pleasant downs, where harmless shepherds are, some exercising their pipes, some singing roundelays to their gazing flocks. If, as I say, thou hadst rather (because it asks thy labour) remain where thou wert, than strain thyself to walk forth with the Muses, the fault proceedeth from thy idleness, not from any want in my industry. And to any that shall demand wherefore having promised this poem of the general issue, so many years, I now publish only this part of it, I plainly answer, that many times I had determined with myself to have left it off, and have neglected my papers sometimes two years together, finding the times since his Majesty's happy coming in, to fall so heavily upon my distressed fortunes, after my zealous soul had laboured so long in that, which, with the general happiness of the kingdom, seemed not then impossible somewhat also to have advanced me. But I instantly found all my long-nourished hopes even buried alive before my face: so uncertain in this world be the ends of our clearest endeavours! And whatever is



herein that tastes of a free spirit, I thankfully confess to proceed from the continual bounty of my truly noble friend Sir Walter Aston; which hath given me the best of those hours, whose leisure hath effected this which I now publish. Sundry other songs I have also, though yet not so perfect that I dare commit them to public censure; and the rest I determine to go forward with, God enabling me, may I find means to assist my endeavour. Now, reader, for the farther understanding of my poem, thou hast two especial helps: First the argument, to direct thee still where thou art, and through what shires the muse makes her

journey, and what she chiefly handles in the song thereto belonging. Next hast thou the illustrations of this learned gentleman, my friend, to explain every hard matter of history, that, lying far from the way of common reading, may (without question) seem difficult unto thee. Thus wishing thee thy heart's desire, and committing my poem to thy charitable censure, I take my leave.

Thine, as thou art mine,

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

## TO MY FRIENDS THE CAMBRO-BRITONS.

To have you without difficulty understand, how in this my intended progress through these united kingdoms of Great Britain, I have placed your (and, I must confess, my) loved Wales, you shall perceive, that after the three first songs beginning with our French islands, Guernsey and Jersey, with the rest; and perfecting in those first three the survey of these six our most Western counties, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Hants, Wilts, and Somerset; I then make over Severn into Wales, not far from the midst of her broad-side that lieth against England. I term it her broad-side, because it lieth from Shrewsbury still along with Severn, till she lastly turn sea. And to explain two lines of mine (which you shall find in the fourth song of my poem, but it is the first of Wales), which are these:

*And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so big a string,  
Thy bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder whilst I sing.*

Looking of seven books, you shall understand that I continue Wales through so many; beginning in

the fourth song (where the nymphs of England and Wales contend for the isle of Lundy) and ending in the tenth; striving, as my much-loved the learned Humphry Floyd, in his description of Cambria to Abraham Ortelius, to uphold her ancient bounds, Severn and Dee, and therefore have included the parts of those three English shires of Gloucester, Worcester and Salop, that lie on the West of Severn, within their ancient mother Wales: in which, if I have not done her right, the want is in my ability, not in my love. And beside my natural inclination to love antiquity (which Wales may highly boast of) I confess, the free and gentle company of that true lover of his country (as of all ancient and noble things) Mr. John Williams, his Majesty's goldsmith, my dear and worthy friend, hath made me the more seek into the antiquities of your country. Thus wishing your favourable construction of these my faithful endeavours, I bid you farewell.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.



FROM THE AUTHOR OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

PERMIT me thus much of these notes to my friend. What the verse oft, with allusion, as supposing a full-knowing reader, lets slip, or in winding steps of personating fictions (as sometimes, to unfold, that sudden conceit cannot abstract a form of the clothed truth, I have, as I might, illustrated. Brevity and plainness (as the one end—the other) I have joined; purposely avoiding frequent commixture of different language; and whenever it happens, either the page or margin (specially for gentlewomen's sake) summarily interprets it, except where interpretation aids not. Being not very prodigal of my historical fact, after explanation, I oft adventure on examination and censure. The author, in passages of first inhabitants, name, state, and monarchic succession in this isle, follows Geoffrey ap Arthur, Polychronicon, Matthew of Westminster, and such more. Of their traditions, for that one so much controverted, and by Cambro-Britons still maintained, touching the Trojan Brute, I have (but as an advocate for the Muse) argued; disclaiming it, if alleged for my own opinion. In most of the rest, upon weighing the reporters credit, comparison with more persuading authority, and synchronism (the best touch-stone in this kind of trial) I leave note of suspicion, or add conjectural amendment: as for particular examples, among other, in Brechtinus mistook by all writers of later time, following Justo's epitome of Frogo ill conceived; in Robert of Swapham's story of King Wulpher's murdering his children, in Rollo first Duke of Normandy his time; none of them yet rectified (although the first hath been adventured on) by any that I have seen; and such more. And indeed my jealousy hath oft vexed me with particular inquisition of whatsoever occurs, bearing not a mark of most apparent truth, ever since I found so intolerable antichronisms, incredible reports, and bardish impostures, as well from ignorance as assumed liberty of invention in some of our ancients; and read also such palpable falsities of our

nation, thrust into the world by later time. (to give a taste) that of Randall Higden, affirming the beginning of wards in 6. Henry III. P. dore's assertion upon mistaking of the date Henry VII.) that it was death by the English for any man to wear a vizard; with many errors in his history, of our trials by twelve, rifts, coat of the kingdom, parliaments, and like; Bartol's delivering the custom in this to be, (a) *quod primogenitus succedit in omnibus* The Greek Chalcondylas his slanderous delivery of our usual form of kind entertainment, to wit with the wives courteous admission to that affected pleasure of lascivious fancy (we were deceived by misunderstanding the reports of our king (b) salutations, given and accepted among us with more freedom than in any part of Southern world, erroneously thinking, perceiving that every kiss must be thought seconded with addition to the seven promised by Mars; name of Venus to him that should succor Psyche or as wanton as Aristophanes his *Medæa* and many untruths of like nature in others concerning the Arcadian deduction of our monarchy; within that time, from Brute, posed about 2850 of the world (Samuel then) of Israel) unto some fifty-four before Christ (about when Julius Cæsar visited the island relation was extant, which is now left to us. How then are they, which pretend chronology of that age without any fragment of authors but Ovidas, Tachettin, and Nectus (the eldest of whom was since 500 of Christ) to be credited? For part, I believe as much in them as I do the king of Hiero's ship mast in our (c) mouse which is collected upon a corrupted place in Plinius, cited out of Mosellun, or that Ptolemy Philadelph sent to Reutha King of Scots 1900 years since, for discovery of this country which Claude Ptolemy afterward put in his geography: or that Julius Cæsar built Arctophoen in Surling shetland; or that Br

(a) *Ad C. de summ. Trinit. l. 1. num. 42.*

(b) *Urum blandientis, ad possum lingua longè mellitur.* Apuleius *de Aur. Apul. 6.* And you may remember (as like enough) he did) that in *Plautus Curcul* *Qui vult cubare pangit saltem suavium*, and such more in other wanton poets, with the opini-

on of *Baldus*, that a kiss in those Southern parts is sufficient consent to imperfect espousal, not of that kind, but copulation, with us and neighbouring Dutch being so.

(c) *Et tuis ipse tuis Britannias, dedit tū Apuliam nempè veteris videtur locio.*



at the rape of Hebe with Hercules, as excellent wit, Joseph of Excester (published under name of Cornelius Nepos) singeth : are even equally warrantable, as Ariosto's scenes of perleus and places in his Rowland's last's Egin story, or Rabelais's strange discor-

Yet the capricious faction will (I know) quit their belief of wrong, although some for Denian dver should make open what is so good after. Briefly, until Polybius, who wrote since (for Aristotle *απὸ Κοῦου* is clearly perfected in title, no Greek mentions the isle; Lucetius (some hundred years later) no hath expressed a thought of us; until the complementaries, no piece of its description known, that is now left to posterity. For therefore preceding Cesar, I dare trust

but with others add to conjecture. In matter since I rely on Tacitus and Dio Cassy, Vopiscus, Capitolin, Spartian (for so as they have, and the rest of the Augustan afterward Gildas, Nennius, (but little is left), and that of the last very imperfect) Bede, Ethelwerd (near of blood to King Alfred), of Malmesbury, Marian, Florence of Wor-

that published under name of Florence the very syllables of most part of Marian the story, brought with English antiquities; will shew you how easily to answer Buns objection against our historians about our being king of all Albion, being done when he imagined that there was no other man but the common printed chronicle, is indeed but an epitome or distillation by Robert of Lorraine bishop of Hereford (Henry I) and the numerous rest of our and succeeding chronographers. In all, we him most, which, freed from affection (causes of corruption) might best know with most likely assertion delivered his

Yet so, that, to explain the author, call himself in this part an historical, as in the other a chorographical poet, I insert oft, out of British story what I importune you not to

Of that kind are those prophecies out of some time interwoven. I discharge myself nor impute you to me any serious respect of

Inviting, not wading in occasion, I add some what is different from my task, but such as would any where please an understander. To aid you in course of times, I

in fit place drawn chronologies upon credit of the ancients, and for matter of the kind have inserted (to the fourth Canto) what as yet was not saw by any observed, for wary confusion of the Dionysian cycle and misinterpreted of his Domical year. Those old rhimes, (some number, you often meet with, are the willingest, both for variety of your

mother-tongue, as also because the author of them (Robert of Gloucester) never yet appeared in common light. He was, in time, an age before; but, in learning and wit, as most others, much behind our worthy Chaucer: whose name by the way occurring, and my work here being but to add plain song after Muses discanting, I cannot but digress to admonition of abuse, which this learned allusion in his *Troilus*, by ignorance hath endured.

*I am till God me better mind send,*

*At (a) Dulcarnon, right at my wits end.*

It is not Necham, or any else, that can make me entertain the least thought of the signification of *Dulcarnon* to be Pythagoras's sacrifices after his geometrical theorem in finding the squares of an orthogonal triangle's sides, or that it is a word of Latin deduction, but indeed by easier pronunciation it was made of (*h*)'zu' (*h*)'kurnein], *i. e.* *two-horned*: which the Mahometan Arabians use for a root in calculation, meaning Alexander, as that great dictator of knowledge Joseph Scaliger (with some ancients) wits, but by warranted opinion of my learned friend Mr. Lydyat in his *Emendatio temporum*, it began in Securus Nicator, twelve years after Alexander's death. The name was applied, either because after time that Alexander had persuaded himself to be Jupiter Hammon's son, whose statue was with rams horns, both his own and his successors coins were stamped with horned images; or else in respect of his two pillars erected in the east, as a *(.)* *moit ultra* of his conquest; and some say, because he had in power the eastern and western world, signified in the two horns. But howsoever, it well fits the passage, either as if he had personated Ureah at the entrance of two ways, not knowing which to take; in like sense as that of Prodicus his Hercules, or Pythagoras his Y, or the Logicians Dilemma express; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a nonplus, as the interpretation in his next staff makes plain. How many of noble Chaucer's readers never so much as suspect this his short essay of knowledge, transcending the common road? And by his treatise of the Autolabe (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of Messahalah) it is plain he was much acquainted with the mathematics, and amongst their authors had it. But I return to myself. From vain loading my margin with books, chapters, folios, or names of our historians I abstain; course of time as readily directs to them. But where the place might not so easily occur, (chiefly in matter of Philology) there only (for view of them which shall examine me) I have added assisting references. For most of what I use of Chorography, join with me in thanks to that most learned source of antiquity,

(a) Chaucer explained.

(b) Epoca Selene darum.

(c) Christian. Commentar. in Alfagan c. II.

Lyfsmachi Cornuam apud Carl. Rhodigin. Antiqu. lect. 20. c. 12. h. germana interpretatio.



(d) τὸν τις καὶ τυλὸς οἶον  
Τὴν αὐτὴν Ἀγασθεῖς.

my instructing friend Mr. Camden Clarendieux. From him and Girald of Cambria a fo comes most of my British; and then may Mercury and all the Muses deadly hate me, when, in permitting occasion, I profess not by whom I learn; let them vent judgment on me which understand. I justify all, but when of necessity I must. My thirst compelled me always to seek the fountains, and by that, if means grant it, judge the rivers nature. Nor can any conversant in letters be ignorant what error is oft-times fallen into, by trusting authorities at second hand, and rash collecting (as it were) from visual beams refracted through another's eye. In performance of this charge (undertaken at request of my kind friend the author) brevity of time (which was but little more than since the poem first went to the press) and that daily discontinued, both by my other most different studies seriously attended, and interrupting business, as enough can witness, might excuse great faults, especially of omission. But I take not thence advantage to desire more than common courtesy in censure, nor of this, nor of what else I heretofore have published, touching (c), historical deduction of our ancient laws, wherein I scape not without tax.

Sunt quibus in verbis videorq. obscurior, hoc est,  
Bovandæ cum matre loqut, Founsq; Numag,  
Nec secus ac si auctor Salustii cæcinit effem.

I have read in Cicero, Agellius, Lucian's Lexiphanes, and others, much against that form: but withal, this later age (wherein so industrious search is among adjoined ruins of old monuments) hath, in our greatest Latin critics Hans Douz, P. Merula, Lapius, and such more, so revived that Saturnian language, that, to students in Philology, it is now grown familiar; and as (f) he saith) *verba à vetustate repetita non solum magnos asseritiores habent, sed etiam asserunt orationi maiestatem aliquam, non sine delectatione.* Yet for antique terms, to the learned, I will not justify without exception (disliking not that of Phavorin, *Vive moribus præteritis, loquere verbis præsentibus*, and as soon, so words, of a public and known stamp, are to be used although so much as that way I offend, is warranted by example of such, of whom to cu-

deavour imitation allows me more than the title of blameless. The purblind ignorant lute with the English of that monitory epigram

(g) Ἐν δὲ γὰρ πάντων  
Νῦν ἔστι Μούσαι, ὅπως ἂν μὴ οἶον.

reprehension of them, whose language and learning is purchased from such volumes as I lais reckons St. Victor's library, or barren glosses,

*Quam nihil ad genium, Papinianæ, teum!*

or which are furnished in our old story, only of the common Polychronicon, Caston, Fals Stow, Grafton, Lanquet, Cooper, Holinghed (happas with gift of understanding) Polydore, and rest of our later compilers; or, of any adventitious Therites daring find fault even with the Graces, in a strain

*Cornua quad vincatque tubas*—

I regard as metamorphosed, Lucius's looking at window; I slight, scorn, and laugh at its Sections (h) in the verses you know what I wish in the illustrations; but so, that withal, the direction admonishes sometimes for explaining a following or preceding passage its own.

Ingenuous readers, to you I wish your best fires; to the author I wish, (as an old Comical poet did long since to himself.)

(b) Ἄλλε σὺ θῆναι  
Λύττω ἐν μακάρων ἀνταχθῆς ἐν ἀμειβῆς.

To gentlewomen and their loves is consecrated all the wooing language, allusions to love-pains and sweet embracements feigned by the Muses amongst hills and rivers. Whatsoever tale of description, battle, story, abstruse antiquity, (which my particular study caused me somewhat to remember) law of the kingdom, to the more voracious reader. To the one, be contenting elements of their auspicious desires; to the other, happy attendance of their chosen Muses.

FROM THE INNER TEMPLE,  
MAY 9. 1612.

(d) Of whom even every ingenious stranger makes honourable mention. Comitum vero istum Palatinum R. Vitum Basingstochium (Cognus Historix magnam partem quasi Byzantinos Chorographia et Chorographia; ad Antiquitatis amulum, ab Eruditissimo hoc suo populari accepta, ne dicam supplicia, et) adeo inhumanum fuisse miror, ut bene merentem non tam libenter agnoscat, quam Clarus. Viri syllabis et inventis codicem suum

sæpius perquam ingratis suffardinet. Atque ferè genus Plagiarios, rudes omnino, et Aet vernacules nimirum Nostrates jam nunc in nre sarcinam vides indignanter & ringor.

(e) Janus Anglorum. (f) Quintilianus.

(g) If thou hast no taste in learning, meddle more with what thou understandest not.

(h) That the godlike sort of men may wear guerdon his labour.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## T H E F I R S T S O N G .

### *The Argument.*

The sprightly Muse her wing displays,  
And the French islands first surveys;  
Bears up with Neptune, and in glory  
Transcends proud Cornwall's promontory ;  
There crowns Mount-Michael, and descends  
How all those riverets fall and rise ;  
Then takes in Tamer, as she bounds  
The Cornish and Devonian grounds.  
And whilst the Dev'nshire nymphs relate  
Their loves, their fortunes, and estate,  
Dert undertaketh to revive  
Our Bute, and sings his first arrive :  
Then northward to the verge she bends,  
And her first song at Ax she ends.

bion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I  
write,  
ndry varying soils, the pleasures infinite,  
e heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels  
the heat,  
lms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly  
great,  
ght doth hinder day, nor day the night  
doth wrong,  
nmer not too short, the winter not too  
long)

What help shall I invoke to aid my muse the  
while ?  
Thou genius of the place (this most renowned  
isle)  
Which lived'st long before the all-earth-drown-  
ing flood)  
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gi-  
gantic brood,  
Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,  
And in this wand'ring maze help to conduct me  
out



Direct my course so right, as with thy hand to  
 show [flow;  
 Which way thy forests range, which way thy rivers  
 Wise genius, by thy help that so I may descry  
 How thy fair mountains stand, and how thy  
 vallies lie;  
 From those clear pearly cliffs which see the morn-  
 ing's pride,  
 And check the surly imps of Neptune when they  
 chide,  
 Unto the big-swoln waves in the (a) Iberian stream,  
 Where Titan still unyokes his fiery-boosed team,  
 And oft his flaming locks luscious nectar steeps,  
 When from Olympus' top he plungeth in the deeps:  
 That from (b) th' Armotie sands, on surging  
 Neptune's leas,  
 Through the Hibernic gulf (those rough Ver-  
 givian seas)  
 My verse with wings of skill may fly a lofty gait,  
 §. As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate,  
 Till through the sleepy main to (c) Thuly I have  
 gone,  
 And seen the frozen isles, the cold (d) Deucalidon,  
 §. Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet re-  
 mains, [chains.  
 Bound in those gloomy caves with adamantine  
 Ye sacred (e) bards, that to your harps melo-  
 dious strings  
 Sang th' ancient heroes deeds (the monuments  
 of Kings)  
 And in your dreadful verse ingrav'd the pro-  
 phesies,  
 The aged world's descents and genealogies;  
 M, as those (f) Druids taught, which kept the  
 British rites,  
 And dwelt in darksome groves, there counselling  
 with sprites  
 (But their opinions fail'd by error led awry,  
 As since clear truth hath shew'd to their posterity)  
 When these our souls by death our bodies do for-  
 sake,  
 §. They instantly again do other bodies take;  
 I could have wish'd your spirits redoubled in my  
 breast,  
 To give my verse applause to time's eternal rest.  
 Thus scarcely said the muse, but hovering  
 while she hung  
 Upon the (g) Celtic wastes, the sea-nymphs loudly  
 sung:  
 \* O ever-happy isles, your heads so high that hear,  
 \* By nature strongly fence'd, which never need to  
 fear [wars,  
 \* On Neptune's watry scalms when Eolus raiseth  
 And every billow bounds, as though to quench  
 the stars:  
 Fair Jersey first of these here scatter'd in the  
 deep,  
 \* Particularly that boasts thy double horned sheep:

(a) The western or Spanish ocean.

(b) Brest, &c. all.

(c) The north side in the British ocean.

(d) The town in the north of Scotland.

(e) The old British poets.

(f) The poets of the ancient Britons.

(g) The British seas.

\* Inferior now to thee, thou General  
 \* crown'd  
 \* With rough-embattled rocks, who  
 \* hating ground  
 \* The hard'n'd emeral hath, which e  
 \* dost send:  
 \* Thou Ligon her beloved, and Seck  
 \* attend  
 \* Her pleasure every hour; as Jeth  
 \* need,  
 \* With pheasants, fallow deer, and  
 \* dost feed:  
 \* Ye seven small sister isles, and forling  
 \* see  
 \* The half-sunk sea-man joys; or wh  
 \* From fruitful Aurney, near the m  
 \* shore,  
 To Uthant and the Scame, wherem  
 \* of yore  
 \* §. Gave answers from, their caves  
 \* what shapes they please:  
 \* Ye happy islands set within the Bel  
 \* With shrill and jocund shouts, th'  
 \* deeps awake,  
 \* And let the Gods of sea their sh  
 \* forsake,  
 \* Whilst our industrious muse Great  
 \* shall bring,  
 \* Crown'd with those glorious wreath  
 \* tify the spring;  
 \* And whilst green Thetis' nymphs,  
 \* an amorous lay  
 \* Sing our invention safe unto her lost  
 Upon the utmost end of Cornwall's  
 beaks,  
 Where (h) Brestan from the land the t  
 doth break;  
 The shore let her transcend, the (i)  
 descry,  
 And view about the point th' unmet  
 that fly;  
 Some rising like a storm from off a  
 sand,  
 Seem in their hov'ring flight to sh  
 Some sitting on the beach to prune th  
 breasts,  
 As if both earth and air they only did  
 Whence climbing to the cliffs, heath  
 sets  
 The bourns, the brooks, the becks, e  
 Exactly to derive; receiving in her w  
 That straightned tongue of land, wh  
 Michael's bay,  
 Rude Neptune cutting in a cante for  
 And on the other side, Hayle's valles  
 make  
 A \* chersorese thereof, the corner cl  
 Where to th' industrious muse the mus  
 begin:  
 \* Before thou further pass, and lea  
 \* §. Whose towns unto the founta  
 \* of yore

(h) A small island upon the very point of

(i) A hill lying out as an elbow of land into



(Their falling, works and pray'rs, remaining to  
 ' our shames  
 Were rear'd, and justly call'd by their peculiar  
 names, [I have,  
 The builders honour still; this due and let them  
 As deign to drop a tear upon each holy grave;  
 Whose charity and zeal, instead of knowledge  
 stood: [I good.  
 Nor surely in themselves they were right simply  
 If credulous too much, thereby th' offended  
 ' heaven;  
 In their devout intents yet both their sins forgiven.  
 Then from his rugged top the tears down trick-  
 ling fell;  
 And in his passion stir'd, again began to tell  
 Strange things that in his days time's course had  
 brought to pass:  
 That sixty miles now sea; sometimes firm shore-  
 land was;  
 And that a forest then, which now with him is  
 flood,  
 Whence he first was call'd the Hoar-rock in  
 the wood;  
 Telling them how long this soil had laid forlorn,  
 And her genius now had almost her forsworn,  
 And the ancient love did utterly repent,  
 To destroy herself that fatal tool she lent;  
 Which th' insatiate slave her intrails out doth  
 draw, [maw;  
 And thrusts his gripple into her golden  
 And for his part doth wish, that it were in his  
 pow'r  
 To eat the ocean in, her wholly to devour.  
 Which Hayle doth overhear, and much doth  
 blame his rage,  
 And told him (to his teeth) he doctored with his  
 age. [play,  
 Hayle (a lusty nymph, bent all to amorous  
 Having quick recourse into the severn sea,  
 Neptune's pages oft disporting in the deep;  
 Never touch'd with care, but how herself to  
 keep  
 Excellent estate) doth thus again intreat;  
 Leave the wayward mount to his dis-  
 per'd heat,  
 Nothing can produce but what doth taste  
 ' of spight,  
 How that the things of ours most worthy  
 thy delight.  
 And our diamonds here, as in the quarre they  
 stand,  
 Are nature neatly cut, as by a skilful hand,  
 And varieth them in forms, both curiously and  
 ' oft;  
 Which for she (wanting power) produceth them  
 ' too soft,  
 Virtue which she could not liberally impart  
 Direct to amend by her own proper art.  
 The sea-holm here, that spreadeth all our  
 shore,  
 Sick-confusing man so powerful to restore,  
 Is root th' eringo is, the reins that doth  
 ' inflame  
 So longly to perform the Cytherian game,

' That generally approv'd both far and near is  
 ' fought;  
 ' And our Main-Amber here, and Burion  
 ' trophy, thought  
 ' Much wrong'd, nor yet prefer'd for wonders  
 with the rest.  
 But the laborious muse, upon her journey prest,  
 Thus uttereth to herself; ' To guide my course  
 ' aright, [fight  
 ' What mound or stedd' mere is offer'd to my  
 ' Upon this out-stretch'd arm, whilst sailing here  
 ' at ease,  
 ' Betwixt the southern waste, and the Sabrinian  
 ' sea;  
 ' I view those wanton brooks, that waxing still  
 ' do wane;  
 ' That scarcely can conceive, but brought to bed  
 ' again; [mother)  
 ' Scarce rising from the spring (that is their natural  
 ' To grow into a stream, but buried in another.'  
 When Chore doth call her on, that wholly doth  
 betake  
 Herself unto the Loo; transform'd into a lake,  
 Through that impatient love she had to entertain  
 The lustful Neptune oft; whom when his wracks  
 restrain,  
 Impatient of the wrong, impetuously he raves;  
 And in his rageful flow, the furious King of waves  
 Breaks foaming o'er the beach, whom nothing  
 seems to cool,  
 Till he have wrought his will on that capacious  
 pool:  
 Where Menedge, by his brooks, a (i) chersonese  
 is cast,  
 Widening the slender shore to ease it in the waste;  
 A promont jutting out into the dropping south,  
 That with his threat'ning cliffs in horrid Nep-  
 tune's mouth,  
 Derides him and his pow'r: nor cares how him  
 he greets.  
 Next Roseland (as his friend, the mightier Men-  
 edge) meets  
 Great Neptune when he swells, and rageth at the  
 rocks [shocks  
 (Set out into those seas) inserting through his  
 Those arms of sea that thrust into the tinny  
 strand,  
 By their meandred creeks indenting of that land,  
 Whose fame by every tongue is for her minerals  
 hurl'd,  
 Near from the mid-day's point, throughout the  
 western world.  
 Here vale a lively flood, her nobler name that  
 gives [lives,  
 To (i) Falmouth; and by whom, it famous ever  
 Whose entrance is from sea so intricately wound,  
 Her haven angled so about her harb'rous sound,  
 That in her quiet bay a hundred ships may ride,  
 Yet not the tallest mast be of the tall'st descry'd;  
 Her bravery to this nymph when neighbouring  
 rivers told,  
 Her mind to them again she briefly doth unfold:

(i) A place almost surrounded by the sea.

[i] The bravery of Falmouth haven.



' Let (m) Camel of her course and curious  
   ' windings boast  
 ' In that her greatness reigns sole mistress of that  
   ' coast  
 ' Twixt Tamer and that bay, where Hayle pours  
   ' forth her pride;  
 ' And let us (nobler nymphs) upon the mid-day  
   side [all,  
 ' Be frolic with the best. Thou Foy, before us  
 ' By thine own named town made famous in thy  
   ' fall,  
 ' As low amongst us here, a most delicious brook,  
 ' With all our sister nymphs, that to the noon-  
   ' sted look,  
 ' Which gliding from the hills upon the tinny ore,  
 ' Betwixt your high rear'd banks, resort to this  
   our shore;  
 ' Lov'd streams, let us exult, and think ourselves  
   ' no less  
 ' Than those upon their side, the setting that  
   ' possess.'

Which Camel over-heard: but what doth she  
   respect [neglect?  
 Their taunts, her proper course that loosely doth  
 As frantic, ever since her British Arthur's blood,  
 By Mordred's murderous hand was mingled with  
   her flood.  
 For as that river best might boast that conquer-  
   or's breath,  
 So sadly she bemoans his too untimely death;  
 Who after twelve proud fields against the Saxon  
   fought,  
 Yet back unto her banks by fate was lastly brought:  
 As though no other place on Britain's spacious  
   earth [birth:  
 Were worthy of his end, but where he had his  
 And careless ever since how she her course doth  
   steer, [there:  
 This mutt'reth to herself, in wand'ring here and  
 ' Even in the aged'st face, where beauty once  
   ' did dwell,  
 ' And nature (in the least) but seemed to excel,  
 ' Time cannot make such waste, but something  
   ' will appear,  
 ' To shew some little tract of delicacy there,  
 ' Or some religious work, in building many a  
   ' day,  
 ' That this penurious age hath suffer'd to decay;  
 ' Some limb or model dragg'd out of the ruin-  
   ' ous mass,  
 ' The richness will declare in glory whilst it was:  
 ' But time upon my waste committed hath such  
   ' theft,  
 ' That it of Arthur here scarce memory hath left,  
   'The nine-ston'd trophy thus whilst she doth  
   entertain,  
 Proud Tamer swoops along with such a lusty train,  
 As fits so brave a flood, two countries that di-  
   vides: [sides  
 So to increase her strength, she from her equal  
 Receives their several rills; and of the Cornish  
   kind,  
 First taketh Atré in; and her not much behind

Comes Kensley: after whom, clear  
   doth make,  
 In Tamer's roomthier banks their rest  
   ly take.

Then Lynér, though the while aloof  
   to keep,  
 Her sovereign when she sees t' ap-  
   surgeful deep,  
 To beautify her fall, her plenteous trib-  
 This honours Tamer much, that she  
   teous springs  
 Those proud aspiring hills, Bromwel  
   friend  
 High Rowter, from their tops impar-  
 And is by (n) Carew's muse the riv-  
   nown'd,  
 Associate should her grace to the Devon  
 Which in those other brooks doth  
   breed.

Of which, first Car comes crown'd  
   segs and reed:

Then Lid creeps on along, and taking  
   throws

Herself amongst the rocks; and so  
 That of the blessed light (from other  
   barr'd,

To bellow underneath she only can be  
 As those that view her tract, seem  
   to affright:

So Toovy straineth ~~the~~; and Plym, ~~the~~  
   by right

The christning of that bay, which  
   nobler name.

Upon the British coast (o) what shi-  
   came,

That not of Plymouth hears, where  
   navies lie,

From cannons thund'ring throats th'  
   world defy?

Which to invasive spoil, when th'  
   to draw,

Have check'd Iberia's pride, and he  
   in awe:

Oft furnishing our dames with India  
   vices,

And lent us gold, and pearl, rich  
   dainty spices.

But Tamer takes the place, and all  
   here,

A faithful bound to both; and two  
 For likeness of soil, and quantity they  
 Before the Roman came; whose pe-  
   of old

§. Known by one general name,  
   point that dwell,

All other of this isle in wrestling that  
 With collars be they yok'd, to prov-  
   at length,

Like bulls set head to head, with n-  
   strength;

(m) A worthy gentleman, who wrote the  
 Cornwall.

(o) The praise of Plymouth.

n) This is also called Alan.



girdles graspt, they practise with the  
 forward, backward, falx, the mar, the  
 n, the trip,  
 ipt into their shirts, each other they  
 ade  
 spacious ring, by the beholders made,  
 to the law. Or when the ball to  
 ow, [go:  
 it to the goal, in squadrons forth they  
 oid the troops their forces that fore-lay,  
 likes and rivers make, in this robustious  
 y;  
 the toils of war most lively are exprest.  
 se, may I demand, Why these of all  
 rest,  
 y Albion's eld'st) most active are and  
 ng?  
 Corin came it first, or from the use so  
 g?  
 t this fore-land lies farth'st out into  
 light,  
 reads his vigorous flames on every  
 er light?  
 virtue of his beams, this place that  
 h inspire,  
 gnant womb prepar'd by his all-pow'r-  
 fire,  
 ely hot and moist, projects that fruit-  
 seed,  
 rongly doth beget, and doth as strong-  
 breed:  
 -disposed heaven here proving to the  
 th [birth,  
 d furthering fruit, a midwife helping  
 ul: th' industrious muse thus labours  
 relate  
 ets that attend proud Tamer and her  
 te,  
 ourer of this nymph's, as high in for-  
 ne's grace,  
 ice calm Tamer trips, clear Towridge in  
 at place  
 from her spring, and seems at first to  
 ow  
 y which Tamer strains; but as she great  
 th grow,  
 reth to forsee what rivals she should  
 id  
 upt her course; whose so unsettled mind  
 ing in perceives, and thus doth her per-  
 ade:  
 leptune shield, bright nymph, thy beau-  
 ty should be made  
 ject of her scorn, which (for thou can'st  
 not be  
 he southern side so absolute as she)  
 ve thee in thy course. Wherefore, fair  
 flood, recoil,  
 here thou may'st alone be sov'reign of  
 the soil,

s of art in wrestling.  
 irst great wrestler, arriving here with Brute.

' There exercise thy pow'r, thy braveries and dis-  
 ' play: [sea,  
 ' Turn Towridge, let us back to the Sabrinian  
 ' Where Thetis' handmaids still in that recourseful  
 ' deep,  
 ' With those rough Gods of sea continual revels  
 ' keep;  
 ' There may'st thou live admir'd, the mistress of  
 ' the lake.  
 Wise Ock she doth obey, returning, and doth  
 take  
 The Taw; which from her fount forc'd on with  
 amorous gales,  
 And eas'ly ambling down through the Devonian  
 dales,  
 Brings with her Moul and Bray, her banks that  
 gently bathe;  
 Which on her dainty breast, in many a silver  
 swathe,  
 She bears into that bay where Barstaple beholds  
 How her beloved Taw clear Towridge there un-  
 folds.  
 The confluence of these brooks divulg'd in  
 Dertmoor, bred  
 Distrust in her iad breast, that she so largely  
 spread,  
 And in their spacious shire the near'st the cen-  
 tre set [get  
 Of any place of note, that these should bravely  
 The praise from those that sprung out of her  
 pearly lap:  
 Which, nourish'd and bred up at her most plen-  
 teous pap,  
 No sooner taught to dade, but from their mother  
 trip, [strip.  
 And in their speedy course strive others to out-  
 The Yalm, the Awn, the Aum, by spacious Dert-  
 moor fed,  
 And in the southern sea b'ing likewise brought  
 to bed;  
 That these were not of power to publish her de-  
 sert,  
 Much griev'd the ancient moor; which under-  
 stood by Dert  
 (From all the other floods that only takes her  
 name, [fame)  
 And as her eld'st, in right the heir of all her  
 To shew her nobler spirit it greatly doth behove.  
 ' Dear mother, from your breast this fear (quoth  
 she) remove;  
 ' Defy their utmost force; there's not the proud-  
 ' est flood  
 ' That falls betwixt the Mount and Exmore,  
 ' shall make good  
 ' Her royalty with mine, with me nor can com-  
 ' pare:  
 ' I challenge any one to answer me that dare;  
 ' That was, before them all, predestinate to meet  
 ' My Britain-founding Brute, when with his puis-  
 ' sent fleet  
 ' At Totness first he touch'd; which shall renown  
 ' my stream  
 ' §. Which now the envious world doth slander  
 ' for a dream:.)



' Whose fatal flight from Greece, his fortunate  
   ' arrive  
 ' In happy Albion here whilst strongly I revive,  
 ' Dear Harburn, at thy hands this credit let  
   ' me win,  
 ' Quoth she, that as thou hast my faithful hand-  
   ' maid been,  
 ' So now, my only brook, assist me with thy  
   ' spring, [sing.  
 ' Whilst of the godlike Brute the story thus I  
   ' When long-renowned Troy lay spent in  
   ' hostile fire,  
 ' And aged Priam's pomp did with her flames  
   ' expire,  
 ' Æneas (taking thence Ascanius, his young son,  
 ' And his most rev'rend fire, the grave Anchises,  
   ' won  
 ' From shoals of slaught'ring Greeks) set out  
   ' from Simois' shores,  
 ' And through the Tyrrhene sea, by strength of  
   ' toiling oars,  
 ' Raught Italy at last; where King Latinus lent  
 ' Safe harbour for his ships, with wrackful tem-  
   ' pests rent:  
 ' When in the Latin court, Lavinia young and  
   ' fair, [heir,  
 ' Her father's only child, and kingdom's only  
 ' Upon the Trojan Lord her liking strongly  
   ' plac'd,  
 ' And languish'd in the fires that her fair breast  
   ' embrac'd  
 ' But Turnus (at that time) the proud Rutulian  
   ' king,  
 ' A suitor to the maid, Æneas malicing,  
 ' By force of arms attempts his rival to extrude:  
 ' But by the Teucrian power courageously sub-  
   ' du'd,  
 ' Bright Cytherza's son the Latin crown ob-  
   ' tain'd,  
 ' And dying, in his stead his son Ascanius reign'd.  
 ' §. Next Sylvius him succeeds, begetting Brute  
   ' again:  
 ' Who in his mother's womb whilst yet he did  
   ' remain,  
 ' The oracles gave out, that next-born Brute  
   ' should be  
 ' §. His parents only death: which soon they  
   ' liv'd to see.  
 ' For, in his painful birth his mother did depart;  
 ' And ere his fifteenth year, in hunting of a hart,  
 ' He with a luckless shaft his hapless father  
   ' slew:  
 ' For which, out of his throne their King the  
   ' Latins threw.  
   ' Who wand'ring in the world, to Greece at  
   ' last doth get,  
 ' Where whilst he liv'd unknown, and oft with  
   ' want beset,  
 ' He of the race of Troy a remnant hapt to find,  
 ' There by the Grecians held; which having still  
   ' in mind  
 ' Their tedious ten years war, and famous heroes  
   ' slain) [tain;  
 ' In slavery with them still those Trojans did de-

' Which Pyrrhus thither brought, and  
   ' hate pursue,  
 ' To wreak Achilles' death, at Troy  
 ' There by Pandrasus kept in sad-and  
 ' Who when they knew young Br  
   ' brave shape they saw,  
 ' They humbly him desire, that he a  
   ' be,  
 ' From those imperious Greeks his co  
   ' He, finding out a rare and sprig  
   ' to fit  
 ' His humour every way, for cour  
   ' and wit,  
 ' Assaracus, (who though that by his  
 ' A Prince among the Greeks, yet b  
   ' jans dear;  
 ' Descended of their stock upon t  
   ' side,  
 ' For which he by the Greeks his bir  
   ' deny'd)  
 ' Impatient of his wrongs, with him  
 ' And of the Trojan youth courage  
   ' chose,  
 ' Rais'd earth-quakes with their dru  
   ' sling ensigns rear,  
 ' And gath'ring young and old that  
   ' jan were,  
 ' Up to the mountains march, throug  
   ' forests strong:  
 ' Were taking-in the towns preten  
 ' Unto that (r) Grecian Lord, some  
   ' they put:  
 ' Within whose safer walls their wiv  
   ' ren shut,  
 ' Into the field they drew, for liberty  
   ' Which when Pandrasus heard,  
   ' strict command  
 ' To levy all the power he presently  
 ' So to their strengths of war the T  
   ' betake.  
   ' But whilst the Grecian guides (i  
   ' how or where)  
 The Teucrians were, entrench'd or  
   ' forces were.  
 ' In foul disorder'd troops yet straggl  
 ' This looseness to their spoil the Tr  
   ' lure,  
 ' Who fiercely them assail'd: where  
   ' fury rap'd  
 ' The Grecians in so fast, that scar  
   ' cap'd;  
 ' Yea, Proud Pandrasus' flight h  
   ' hardly free.  
 ' Who, when he saw his force thus  
   ' be,  
 ' And by his present loss his passed e  
 ' As by a later war to cure a former  
 ' Doth reinforce his power, to ma  
   ' fight;  
 ' When they, whose better wits had  
   ' his might,

(r) Assaracus:



' Loth what they got to lose, as politici cast  
 ' His armies to intrap, in getting to them fast  
 ' Antigonus as friend, and Anaclet his peer  
 ' (Surpriz'd in the last fight) by gifts who hired  
 ' were  
 ' Into the Grecian camp th' ensuing night to go,  
 ' And feign they were stol'n forth, to their allies  
 ' to show  
 ' How they might have the spoil of all the Tro-  
 ' jan pride;  
 ' And gaining them belief, the credulous Gre-  
 ' cians guide  
 ' Into the ambushment near, that secretly was  
 ' laid : [tray'd;  
 ' So to the Trojans hands the Grecians were be-  
 ' Pandrasus self surpriz'd; his crown who to re-  
 ' deem  
 ' (Which scarcely worth their wrong the Trojan  
 ' race esteem)  
 ' Their slavery long sustain'd did willingly re-  
 ' lease :  
 ' And (for a lasting league of amity and peace)  
 ' Bright Innogen, his child, for wife to Brutus  
 ' gave  
 ' And furnisht them a fleet, with all things they  
 ' could crave  
 ' To set them out to sea. Who launching, at the  
 ' last, [past,  
 ' They on Lergecia light, an isle; and e'er they  
 ' Unto a temple built to great Diana there,  
 ' The noble Brutus went; wife [4] Trivia to en-  
 ' quire,  
 ' To shew them where the stock of ancient Troy  
 ' to place.  
 ' The Goddess, that both knew and lov'd the  
 ' Trojan race,  
 ' Reveal'd to him in dreams, that farthest to the  
 ' West, [blest;  
 ' f. He should descry the isle of Albion, highly  
 ' With giants lately stor'd; their numbers now  
 ' decay'd :  
 ' By vanquishing the rest, his hopes should there  
 ' be staid :  
 ' Where from the stock of Troy, those puissant  
 ' kings should rise,  
 ' Whose conquests from the West, the world  
 ' should scant suffice.  
 ' Thus answer'd; great with hope, to sea  
 ' they put again,  
 ' And safely under sail, the hours do entertain  
 ' With sights of sundry shores, which they from  
 ' far descry :  
 ' And viewing with delight th' Azarian moun-  
 ' tains high,  
 ' One walking on the deck, unto his friend  
 ' would say  
 ' (As I have heard some tell) so goodly Ida lay.  
 ' Thus talking 'mongst themselves, they sun-  
 ' burnt Afric keep  
 ' Upon the leeward still, and (sulking up the  
 ' deep)

[4] One of the titles of Diana.

' For Maauritania make : where putting-in, they  
 ' find  
 ' A remnant (yet reserv'd) of th' ancient Dardan  
 ' kind,  
 ' By brave Antenor brought from out the Greek-  
 ' ish spoils  
 ' (O long renowned Troy! of thee and of thy  
 ' toils,  
 ' What country had not heard?) which to their  
 ' general then  
 ' Great Corineus had, the strong'st of mortal  
 ' men ;  
 ' To whom (with joyful hearts) Diana's will  
 ' they show.  
 ' Who eas'ly being won along with them to  
 ' go,  
 ' They all together put into the wat'ry plain :  
 ' Oft times with pirates, oft with monsters of  
 ' the main  
 ' Distressed in their way; whom hope torbids  
 ' to fear.  
 ' Those pillars first they pass which Jove's great  
 ' son did rear,  
 ' And cussing those stern waves which like huge  
 ' mountains roll,  
 ' (Full joy in every part possessing every soul)  
 ' In Aquitain at last the Ilion race arrive ;  
 ' Whom strongly to repulse when as those re-  
 ' creants strive,  
 ' They (anchoring there at first but to refresh  
 ' their fleet,  
 ' Yet saw those savage men so rudely them to  
 ' greet)  
 ' Unshipt their warlike youth, advancing to the  
 ' shore.  
 ' The dwellers, which perceiv'd such danger  
 ' at the door,  
 ' Their king Goffarius get to raise his powerful  
 ' force :  
 ' Who must'ring up an host of mingled foot  
 ' and horse,  
 ' Upon the Trojans set; when suddenly began  
 ' A fierce and dangerous fight; where Corineus  
 ' ran  
 ' With slaughter through the thick-set squadrons  
 ' of the foes,  
 ' And with his armed ax laid on such deadiy  
 ' blows,  
 ' That heaps of lifeless trunks each passage stopt  
 ' up quite.  
 ' Goffarius having lost the honour of the  
 ' fight,  
 ' Repairs his ruin'd pow'rs; not so to give  
 ' them breath :  
 ' When they, which must be freed by conquest  
 ' or by death,  
 ' And conquering them before, hop'd now to do  
 ' no less,  
 ' (The like in courage still) stand for the like  
 ' success.  
 ' Then stern and deadly war put on his horrid  
 ' shape,  
 ' And wounds appear'd so wide, as if the grave  
 ' did gape



' To swallow both at once; which strove as both  
   ' shall fall,  
 ' When they with slaughter seem'd to be en-  
   ' circled all :  
 ' Where Turon (of the rest) Brute's sister's va-  
   ' liant son  
 ' (By whose approved deeds that day was chiefly  
   ' won)  
 ' Six hundred flew outright through his pecu-  
   ' liar strength :  
 ' By multitudes of men yet over-press'd at length,  
 ' His nobler uncle there, to his immortal name,  
 ' §. The city Turon built, and well endow'd the  
   same, [here,  
   ' For Albion sailing then, th' arriv'd quickly  
 ' (O! never in this world men half so joyful  
   ' were,  
 ' With shouts heard up to heaven, when they be-  
   ' held the land)  
 ' And in this very place where Totness now  
   ' doth stand,  
 ' First set their Gods of Troy, kissed the blessed  
   ' shore; [fore,  
 ' Then foraging this isle, long promis'd them be-  
 ' Amongst the ragged cliffs those monstrous giants  
   ' sought,  
 ' Who (of their dreadful kind) t'appall the Tro-  
   ' jans, brought  
 ' Great Gogmagog, an oak that by the roots  
   ' could tear :  
 ' So mighty were (that time) the man who lived  
   ' there :  
 ' But for the use of arms he did not understand  
 ' Except some rock or tree, that coming next to  
   ' hand  
 ' He raz'd out of the earth to execute his rage)  
 ' He challenge makes for strength, and offereth  
   ' there his gage.  
 ' Which Corin taketh up, to answer by and by,  
 ' Upon this son of earth his utmost power to try.  
   ' All doubtful to which part the victory would  
   ' go, [Hoe,  
 ' Upon that lofty place at Plimouth call'd the  
 ' Those mighty (t) wrestlers met; with many  
   ' an ireful look  
 ' Who threat'ned, as the one hold of the other  
   ' took :  
 ' But, grappled, glowing fire shines in their  
   ' sparkling eyes.  
 ' And whilst at length of arm one from the other  
   ' lies :  
 ' Their lusty sinews swell like cables, as they strive:  
 ' Their feet such trampling make, as though they  
   ' forc'd to drive  
 ' A thunder out of earth, which stagger'd with  
   ' the weight :  
 ' Thus, either's utmost force urg'd to the great-  
   ' est height,  
 ' Whilst one upon his hip the other seeks to lift,  
 ' And th' adverse (by a turn) doth from his cun-  
   ' ning shift,

' Their short-fetcht troubled breath a hollow  
   ' noise doth make  
 ' Like bellows of a forge. Then Corin up doth  
   ' take [hold  
 ' The giant twist the grains; and voiding of his  
 ' (Before his cumbrous feet he well recover  
   ' could)  
 ' Pitcht headlong from the hill; as when a man  
   ' doth throw  
 ' An axtree, that with slight deliver'd from the  
   ' toe [fall  
 ' Roots up the yielding earth; so that his violent  
 ' Strook Neptune with such strength, as should-  
   ' er'd him withal;  
 ' That where the monstrous waves like mountains  
   ' late did stand,  
 ' They leapt out of the place, and left the bared  
   ' sand [gave.  
 ' To gaze upon wide heaven: so great a blow it  
 ' For which, the conquering Brute on Corineus  
   ' brave  
 ' This horn of land bestow'd and mark it with  
   ' his name;  
 ' §. Of Corin, Cronwal call'd, to his immortal  
   ' fame.'

Clear Dert delivering thus the famous Brute's  
   arrive [strive  
 Inflam'd with her report, the straggling rivulets  
 So highly her to raise, that T'ing (whose banks  
   were blest  
 By her beloved nymph dear Leman) which ad-  
   dress'd,  
 And fully with herself determin'd before  
 To sing the Danish spoils committed on her shore,  
 When hither from the east they came in mighty  
   swarms,  
 Nor could their native earth contain their nume-  
   rous arms,  
 Their surcrease grew so great, as forced them at  
   last  
 To seek another soil, as bees do when they cast;  
 And by their impious pride how hard she was  
   bested,  
 When all the country swam with blood of Sar-  
   on-shed :  
 This river, as I said, which had determin'd long  
 The deluge of the Danes exactly to have song,  
 It utterly neglects; and studying how to do  
 The Dert those high respects belonging her unto,  
 Inviteth goodly Ex, who from her full-fed spring  
 Her little Barlee hath, and Dunsbrook her to  
   bring  
 From Exmore; when she hath scarcely found  
   her course,  
 Than Creddy cometh in, and Forto, which in-  
   force  
 Her faster to her fall; as Ken her closely clips,  
 And on her eastern side sweet Leman gently slips  
 Into her widen'd banks, her sovereign to assist;  
 As Columb wins for Ex clear Weaver and the  
   Clit,  
 Contributing their streams their mistress' fame  
   to raise.  
 As all assist the Ex, so Ex consumeth these;



Like some unthrifty youth, depending on the  
 court, [port;  
 To win an idle name, that keeps a needless  
 And raising his old rent, exacts his farmers store  
 The landlord to enrich, the tenants wond'rous  
 poor:  
 Who having lent him theirs, he then consumes  
 his own,  
 That with most vain expense upon the Prince is  
 thrown:  
 So these, the lesser brooks unto the greater pay;  
 The greater, they again spend all upon the sea:  
 As, Otrej (that her name doth of the otters take  
 Abounding in her banks) and Ax, their utmost  
 make  
 To aid stout Dert, that dar'd Brute's story to  
 revive.  
 For when the Saxon first the Britons forth did  
 drive,

Some up into the hills themselves o'er Severn  
 shut:  
 Upon this point of land, for refuge, others put,  
 To that brave race of Brute still fortunate. For  
 where  
 Great Brute first disembark'd his wand'ring  
 Trojans, there  
 §. His offspring (after long expulst the inner  
 land,  
 When they the Saxon power no longer could  
 withstand)  
 Found refuge in their flight; where Ax and  
 Otrej first  
 Gave these poor souls to drink, oppress'd with  
 grievous thirst.  
 Here I'll unyoke awhile, and turn my steeds  
 to meat:  
 The land grows large and wide; my teem begins  
 to sweat.

## I L L U S T R A T I O N S.

As in prose and religion it were as justifiable as in  
 poetry and fiction, to invoke a local power (for  
 anciently both Jews, Gentiles, and Christians have  
 supposed to every country a singular (a) genius)  
 I would therein join with the author. Howsoever,  
 in this and all (b) *ἐν δὲ ἀρχαῖς*; and so I begin  
 to you.

*As Amphitrite clips this island fortunate.*

When Pope Clement VI. granted the fortunate  
 isles to Lewis Earl of Clermont, by that general  
 name (meaning only the seven Canaries, and pur-  
 posing their Christian conversion) the English em-  
 bassadors at Rome seriously doubted, (c) lest their  
 own country had been comprised in the donation.  
 They were Henry of Lancaster Earl of Derby,  
 Hugh Spenser, Ralph Lord Stafford, the Bishop  
 of Oxford, and others, agents there with the Pope,  
 that he as a private friend, not as a judge or party  
 interested, should determine of Edward the third's  
 right to France: where you have this embassy

in Walsingham, (d) correct *regnum Anglia*, and  
 read *Francia*. Britain's excellence in earth and  
 air (whence the Macares, (e) and particularly  
 Crete among the Greeks, had their title) together  
 with the Pope's exactions, in taxing, collating,  
 and providing of benefices (an intolerable wrong  
 to laymen's inheritances and the crown revenues)  
 gave cause of this jealous conjecture; seconded in  
 the conceit of them which derive Albion from (f)  
*ἄλβιος*; whereto the author in his title and this  
 verse alludes. But of Albion more presently.

*Amongst whose iron rocks grim Saturn yet remains.*

Fabulous Jupiter's ill dealing with his father  
 Saturn is well known; and that after deposing  
 him, and his privities cut off, he perpetually im-  
 prisoned him: Homer joins (g) Japet with him,  
 living in eternal night about the utmost ends of  
 the earth: which well fits the more northern  
 climate of these islands. Of them (dispersed in  
 the Deucalidonian sea) in one most temperate, of

(a) Rabbin. ad. 10. Dan. Macrob. Saturnal. 3.  
 c. 9. Symmach. epist. 40. l. 1. D. Th. 2. dist. 10.  
 art. 3. alii.

(b) God afore.

(c) Rob. Avesburienf. ann. 17 Ed. 3. The for-  
 tunate isles.

(d) Hypodigmatis Neustriæ locus emendatus,  
 sub an. 1344.

(e) Pomp. Mel. l. 2. c. 7.

(f) Happy.

(g) Iliad. 1 & Hesiod. in Theogon.



gentle air, and fragrant with sweetest odours, lying towards the north-west, it is reported, (b) that Saturn lies bound in iron chains, kept by Briareus, attended by spirits continually dreaming of Jupiter's projects, whereby his ministers prognosticate the secrets of fate. Every thirty years, divers of the adjacent islanders, with solemnity for success of the undertaken voyage, and competent provision, enter the vast sea, and at last, in this (i) Saturnian isle (by this name the sea is called also) enjoy the happy quiet of the place; some in studies of nature and the mathematics which continue; others in sensuality, which after thirty years return perhaps to their first home. This fabulous relation might be, and in part is, by chymics as well interpreted for mysteries of their art, as the common tale of Dædalus's labyrinth, Jason and his Argonautics, and almost the whole chaos of mythic inventions. But neither geography (for I guess not where or what this isle should be, unless that *des* (k) *Mutæons* which Pantagruel discovered) nor the matter's self permits it less poetical (although a learned Greek father (l) out of some credulous historian seems to remember it) than the Elysian fields, which with this, are always laid by Homer about the (m) *πέρας πέρας γαίης*; a place whereof too large liberty was given to feign, because of the difficult possibility in finding the truth. Only thus note seriously, that this revolution of thirty years (which with some latitude is Saturn's natural motion) is especially (n) noted for the longest period, or age also among our Druids; and that in a particular form, to be accounted yearly from the sixth moon, as their new years day; which circuit of time, divers of the ancients reckon for their generations in chronology; as store of (o) authors shew you.

*They instantly again do other bodies take.*

You cannot be without understanding of this Pythagorean opinion of transanimation (I have like liberty to naturalize that word, as Lipsius had to make it a Roman, by turning (p) *μετεμύχουσι*) if ever you read any that speaks of Pythagoras (whom, for this particular, Epiphanius reckons among his heretics) or discourse largely of philosophical doctrine of the soul. But especially, if you affect it tempered with inviting pleasure, take Lucian's cock and his necromancy; if in serious discourse, Plato's Phædon, and

Phædrus with his followers. Lipsius (whether Pythagoras received it from them or they from him, because in his travels as well with Gaulish as Indian Philosophers) Out of Cæsar and Lucan, inform you full testimony of this their opinion, too common among the heathen and Jews also, which our (r) Saviour to be Jeremy or Elias error: irreligious indeed, yet such a strongly erected moving spirits, that never

—————(f) *red tura parcere vi*

but most willingly devote their whole the public service: and this was in such politic envoys wherewith Pluto and Cæsar concluded their commonwealths, as Macrobius observed. The author, with pity, in them their being led away in blindness of time and errors of their fancies; as all most divine philosophers (not lightening the true word) have been, although (me considering only considered) some of them sublimated far above earthly conceit: as Hermes, Orpheus, Pythagoras, (first teacher of the soul's immortality of (s) Pherecydes, Seneca, Plato and Plutarch; which last is a Greek hymn of an eastern (u) bishop recommended to Christ for such as came near the line of any untaught Gentiles. Of this more large in fitter place.

*Gave answer for their caves, and took  
they please.*

In the Seam (an isle by the coast of Bretagne) nine virgins consecrated to chastity, were priests of a famous oracle, as Mela. His printed books have *vacant*; where that great critic Turnebus *Galli xenas*, or *lenas vacant*. But White-stroke will have it (v) *cenar*, as interpreted of profession and religion, which was in an metamorphosing themselves, charming (as of later times the witches of Lapland) skill in predictions, more than medicine and such like; their kindness all chiefly to (z) sailors. But finding that Syllies were also of both sexes such kind

(b) Plutarch. de facie in orbe Lunæ, & c. eld. defect. Oracui.

(i) *Κρίνον π' ὄρεα.*

(k) Rablais.

(l) Clem. Alexandrin. Stromat. 6. Odyss. 2. liad. 8.

(m) Utmost ends of the earth. Upon affinity of this with the Cape de Finisterre, Goropius thinks the Elysian fields were by that promontory of Spain. Vide Strab. lib. 7.

(n) Plin. Hist. natur. 16. c. 44.

(o) Eustath. ad. Iliad. 2. Herodot. lib. 2. Suid. in γαίᾳ. Censorin. de die. nat. c. 17.

(p) A passing of souls from one to another.

(q) Physiolog. Stoic. l. 3. dissert. 12.

(r) Just. Mart. dialog.

(f) Spare in spending their lives, without hope to receive again.

(s) Cicero. Tusculan. 1.

(u) Joan. Euchaitens. jampriden Eton editus.

(x) The Gauls call them Jupiter's laws.

(y) Vain.

(z) Solin. Polybist. c. 35.



scribes, that they were (a) Samnites, strangely superstitious in their Bacchanals, in an Isle of this coast (as is delivered by Strabo) and that the Gauls, Britons, Indians (twixt both whom and Pythagoras is found no small consent of doctrine) had their philosophers (under which name both priests and prophets of those times were included) called (b) Samanzis, and Semni, and (perhaps by corruption of some of these) Samothei, which, to make it Greek, might be turned into Semnothes. I doubted whether some relic of these words remained in that of Mela, if you read (c) Cenas or Senas, as contracted from Samanzis; which by deduction from a root of some eastern tongue, might signify as much as what we call astrologers, but of this too much.

*It might seeme unto the Reader that I had here of yore.*

Not only to their own country Saints (whose names are there very frequent) but also to the Irish; a people anciently (according to the name of the (d) Holy Island given to Ireland) much devoted to, and by the English much respected for their holiness and learning. I omit their fabulous Césarea niece to Noah, (e) their Bartholan their Sean, who, as they affirm, first planted religion here: Christ among them: nor desire I your belief of this Rufas's age, which by their account (supposing him living 300 years after the flood, and shortened by Saint Patrick) exceeded 1700 years, and so was elder than that impostor, (f) whose long continuance of life and restless travels, ever since the passion, lately offered to deceive the credulous. Only thus I note of venerable Bede, that in the Saxon times it was usual for the English and Gaulish to make Ireland as it were, both their university and monastery, for studies of learning and divine contemplation, as the life of (g) Columba also, and other frequent testimonies discover.

*From whence in fact was call'd the Hoar-rock in the sequel.*

That the ocean (as in many other places of other countries) hath eaten up much of what was here once shore, is a common report, approved in the Cornish name of St. Michael's Mount; which is (h) *Long Cove in Gower*, i. e. the Hoar-rock in the word.

*And our Main-amber here, and Avarin trophy.*

Main-amber, i. e. Ambrose's stone (not far from Penlase) so great, that many men's united strength cannot remove it, yet with one finger you may wag it. The Barien trophy is 19 stones, circularly disposed, and, in the middle, one much exceeding the rest in greatness: by conjecture of most learned Camden, erected either under the Romans, or else by King Athelstan in his conquest of these parts.

*Were worthy of his end, but where he had his birth.*

Near Camel about Camblan, was (i) Arthur slain by Mordred, and on the same shore, east from the river's mouth, born in Tintagel castle. Gorbis Prince of Cornwall, at Uther-Pendragon's coronation, solemnized in London, upon divers too kind passages and lascivious regards betwixt the king and his wife Igerne, grew very jealous, in a rage left the court, committed his wife's chastity to this castle's safeguard; and to prevent the wasting of his country, which upon this discontent was threatened, betook himself in other sorts to martial preparation. Uther (his blood still boiling in lust) upon advice of Ulfen Rhicardoch, one of his knights, by Ambrose Merlin's magic personated like Gorbis, and Ulfen like one Jordan, servant to Gorbis, made such successful use of their imposture, that (the Prince in the mean time slain) Arthur was the same night begotten, and verified that (j) *Nihil vi nullasque laboribus*; although Merlin by the rule of Hermes, or astrological direction, justified, that he was conceived three hours after Gorbis' death; by this shift answering the dangerous imputation of bastardy to the heir of a crown. For Uther taking Igerne to wife, left Arthur his successor in the kingdom. Here have you a Jupiter, an Alcmena, an Amphitryo, a Sohus, and a Mercury; nor wants there scarce any thing, but that truth-passing reports of poetical bards have made the birth an Hercules.

*Known by one general name upon this point that dwell.*

The name Damnonii, Dimnonii, or Danmonii, in Solinus and Ptolemy, comprehended the people of Devonshire and Cornwall; whence the Lizard promontory is called Damnum in (k) Marcan Heracleotes; and William of Melmesbury, Florence

(a) *Apertus Dionys. Afro in opus. multis, n. arbitrio antiquorum & litera adest vel abest. Simban, ad a. Strab.*

(b) Origen, *serm. Ego. lib. a. Clem. Alex. m. o & C. Diog. Laert. lib. a.*

(c) Conjecture upon Mela.

(d) *Fest. Avieno insel. sacra dicta Hibernia.*

(e) *Gladius Cambresii, dist. 3. c. a.*

(f) *Affuerus Cordanier (dictus in hist. Gal. de hinc ante triennium ed. de la paix, &c.) ipse pariter olim epist. videtur Josephus Char. ptolemaeus (reperitur epistola Argemine apud*

*Matt. Paris in Henr. III. & Joannes ille (Guidoni Bonato in astrologia de indigitatus) Butta-*

*dens.*

(g) In biblioth. Floriacens. edit. per Joan. a Bello.

(h) Carew descrip. Corn. lib. 2.

(i) Dictus hinc in Merlini vaticinio, *Aper Cornubiz.*

(j) Euripid. *Andromach.* Bastards are often times better than legitimates.

(k) *Ti deponit a. n. p.*



of Worcester, Roger of Hoveden and others, stile Devonshire by name of Domnonia, perhaps all from *Duffneint*. i. e. low valleys in British; wherein are most inhabitants of the country, as judicious Camden teaches me.

*Or that this foreland lies furb'ſt out into his ſight,  
Which ſpreads his vigorous flames*—————

Fuller report of the excellence in wrestling and nimbleness of body, wherewith this western people have been and are famous, you may find in Carew's description of his country. But to give reason of the climate's nature for this prerogative in them, I think as difficult as to shew why about the Magellanic streights they are so white, about the Cape de Buon Speranza so black, (m) yet both under the same tropic; why the Abyssins are but tawny moors, when as in the East-Indian isles, Zeilan and Malabar, they are very black, both in the same parallel; or why we that live in this Northern latitude; compared with the southern, should not be like affected from like cause. I refer it no more to the sun, than the special horsemanship in our northern men, the nimble ability of the Irish, the fiery motions of the French, Italian jealousy, German liberty, Spanish puffed-up vanity, or those different and perpetual carriages of state government, haste and delay, which as (n) inbred qualities were remarkable in the two most martial people of Greece. The cause of Æthiopian blackness and curled hair was long since judiciously (o) secht from the disposition of soil, air, water, and singular operations of the heavens: with confutation of those which attribute it to the sun's distance. And I am resolved that every land hath its so singular self nature and individual habitude with celestial influence, that human knowledge, consisting most of all in universality, is not yet furnished with what is requisite to so particular discovery. But for the learning of this point in a special treatise, Hippocrates, Ptolemy, Bodin, and others have copious disputes.

*Which now the credulous world doth slander for a dream.*

I should the sooner have been of the author's opinion (in more than poetical form, standing for Brute) if in any Greek or Latin story authentic, speaking of Æneas and his planting in Latium, were mention made of any such like thing. To reckon the learned men which deny him, or at least permit him not in conjecture, were too long

a catalogue; and indeed, this critic age scarce any longer endures any nation their first supposed author's name; not Italus to the Italians; not Hispalus to the Spaniard, Bato to the Hollander, Brabo to the Brabantine, Francio to the French, Celtes to the Celt, Galathes to the Gaul, Scota to the Scot; no, nor scarce Romulus to his Rome, because of their unlikely and fictitious mixtures: especially this of Brute, supposed long before the beginning of the Olympiads (whence all time backward is justly called by (p) Varro, unknown or fabulous) some two thousand seven hundred and more years since, about Samuel's time, is most of all undoubted. But (reserving my censure) I thus maintain the author, although nor Greek nor Latin, nor our country stories of Bede and Malmesbury especially, nor that fragment yet remaining of Gildas speak of him; and that his name were not published until Geffrey of Monmouth's edition of the British story, which grew and continues much suspected, in much rejected; yet observe that Talieſſin a (q) great bard, more than a thousand years since, affirms it, Nennius (in some copies he is under name of Gildas) above eight hundred years past, and the gloss of Samuel Beaulan, or some other, crept into this text, mention both the common report and descent from Æneas; and withal (which I take to be Nennius his own) make his son to one Isicio or Hefichio (perhaps meaning Aschenaz, of whom more in the fourth song) continuing a pedigree to Adam, joining these words: (r) "This genealogy I found by tradition of the ancients, which were first inhabitants of Britain." In a manuscript epistle of Henry of Huntingdon (s) to one Warin, I read the Latin of this English; "You ask me Sir, why omitting the succeeding reigns from Brute to Julius Cæsar, I begin to my story at Cæsar? I answer you, That neither by word nor writing could I find any certainty of those times; although with diligent search I oft enquired it, yet this year in my journey towards Rome in the abbey of Beccensam, even with amazement, I found the story of Brute;" and in his own printed book he affirms, that what Bede had in this part omitted, was supplied to him by other authors; of which Girald seems to have had use. The British story of Monmouth was a translation (but with much liberty, and no exact faithfulness) of a Welsh book, delivered to Geffrey by one Walter archdeacon of Oxford, and hath been followed (the translator being a man of some credit, and bishop of St. Asaph's under

(m) Ortelius theatro.

(n) Thucyd. 2. & passim de Athen. & Lacedæm. & de Thabis & Chalcide. v. Calumell. 1 de re rustic. cap. 4.

(o) Onesicrit. apud Strabon. lib. 11.

(p) Apud Censorin. de die natal. cap. 21. Christopher. Helvici chronologiam sequimur, nec, ut accuratius temporum subauctiori hoc loco incumbamus, res postulat; verum & ille satis accurate,

qui Samuelis præfecturam Ann. 3850. hæc inique computo posuit.

(q) Jo. Pris. defens. hist. Brit.

(r) Ex vetust. & perpulechrè MS. Nennio sub titulo Gildæ.

(s) Lib. de summitatibus rerum qui 10. est historiæ in MS. Huntingdon began his history at Cæsar, but upon better inquisition added Brute. Librum illum, in quem ait se incidisse, Nennium fuisse obſignatis fermè tabulis sum potis adſcribere.



phen) by Ponticus Virunnius an Italian ; our country historians of middle times age, speaking so certainly of him, that on his coat (*t*) to you, *two lions combatant, and Or, in a field gules* : others or a ant gules ; and lastly by Dr. White of ke, lately living at Doway, a Count ; according to the title bestowed by Imperials upon their professors. Are there also drawn from some affinity creek (*x*) tongue, and much of Trojan k names with the British. These things more enforced by the Cambro-Britons, that universal desire, bewitching our E- derive their blood from Trojans, which might as well be (*y*) by supposition of estors marriages with the hither deduced colonies, who by original were certainly if their antiquities deceive not. You this weak conjecture ; that in those large s of the Gauls, Cimmericians, and Celts hem I doubt not but were many Britons, ith them community of nation, manners, ustoms ; and Brennus himself is affirmed which under indistinct names when this world was undiscovered, overran Italy, and part of Asia, it is (*z*) reported that : to Troy for safeguard ; presuming per- like kindness, as we read of betwixt the and Romans, in their wars with (*a*) An- which was loving respect through con- of blood) upon like cause remembered by tradition. Briefly, seeing no rational ept such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Po- xar, Tacitus, Procopius, Cantacuzen, Guicciardin, Commynes, Macchiavel, and , which were employed in the state of es, can justify themselves but by tradi- d that many of the fathers and ecclesi- ) historians, especially the Jewish Rab- ing their highest learning of Cabala, but ique and successive report) have inserted dition many relations current enough, ly writ crosses them not : you shall e- ease Saturn and Mercury, presidents of and learning, if with the author you s belief. Where are the authorities (at he names) of Jannes and Jambres, (*c*) ngs of Enoch, and other such like, which e by divine tradition were ? The same might be of that infinite lots of authors, mes are so frequent in Stephen, Athe-

nzus, Plutarch, Clemens, Polybius, Livy, others. And how dangerous it were to examine antiqui- ties by a foreign writer (especially in those times) you may see by the stories of the Hebrews, de- livered in Justin, Strabo, Tacitus, and such other discording and contrary (beside their infinite o- missions) to Moses's infallible context. Nay he with his successor Joshua, is copious in the Israel- ites entering, conquering, and expelling the Ger- gesites, (*d*) Jebusites, and the rest out of the holy land ; yet no witness have they of their transmi- gration and peopling of Afric, which by testi- mony of two pillars (*e*) erected and engraven at Tingis, hath been affirmed. But you blame me thus expatiating. Let me add for the author, that our most judicious antiquary of the last age, John (*f*) Leland, with reason and authority hath also for Brute argued strongly.

*Next Sylvius him succeeds*————

So goes the ordinary descent ; but some make Sylvius son to Æneas, to whom the prophesy was given :

————(*g*) *Serum Lavinia conjunx,*  
*Educel sylvis regem regumque parentem ;*

as you have it in Virgil.

*His parents only death*————

From these unfortunate accidents (*b*) one will have his name Brotus, as from the Greek *βροτός*, i. e. mortal ; but rather (if it had pleased him) from *βροτός*, i. e. bloody.

*He should descry the isle of Albion, high'y blest.*

His request to Diana in an hexastich, and her answer in an ogdoastich, hexameters and pentame- ters, discovered to him in a dream, with his sacri- fice and ritual ceremonies, are in the British story : the verses are pure Latin, which clearly (as is written of (*i*) Apollo) was not in those times spoken by Diana, nor understood by Brute : there- fore in charity believe it a translation ; by Gildas a British poet, as Virunnius tells you. The author takes a justifiable liberty, making her call it Albion, which was the old name of this isle, and remembered in Pliny, Marcian, the book *μικροβίων*, falsely attributed to Aristotle, Stephen, Apuleius, others. And our monk of (*k*) Bury calls Henry the Fifth,

rding. Nich. Upton. de re militar. 2.

tit de professorib. l. unica.

rald. descript. c. 15.

mden.

gesianax apud Strab. lib. 17.

og. Pomp. lib. 31.

Ichior Canus libr. 11. de aut. his hum. de

12.

gen. ad 35. Matth.

the sixth song.

(*e*) Procopius de bell Vandilic. lib. 2.

(*f*) Ad Cyng. Cant.

(*g*) Æneid. 6. & ibid. Serv. Honoratus. After thy death Lavinia brings a king born in the woods, father of kings.

(*b*) Basingstoch. lib. 1.

(*i*) Cicero de divinat. l. 2.

(*k*) J. Lidgat. lib. de bello Trojan. 5. & alibi sæpius.



*Protector of Brute's Albion.*

often using that name for the island. From Albina, daughter to Dioclesian (1) King of Syria, some fetch the name; others from a lady of that name, one of the Danaids; affirming their (m) arrival here, copulation with spirits, and bringing forth giants, and all this above 200 years before Brute. But neither was there any such king in Syria, nor had Danaus (that can be found) any such daughter, nor travelled they for adventures, but by their father were newly (n) married, after slaughter of their husbands: briefly, nothing can be written more impudently fabulous. Others from King Albion, Neptune's son; from the Greek (o) ἄλβιος; others, or from (I know not what) Olibus, a Celtish king, remembered by the false Manethon. Follow them rather which will it (p) *ab albis rupibus*, whereby it is specially conspicuous. So was an isle in the Indian sea called Leuca, *i. e.* white; and (q) another in Pontus, supposed also fortunate, and a receptacle of the souls of those great heroes, Peleus and Achilles. Thus was a place by Tyber called (r) Albiona; and the very name of Albion was upon the Alps, which from like cause had their denomination; *Alpum* in the Sabin tongue (from the Greek ἄλφον) signifying white. Some much dislike this derivation, (s) because it comes from a tongue (suppose it either Greek or Latin) not anciently communicated to this isle. For my part, I think (clearly against the common opinion) that the name of Britain was known to strangers before Albion. I could vouch the (t) finding of one of the masts of Hero's ship, (u) *ἐν ταῖς ὄρεσι τοῦ Βρετανίας*, if judicious correction admonished me not rather to read *Βρετανίης*, *i. e.* the lower Calabria in Italy, a place above all other, I remember, for store of ship-timber; commended (x) by Alcibiades to the Lacedemonians. But with better surety can I produce the express name of (y) *Βρετανικὴν νῆσον*, out of a writer that (z) lived and travelled in warfare with Scipio; before whose time Scylax (making a catalogue of twenty other isles) and Herodotus (to whom these western parts were by his confession unknown) never so much as speak of us by any name. After-

ward was Albion imposed upon the can touched, expressing the old British name *quin*: which argument moves me before for that I see it usual in antiquity to have among strangers, in their tongue just as with the same in the language of the country which they are applyed; as the red sea is so, Curtius, Stephen, others) named from that coast called Erythræus (for to red sand, as some, or red hills, as an older, were but refuges of shameful ignominy which was surely the same with Esau, callily writ *Ædom*; (c) both signifying (the Greek, the other in Hebrew) red. So Nile, (d) in Hebrew and Ægyptian called *i. e.* black, is observed by that mighty learning's state, Joseph Scaliger, to signify the same colour in the word *Αἰγύπτιος*, used (e) Homer; which is enforced also by (f) statutes among the Greeks, erected in the mouth of Nile, named also expressly (g) Menelaus proper names of men; Simon (h) Zelotes is but Simon the Canaanite, and (i) Orpheus the same with Moses, Janus with Saturnus: and in our times those authors, Pliny, Plutarch, Magirus, Theocrenus, Pelargus, in their own language, but Swertearth, Cooke, de Dieu, Storke. Divers such other places might illustrate the conceit; but they are too tedious. Take largest etymological liberty, may have it from (j) *Ellan-ban*, *i. e.* the white isle, in Scottish, as they call their *Alba* to fit all together, the name of Britain from *Alba*, *i. e.* the coloured isle in Welsh; which and the Greek (k) *Βρύτον* or *Βρύτιον* (a kind of drink nearly like our beer) I will have the French *Forcatulus* think affinity (as called *Oenotria*, from the name of wine) not for that *Βρύτον* may be had from an primitive, or else from *Βρύθι*, *i. e.* sweet (as teaches, making *Britomart* signify as sweet virgin) in the Cretic tongue. But play with syllables, and abuse precious time.

*The city Turan Built*

- (1) Chronic. S. Albani.  
 (m) Hugo de Genes. apud Harding. c. 3.  
 (n) Pausanias in Laconic.  
 (o) Happy.  
 (p) From white cliffs.  
 (q) Παρὰ τὴν λιμνὴν ἀκτὴν uti Euripides in Andromach. magis vellem, quàm εἶκα ἢ τὰ παρὶς τοῦ ποταμοῦ τὰ λιμένα τίττωμι quod canit Dionysius Afer.  
 (r) Strab. lib. 8. & Sixtus Pompeius in *Alpum*.  
 (s) H. Lhuid in Breviar.  
 (t) Moschion apud Athen. dipnosoph. 1.  
 (u) In the hills of Britany.  
 (x) Thucyd. hist. 6.  
 (y) British isles.  
 (z) Polyb. hist. 7. qui Jul. Cæsarem ducentos ferme annos antevertit.  
 (a) The white isle.

- (b) Uranius in Arabic. apud Steph. *Ἐρυθρά*.  
 (c) Gen. 36. Num. 20.  
 (d) Isai. 23. Jerem. 2.  
 (e) Odyss. 8. — Αἰγύπτιος εἰς ποταμὸν  
 Fortè tamen fluvius Ægypti, ut Heb. [77] Gen. 15. com. nat. 17.  
 (f) Pausan. Arcadic. 1.  
 (g) Festus in Alcedo.  
 (h) Nebrissen. in quinquag. cap. 40.  
 (i) Camden.  
 (k) Vocabulo *Βρύτον* usi sunt Æschylus, Hellanicus, Archilocus, Hecateus apud naxum. dipnosoph. 10. α τὴν εὐχρίνην ἄνθεα, ferè naturæ cum Scytho & Curmithe apud coridem lib. 8. cap. 87. & 88. fortè παρὰ



Tours upon Loire in France, whose dation the inhabitants (*l*) refer to : same time with Æneas, but whence which Virgil speaks of, they know monuments they yet shew, boast of, idly derive the word Torneaments. ry says Brute built it (so also Nennius one I'uron, Brute's nephew there the name. Homer is cited for his works extant it is not found.

had divers others (which wrong-licht from us) as appears in Hero-as; you may in favour think it to hose lost; yet I cannot in conscience de you that he ever knew the con-(now, in part, France) although a rman endeavours by force of wit, to carry Ulysses (which he makes nefas) into Spain, and others before alsely) into the northern parts of for Homer's knowledge, see the sixth song.

*re that time the men that lived there.*

our stories, you must believe the led with giants, of vast bodily com-re read of the Nephilim, the Re-n, Og, Goliath, and other in holy, Tityus, Antæus, I'nnous, and the aer, Virgil, Ovid; and of Adam's ing to Jewish (*o*) fiction) equalling old's diameter; yet seeing that nar-tile as of old) hath in her effects nits of quantity, that in Aristotle's r two thousand years since) their fix foot ordinarily (nor is the dif-ixt ours and Greeks dimension, at near the same length was our chre, as Adamnan informed (*g*) King I think that there now are some as as for the most part have been, and re but of a somewhat more than ellence in body, and martial perfor-a object the finding of great bones, ed by proportion, largely exceed our answer, that in some singulars, as er than natural, such proof hath hal, that both uow and of ancient re's judgment in such like hath been,

and is, subject to much imposture; mistaking bones of huge beasts for human. (*l*) Claudius brought over his elephants hither, and perhaps Julius Cæsar some, (for I have read (*u*) that he terribly af-frighted the Britons with sight of one at Coway-stakes) and so may you be deceived. But this is no place to examine it.

*Of Corin Cornwall call'd, to bis immortal fame.*

So, if you believe the tale of Corin and Gogmagog: but rather imagine the name of Cornwall from this promontory of the land's end, extending itself like a (*u*) horn, which in most tongues is Corn, or very near. Thus was a (*y*) promontory in Cyprus called Ceraustes, and in the now Candy or Crete, and Gazaria (the old Taurica Chersonesus) another titled (*x*) *Καὶ πλάτων*: and Brundisium in Italy had name from Brendon or (*a*) Bren-tion, i. e. a Hart's head, in the Messapian tongue, for similitude of horns. But (*b*) Malmesbury thus: "They are called Cornwallshmen, because " being seated in the western part of Britain, they " lie over against a horn (a promontory) of Gaul." The whole name is as if you should say Corn-wales; for hither in the Saxon conquest the Bri-tish called Welsh (signifying the people rather than strangers, as the vulgar opinion wills) made transmigration: whereof an old (*c*) rhimer:

*The vowe that wer of hem bileved, as in Cornwails and Wailis,*

*Brutons ner namore ycluped, at Walcys ywis.*

Such was the language of your fathers between three and four hundred years since: and of it more hereafter.

*The deluge of the Dane exactly to have song.*

In the fourth year of (*d*) Brithric, King of the West-Saxons, at Portland, and at this place (which makes the fiction proper) three ships of Danish pirates enter'd: the King's Lieutenant offering inquisition of their name, state, and cause of ar-rival, was the first Englishman, in this first Danish invasion, slain by their hand. Miserable losses and continual had the English, by their frequent irruptions, from this time till the Norman conquest; twixt which intercedes two hundred se-

1. Chefne en les recherchez des villes

is in Hispanio. 4. v. Strab. geo-as de Olyssipone.

olyhist. cap. 35.

leazar apud Riccium in epit. Tal-in hâc re all oriam v. apud D. Cy-montibus Sina & Sion.

μηχ π.

2. Ecclesiast. 5. c. 17.

3. και ἰσπισαμιναι πόλιμον. Baruch.

4. si placet, Scaliger. exercitation.

an. 2. August. Civ. Dei 15. c. 23.

Clem. Rom. recognit. 1. Lactant, &c.

(*l*) Sueton. in Octav. c. 72.

(*l*) Dio. Cass. lib. 5.

(*u*) Polyæn. stratagemat. 7. in Cæsare.

(*x*) Cornugallia dicta est H. Huntingdonio, aliis.

(*y*) Strabo lib. 7. & 1. Stephan. Melanct. Plin. geogr. passim.

(*z*) Ram's head.

(*a*) Seleucus apud Stephan. Βιβλ. 7. & Suidas in Βιβλ.

(*b*) De gest. reg. 2. c. 6.

(*c*) Robertus Glocestrenf.

(*d*) Anno 787.



venty-nine years : and that less account of (e) two hundred and thirty, during which space this land endured their slaughters, according to some men's calculation, begins at King Ethelwulph ; to whose time Henry of Huntingdon and Roger of Hoveden, refer the beginning of the Danish mischiefs, continuing so intolerable, that under King Ethelred was there begun a tribute insupportable (yearly afterward exacted from the subjects) to give their King Swain, and so prevent their insatiate rapine. It was between thirty and forty thousand (f) pounds (for I find no certainty of it, so variable are the reports) not instituted for pay of garrisons employed in service against them (as upon the misunderstanding of the Confessor's laws some ill affirm) but to satisfy the wasting enemy ; but so that it ceased not, although their spoils ceased, but was collected to the use of the crown, until King Stephen promised to remit it. For indeed St. Edward, upon imagination of seeing a devil dancing about the whole sum of it lying in his treasury, moved in conscience, caused it to be repayed, and released the duty, as Ingulph abbot of Crowland tells you : yet observe him, and read Florence of Worcester, Marian the Scot, Henry of Huntingdon, and Roger Hoveden, and you will confess that what I report thus from them is truth, and different much from what vulgarly is received. Of the Danish race were afterward three Kings, Cnut, Hardcnut, and Harold the first.

*His offspring after long expulsi the inner land.*

(e) Audacter lege ducentos vice et trecentos in fol. 237. Hovedeni, cui prologum libro quinto H. Huntingdon. committas licet. Danegelt shewed against a common error both in remission & institution.

(f) Mariano Scoto 3600 libræ, & Florentio Wigorn.

(g) Chronologiam huc spectantem consulas in Illustrat. ad 4. Cant.

After some one thousand five hundred from the (g) supposed arrival of the their posterity were by encroachment of Jutes, Angles, Danes (for among the Saxon noble (b) Deuz wills that surely Danes Frisians (i) and Franks driven into those parts of the now Wells and Cornwall stories have this at large, and the Saxon chy ; which at last by public edict of King was called *Engle-land*. But John, Bishop Chartres saith it had that name from coming of the Angles ; others from the Hengist (l), (a matter probable enough) name, wars, policies, and government, being invested by Vortigern in Kent, are above other Germans most notable in the British and Harding.

————— *He called it Engeftes land,  
Which afterward was shorted, and called E*

Herto accords that of one of our (m) old Poets :

————— (n) *Engifti lingua canit infula B*

If I should add the idle conceits of God Viterbo, drawing the name from I know what Angri, the insertion of l for r by Gregory, or the conjecture of unlimitable, I should unwillingly, yet with the prudently, err.

(b) Jan. Douz. annal. Holland. 1. & 6.

(i) Procopius in fragm. 8. lib. Gothic. apud den. Name of England.

(k) Polieratic. lib. 6. c. 17.

(l) Chronicon S. Albani. Hector. Boët. rum hist. 7.

(m) J. Gower epigram. in confess. amanti

(n) Britain sings in Hengist's tongue.



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# P O L Y- O L B I O N :

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## THE SECOND SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The Muse from Marshwood way, commands  
Along the shore through Chesil's sands;  
Where, over-toil'd, her heat to cool,  
She bathes her in the pleasant Pool:  
Thence, over land again doth scow'r,  
To fetch in Frome and bring down Stour;  
Falls with New-Forest, as she sings  
The wanton wood-nymphs revellings.  
Whilst Itchin in her lofty lays  
Chaunts Bevis of Southampton's praise,  
She Southward with her active flight  
Is wafted to the Isle of Wight,  
To see the rout the sea-gods keep,  
There swaggering in the Solent deep.  
Thence Hampshire ward her way she bends;  
And visiting her forest friends,  
Near Sals'bury her rest doth take:  
Which she her second pause doth make.

Strongly forth, my muse, whilst yet the  
emp'rate air  
as eas'ly on to hasten our repair.  
Powerful God of flames (in verse divinely  
great) [heat,  
my invention so wit. thy true genuine  
and noble things I lightly may not tell,  
and idle toys my lines may vainly swell;  
my subject serves, so high or low to strain,  
the varying earth so sure my varying vein,

That nature, in my work thou may'st thy pow'r  
avow : [allow ;  
That as thou first found'st art, and didst her rules  
So I, to thine own self that gladly near would be,  
May herein do the best, in imitating thee :  
As thou hast here a hill, a vale there, there a  
flood,  
A mead here, there a heath, and now and then a  
wood,



These things so in my song I naturally may show ;  
Now, as the mountain high; then as the valley  
low ;

Here, fruitful as the mead; there, as the heath  
be bare ;

Then, as the gloomy wood, I may be rough,  
though rare.

Though the Dorsetian fields, that lie in open  
view,

My progress I again must seriously pursue,  
From Marshwood's fruitful vale my journey on  
to make

(As Phœbus getting up out of the eastern lake,  
Refresh'd with ease and sleep, is to his labour  
prest ;

Even so the labouring muse, here baited with  
this rest.)

Whereas the little Lim along doth eas'ly creep,  
And Car, that coming down unto the troubled  
deep,

Brings on the neighb'ring bert, whose bat'ning  
mellow'd bank,

From all the British soils, for hemp most hugely  
rank

Doth bear away the best : to Bert-port, which  
hath gain'd

That praise from every place, and worthily  
obtain'd

Our cordage from her store (a), and cables should  
be made,

Of any in that kind most fit for marine trade.

Not sever'd from the shore, aloft where Chesil  
lifts

Her ridged snake-like sands, in wrecks and  
smould'ring drifts,

Which by the south-wind rais'd, are heav'd on  
little hills :

Whose vallies with his flows when foaming  
Neptune fills :

Upon a thousand (b) swans the naked sea-nymphs  
ride

Within the ouzy pools, replenish'd every tide :

Which running on, the isle of Portland pointeth  
out ;

Upon whose moisted skist, with sea-weed fring'd  
about,

The bastard coral breeds, that, drawn out of the  
A brittle stalk becomes, from greenish turn'd to  
black ;

Which th' ancients for the love that they to Isis  
(Their goddess most ador'd) have sacred for her  
hair.

Of which the Naiads and the blue (c) Nereids  
make

Them (d) taudries for their necks : when sport-  
ing in the lake,

They to their secret bow'rs the sea-gods entertain.  
Where Portland from her top doth over-peer  
the main ;

(a) By Act of Parliament in the 21st of Hen. VIII.

(b) The beauty of the many swans upon the Chesils,  
referred in this poetical delivery.

(c) Sea-nymphs.

(d) A kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Her rugged front empal'd (on every part) with  
rocks,

Though indigent of wood, yet fraught with  
woolly flocks ;

Most famous for her folk excelling with the sing'  
Of any other here this land inhabiting ;

That therewith they in war offensively might  
wound ;

If yet the use of shot invention had not found.

Where from the neighb'ring hills her passage way  
doth path,

Whose haven, not our least that watch the mid-  
day, hath

The glories that belong unto a complete port ;  
Though way the least of all the Naiads that resort

To the Dorsetian sands from off the higher shore.  
Then From (a nobler flood) the muses doth

implore (bewail,

Her mother Blackmoor's state they sadly would  
Whose big and lordly oaks once bore as brave a

fail,  
As they themselves that thought the largest shades

to spread :  
But man's devouring hand, with all the earth not

fed,  
Hath hew'd her timber down : which wounded,

when it fell,  
By the great noise it made, the workman seem'd

to tell  
The loss that to the land would shortly come

thereby,  
Where no man ever plants to our posterity :

That when sharp winter shoots her fleet and  
harden'd hail,

Or sudden gusts from sea the harmless deer assail,  
The shrubs are not of pow'r to shiel'd them from

the wind.  
' Dear mother, quoth the Froom, too late (alas!)  
we find

' The softness of thy sword, continued through  
' thy soil,

' To be the only cause of unrecover'd spoil ;  
' When scarce the British ground a finer grass

' doth bear :  
' And wish I could, quoth she, (if wishes help'd  
' were)

' & Thou never by that name of white-hart  
' hadst been known,

' But stiled Black-moor still, which rightly was  
' thine own.

' For why ? that change fortold the ruin of thy  
' state :

' Lo, thus the world may see what 'tis to inno-  
' vate !

By this, her own-nam'd (e) town the wan-  
d'ring Froom had past,

And quitting in her course old Dorchester at last  
Approaching near the Pool, at Wareham on her

way,  
As eas'ly she doth fall into the peaceful bay,

Upon her nobler side, and to the southward near,  
Fair Purbeck she beholds, which no where hath

her peer :

e) Frampton,



So pleasantly in-ill'd on mighty Neptune's marge,  
A forest-nymph, and one of chaste Diana's charge,  
Bospy'd in woods and laws her deer to feed and  
kill :

On whom the watty God would oft have had  
And often her hath woo'd, which never would  
he wot :

But Furbeck, as profess a Huntress and a Nun,  
The wide and wealthy sea, nor all his power re-  
jects;

Her marble-minded breast, impregnable, rejects  
The ugly (f) orca, that for their Lord and Ocean  
wot.

Whilst Froom was troubled thus, where nought  
she hath to do,

The Fiddle, that this while bestirr'd her nimble  
feet,

In falling to the Pool her sister Froom to meet,  
still having in her train two little slender rills  
besides her proper spring, wherewith her banks  
she fills,

To whom since first the world this later name  
has lent,

Whom anciently was known to be infilled (g) Trent,  
her small assistant brooks her second name  
have gain'd.

Whilst Fiddle and the Froom each other enter-  
tain'd,

Oh praising lovely Pool, their best-beloved bay,  
Thus Fiddle her bespake, to pass the time away :

When (h) Pool (quoth she) was young, a lusty  
sea-born lass,

Great Albion to this nymph an earnest suitor  
was;

And bore himself so well, and so in favour  
That he in little time upon this lovely dame

Got three maiden illes, his darlings and de-  
light :

The eldest, Branksey call'd; the second, Fursey

The youngest and the last, and lesser than the  
other,

Saint Hellen's name doth bear, the dilling of  
her mother.

And for the goodly Pool was one of Thetis'  
train,

Who scorn'd a nymph of hers her virgin-band  
should stain;

Great Albion (that fore-thought the angry God-  
des would

Both on the dam and brats take what revenge  
she could)

First Branksey, Fursey next, and little Hellen  
last :

Then with his mighty arms doth clip the Pool

To keep the angry queen (fierce Amphitrite)  
out :

Against whose lordly might she musters up her  
waves ;

And strongly thence repuls'd, with madness  
scolds and raves.

When now from Pool, the muse (up to her  
pitch to get)

Herself in such a place from sight doth almost set,  
As by the active power of her commanding wings,  
She (falcon-like) from far doth fetch those plen-  
teous springs.

Where (i) Stour receives her strength from six  
clear fountains fed ;

Which gathering to one stream from every several  
head,

Her new-beginning bank her water scarcely  
wields ;

And fairly ent'reth first on the Dorsetian fields ;  
Where Gillingham with gifts that for a God were  
meet,

(Enamell'd paths, rich wreaths, and every sov'-  
reign sweet

The earth and air can yield, with many a pleasure  
mixt)

Receives her. Whilst there pass'd great kindness  
them betwixt,

The forest her bespoke : ' How happy, floods,  
are ye,

' From our predestin'd plagues that privileged be  
' Which only with the fish which in your banks do

' breed,

' And daily there increase, man's gormandice  
' can feed !

' But had this wretched age such uses to employ  
' Your waters, as the woods we lately did enjoy,

' Your channels they would leave as barren by  
' their spoil,

' As they of all our trees have lastly left our soil.  
' Insatiable time thus all things doth devour :

' What ever saw the sun, that is not in time's  
' power ?

' Ye fleeting streams last long, out-living many a  
' But on more steadfast things time makes the  
strongest prey.

Now tow'rs the Solent sea as Stour her way  
doth ply,

On Shaftsbury (by chance) she cast her crystal eye,  
From whose foundation first such strange reports  
arise,

As brought into her mind the Eagle's prophecies;  
Oft that so dreadful plague, which all great Britain  
swept,

From that which highest flew, to that which  
lowest crept,

Before the Saxon thence the Briton should expell,  
And all that thereupon successively befell,

How then the bloody Dane subdu'd the Saxon  
race ;

And, next, the Norman took possession of the  
Those ages once expir'd, the fates to bring about,

The British line restor'd ; the Norman lineage out.

Then, those prodigious signs to ponder she  
began,

Which afterward again the Britons wrack fore-  
How here the owl at noon in public streets was  
seen,

As though the peopled towns had wayless deserts

(i) Stour riseth from six fountains.

(f) Monsters of the sea, supposed Neptune's guard.

(g) The ancient name of Fiddle.

(h) The story of Pool.



And whilst the loathly toad out of his hole doth  
crawl,  
And makes his fulsome stool amid the Prince's hall,  
The crystal fountain turn'd into a gory wound,  
And bloody issues brake (like ulcers) from the  
ground; [return,  
The seas, against their course, with double tides  
And oft were seen by night like boiling pitch to  
burn.

Thus thinking, lively Stour bestirs her tow'rd  
the main;  
Which Lidden leadeth out; then Dulas bears  
her train  
From Blackmore, that at once their watry tribute  
bring: [toning,  
When, like some childish wench, she loosely wan-  
With tricks and giddy turns seems to insile the  
shore. [scow'r

Betwixt her fishful banks then forward she doth  
Until she lastly reach clear Alen in her race:

Which calmly cometh down from her dear moth-  
er (k) chafe, [see

Of Cranbourn that it call'd; who greatly joys to  
A river born of her, for Stour's should reckon'd be,  
Of that renowned flood a favourite highly grac'd.

Whilst Cranbourn, for her child so fortunately  
plac'd,

With echoes every way applauds her Alen's state,  
A sudden noise from (l) Holt seems to congratu-  
late [stow'd,

With Cranbourn, for her brook so happily be-  
Where, to her neighb'ring chafe the courteous  
forest shew'd

So just-conceived joy, that from each rising (m)  
hust,

Where many a goodly oak had carefully been nurst,  
The Sylvans in their songs their mirthful meet-  
ing tell;

And Satyrs, that in shades and gloomy dimbles  
dwell, [hands.

Run whooting to the hills to clap their ruder  
As Holt had done before, so Canford's goodly  
launds [veins,

(Which lean upon the Pool) enrich'd with cop'ras  
Rejoice to see them join'd. When down from  
Sarum plains

Clear Avon coming in, her sister Stour doth call,  
& And at New-forest's foot into the sea do fall,

Which every day bewail that deed so full of  
dread, [ested:

Whereby she (now so proud) became first for-  
She now, who for her site ev'n boundless seem'd  
to lie,

Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny,  
Providing laws to keep those beasts here planted  
then, [men;

Whose lawless will from hence before had driven  
That where the hearth was warm'd with winter's  
feasting fires,

The melancholy hare is form'd in brakes and  
briers:

The aged ranpick trunk, where plowmen cast  
their seed,

And churches overwhelm'd with nettles, fern and  
weed, [trade,

By Conq'ring William first cut off from every  
That here the Norman still might enter to invade;

That on this vacant place, and unfrequented shore,  
New forces still might land, to aid those here  
before. [great,

But she, as by a King and Conqueror made so  
By whom she was allow'd and limited her seat,

Into her own self-praise most insolently brake,  
And her less fellow-nymphs New-forest thus be-  
spake:

' Thou (n) Buckholt, bow to me; so let thy  
sister (n) Bere;

' (n) Chute, kneel thou at my name on this side  
' of the shire:

' Where, for their Goddess, me the (o) Dryads  
' shall adore,

' With Waltham and the Bere, that on the sea-  
' worn shore

' See at the southern isles the tide at tilt to run;  
' And Wolmer, placed hence upon the rising sun,

' With Ashholt thine ally (my wood-nymphs)  
' and with you,

' Proud Pamber tow'rd the north, ascribe me  
' worship due.

' Before my Princely state let your poor great-  
' nefs fall;

' And vail your tops to me, the Sovereign of you  
' all. [fell

Amongst the River, so, great discontent there  
Th' efficient cause thereof (as loud report doth tell)

Was, that the sprightly Iest arising up in Chute,  
To Itchin, her ally, great weakness should impute,

That she, to her own wrong, and every other's  
grief,

Would needs be telling things exceeding all belief:  
For she had giv'n it out, South-hampton should  
not lose

§ Her famous Bevis so, were 't in her pow'r to  
choose; [prefer,

§ And for great Arthur's seat, her Winchester  
Whose old Round-table yet she vaunteth to be  
hers;

And swore, the inglorious time should not bereave  
her right;

But what it would obscure, she would reduce to  
light.

For, from that wondrous (p) pond, whence she  
derives her head,

And places by the way, by which she's honoured,  
Old Winchester, that stands near in her middle  
way,

(And Hampton, at her fall into the Solent sea)  
She thinks in all the isle not any such as she,

And for a Demigod she would related be.  
' Sweet sister mine (quoth Iest) advise you  
' what you do;

' Think this; for each of us, the forests here are  
' two;

' (n) The forests of Hampshire, with their situations.  
(o) Nymphs that live and die with oaks.

(p) A pool near unto Alresford, yielding an un-  
abundance of water.

(k) Cranbourn chafe.

(l) Holt-forest.

(m) A wood in English.



speak a thing whereof they hold  
 like,  
 or be't much, they double will it  
 [flood,  
 helpeth out; a handsome proper  
 all skill'd and one that knew her  
 both this nymph, the times be  
 is now,  
 of that kind will any way allow.  
 Muse had next the British cause in  
 [stand.  
 s later done that now she cannot  
 they her persuade, the more she  
 rifiſt;  
 what they will, she will do what  
 If their chief, and swears she will  
 nd;  
 or she faith, for oracles must stand.  
 the Rivers heard, they farther  
 forbear.  
 ase herself that only seem'd to care)  
 ievements great Bevis thus began:  
 Knight, quoth she, O most re-  
 ed man!  
 thou wert but young, thy mother  
 reprove  
 dly seduced by th' unlawful love  
 at that time the Almain Emper-  
 )  
 y fire to death disloyally had  
 —  
 nce whereof she largely did relate;  
 ong pursu'd his mother's deadly  
 Saber's hand) when she suppos'd  
 ad, —  
 pon the downs a shepherd's life he  
 [know  
 eat recourse, he came at length to  
 hereabout could hardly hold the  
 [drew,  
 marriage-feast to fair Southampton  
 to that Lord who late her husband  
 [deep,  
 breast which pierc'd so wond'rous  
 oor attire he us'd to tend the sheep,  
 d his hook) unto the town he went;  
 his heart a resolute intent  
 o die, or to revenge his wrong:  
 g at the gate the multitude among,  
 that place, his entrance that forbade,  
 m some swain, some boist'rous  
 lad)  
 l he lent so violent a stroke,  
 empty skull like some thin pot-  
 roke,  
 d mingled blood were spirtled on  
 ll.  
 on, he came into the upper hall,  
 ous Mordure fate embraced by his  
 n himself) had he not Bevis spy'd,

His bones had with a blow been shatter'd; but  
 by chance  
 He shifting from the place, whilst Bevis did advance  
 His hand, with greater strength his deadly foe to  
 hit,  
 And missing him, his chair he all to shivers split:  
 Which struck his mother's breast with strange  
 and sundry fears,  
 That Bevis being then but of so tender years,  
 Durſt yet attempt a thing so full of death and  
 doubt.  
 And, once before deceiv'd, she newly cast about  
 To rid him out of sight; and, with a mighty wage,  
 Won such, themselves by oath as deeply durſt  
 engage,  
 To execute her will: who shipping him away  
 (And making forth their course into the midland  
 sea)  
 As they had got before, so now again for gold  
 To an Armenian there that young Alcides sold:  
 Of all his gotten prize, who (as the worthiest  
 thing,  
 And fittest wherewithal to gratify his King)  
 Presented that brave youth; the splendor of  
 whose eye  
 A wond'rous mixture shew'd of grace and majesty:  
 Whose more than man-like shape, and matchless  
 stature, took  
 The King; that often us'd with great delight to  
 look [bore  
 Upon that English Earl. But though the love he  
 To Bevis might be much, his daughter ten times  
 more  
 Admir'd the godlike man: who, from the hour  
 that first  
 His beauty she beheld, felt her soft bosom pierc'd  
 With Cupid's deadliest shaft; that Josian, to her  
 guest,  
 Already had resign'd possession of her breast.  
 Then sang she, in the fields how as he went to  
 sport,  
 And those damn'd Panims heard, who in de-  
 spightful sort  
 Derided Christ the Lord: for his Redeemer's sake  
 He on those heathen hounds did there such slaugh-  
 ter make,  
 That whilst in their black mouths their blasphemies  
 they drew  
 They headlong went to hell. As also how he  
 flew  
 That cruel boar, whose tusks turn'd up whole  
 fields of grain  
 (And, rooting, raised hills upon the level plain;  
 Digg'd caverns in the earth, so dark and won-  
 d'rous deep,  
 As that, into whose mouth the desperate (g)  
 Roman leapt)  
 And cutting off his head, a trophy thence to bear:  
 The foresters, that came to intercept it there,  
 How he there scalps and trunks in chips and pieces  
 cleft, [left.  
 And in the fields, like beasts, their mangled bodies



As to his farther praise, how for that dangerous fight

The great Armenian King made noble Bevis Knight :

And having raised power, Damascus to invade,  
The General of his force this English hero made.  
Then how fair Josian gave him Arundel his steed,  
And Morglay his good sword, in many a valiant deed

Which manfully he try'd. Next, in a (r) busk-  
in'd strain,

Sung how himself he bore upon Damascus' plain,  
That dreadful battle where with Brandamon he fought;

And with his sword and steed such earthly wonders wrought,

As even amongst his foes him admiration won ;  
Incount'ring in the throng with mighty Radison,  
And lo'ping off his arms, th' imperial standard took.

At whose prodigious fall, the conquer'd foe for-  
The field ; where, in one day so many Peers they lost,

So brave commanders, and so absolute an host,  
As to the humbled earth took proud Damascus down,

Then tributary made to the Armenian crown.  
And how, at his return the King (for service done,  
The honour to his reign, and to Armenia won)  
In marriage to this Earl the Princess Josian gave.

As into what distress him Fortune after drave,  
To great Damascus sent ambassador again ;  
When, in revenge of theirs, before by Bevis slain,  
(And now, at his return, for that he so despis'd  
Those idols unto whom they daily sacrific'd,  
Which he to pieces hew'd, and scatter'd in the dust) .

They, rising, him by strength into a dungeon  
In whose black bottom, two long serpents had remain'd

(Bred in the common sewer that all the city  
Impoisoning with their smell ; which seiz'd him their prey :

With whom in struggling long (besmear'd with blood and clay)

He rent their squalid chaps, and from the prison 'scap'd.

As how adul'terous Jeur, the King of Mambrant, rap'd

Fair Josian his dear love, his noble sword and steed ;

Which afterward by craft he in a palmer's weed Recover'd, and with him from Mambrant bare away.

And with two Lions how he held a desperate  
Assaying him at once, that fiercely on him thrw ;  
Which first he tam'd with wounds, then by the necks them drew,

And 'gainst the harden'd earth their jaws and shoulders burst ;

And that Goliath-like great Ascupart inforc'd  
To serve him for a slave, and by his horse to run.

At Colein as again the glory that he won

On that huge dragon, like the country to destroy ;  
Whose sting struck like a lance, whose venom did destroy

As doth a general plague : his scales like shields of brass ;

His body, when he mov'd, like some unwieldy mass,

Ev'n bruis'd the solid earth. Which boldly having song,

With all the sundry turns that might thereto belong,

Whilst yet she shapes her course how he came back to shew,

What powers he got abroad, how them he did bestow ;

In England here again, how he by dint of sword  
Unto his ancient lands and titles was restor'd,

New-forest cry'd, " Enough : and Waltham with the Bere,

Both bade her hold her peace ; for they no more would hear.

And for she was a flood, her fellows nought would say ;

But slipping to their banks, slid silently away.

When as the pliant Muse, with fair and even flight,

Betwixt her silver wings is wafted to the (a)

That isle, which jutting out into the sea so far,  
Her offspring traineth up in exercise of war ;

Those pirates to put back, that oft perloin her trade,

Or Spaniards or the French attempting to invade.  
Of all the southern isles she holds the highest place,

And evermore had been the great'st in Britain's grace ;

Not one of all her nymphs her Sovereign loveth thus,  
Imbraced in the arms of old Oceanus.

For none of her account so near her bosom stand,  
Twixt (r) Penwith's farthest point and Goodwin's queachy sand,

Both for her seat and soil, that far before the other  
Most justly my account great Britain for her mother.

A finer deece than hers not Lemster's self can  
Nor Newport, for her mart, o'er-macht by any coast,

To these the gentle South, with kisses smooth and soft,

Doth in her bosom breathe, and seems to court her oft,

Besides, her little rills, her inland streams that do feed,  
Which with their lavish streams do furnish every need ;

And meads, that with their fine soft grassy towels  
To wipe away the drops and moisture from her hand ;

And to the North, betwixt the fore-land and the firm,  
She hath that narrow sea, which we the Solent term ;

(a) Isle of Wight.

(r) The Forlands of Cornwall and Kent.



rose rough ireful tides, as in her freights  
 they meet,  
 swift'rous shocks and roars each other  
 idely greet :  
 fiercely when they charge, and sadly make  
 retreat, [beat,  
 bulwark forts of (a) Hurst and Calshot  
 South-hampton run : which by her  
 ores supply'd,  
 mouth by her strength) doth vilify their  
 tide ;  
 adds, that with our best may boldly hold  
 their plea,  
 South's self hath born more braver ships  
 than they,  
 in their anchoring bays have travelled to  
 and  
 China's wealthy realms, and view'd the  
 other Ind,  
 by rich Peru ; and with as prosperous fate  
 in their full-spread sails upon the streams  
 of Plate :  
 easant harbours oft the sea-man's hope  
 new, [clue ;  
 his late-craz'd bark, to spread a wanton  
 y with lusty sack, and mirthful sailors  
 songs, [wrongs :  
 r pass'd storms, and laugh at Neptune's  
 er quite forgot wherein they were of late,  
 so merry now as Master and his Mate ?  
 ualling again, with brave and man-like  
 winds [winds,  
 and cast their eyes, and pray for happy  
 tly by the floods sent thither from the  
 shore,  
 adds that are set the bord'ring coast before ;  
 among the rest, a brave and lusty dame  
 Portsey, whence that bay of Portsmouth  
 hath her name ;  
 two little isles, her handmaids (which  
 compar'd  
 ose within the Pool, for destness not out-  
 ar'd [much,  
 ater Haling hight; and fairest though by  
 rney very well, but somewhat rough in  
 ouch :  
 eauties far and near divulg'd by report,  
 he (x) Tritons told in mighty Neptune's  
 court,  
 Proteus hath been known to leave his  
 innny herd,  
 their sight to sponge his foam-bespawled  
 eard. [keep,  
 gods, which about the watry kingdom  
 ten for their sakes abandoned the deep ;  
 etis many a time to Neptune hath com-  
 plain'd,  
 those wanton Nymphs her Ladies were  
 lifdain'd :  
 ose arose such rut th' unruly rout among,  
 on the noise thereof through all the ocean  
 ung.

(a) castles in the sea.

(x) impeters of Neptune.

(y) a god, who changes himself into any shape.

§ When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her  
 might grow,  
 In that their mighty stirrs might be her overthrow,  
 She strongly freightheth in the entrance to her  
 bay ;  
 That, of their haunt debarr'd, and shut out to  
 the sea  
 (Each small conceived wrong helps on distemp-  
 er'd rage)  
 No counsel could be heard their choler to assuage :  
 When every one suspects the next that is in place  
 To be the only cause and means of his disgrace.  
 Some coming from the east, some from the set-  
 ting sun,  
 The liquid mountains still together mainly run ;  
 Wave woundeth wave again ; and billow, billow  
 goes ;  
 And topsy-turvy so fly tumbling to the shores.  
 From hence the Solent sea, as some men thought  
 might stand  
 Amongst those things which we call wonders of  
 our land.  
 When towing up that (a) stream, so negligent  
 of fame,  
 As till this very day she yet conceals her name ;  
 By Bert and Waltham both that's equally em-  
 brac'd,  
 And lastly, at her fall, by Tichfield highly grac'd :  
 Whence, from old Windsor hill, and from the  
 aged (b) Stone,  
 The muse those countries sees, which call her to  
 be gone.  
 The forests took their leave : Bere, Chute, and  
 Buckholt, bid  
 Adieu : so Wolmer, and so Ashholt kindly did ;  
 And Pamber shook her head, as grieved at the  
 heart ;  
 When far upon her way, and ready to depart,  
 As now the wand'ring Muse so sadly went along,  
 To her last farewell, thus, the goody forests song.  
 ' Dear Muse, to plead our right, whom time at  
 ' last hath brought,  
 ' Which else forlorn had lain, and banish'd every  
 ' thought,  
 ' When thou ascend'st the hills, and from their  
 rising shrouds  
 ' Our sister shalt command, whose tops once toucht  
 ' the clouds ;  
 ' Old (c) Arden when thou meet'st, or dost fair  
 (d) Sherwood see,  
 ' Till them, that as they waste, so every day do  
 ' we : [heirs ;  
 ' Wish them, we of our griefs may each other's  
 ' Let them lament our fall, and we will mourn  
 ' for theirs.  
 Then turning from the south, which lies in  
 public view,  
 The Muse an oblique course doth seriously pursue ;  
 And pointing to the plains, she thither take her  
 way ; [stay.  
 For which to gain her breath, she makes a little

(a) Tichfield river.

(b) Another little hill in Hampshire.

(c) A great and ancient forest in Warwickshire.

(d) A little stream Nottingham.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE Muse, yet observing her began course of chorographical longitude, traces eastward the southern shore of the isle. In this second sings Dorset and Hampshire; fitly here joined, as they join themselves, both having their south limits washed by the British ocean.

*Which th' ancients, for the love that they to Isis bare.*

(a) Juba remembers a like coral by the Trogloditique isles, as is here in this sea, and styles it (b) *Isidis plocamos*. True reason of the name is no more perhaps to be given, than why *Adiantum* is called *Capillus Veneris*, or Sengreen *Barba Jovis*. Only thus: You have in Plutarch and Apuleius such variety of Isis' titles, and, in Clemens of Alexandria, so large circuits of her travels, that it were no more wonder to hear of her name in this northern climate than in Egypt; especially we having three rivers of note (c) synonymies with her. Particularly to make her a sea-goddes, which the common story of her and Osiris her husband (son to Cham, and of whom Bale dares offer affirmance, that in his travelling over the world he first taught the Britons to make beer instead of wine) does not; (e) Isis Pelagia, after Pausanias's testimony, hath an (f) old coin. The special notice which antiquity took of her hair is not only shewed by her (g) attribute of (b) *λυσίκαμος*, but also in that her hair was kept as a sacred relic in (i) Memphis, as Geryon's bones at Thebes, the boar's skin at Tegea, and such like elsewhere. And after this, to fit our coral just with her colour, (k) *Æthiopis solibus Isis furva*, she is called by (l) Arnobius. Gentlewomen of black hair (no fault with brevity to turn to them) have no simple pattern of that part in this great goddess, whose name indeed comprehended whatsoever in the deity was feminine, and more too; nor will I swear, but that Anacreon (a man very judicious in the provoking motives of wanton love) intending to bestow on his sweet mistress that one of the titles of womens special ornament, (m) well-haired, thought of this, when he gave his painter direction to make her picture black-haired. But thus much out of the way.

*Thou never by that name of White-hart badst been known.*

Very likely from the soil was the old name Blackmore. By report of this country, the change was from a white hart, reserved here from chase

by express will of Henry III. and afterwards by Thomas de la Lynd, a gentleman of the For the offence, a mulct imposed on the of Blackmore (called (n) White-hart till this day paid into the exchequer. The de of woods here bewailed by the Muse, occasion too often given) often second while the Muse bewails them, it is (o) and his countrymen that most want then

*On whom the watry God would oft have ban*

Purbeck (named, but indeed not, an is joined to the firm land) stored with game forest.

Thence alluding to Diana's devotions thor well calls her an huntress and a nu doth the embracing force of the ocean (she is adjacent) although very violent, p gainst her stony cliffs. To this purpose is here wanton with Neptune's wooing.

*That in little time upon this lovely dame  
Begot three maiden isles, his darlings and del*

Albion (son of Neptune) from whom name of this Britain was supposed, is w to the fruitful bed of this pool, thus perfe a sea-nymph. The plain truth (as wo certify your eyes, saving all impropriety o is, that in the Pool are seated three Brunksey, Furse, and St. Helen's, in and magnitude as I name them. Nor is tion of begetting the isles improper; seein (q) antiquities tell us of divers in the M nean and the Archipelagus, as Rhode Hiera, the Echinades, and others, whi been as it were brought forth out of the fa of Amphitrite.

*Put tow'rs the Solent sea, as Stour her way  
On Shaftsbury, &c.*

The streight betwixt the Wight and H is titled, in Bede's story, (r) *Pelagus trium millium, quod vocatur Solente*; famous double, and thereby most violent flood ocean (as Scylla and Charybdis betw and Italy in Homer) expressed by the au words the end of this song, and reckone our British wonders. Of it the author more presently. Concerning Shaftesbury beside other names, from the (s) co

(a) Apud Plin. hist. natur. l. 13. c. 15.

(b) Isis' hair.

(c) Ouse. Leland. ad Cygn. Cant.

(e) Isis of the sea.

(f) Goltz. thes. antiq.

(g) Loose-hair'd.

(b) Philostrat. in *ix*.

(i) Lucian. in *ix*.

(k) Æthiopian sun-burnt.

(l) Adv. gent. 1 Black-hair.

(m) *Καλλοπλίκαιος καλλίστρεος*, i. e. well-

haired and pretty-footed; two special co tions, dispersed in Greek poets, joined in .

(n) Camden.

(o) Destruction of woods.

(p) Isles newly out of the sea.

(q) Lucian. dialog. Pindar. Olymp. 2 Pausanias.

(r) A sea three miles over, called Solent hist. eccles. cap. 16.

(s) Malmesb. l. 2. de Pontific. S. Edwa



Edward, murdered in Corfe-castle, through procurement of the bloody hate of his step-mother *Alfrith*, hither translated, and some three years lying buried, was once called St. Edward's) you shall hear a piece out of Harding :

(1) *Cair Paladure, that now is Shaftsbury*  
*Where an angel spake sitting on the wall*  
*While it was in working over all.*

Speaking of Rhodhudibras's fabulous building it. I notice it, both to mend it, (a) reading *eagle* for *angel*, and also that it might then, according to the British story, help me to explain the author in this,

*As brought into her mind the eagle's prophecies.*

This eagle (whose prophecies among the Britons, with the later of Merlin, have been of no less respect than those of Bacis were to the Greeks, or the Sybillines to the Romans) foretold of a reverting of the crown, after the Britons, Saxons, and Normans, to the first again, which in Henry the Seventh, grand-child to Owen Tyddour, hath been (a) observed, as fulfilled. This in particular is peremptorily affirmed by the Count Palatine of Basingstoke. (y) *Et aperte dicit, tempus aliquando fore, ut Britannium imperium discesset ad veteres Britones post Saxones & Normannos rediturum*, are his words of the eagle. But this prophecy in manuscript I have seen; and without the help of Albertus's secret, Canace's song in Chaucer, or reading over Aristophanes's comedy of birds, I understood the language; neither find I in it any such matter expressly. Indeed (as in Merlin) you have in him the white dragon, the red dragon, the black dragon for the Saxons, Britons, Normans; and the fertile tree, supposed for Brute, by one that of later time hath given his obscurities (z) interpretation; in which, not from the eagle's, but from an angelical voice, almost seven hundred years after Christ, given to Cadwallader (whom others call Cedwalla) that restitution of the crown to the Britons is promised, and grounded also upon some general and ambiguous words in the eagle's text, by the author here followed; which (provided your faith be strong) you must believe made more than two thousand five hundred years since. For a corollary, in this not unfit place, I will transcribe a piece of the gloss of an old copy, speaking thus upon a passage in the prophecy: (a) *Henricus W.* (he means Henry III. who by the ancient account is regard of Henry, son to Henry Fite-lemprisa,

crowned in his father's life, is in Bracon and others called the fourth) *concessit omne jus & clameum, pro se & heredibus suis, quod habuit in ducatu Normannia imperpetuum. Tunc fractum fuit ejus sigillum & mutatum; nam prius tenebat in sceptro gladium, nunc tenet virgam; qui gladius fuit de conquestu ducis Willielmi bastardi; & ideo dicit aquila, separabitur gladius a sceptro.* Such good fortune have these predictions, that either by conceit (although strained) they are applied to accident, or else ever religiously expected; as (b) Buchanan of Merlin's,

*Then those prodigious signs to ponder she began.*

I would not have you lay to the author's charge a justification of these signs at those times: but his liberty herein it is not hard to justify,

*Obseditque frequens castrorum limina labe:*

and such like hath Silius Italicus before the Roman overthrow at Cannæ: and historians commonly affirm the like; therefore a poet may well guess the like.

*And at New-forest' foot into the sea doth fall.*

The fall of Stour and Avon into the ocean is the limit of the two shires; and here limits the author's description of the first, his Muse now entering New-forest in Hampshire.

*Her being that receiv'd by William's tyranny.*

New-forest (it is thought the newest in England, except that of Hampton-court, made by Henry VIII.) acknowledges William her maker, that is, the Norman Conqueror. His love to this kind of possession and pleasure was such, that he constituted loss (c) of eyes punishment for taking his venery: so affirm expressly Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, Walter Mapes, and others, although the author of *Distinctio Aquila*, with some of later time, falsely laid it to William Rufus's charge. To justify my truth, and for variety, see these rhimes, (d) even breathing antiquity:

*Game of boundes be lovede inou, and of wild best,*  
*And (e) is forest and is wodes, and mest the niwe forest,*  
*That is in Southamteshire, for thulke be lovede inou,*  
*And aslored well (f) mid bestes, and (g) lese mid gret wou:*

(f) Camden takes this Cair for Bath.

(g) Harding amended.

(x) Twin. in Albion. 2. See the fifth song.

(y) He plainly said, that there would be a time of this reverting of the crown.

(z) *Distinct. Aquil. Sceptoria.* A prophecy of an angel to Cadwallader.

(a) A sceptre instead of a sword first in Henry the third's seal. But believe him not; the seals of those times give no warrant for it; and even

in King Arthur's, Leland says, there was a fleury sceptre; but that perhaps as feigned as this false.

(b) Hist. Scot. lib. 5. in Congallo.

(c) Matth. Puris. post. Henric. Hunting. And under Will. II. it was capital to steal deer.

(d) Rob. Glocestrenf.

(e) His.

(f) With.

(g) Pastures.

R iiii



For be cast out of house and bom of men a great  
route,  
And (b) binom their loud thritti mile and more there-  
about,  
And made it all foreste and lese the bests war to  
fede,  
Of power men discredited be now let el bede :  
Therewere therein tell many mischeuing,  
And is sone was therein (i) iftute William the red  
king,  
And (k) is a sone, that bet Richard, caght there is  
detb also,  
And Richard (h) is a newen, brec there his neck  
thereto,  
As be red an huntetb, and perauentre his horse spreng,  
The unright ido to power men to such mesaventure trend.

But to quit you of this antique verse, I return to  
the pleasanter Muse.

*Her famous Bevis so were 't in her power to chosse.*

About the Norman invasion was Bevis famous  
with title of the Earl of Southampton; Dunston  
in Wiltshire known for his residence. What cre-  
dit you are to give to the hyperbolies of Itchin in  
her relation of Bevis, your own judgment, and the  
author's censure in the admonition of the other ri-  
vers here personated, I presume, will direct. And  
it is wished that the poetical Monks in celebration

of him, Arthur, and other such worthies, had con-  
tained themselves within bounds of likelihood; or  
else that some judges, proportionate to those (l) of  
the Grecian games, (who always by public autho-  
rity pulled down the statutes erected, if they ex-  
ceeded the symmetry of the victors) had given  
such exorbitant fictions their desert. The sweet  
grace of an Enchanting poem (as unimitable (m).  
Pindar affirms) often compels belief; but so far  
have the indigested reports of barren and monkish  
invention expatiated out of the lists of truth, that  
from their intermixed and absurd fables both  
proceeded doubt, and, in some, even denial of  
what was truth. His sword is kept as a relic in  
Arundel castle, not equalling in length (as it is  
now worn) that of Edward III. at Westminster.

*And for great Arthur's seat her Winchester prefers,  
Whose old round table yet, &c.*

For him, his table, order, knights, and places  
of their celebration, look to the fourth song.

*When Portsey, weighing well the ill to her might grow.*

Portsey, an island in a creek of the Solent, co-  
ming in by Portsmouth, endures the forcible vio-  
lence of that troublesome sea, as the verse tells  
you in this fiction of wooing.

(b) Took.

(i) Shot by Walter Tirell.

(k) His own.

(l) Ἑλληνοδύται. Lucian. περί ἀπείρου.

(m) Olymp. α. & Nem. ζ. σφοδρὰ δὲ ἀλλήλων παρὰ  
γυναι μίσην.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## T H E T H I R D S O N G .

### *The Argument.*

In this third song great threat'nings are,  
And tending all to nymphish war.  
Old Wanfdike uttereth words of hate,  
Depraving Stonedge's estate.  
Clear Avon and fair Willy strive,  
Each pleading her prerogative.  
The plain the forests doth disdain :  
The forests rail upon the plain.  
The Muse then seeks the shire's extremes,  
To find the fountain of great Thames ;  
Falls down with Avon, and describes  
Both Bath's and Bristol's braveries :  
Then views the Somersetian soil ;  
Through marshes, mines, and mores doth toil,  
To Avalon to Arthur's grave,  
Sadly bemoan'd of Ochy cave.  
Then with delight she bravely brings  
The princely Parret from her springs ;  
Preparing for the learned plea  
(The next in song) in the Severn sea.

in the jocund lark (too long we take our  
rest)  
let the blushing dawn out of the cheer-  
ful East  
bring forth the day to light the Muse along ;  
most delightful touch, and sweetness of  
her song,  
drive the lusty swains out of the country  
towns,  
the loving girls in dances to the downs.

The nymphs, in Selwood's shades and Braden's  
woods that be, [thee.  
Their oaken wreaths, o Muse, shall offer up to  
And when thou shap'st thy course tow'rd where  
the soil is rank, [bank  
The Somersetian maids, by swelling Sabrin's  
Shall strew the way with flowers (where thou  
art coming on)  
Brought from marshy grounds by aged (s) A-  
valon.



From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence  
 it stood  
 By Avon to reside, her dearest-loved flood;  
 Where her imperious (b) fane her former seat  
 disdains,  
 And proudly over-tops the spacious neighbour-  
 ing plains.  
 What pleasures hath this isle, of us esteem'd  
 most dear,  
 In any place, but poor unto the plenty here?  
 The chalky (c) Chiltern fields, nor Kelmarsh  
 self compares  
 With (d) Everley, for store and swiftness of her  
 hares:  
 A horse of greater speed, nor yet a righter hound,  
 Not any where 'twixt Kent and (e) Caledon  
 is found.  
 Nor yet the level South can shew a smoother  
 race,  
 Whereas the (f) ballow nag outstrips the winds  
 in chase;  
 As famous in the West for matches yearly try'd,  
 As (g) Garterly, possessor of all the Northern pride;  
 And on his match as much the Western horse-  
 man lays,  
 As the rank-riding Scots upon their (h) Gallo-  
 ways.  
 And as the Western soil as found a horse  
 doth breed,  
 As doth the land that lies betwixt the Trent and  
 Tweed:  
 No hunter, so, but finds the (i) breeding of the  
 West [best;  
 The only kind of hounds for mouth and nostril  
 That cold doth seldom fret, nor heat doth over-  
 hail;  
 As standing in the flight, as pleasant on the trail;  
 Free hunting, eas'ly checkt, and loving every  
 chase; [pace:  
 Strait running, hard and tough, of reasonable  
 Not heavy, as that hound which Lancashire doth  
 breed;  
 Nor as the Northern kind, so light and hot of  
 speed,  
 Upon the clearer chase, or on the foiled train,  
 Doth make the sweetest cry, in woodland or  
 on plain.  
 Where she, of all the plains of Britain, that  
 doth bear  
 The name to be the first (renowned every where)  
 Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonendge there  
 should stand:  
 She, first of plains; and (k) that, first wonder of  
 the land.

- (a) Glasstonbury.  
 (b) Salisbury church.  
 (c) Two places famous for hares, the one in Bucking-  
 hamshire, the other in Northamptonshire.  
 (d) Everley warren of hares.  
 (e) The farthest part of Scotland.  
 (f) Gant.  
 (g) The best kind of Scottish nags.  
 (h) A famous Yorkshire horse-race.  
 (i) The Western hounds generally the best.  
 (k) Stonendge, the greatest wonder of England.

She Wansdike also wins, by whom she  
 brac'd,  
 That in his aged arms doth gird her  
 Who (for a mighty mound fith long he  
 main  
 § Betwixt the Mercians rule, and the  
 Saxons reign,  
 And therefore of his place himself he  
 bare)  
 Had very oft been heard with Stom  
 Whom for a paltry ditch, when S  
 pleas'd t' upbraid,  
 The old man taking heart, thus to the  
 said:  
 ' Dull heap, that thus thy head above  
 ' dost rear,  
 ' Precisely yet not know'st who first d  
 ' thee there;  
 ' But traitor basely turn'd, to Merli  
 ' dost fly,  
 ' And with his magicks dost thy make  
 ' bely:  
 ' Conspirator with time, now grown  
 ' and poor,  
 ' Comparing these his spirits with th  
 ' went before;  
 ' Yet rather art content thy builder's  
 ' lose,  
 ' Than passed greatness should thy  
 ' wants disclose.  
 ' Ill did those mighty men to trust th  
 ' their story,  
 ' That hast forgot their names, who re  
 ' for their glory:  
 ' For all their wond'rous cost, thou that h  
 ' them so,  
 ' What 'tis to trust to tombs, by thee v  
 ' know.'  
 In these invectives thus whilst W  
 doth complain,  
 He interrupted is by that imperious (l) I  
 § To hear two crystal floods to court h  
 apply  
 Themselves, which should be seen most  
 in her eye.  
 First, Willy boasts herself more wort  
 the other,  
 And better far deriv'd: as having to her  
 Fair (m) Selwood, and to bring up (n) l  
 her train;  
 Which, when the envious soil would fr  
 course restrain,  
 A mile creeps under earth, as flying all re  
 And how clear Nader waits attendance  
 court;  
 And therefore claims of right the Plain  
 hold her dear,  
 Which gives that town the name; whi  
 wife names the (o) shire.

- (l) Salisbury Plain.  
 (m) A forest betwixt Wiltshire and Somersetshire.  
 (n) Of digging under the earth.  
 (o) Wilton of Willy, and Wiltshire of Wilton.



The Eastern Avon vaunts, and doth upon  
her take  
To be the only child of shadeſul (p) Savernake,  
As Ambray's ancient flood; herſelf and to en-  
ſtile

The Stonendge's beſt-lov'd, firſt wonder of  
the iſle;  
And what (in her behoof) might any want ſupply,  
She vaunts the goodly ſeat of famous Salſbury;  
Where meeting pretty Bourne, with many a  
kind embrace,  
Betwixt their cryſtal arms they clip that loved  
place.

Report, as lately rais'd, unto theſe rivers came,  
} That Bath's clear Avon (waxt imperious  
through her fame)  
Their dalliance ſhould deride; and that by her  
diſdain,  
Some other ſmaller brooks, belonging to the  
Plain,  
A queſtion ſeem'd to make, whereas the ſhire  
ſent forth

Two Avons, which ſhould be the flood of great-  
eſt worth;  
This ſtream, which to the South the (q) Celtick  
ſea doth get,

Or that which from the North ſaluteth Somerſet.  
This when theſe rivers heard, that even but  
lately ſtrove

Which beſt did love the Plain, or had the Plain's  
beſt love,  
They ſtraight themſelves combine: for Willy  
wiſely weigh'd,  
That ſhould her Avon loſe the day for want of  
aid,  
If one ſo great and near were overpreſt with  
power,  
The foe (ſhe being leſs) would quickly her  
devour.

Aſtwo contentious kings, that on each little jar,  
Defiances ſend forth, proclaiming open war,  
Unto ſome other realm, that on their frontiers  
lies,

Be hazarded again by other enemies,  
Do then betwixt themſelves to compoſition fall,  
To countercheck that ſword, elſe like to con-  
quer all:

So falls it with theſe floods, that deadly hate do  
bear.

And whiſt on either part ſtrong preparations  
were,

It greatly was ſuppos'd ſtrange ſtriſe would there  
have been,

Had not the goodly Plain (plac'd equally be-  
tween)

Fore-warn'd them to deſiſt, and of their pur-  
poſe brake;

When in behalf of plains thus gloriously ſhe  
ſpake:

' (r) Away ye barb'rous woods; how ever ye  
be plac'd

' On mountains, or on dales, or happily be  
grac'd

' With floods, or marſhy (s) fells, with paſture,  
' or with earth

' By nature made to till, that by the yearly birth

' The large-bay'd barn doth fill, yea though the  
' fruitfull'ſt ground.

' For, in reſpect of Plains, what pleaſure can be  
' found

' In dark and ſleepy ſhades? where miſts and  
' rotten fogs

' Hang in the gloomy thicks, and make unſted-  
' faſt bogs,

' By dropping from the boughs, the o'er-grown  
' trees among,

' With caterpillars kells, and duſky cobwebs  
' hong.

' The deadly ſcreech-owl ſits, in gloomy co-  
' vert hid:

' Whereas the ſmooth-brow'd Plain, as liberally  
' doth bid:

' The lark to leave her bow'r, and on her trem-  
' ling wing

' In climbing up tow'rd heaven, her high-pitcht  
' hymns to ſing

' Unto the ſpringing day; when 'gainſt the Sun's  
' ariſe

' The early dawning ſtrews the goodly eaſtern ſkies

' With roſes every where: who ſcarcely liſts  
' his head

' To view this upper world, but he his beams  
' doth ſpread

' Upon the goodly Plains; yet at his noonſted's  
' height,

' Doth ſcarcely pierce the brake with his far-  
' ſhooting ſight.

' The gentle ſhepherds here ſurvey their gent-  
' ler ſheep:

' Amongſt the buſhy woods luxurious Satyrs  
' keep.

' To theſe brave ſports of field, who with deſire  
' is won,

' To ſee his grey-hound courſe, his horſe (in  
' diet) run,

' His deep-mouth'd hound to hunt, his long-  
' wing'd hawk to fly,

' To theſe moſt noble ſports his mind who doth  
' apply,

' Reſorts unto the plains. And not a ſoughten

' Where kingdoms rights have lain upon the  
' ſpear and ſhield,

' But plains have been the place; and all thoſe  
' trophies high,

' That ancient times have rear'd to noble me-  
' mory: [ſlain

' As, Stonendge, that to tell the Britiſh Princes

' By thoſe falſe Saxons fraud, here ever ſhall re-  
' main.

(p) A foreſt in Wiltſhire.

(q) The French ſea.

(r) The Plain of Salilbury's ſpeech in defence of all  
Plains.

(s) Boggy places. A word frequent in Lancaſhire.



' It was upon the Plain of Mamre (to the same  
 ' Of me and all our kind) whereas the Angels  
 ' came  
 ' To Abraham in his tent, and there with him  
 ' did feed;  
 ' To Sara his dear wife then promising the seed,  
 ' By whom all nations should so highly honour'd be.  
 ' In which the Son of God they in the flesh  
 ' should see.  
 ' But Forests, to your plague there soon will  
 ' come an age,  
 ' In which all damned sins most vehemently  
 ' shall rage  
 ' An age! what have I said? nay ages there shall  
 ' rise,  
 ' So senseless of the good of their posterities,  
 ' That of your greatest groves they scarce shall  
 ' leave a tree  
 ' (By which the harmless deer may after shelter'd  
 ' be)  
 ' Their luxury and pride but only to maintain,  
 ' And for your long excess shall turn ye all to  
 ' pain.'

Thus ending; though some hills themselves  
 that do apply  
 To please the goodly Plain, still standing in her  
 eye,  
 Did much applaud her speech (as if) Haradon,  
 whose head  
 Old Ambry still doth awe, and Bagden from his  
 fled,  
 Surveying of the flies, whose likings do allure  
 Both Ouldby and Saint Ann; and they again  
 procure  
 Mount Marting-fall: and he those hills that  
 stand aloof,  
 Those brothers Barbury and Badbury, whose  
 proof  
 Adds much unto her praise) yet in most high  
 disdain  
 The Forests take her words, and swear the prat-  
 ing Plain  
 Grown old, began to doat: and Savernake so  
 much  
 Is galled with her taunts (whom they so nearly  
 touch)  
 That she in spiteful terms defies her to her face:  
 And Alburn with the rest, though being but a  
 Chase,  
 At worse than nought her sets: but Bradon  
 all afloat  
 When it was told to her, set open such a throat,  
 That all the country rang. She calls her barren  
 jade,  
 Base queen, and rive'd witch, and wish'd she  
 could be made  
 But worthy of her hate (which most of all her  
 grieves)  
 The basest begger's bawd, a harbourer of thieves.  
 Then Peusham, and with her old Blackmore  
 (not behind)  
 Do wish that from the seas some sultry Southern  
 wind,

C/ Divers hills near and about Salisbury Plain.

The foul infectious damps and poison'd airs  
 would sweep,  
 And pour them on the Plain, to rot her and her  
 sheep.

But whilst the sportive Muse delights her with  
 these things,  
 She strangely taken is with those delicious springs  
 Of Kennet rising here, and of the nobler stream  
 Of Isis, setting forth upon her way to Tame,  
 § By Greeklade; whose great name yet vaunts  
 that learned tongue,  
 Where to great Britain first the sacred Muses  
 song;  
 Which first were seated here, at Isis' bounteous  
 head,  
 As telling that her fame should through the world  
 be spread;  
 And tempted by this flood, to Oxford after  
 came,  
 There likewise to delight her bridegroom, lovely  
 Tame:  
 Whose beauty when they saw, so much they  
 did adore,  
 That Greeklade they forsook, and would go back  
 no more.

Then Bradon gently brings forth Avon from  
 her source:  
 Which Southward making soon in her most  
 quiet course,  
 Receives the gentle Calne: when on her rising  
 side,  
 First Blackmoor crowns her bank, as Peusham  
 with her pride  
 Sets out her murmuring sholes, till (turning to  
 the West)  
 Her, Somerset receives, with all the bounties  
 blest  
 That nature can produce in that Bathonian spring,  
 Which from the sulph'ry mines her med'cinal  
 force doth bring;  
 As physic hath found out by colour, taste, and  
 smell, [well;  
 Which taught the world at first the virtue of that  
 What quickest it could cure: which men of  
 knowledge drew  
 From that first mineral cause: but some that  
 little knew  
 (Yet felt the great effects continually it wrought)  
 § Ascrib'd it to that skill, which Bladud hither  
 brought,  
 As by that learned king the Baths should be be-  
 gun: [Sun  
 ' Not from the quick'ned mine by the begetting  
 Giving that natural pow'r, which by the vig'rous  
 sweat,  
 Doth lend the lively springs their perdurable heat  
 In passing through the veins, where matter doth  
 not need;  
 Which in that minorous earth inseparably doth  
 breed:  
 So nature hath purvey'd, that during all her reign  
 The Baths their native power for ever shall retain:  
 Where time that city built, which to her greater  
 fame,  
 Preserving of that spring, participates her name;



the tutelage whereof (as those past worlds did please)

ne to (u) Minerva gave, and some to Hercules :  
and Phœbus' loved spring, in whose diurnal course,

When on this point of earth he bends his greatest force,

his so strong approach, provokes her to desire,  
ag with the kindly rage of love's impatient fire :

ich boiling in her womb, projects (as to a  
h matter as she takes from the gross humourous earth ;

l purg'd of dregs and slime, and her complexion clear,

smileth on the light, and looks with mirthful cheer.

Then came the lusty Froom, the first of floods that met

Avon cut'ring into fruitful Somerset,  
h her attending brooks ; and her to Bath doth bring,

ch honour'd by that place, Minerva's sacred spring.

noble Avon, next, clear Chute as kindly came,

(x) Bristol her to bear, the fairest seat of fame :  
entertain this flood, as great a mind that hath,  
l striving in that kind far to excel the Bath.

When some wealthy Lord prepares to entertain  
an of high account, and feast his gallant train ;  
him that did the like, doth seriously inquire  
diet, his device, his service, his attire ;

at varying every thing (exampled by his store)  
every way may pass what th' other did before :

n so this city doth ; the prospect of which place

her fair building adds an admirable grace ;  
h fashion'd as the best, and with a double wall,

brave as any town ; but yet excelling all  
easement, that to health is requisite and meet ;

: piled shores, to keep her delicate and sweet :  
reto, she hath her tides ; that when she is oppress'd

th heat or drought, still pour their floods upon  
her breast.

To Mendip then the Muse upon the South inclines,

rich is the only store and coffer of her mines ;  
where the fields and meads their sundry trafficks suit ;

e forests yield her wood, the orchards give  
her fruit.

in some rich man's house his several charges lie,

ere stands his wardrobe, here remains his treasury ;

r Minerva and Hercules, the protectors of these foun-

ns.  
x. The delicacies of Bristol.

His large provision there, of fish, of fowl, and  
neat,

His cellars for his wines, his larders for his meat ;  
There banquet-houses, walks for pleasure ; here  
again

Cribs, grainers, stables, barns, the other to  
maintain :

So this rich country hath itself what may suffice,  
Or that which through exchange a smaller want  
supplies,

Yet Ochy's dreadful (y) hole still held herself  
disgrac'd,

§ With th' wonders of this isle that she should  
not be plac'd ;

But that which vext her most, was, that the (z)  
Peakish cave

Before her darksome self such dignity should  
have ;

And (a) th' Wyches for their salts such state on  
them should take ;

Or Cheshire should prefer her sad (b) death-  
boding-lake ;

And Stonedge in the world should get such  
high respect,

Which imitating art but idly did erect :

And that among the rest, the vain inconstant  
(c) Dee,

By changing of his fords, for one should  
reckon'd be ;

As of another sort, wood turn'd to (d) stone ;  
among

Th' anatomized (e) fish, and fowls from (f)  
planchers sprung :

And on the Cambrian side those strange and  
wond'rous (g) springs

Our (h) beasts that seldom drink ; a thousand  
other things

Which Ochy inly vext, that they to fame should  
mount,

And greatly griev'd her friends for her so small  
account ;

That there was scarcely rock or river, marsh or  
That held not Ochy's wrongs (for all held  
Ochy dear)

§ In great and high disdain . and Froom for  
her disgrace

Since scarcely ever wash'd the coalstreak from her  
face ;

But (melancholy grown) to Avon gets a path,  
Through sickness forc'd to seek for cure unto  
the Bath :

§ And Chedder, for mere grief his teen he could  
not wreak,

Gush'd forth so forceful streams, that he was  
like to break

(y) A catalogue of the many wonders of this land.

(z) The Devil's arse.

(a) The salt wells in Cheshire.

(b) Bruerton's pond.

(c) A river by Westchester.

(d) By sundry soils of Britain.

(e) Our Pikes ript and scold up, live.

(f) Barnacles, a bird breeding upon old ships.

(g) Wondrous springs in Wales.

(h) Sheep.



The greater banks of Ax, as from his mother's  
cave,  
He wander'd towards the sea; for madness who  
doth rave  
At his dread mother's wrong; but who so woe  
begun  
For Ochy, as the isle of antient Avalon?  
Who having in herself as inward cause of grief,  
Neglecteth yet her own, to give her friend re-  
lief;  
The other so again for her doth sorrow make,  
And in the isle's behalf the dreadful cavern spake:  
' O three times famous isle, where is that  
' place that might  
' Be with thyself compar'd for glory and delight,  
' Whilst Glastenbury stood? exalted to that  
' pride,  
' Whose monastery seem'd all other to deride:  
' O who thy ruin sees, whom wonder doth not  
' fill  
With our great fathers pomp, devotion and  
' their skill?  
' Thou more than mortal power (this judgment  
' rightly weigh'd)  
' Then present to assist, at that foundation  
' lay'd;  
' On whom for this sad waste, should justice lay  
' the crime?  
' Is there a power in fate, or doth it yield to  
' time?  
' Or was their error such, that thou could'st  
' not protect  
' Those buildings which thy hand did with their  
' zeal erect?  
' To whom didst thou commit that monument  
' to keep,  
' That suffereth with the dead their memory to  
' sleep?  
' § When not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy  
' (i) Joseph's grave,  
' From sacrilege had power their sacred bones  
' to save;  
' He who that God in man to his sepulchre  
' brought,  
' Or he which for the faith twelve famous  
' battles fought.  
' What! did so many kings do honour to that  
' place,  
' For avarice at last so vilely to deface?  
' For reverence, to that seat which had ascribed  
' been,  
' (k) Trees yet in winter bloom, and bear their  
' summer's green.  
This said, she many a sigh from her full  
stomach cast,  
Which issued through her breast in many a  
boist'rous blast;  
And with such floods of tears her sorrows doth  
condole,  
As into rivers turn within that darksome hole.

(i) Joseph of Arimathea.

(k) The wondrous tree at Glastenbury.

Like sorrow for herself, this goodly isle doth  
try;  
§ Embrac'd by Selwood's son, her flood the  
lovely Bry,  
On whom the fates bestow'd (when he conceiv-  
ed was)  
He should be much belov'd of many a dainty  
lads;  
Who gives all leave to like, yet of them lieth  
none,  
But his affection sets on beauteous Avalon;  
Though many a plump-thigh'd moor, and fall-  
flank'd marsh do prove  
To force his chaste desires, so dainty of his love.  
First (l) Sedgmore shews this flood, her before  
all unbrac'd,  
And casts her wanton arms about his slender  
waist:  
Her lover to obtain, so amorous Andry seeks:  
And Gedney softly steals sweet kisses from his  
cheeks.  
One takes him by the hand, intreating him to  
stay;  
Another plucks him back, when he would fain  
But, having caught at length, whom long he  
did pursue,  
Is so intranc'd with love, her goodly parts to  
view,  
That alt'ring quite his shape, to her he doth  
appear,  
And casts his crystal self into an ample moor;  
But for his greater growth when needs he must  
depart,  
And forc'd to leave his love (though with a  
heavy heart)  
As he his back doth turn, and is departing out,  
The batt'ning marshy Brent environs him about;  
But loathing her embrace, away in haste he flings,  
And in the Severn sea surrounds his plenteous  
springs.  
But, dallying in this place so long, why dost  
thou dwell,  
So many sundry things here having yet to tell?  
Occasion calls the Muse her pinions to prepare,  
Which (striking with the wind the vast and  
open air)  
Now in the fenny heaths, then in the champain  
roves,  
Now measures out this plain, and then surveys  
those groves;  
The batful pastures fenc'd, and most with quick-  
set mound,  
The sundry sorts of soil, diversity of ground;  
Where plow-men cleanse the earth of rubbish,  
weed and filth,  
And give the fallow lands their seasons and their  
tilth;  
Where best for breeding horse, where cattle fit  
to keep,  
Which good for bearing corn, which pasturing  
for sheep:

(l) Fruitful moors upon the banks of the Bry.



The lean and hungry earth, the fat and marly  
mould,  
Where sands be always hot, and where the clays  
be cold;  
Where plenty where they waste, some others  
toucht with want;  
Here set, and there they sow; here prune and  
there they plant  
As Wiltshire is a place best pleas'd with that  
resort,  
Which spend away the time continually in sport;  
So Somerset herself to profit doth apply,  
As given all to gain, and thriving housewifery.  
For, whereas in a land one doth consume and  
waste,  
Tis fit another be to gather in as fast:  
This liketh moory plots, delights in sedgy bow-  
ers, [flowers  
The grassy garlands loves, and oft attir'd with  
Of rank and mellow glebe; a sward as soft as  
wool, [full.  
With her complexion strong, her belly plump and  
Thus whilst the active Muse strains out these  
various things,  
Clear Parret makes approach, with all those  
plenteous springs  
Her fruitful banks that bless; by whose monarch-  
al sway  
She fortifies herself against that mighty day,  
Wherein her utmost power she should be forc'd  
to try:  
For, from the Druids time there was a prophecy,  
That there should come a day (which now was  
near at hand  
By all fore-running signs) that on the Eastern  
strand,  
If (n) Parret stood not fast upon the English side,  
They all should be suppress: and by the British  
pride  
In cunning over-come; for why, impartial Fate  
(Yet constant always to the Britons crazed  
state)  
Perbad they yet should fall; by whom she meant  
to shew  
How much the present age, and after-times  
should owe  
Unto the line of Brute. Clear Parret therefore  
prest  
Her tributary streams, and wholly her address  
Against the antient foe; first, calling to her aid  
Two rivers of one (n) name, which seem as though  
they stay'd  
Their empress as she went, her either hand that  
take:  
The first upon the right, as from her source,  
doth make  
Large Muchelney an isle, and unto Ivel lends  
Her hardly-rendred name: That on her left de-  
scends  
From Neroch's neighbouring woods; which of  
that forest born,  
Her rival's profer'd grace opprobriously doth  
scorn.

She by her wand'ring course doth Athelney in-  
isle,  
And for the greater state, herself she doth instile  
{ The nearest neighbouring flood to Arthur's  
ancient seat,  
Which made the Britons name through all the  
world so great.  
Like Camelot, what place was ever yet renown'd?  
Where, as at Caerleon oft, he kept the table  
round,  
Most famous for the sports at Pentecost so long,  
From whence all knightly deeds, and brave at-  
chievements sprong,  
As some soft-sliding rill, which from a lesser  
head  
(Yet in his going forth, by many a fountain fed)  
Extends itself at length unto a goodly stream:  
So, almost through the world his fame flew from  
this realm;  
That justly I may charge those ancient Bards of  
wrong,  
So idly to neglect his glory in their song:  
For some abundant brain, oh there had been a  
story  
Beyond the (o) blind-man's might to have in-  
hanc'd our glory.  
Tow'rs the Sabrinian sea then Parrat setting  
on, [Tone,  
To her attendance next comes in the beauteous  
Crown'd with embroider'd banks, and gorgeously  
array'd, [mead:  
With all the enamell'd flowers of many a goodly  
In orchards richly clad, whose proud aspiring  
boughs  
Even of the tallest woods do scorn a jot to lose,  
Though Selwood's mighty self and Neroch stand-  
ing by;  
The sweetncs of her soil through every coast  
doth fly.  
What ear so empty is, that hath not heard the  
sound  
Of Taunton's fruitful (p) Dean? not match'd by  
any ground:  
By (q) Athelney ador'd, a neighbourer to her  
land:  
Whereas those higher hills to view fair Tone  
that stand,  
Her coadjuting springs with much content be-  
hold,  
Where seaward Quantock stands, as Neptune he  
control'd, [mound,  
And black down inland born, a mountain and a  
As though he stood to look about the country  
round:  
But Parret as a prince, attended here the while,  
Inrich'd with every moor, and every inland isle,  
Upon her taketh state, well forward tow'rs her  
fall:  
Whom lastly yet to grace, and not the least of all,  
Comes in the lively Carr, a nymph most lovely  
clear, [shire:  
From Somerton sent down, the sovereign of the

(o) Homer.

(p) One of the fruitful places of this land.

(q) Interpreted the noble ille.

(n) Supposed prophecy upon Parret.

(n) Ivel: from which the town Ivel is denominated.



Which makes our Parrot proud. And wallowing  
in excess,  
Whilst like a Prince she vaunts amid the watry  
profes,

The breathless Muse a while her wearied wings  
shall ease,  
To get her strength to stem the rough Sabrina's  
seas.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

DISCONTINUING her first course, the Muse returns to Somerset and Wiltshire, which lie betwixt the Severn and Hantshire; as the song here joins them :

*From Sarum thus we set, remov'd from whence it  
flood.*

Old Salisbury seated North-east from the now famous Salisbury some miles distant, about Richard Cœur de Lion's time had her name and inhabitants hither translated, upon the meeting of Avon and Aderborn; where not long after she enjoy'd, among others that glorious title of admiration for her sumptuous church-buildings. Of that, one of my authors thus :

† *In the year of grace  
Twelf hundred and to and twenti, in the vaine place  
Of the noble munstre of Salisburi bi leide the beiste  
stone,  
That me not in Chrijlindem vaivore work non.  
Ther was Pandulf the Legat, and as beyt of echon,  
He leide vive the verste stones : as vor the Pope put  
on,  
The other vorore (a) yonge king, the thridde as  
me feye  
For the gode Erle of Salisburi, William (b) the  
Longespei,  
The verth for the Cont-ffe, the vifte he leide the  
For the (c) Byskop of Salisburi, and he ne leide na  
me.*

This work then began, was by Robert of Bingham, next succeeding bishop to that excellency, prosecuted.

*Hath worthily obtain'd that Stonehenge there should  
stand.*

Upon Salisbury plain, stones of huge weight and greatness, some in the earth pitcht, and in form erected, as it were circular; others lying cross over them, as if their own poise did no less than their supporters give them that proper place, have this name of Stone-henge;

*But so confus'd, that neither any eye  
Can count them just, nor reason reason try,  
What force brought them to so unlikely ground.*

As the noble (d) Sidney of them.

No man knows, saith (e) Huntingdon (making them the first wonder of this land, as the author doth) how, or why they came here. The cause thus take from the British story : Hengist under colour of a friendly treaty with Vortigern at Amesbury, his falsehood's watchword to his Saxons (provided there privily with long knives) being (f) *Nimew your sexes*, there traiterously slew cd. ix. noble Britons, and kept the king prisoner. Some thirty years after K. Ambrose (to honour with one monument the name of so many murder'd worthies) by help of Uterpendragon's forces and Merlin's magick, got them transported from off a plain (others say a hill) near (g) Naas in Kildare in Ireland, hither, to remain as a trophy, not of victory, but of wronged innocence. This Merlin persuaded the King that they were medicinal, and first brought out of the utmost parts of Afrique by giants, which thence came to inhabit Ireland. (h) *Non of ille lapis qui medicamento caret*, as in Merlin's person Geoffrey of Monmouth speaks; whose authority in this treacherous slaughter of the Britons, I respect not so much as Nennius, Malmesbury, Sigebert, Matthew of Westminster, and others, who report it as I deliver. Whether they be

† Rob. Gloucester.

(a) Hen. III.

(b) Willielm de Longa spatha.

(c) Richard Poor.

(d) In his Sonnets.

(e) Hister. lib. I.

(f) i. e. Take your swords.

(g) Girald. Cambrensis Topograph. Hib. dist. 2. cap. 18. Chorea gigantum.

(h) Not one of the stones but is good for somewhat in physick.



solid, or with cement artificially com-  
will not dispute. Although the last be-  
redit; yet I would, with our late histo-  
re, believe the first sooner, than that  
ship was by Neptune turn'd into one  
it is in the *Odyssey*, and that the  
King Amasis had a house cut out in  
le (which, by Herodotus's description,  
after the workmanship have less con-  
c15. c15. ccc. xciv. solid cubits, if my  
fail me not) or that which the Jews  
t ashamed to affirm of a stone, with  
ig Og at one throw from his head pur-  
ave crushed all the Israelites, had not a  
rangelly peckt such a hole through it,  
l on his shoulders, and by miracle his  
h suddenly extended, kept it there fast  
on. It is possible they may be of some  
y dust as that of Puzzolo, and by *Ætna*,  
into the water turns stony, as Pliny  
o of them and other like remembers.  
ertain I find it reported, (4) that in  
n upon Snowdon hills is a stone (which  
ly, somewhat more than sixty years  
d itself out of a lake at the hill's foot)  
a large house in greatness, and sup-  
moveable by a thousand yoke of oxen.  
orm of bringing them, your opinion  
freedom. That great one which Her-  
wondered at for the carriage was but  
oad, which he left for a monument in  
Italy: and except Geoffrey of Mon-  
th some which follow him, scarce any  
eak of it, nor Nennius, nor Malmesbu-  
it living somewhat near the supposed

*the Mercian rule and the West-Saxons reign.*

s our antiquary and light of this king-  
, to be a limit of those two ancient  
etime divided by Avon, which falls  
, Wansdike crossing the shire west-  
the plain was first cast up. Wodens-  
ld name, is supposed from Woden; of  
not greater) esteem to the Saxons, than  
elops, Cadmus, and other such to their  
but so, that, I guess, it went but for  
est God Mercury (he is called rather  
om Win, that is, gain, by (n) Lipsius)  
nan and English antiquities discover.  
ikely, when this limit was made, that  
of him, being by name president of  
by his office of heraldship Pacifex, i. e.  
r, as an old stamp titles him, they cal-  
lensdike; as not only the Greeks (o)

had their *ἑμίαι ἀνδρῶν τῆς ἀρχαίας* (statues erect-  
ed) for limits and direction of ways, and the La-  
tins their *Terminus*, but the ancient Jews also,  
as upon interpretation of *כֶּסֶם נֶסֶח* (p) in the  
Proverbs, i. e. into an heap of Mercury (in the  
vulgar) for a heap of stones in that sense, Goropius  
in his hieroglyphics affirms, somewhat boldly de-  
riving Mercury from *Merc*, which signifies a li-  
mit in his and our tongue, and so fits this place in  
name and nature. *Stonhenge* and it not impro-  
perly contend, being several works of two severa  
nations anciently hateful to each other; Britons  
and Saxons.

*To bear two crystal floods to court her, which apply.*

Williborne (by the old name the author calls  
her Willy) derived from near Selwood by War-  
minster, with her creekly passage crossing to Wil-  
ton, naming both that town and the shire, and  
on the other side Avon taking her course out of  
Savernak by Marlborough through the shire  
southward, washing Ambresbury and the Salisbu-  
ries (new Salisbury being her episcopal city) both  
watering the plain, and furnished with these rea-  
sons, are fitly thus personated, striving to endear  
themselves in her love: and prosecuting this fic-  
tion, the Muse thus adds:

*How that Bath's Avon was'd imperious through her  
fame.*

Divers rivers of that name have we; but two  
of eminent note in Wiltshire: one is next before  
shewed you, which falls through Dorset into the  
ocean; the other here mentioned hath her head  
in the edge of Gloucester: and with her snaky  
course visiting Malmesbury, Chippenham, Brad-  
ford, and divers towns of slight note, turns into  
Somerset, passes Bath, and casts herself into the  
Severn at Bristol. This compendious contention  
(whose proportionate example is a special ele-  
gancy for the expressing of diversity, as in the  
pastorals of Theocritus and Virgil) is aptly con-  
cluded with that point of ancient politic (§) ob-  
servation, that "Outward common fear is the  
" surest band of friendship."

*To Grecklade, whose great name yet vaunts that  
learned tongue.*

The history of Oxford in the proctors book,  
and certain old verses, (g) kept somewhere in this  
tract, affirm, that with Brute came hither certain  
Greek philosophers, from whose name and pro-  
fession here it was thus called, and as an univer-

l Munster. ad Deuter. 3. If among  
be a whetstone, let the Jew have it.  
el ad lib. 2. cap. 9. Girald. itinerarij.  
ot. *σπί λίθου ἀνορύ.*  
*ἐξ ὧν.*  
Germ. Tacit. Woden or Wonden.  
III.

(o) *Irmunfull*. Sax. Mercury. Adam Bremens.  
cap. 5. And hence Irmingstreate. Pausan. *scipius*,  
& Theocrit. *ιδ. 25.*

(p) Proverb. 26. v. 8.

(§) In Thucyd. & Liv.

(g) Leland. ad cyg. cant, in *Iside*.



sity afterward translated to Oxford (upon like notation a company retiring to (r) Lechlade in this shire, gave that its title, as J. Rous adds in his story to Henry VII.) But Godwin and a very old Anonymus cited by Br. Twine, refer it to Theodore of Tarsus in Cilicia (made archbishop of Canterbury by Pope Vitalian under Egbert king of Kent) very skilful in both tongues, and an extraordinary restorer of learning to the English Saxons. That he had (among other) Greek schools, is certain by Bede's affirmation, that some of his scholars understood both Greek and Latin as their mother language. Richard of the Vics (s) will that Penda, king of Mercland, first deduced a colony of Cambridge men hither, and calls it Crekelade, as other Kirkclade with variety of names; but I suspect all; as well for omission of it in the best authorities, as also that the name is so different in itself. Grecolade was never honoured with Greek schools, as the ignorant multitude think, saith (t) Leland, affirming it should be rather Creclade, Lechelade, or Lathlade. Nor methinks (of all) stands it with the British story, making the tongue then a kind of Greek (a matter, that way reasonable enough, seeing it is questionless that colonies anciently derived out of the western Asia, Peloponnesus, Hellas, and those continents into the coast whence Brute came, transported the Greek with them) that profession of Grecians should make this so particular a name.

*Ascrib'd to that high skill which learned Bladud brought.*

You are now in Somersetshire. I doubt not but the true cause is that, which is ordinary of other hot springs; not the sun's heat (saving the author's opinion, which hath warrant enough in others) or agitation of wind. as some will; but either passage through metallic, bituminous, and sulphurous veins, or rather a real subterranean fire, as (u) Empedocles first thought, and with most witty arguments (according to the poetical conceit of Typhon (x), buried in Prochyta; whereto Strabo refers the best baths in Italy (my learned and kind friend Mr. Lydiat, that accurate chronologer, in his ingenious philosophy, hath lately disputed. But, as the author tells you, some British vanity imputes it to Bladud's art, which in a very ancient fragment of rhimes (y) I found express: and if you can endure the language and fiction, you may read it, and then laugh at it.

*Two tunne there betw of bras,  
And other two imaked of glas.  
Seve seats there buth inne.  
And other thing imaked with ginne:  
Quick brimston in them also,  
With wild ber maked thereto:  
Sal gemmæ, and sal petræ,  
Sal armonack there is eke,  
Sal albrod and sal alkinæ,  
Sal gemmæ is minged with him.  
Sal comin and sal almetre bright,  
That burneth botb day and night.  
All this is in the tonne ido,  
And other things many mo,  
And burneth botb night and day,  
That never quenck it ne may.  
(†) In our wel springs the tonnes liggeth,  
As the philosophers us seggeth,  
The hete within, the cooler without,  
Maketh it bot al about.  
The two wel springs earneth mere,  
And the other two betw inner clere.  
There is maked full iwis  
That kings bath iclupid is.  
The rich King Bladud  
The king's son Lud,  
And when he maked that bath bot,  
And if him failed ought,  
Of that that should thereto,  
Derkeneth what he would do,  
From Bath to London he would flee,  
And thulke day selfe againe bee,  
And fetch that thereto bivel.  
He was quicke and swift fell  
Tho the master was ded  
And is soule mind to the dued,  
For God ne was not yet ybore,  
For detb suffred him bire.*

I will as soon believe all this, as that Devi or Julius (a) Cæsar (who never ca it) was author of it, or that he made Kn the Bath. They are not wanting who durst say so.

*When on this point of earth he bends his gress*

From eight in the morning till three which time the sun beams make their angles of incidence) it purges itself (as of unclean excrements, nor then do any of which the Muse here expresses in a serve pathy of love betwixt the water and the more properly, because it had the (b) *Aqua Solis*.

(r) i. e. The Physicians lake.

(s) Apud Cai de antiq. Cantabrig. lib. 2. & Cod. Nig. Cantabr. apud aut. assert. antiq. Oxon.

(t) Ad Cyg. Cant. in Iside & Isid. vad. Curvus Græcus sermo Britannicus. Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1.

(u) Senec. Natural. quæst. lib. 3. cap. 24.

(x) Pyndar. Pyth. 2.

(y) Ex antiq. sched.

(†) See the author's eighth song.

(z) Bal. cert. 1.

(a) Malmesbury, lib. 2. Pontific.

(b) Antoninus in itinerario.



*It wonders of the Isle that for should not be  
is'd*

Wockey-hole (so called in my conceit, from  
which is the same with *pic*, signifying a  
creeky passage) in Mendip hills by  
her spacious vaults, stony walls, creep-  
inths, unimaginable cause of posture, in  
, and her neighbours report (all which  
ual her to that Grotta de la (e) Sibylla in  
nine of Marca Anconitana, and the  
ng of little Daniel) might well wonder  
ot place among her country wonders.  
seems to increase Samuel Beaulan upon  
reckons thirteen by that name, but  
and false reports (as that of the Bath to  
ot and told, according to the desire of  
washes) and in some the author of Po-  
on follows him; neither speaking of  
t the last, and Henry of Huntingdon,  
ily four remarkable; the Peake, Ston-  
hedder-hole, and a half out of which it  
at wonder of human excellence, Sir Phi-  
r, to fit his sonnet, makes six; and to fit  
iber, conceitedly adds a froward; but  
y, for the seventh. And the author here  
the chiefest.

—————*that Froom, for her disgrace,  
arceely over wash'd the coalfleck from her face.*

f Mendip hills Froom springeth, and  
the coal pits after a short course east-  
ns upward to Bath's Avon. The fiction  
smear'd face happens the better, in that  
after our old mother language, signifies  
hat paradoxal Becanus (f), in exposition  
gyptian Pyromis in Herodotus, (g) would  
on teach us.

*bedder, for more grief his teen he could not  
weak.*

Axbridge, Chedder-cliffs, rocky and vault-  
ontinual distilling, is the fountain of a  
stream (driving twelve mills within a  
arter of its head) which runs into Ax de-  
: of Wockey.

*not great Arthur's tomb, nor holy Joseph's grave.*

the second in his expedition towards  
entertained by the way in Wales with  
songs, wherein he heard it affirmed that  
nbury (made almost an isle by the river's  
ments) Arthur was buried betwixt two  
gave commandment to Henry of Blois  
ot, to make search for the corps: which

was found in a wooden coffin (Girald. saith oaken,  
Leland thinks alder) some sixteer foot deep; but  
after they had digged nine foot, they (b) found a  
stone on whose lower side was fixt a leaden cross  
(crosses fixt upon the tombs of old christians were  
in all places ordinary) with his name inscribed;  
and the letter side of it turned to the stone. He  
was then honoured with a sumptuous monument;  
and afterward the skulls of him and his wife Gui-  
never were taken out (to remain as separate re-  
lics and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and  
Eleanor. Of this, Girald; Leland, Pfiſe, divers  
others (although Polydore make sight of it) have  
more copious testimony. The Bards songs sup-  
pose, that after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall;  
where traiterous Mordred was slain, and Arthur  
wounded; Morgan le Fay, a great Elfin lady  
(supposed his near kinswoman) conveyed the body  
hither to cure it; which done, Arthur is to return  
(yet expected) to the rule of his country. Read  
these attributed to the best (i) of the Bards, ex-  
pressing as much:

—————*Morgain suscepit honore,  
Inque suis thalamis posuit super aurea regem  
Fulcra, manumque sibi detexit vulnus bonellâ  
Insperitque dicit: tandemque redire salutem.  
Passe sibi dixit, si secum tempore longo  
Effet, et ipsius vellet medicamine fuisse.*

Englished in metre for me thus by the au-  
thor:

—————Morgain with honour took,  
And in a chair of slate doth cause him to re-  
pose;  
Then with a modest hand his wounds she doth  
uncloſe:  
And having search'd them well, she bade him  
not to doubt,  
He should in time be cur'd, if he would stay  
it out,  
And would the med'cine take that she to him  
would give.

The same also in effect, an excellent (k) poet of  
his time thus singing it:

*He is a king crowned in Fairie,  
With scepter and sword and with his regally  
Shall resort as lord and soveraigne  
But of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine:  
And repaire again (l) the Round Table.  
My prophesy Merlin set the date,  
Among princes king incomparable,  
His seat againe to Carolin to translate,  
The Parchas sustren spoone so his fate,*

;, Ochy.

at. Rhenan. lib. 2. rer. Germanic.

telius theat. mundi.

lerma then. lib. 5.

uterpe.

(b) Chronicon. Glasconiens.

(i) Taliesin. ap. Prif. defens. hist. Brit.

(k) Dan Lidgat. lib. 8. vers. Boccac. cap. 24.

(l) Nannias ad has refert Alanus de Insulis illud  
Merlini vaticinium. Exitus ejus dubius erit.

S ij



*Hic (m) epitaph recordat so certaine  
Here lieth K. Arthur that shall raigne againe.*

Worthily famous was the Abbey also from Joseph of Arimathea (that (n) Ευχαρις βασις, as S. Mark calls him) here buried, which gives proof of Christianity in the isle before our Lucius. Hence in a charter of liberties by Hen. II. to the Abbey (made in presence of Heraclius Patriarch of Jerusalem, and others) I read, (o) *Olim à quibusdam mater sanctorum dicta est, aliis tumulis sanctorum, quam ab ipsis discipulis Domini edificatam, & ab ipso Domino dedicatam primò fuisse, venerabilis habet antiquarum auctoritas.* It goes for current truth that a hawthorn thereby on Christmas-day always blossometh: which the author tells you in that, *Trees yet in winter, &c.* You may cast this into the account of your greatest wonders.

*Emphas' by Selwood's son, her flood the lovely Bry.*

Selwood sends forth Bry, which after a winding course from Bruton, (so called of the river)

through part of Sedgemore, and Andremo to Glastenbury, and almost inisles it; to Gedney-moor, and out of Brent-marsh vern.

*The nearest neighbouring floods to Arthur's seat.*

By South-cadbury is that Camelot; a mile compass at the top, four trenches circling and betwixt every of them an earthen wall, the content of it, within, about twenty acres of ruins and reliques of old buildings. An iron coin there found, and other works of antiquity, Stow speaks of a silver horse-shoe treasured up in the memory of our fathers: (p) *ni (saith Leland) quot hic profundissimarum, quot hî: excelsa terra valla? quæ demum præcipue ut paucis finiam, videtur mihi quidem ejus et Naturæ miraculum.* An ique repository this one of Arthur's places of his Round Table, the Muse here sings. But of this more in canto.

(m) *Hic jacet Arthurus rex quondam Rexque futurus.*

(n) Noble Counsellor.

(o) It was called the mother and tomb of the saints.

(p) The workmanship of the ditches, with the strange steepness of them, makes it seem a work of art and nature.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE FOURTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

England and Wales strive, in this song,  
To whether Lundy doth belong :  
When either's nymphs, to clear the doubt,  
By music mean to try it out:  
Of mighty Neptune leave they ask :  
Each one betakes her to her task.  
The Britons, with the harp and crowd :  
The English, both with still and loud.  
The Britons chaunt king Arthur's glory :  
The English sing their Saxons story.  
The hills of Wales their weapons take,  
And are an uproar like to make,  
To keep the English part in awe.  
There's heave and shove, and hold and draw ;  
That Severn can them scarce divide,  
Till judgment may the cause decide.

while in Sabrin's court strong factions  
strangely grew,  
ornwal for her own, and as her proper due;  
Lundy, which was said to Cambria to  
belong,  
it had sought redress for that her ancient  
wrong :  
r inveterate foe, born-out by England's  
might,  
s her weaker pow'r; that (now in  
either's right)

As Severn finds no flood so great, nor poorly  
mean, [maintain]  
But that the natural spring (her force which doth  
(a) From this or that she takes; so from this  
faction free  
(Begun about this isle) not one was like to be.  
This Lundy is a nymph to idle toys inclin'd;  
And, all on pleasure set, doth wholly give her  
mind

(a) From England or Wales.



To see upon her shores her fowl and conies fed,  
 & And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.  
 Of traffic or return she never taketh care;  
 Not provident of pelf, as many islands are:  
 A lusty black-brow'd girl, with forehead broad  
 and high,  
 That often had bewitcht the sea-gods with her eye.  
 Of all the inland isles her sovereign Severn keeps,  
 That bathe their amorous breasts within her  
~~sever deeps~~  
 (To love (b) her Barry much and Scilly though  
 she seem,  
 The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to es-  
 teem)  
 This noblest British (c) nymph yet likes her  
 Lundy best, [rest.  
 And to great Neptune's grace prefers before the  
 Thus, (d) Cambria to her right that would  
 herself restore,  
 And rather than to lose (e) Loëgia, looks for  
 more.  
 The nymphs of either part, whom passion doth  
 invade,  
 To trial straight will go, though Neptune should  
 dissuade:  
 But of the weaker sex, the most part full of spleen,  
 And only wanting strength to wreck their angry  
 teen,  
 For skill their challenge make which every one  
 profess,  
 And in the learned arts (of knowledges the best,  
 And to th' heroic spirit most pleasing under sky)  
 Sweet Music, rightly matcht with heavenly  
 Poësy,  
 In which they all exceed: and in this kind alone  
 They conquerors vow to be, or lastly overthrown.  
 Which when fair Sabrin saw (as she is won-  
 d'rous wife)  
 And that it were in vain them better to advise,  
 Sith this contention sprang from countries like  
 ally'd side,  
 That she would not be found t'incline to either  
 To mighty Neptune sues to have his free con-  
 sent  
 Due trial they might make; when he incontinent  
 His Tritons sendeth out the challenge to pro-  
 claim.  
 No sooner that divulg'd in his so dreadful  
 name,  
 But such a shout was sent from every neigh-  
 b'ring spring,  
 That the report was heard through all his court  
 to ring:  
 And from the largest stream unto the lesser  
 brook,  
 Them to this wond'rous task they seriously betook.  
 They curl their ivory fronts; and not the smal-  
 lest back  
 But with white pebbles makes her tawdries for  
 her neck;

b Certain little isles lying within Severn,  
 c Severn.  
 d Wales.  
 e England.

Lay forth their amorous breasts unto the public  
 view, [blue;  
 Enameling the white with veins that were as  
 Each moor, each marsh, each mead, preparing  
 rich array  
 To set their rivers forth against this general day.  
 'Mongst forests, hills, and floods, was ne'er such  
 heave and shove  
 Since (f) Albion wielded arms against the son  
 of Jove.  
 When as the English part, their courage to  
 declare,  
 Them to th' appointed place immediately pre-  
 pare.  
 A troop of stately nymphs proud Avon with her  
 brings  
 (As she that hath the charge of wise (g) Minerva's  
 springs)  
 From Mendip tripping down, about the tiny  
 mine.  
 And † Ax, no less employ'd about this great de-  
 sign,  
 Leads forth a lusty rout; when † Bry, with all  
 her throng [long)  
 (With very madness swoln, that she had said so  
 Comes from the boggy mears and queachy fens  
 below:  
 That † Parret (highly pleas'd to see the gallant  
 show)  
 Set out with such a train as bore so great a sway,  
 The soil but scarcely serves to give her hugeness  
 way.  
 Then the Devonian Taw, from Dertmore  
 deckt with pearl, [girl  
 Unto the conflict comes: with her that gallant  
 & Clear Towridge, whom they fear'd would  
 have estrang'd her fall: [all  
 Whose coming, lastly, bred such courage in them  
 As drew down many a nymph from the Corn-  
 bian shore,  
 That paints their goodly breasts with fundry sorts  
 of ore.  
 The British, that this while had stood a view  
 to take  
 What to her utmost pow'r the public foe could  
 make,  
 But slightly weigh their strength; for, by her  
 natural kind,  
 As still the Briton bears a brave and noble mind;  
 So, trusting to their skill, and goodness of their  
 cause,  
 For speedy trial call, and for indifferent laws.  
 At length, by both allow'd, it to this issue  
 grew;  
 To make a likely choice of some most expert  
 crew,  
 Whose number coming near unto the other's  
 dow'r,  
 The English should not urge they were o'erborn  
 by pow'r.

f Albion, Neptune's son, warred with Hercules  
 g The bathes.  
 † All these rivers you may see in the 3d song.



§ Yet surely upon Powis they dare their hopes  
 to lay,  
 For that she hath commerce with England every  
 day :  
 § Nor Ros; for that too much she aliens doth  
 respect :  
 And following them, foregoes her ancient dialect.  
 The (b) Venedotian floods, that ancient Britons  
 were  
 The mountains kept them back, and shut them  
 in the rear :  
 But Brecknock, long time known a country of  
 much worth,  
 Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains  
 forth :  
 For almost not a brook of (c) Morgany, nor  
 Gwent,  
 But from her fruitful womb doth fetch their high  
 descent,  
 For Brecon, was a prince once fortunate and  
 great  
 (Who dying, lent his name to that his nobler  
 seat)  
 With (d) twice twelve daughters blest, by one  
 and only wife :  
 Whose for their beauties rare, and sanctity of life,  
 To rivers were transform'd; whose pureness  
 doth declare  
 How excellent they were, by being what they  
 are :  
 Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,  
 To tell their former love to the unmarried state,  
 To Severn shape their course, which now their  
 form doth bear ;  
 For she was made a flood, a virgin as they were.  
 And from the seas with fear they still do fly :  
 So much they yet delight in maiden company.  
 Then most renowned Wales, thou famous an-  
 cient place,  
 Which still hast been the nurse of all the British  
 race,  
 Since nature thee denies that purple-cluster'd  
 vine,  
 Which others temples chafes with fragrant spark-  
 ling wine ;  
 And being now in hand to write thy glorious  
 praise, [raise :  
 Fill me a bowl of Meath, my working spirit to  
 And e'er seven books have end, I'll strike so high  
 a string,  
 Thy Bards shall stand amaz'd with wonder,  
 whilst I sing ;  
 § That Taliesin, once which made the rivers  
 dance,  
 And in his rapture rais'd the mountains from  
 their trance,  
 Shall tremble at my verse, rebounding from the  
 skies ;  
 Which like an earthquake shakes the tomb where-  
 in he lies.

(b) Floods of North Wales.

(c) Glamorgan and Monmouthshire.

(d) A supposed metamorphosis of Brecon's daughters.

First our triumphing Muse of sprightly Usk  
 shall tell,  
 And what to every nymph attending her, befell :  
 Which Cray and Camlas first for pages doth re-  
 tain ;  
 With whom the next in place comes in the trip-  
 ping Brean ;  
 With Iker ; and with her comes Hodny fine and  
 clear, [shire :  
 Of Brecknock belt belov'd, the sovereign of the  
 And Gruny, at an inch, waits on her mistress'  
 heels.  
 But entering (at the last) the Monumethian fields,  
 Small Fidan, with Cledaugh, increase her goodly  
 Menie, [geny.  
 Short Kebby, and the brook that christeth Aber-  
 With all her watry train, when now at last she  
 came [name,  
 Unto that happy town which bears her (i) only  
 Bright Birthin; with her friend fair Olwy, kindly  
 meet her ;  
 Which for her present haste, have scantely time  
 to greet her ; [gone :  
 But earnest on her way, she needly will be  
 So much she longs to see the ancient Caerlon.  
 When Avon cometh in, than which amongst  
 them all  
 A finer is not found betwixt her head and fall.  
 Then Ebwith, and with her slides Srowy ; which  
 forelay [sea.  
 Her progress, and for Usk keep entrance to the  
 When Munno, all this while, that (for her own  
 behoof) [aloof,  
 From this their great recourse had strangely stood  
 Made proud by Monmouth's name appointed  
 her by fate,  
 Of all the rest herein observed special state.  
 For once the bards foretold she should produce  
 a (m) king  
 Which everlasting praise to her great name  
 should bring;  
 Who by his conquering sword should all the land  
 surprise,  
 Which 'twixt the (n) Penmenmaur and the  
 (o) Pyreni lies  
 She therefore is allow'd her leisure ; and by her  
 They win the goodly Wye, whom strongly she  
 doth stir [deny'd,  
 Her powerful help to lend, which else she had  
 Because herself so oft to England she ally'd  
 But being by Munno made for Wales, away she  
 goes. [throws  
 Which when at Throggy sees, herself she headlong  
 Into the watry throng, with many another rill,  
 Repairing to the Welch, their number up to fill.  
 That Remny, when she saw these gallant nymphs  
 of Gwent,  
 On this appointed match were all so hotly bent,  
 Where she of ancient time had parted, as a mound,  
 The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian  
 ground;

(i) Monmouth.

(m) Henry V. styled of Monmouth.

(n) A hill in Caernarvonshire.

(o) Hills dividing Spain and France.



Intreats the Taff along, as gray as any glafe;  
With whom clear Canno comes, a luffy Cam-  
brian lafs:

Then Elwy, and with her Ewenny holds her way,  
And Ogmor, that would yet be there as soon as  
they,

By Avon called in; when nimbler Neath anon  
(To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare  
beauties known; [hath

Besides her double head, to help her stream that  
Her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hepsley, and  
Tragath)

From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulaw  
and Cledaugh,

By (p) Morgany do drive her through her watry  
(q) saugh;

With Tawy, taking part t'assist the Cambrian  
power:

§ Then Lhu and Logor, given to strengthen  
them by (s)wer.

'Mongst whom, some bards there were, that in  
their sacred rage

Recorded the descents, and acts of every age.

Some with their nimbler joints that struck the  
warbling string;

In fingering some unskill'd, but only us'd to sing  
Unto the others harp; of which you both might  
find

Great plenty, and of both excell'g in their kind,

§ That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's  
praise,

Had won the silver harp, and worn Apollo's bays;  
Whose verses they deuoc'd from those first golden  
times,

Of sundry sorts of feet, and sundry suits of rhimes.

12 (r) Engins some there were, that on their  
subject strain;

Some makers that again affect the lustier vein,  
Rehears'd their high conceits in Cowiths; other-  
some

In Owdells theirs express, as matters hap to come;  
So varying still their moods, observing yet in all

Their quantities, their rests, their ceasures me-  
trical;

For to that sacred skill they most themselves apply;  
Addes'd from their births so much to poetry,

'That in the mountains those who scarce have seen  
a book,

Most skilfully will (s) make, as though from art  
they took.

And as Lucretia spares not any thing of worth,  
That any way might set her gouldy rivers forth;

As stones by nature cut from the Cornubian  
strand:

Her Dertmore sends them pearl; Rock-vincent,  
diamond:

So Camlert, of her nymphs especial care will have;  
For Conway sends them pearl to make them  
wond'rous brave:

(p) Glamorgan.

(q) A k. d. c. r. n. h.

(r) *Engins*, *Engin*, and *Le'ells*, British forms of verses  
but the Insular ones.

(s) A word, used by the ancient, Ogmor, g to rest y.

The sacred (s) Virgin's well, her most most  
sweet and rare,

Against infectious damps for pomander to wear;  
And (v) Goldcliff of his ore in pienteous fort al-  
lows,

To spangle their attires, and deck their amorous  
[brows,

And lastly, holy Dee, (whose pray'rs were high-  
ly priz'd,

As one in heavenly things devoutly exercis'd:

Who, (s) changing of his fords, by divination  
had

Fore-told the neighbouring folk of fortune good  
or bad) [ceed,

In their intended course first needs they will pray  
His benediction sends in way of happy speed.

And though there were such haste unto this long  
look'd hour,

Yet let they not to call upon th' eternal pow'r.

For, who will have his work his wished end to  
win,

Let him with hearty pray'r religiously begin.

Wherefore the English part, with full devout in-  
tent,

In meet and godly sort to Olafsbury sent,  
Beseeching of the saints in Avalon that were,

There off'ring at their tombs for every one a  
tear,

§ And humbly to St. George their country's pa-  
tron pray,

To prosper their design now in this mighty day.

The Britons, like devout, their messengers direct  
To David, that he would their ancient right

protect.

'Mongst Hatterill's lofty hills, that with the woods  
are crown'd,

The valley (w) Ewas lies, immur'd so deep and  
round,

As they below that see the mountains rise in high  
Might think the straggling herds were grazing  
in the sky:

Which in it such a shape of solitude doth bear,  
As nature at the first appointed it for pray'r.

Whereto an aged cell, with moss and ivy grown,  
In which not to this day the sun hath ever shone,

That reverend British saint in zealous ages past,  
To contemplation liv'd; and die so truly fast,

As he did only drink what crystal Hodney yield'd,  
And fed upon the leeks he gather'd in the fields

In memory of whom, in the revolving year  
The Welchman on his day that sacred herb do

wear:

Where, of that holy man as humbly they do crave,  
That in their just defence they might his faith-  
rance have.

Thus either, well prepar'd the other's power  
before,

Conveniently b'ing plac'd upon their equal shore  
The Britons, to whose lot the onset doth belong,

Give signal to the foe for silence to their song.

(s) Saint Winifred's well.

(v) A plating rock in Monmouthshire.

(w) See the eighth song.

(w) In Monmouthshire.



To tell each various strain and turning of their  
rhimes,  
w this in compass falls, or that in sharpness  
climbs  
where they rest and rise, how take it one  
from one,  
every several chord hath a peculiar tone)  
in memory herself, though striving, would  
come short :

the material things, Muse, help me to report.  
first, t'affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons  
right, [Knight;  
h Arthur they begin, their most renowned  
richness of the arms their well-made  
(s) worthy wore,  
temper of his sword (the try'd Escalabour)  
bigness and the length of Rone, his noble  
spear :

h Pridwin his great shield, and what the  
proof could bear ;  
Baudrick how adorn'd with stones of won-  
d'rous price,  
he sacred virgin's shape he bore for his device ;  
se monuments of worth, the ancient Britons  
song.

low, doubting lest these things might hold  
them but too long,  
were they took to task ; the land then over-  
laid

h those proud German pow'rs ; when, calling  
to his aid [less,  
kinsman Howel, brought from Britany the  
ir armies they unite, both swearing to sup-  
press

Saxon, here that fought through conquest all  
to gain,  
whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln ; where  
the plain  
h-where from side to side lay scatter'd with  
the dead.

h when the conquer'd foe, that from the con-  
flict fled, [there  
took them to the woods, he never left them  
il the British earth he forc'd them to forswear.  
h as his actions rose, so raise they still their  
vein

words, whose weight best suit a sublimated  
strain.

They sung how he, himself at Badon bore  
that day,  
en at the glorious gole his British sceptre lay :  
o days together how the battle strongly stood ;  
Pendragon's worthy son, who waded there in  
blood,  
ee hundred Saxon's flew with his own valiant  
hand.

h (after call'd, the Pic't and Irish to withstand)  
w he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,  
suing of the Pic't beyond mount Caledon :  
re strongly shut them up whom stoutly he  
subdu'd.

low Gillamore again to Ireland he pursu'd,

) Arthur, one of the alme worthies,  
King Arthur.

So oft as he presum'd the envious Pic't to aid :  
And having slain the king, the country waste he  
laid. [forth

To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh  
With his so prosp'rous pow'rs into the farthest  
north : [got.

Where, Iseland first he won, and Orkney after  
To Norway sailing next with his dear nephew  
Lot,

By deadly dint of sword did Ricoll there defeat ;  
And having plac'd the prince on that Norwe-  
gian seat,

How this courageous king did Denmark then  
controul ;

That scarcely there was found a country to the  
pole

That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were  
to tell. [besell

And after these, in France th' adventures him  
At Paris, in the lists where he with Flollio fought ;  
The Emperor Leon's pow'r to raise his siege that  
brought.

Then bravely set they forth, in combat how  
these knights

On horseback and on foot perform'd their several  
fights :

As with what marv'lous force each other they  
assail'd,

How mighty Flollio first, how Arthur then pre-  
vail'd ; [grounds,

For best advantage how they traversed their  
The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing  
wounds,

Until the tribune, tir'd, sank under Arthur's  
sword. [board ;

Then sing they how he first ordain'd the circled  
The knights whose martial deeds far fam'd that  
table-round ;

Which, truest in their loves ; which, most in  
arms renown'd :

The laws, which long up-held that Order, they  
report ;

§ The Pentecosts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,  
That table's ancient seat ; her temples and her  
groves,

Her palaces, her walks, bathis, theatres, and stoves :  
Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer :  
Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.

The feasts that under-ground the Faëry did him  
make,

And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.

Then told they, how himself great Arthur did  
advance,

To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in  
France, [ere

By Lucius thither led ; those armies that while-  
Affrighted all the world, by him struck dead with  
fear :

Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,  
In that most famous field he with the emperor  
wan :

As how great Rython's self he flew in his repair,  
Who ravish'd Howell's niece, young Hellena the  
fair ;



And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,  
Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely  
chaunted they

The several twelve pitch'd fields he with the Sax-  
ons fought:

The certain day and place to memory they brought.  
Then by saint Mordred's hand how last he chanc'd  
to fall,

The hour of his decease, his place of burial.

When out the English cry'd, to interrupt their  
song:

But they, which knew to this more matter must  
belong,

Not out at all for that, nor any whit dismay'd,  
But to their well-tun'd harps their fingers closely  
laid:

'Twixt every one of which they plac'd their  
country's crowd,

And with courageous spirits thus boldly sang  
abroad;

How Merlin by his skill, and magic's wondrous  
might,

From Ireland hither brought the Stonenge in a  
night;

§ And for Carmarden's sake, would fain have  
brought to pass,

About it to have built a wall of solid brass;

And set his friends to work upon the mighty  
frame,

Some to the anvil: some, that still inforc'd the  
flame;

But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf  
(For all his wondrous skill) was cozen'd by  
himself.

For, walking with his Fay, her to the rock he  
brought,

In which he oft before his necromancies wrought;  
And going in therat his magic to have shown,  
She stopp'd the cavern's mouth with an enchanted  
stone:

Whose cunning strongly cross'd, amaz'd whilst he  
did stand,

She captive him convey'd unto the Fairy land.

Then, how the lab'ring spirits, to rocks by fet-  
ters bound,

With bellows rumbling groans, and hammers  
thund'ring sound,

A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep.

Their master to awake, suppos'd by them asleep;  
As at their work how still the grieved spirits re-  
pine,

Tormented in the fire, and tired at the mine.

When now the British side scarce finished  
their song,

But th' English that repin'd to be delay'd so long,  
All quickly at the hint, as with one free consent,  
Struck up at once, and sung each to the instrument;  
(Of sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes)  
On which the practis'd hand with perfect'st sin-  
g'ring strikes,

Whereby their height of skill might liveliest  
be express'd.

The trembling lute-sound touch, some strain the  
viol best,

In sets which there were seen, the musick <sup>the</sup>  
d'ross choice.

Some likewise there affect the gambra with <sup>the</sup>  
To shew that England could variety afford.

Some that delight to touch the skinner wicker-horn  
The (z) cythron, the pandore, and the theob-  
bo strike:

The gittern and the kis the wand'ring fiddlers like.  
So were there some again, in this their learn-  
ed strife,

Loud instruments that lov'd; the cornet and  
the fife,

The hoboy, sagbut deep, recorder, and the flute;  
Even from the shrillest shawm unto the cornamus.  
Some blow the bagpipe up, that plays the coun-  
try round:

The taber and the pipe, some take delight to sound.  
Of Germany they sung the long and ancient fame  
From whence their noble fires the valiant Sax-  
ons came,

Who fought by sea and land adventures far  
And seizing at the last upon the Britons here, new  
Surpris'd the spacious isle, which still for that  
they hold:

As in that country's praise how in those times  
of old,

§ Tuisco, Gomer's son, from (a) unhuin <sup>(brought)</sup> Bala  
His people to that place, with most high know-  
ledge fraught,

And under wholesome laws establish'd their abode  
Whom his Tudesti since have honour'd as a god.  
Whose clear creation made them absolute in all  
Retaining till this time their pure original.

And as they boast themselves the nation in-  
unmixt,

Their language as at first, their ancient customs  
The people of the world most hardy, wise and  
strong,

So gloriously they show, that all the rest among  
The Saxons, of her sort the very nobeliest were  
And of those crooked skains they us'd it  
to bear,

Which in their thund'ring tongue, the German  
handseax name,

§ They Saxons first were called: whose fam-  
e added fame

For hardihood in war, whom danger never fray'd  
Allur'd the Britons here to call them to their aid  
From whom they after rest Loegria as their own  
Brute's offspring then too weak to keep it  
ing grown.

This told: the nymphs again, in nimbler strain  
of wit,

Next neatly come about, the Englishmen to quit  
Of that inglorious blot by Bassard William brought  
Upon this conquer'd isle: than which fate ne-  
wrought

A fitter mean (say they) great Germany to graft  
To graft again in one, two remnants of her race  
Upon their several ways, two several times the  
went

To forage for themselves. The first of which

(a) The sundry musick of England,

(c) Gen. xl. 9. 9.



air seat in Gaul: which on Nue-  
 ght,  
 ouswar the Frenchmen put to flight)  
 fruitful place, where only from their  
 North-men (from the North of Ger-  
 that came,  
 expell'd the Gauls, and did their  
 supply)  
 ussria nam'd, was then call'd (c) Nor-  
 y.  
 means, the less (in conquering of  
 eat)  
 from their late home unto this am-  
 eat,  
 ;, resign'd what they before had won:  
 e conquerors blood did to the con-  
 d run;  
 ng mixt, and up together grown,  
 hey were hers; united, still her own.  
 ysterious things desisting now to show  
 works of heaven) to long descents  
 go?  
 i (the fire of Edward the last king  
 h-Saxon line) by nobly marrying  
 Richard's heir, the Norman Emma,  
 the head  
 their bloods. Like brooks that from  
 rays (as though to sundry seas to haste)  
 arying foil, int' one again are cast:  
 in this the nearness of their blood.  
 England's right in question after stood,  
 ld, Goodwin's heir, the scepter ha-  
 won  
 Etheling young, the outlaw'd Ed-  
 's son;  
 Bastard this his only colour made,  
 ve Norman powers this kingdom to  
 le.  
 ng, they proceed to pedigrees again,  
 kings to fetch from that old Saxon  
 ;  
 urit, that was made the Scottish Mal-  
 's bride,  
 grandfire had courageous Ironside:  
 w'd Edward left; whose wife to him  
 ring  
 rit queen of Scots, and Edgar Etheling:  
 rit brought forth Maud; which gra-  
 Malcolm gave [have]  
 Beancherk's bed (so fate it pleas'd to  
 a daughter brought; which heaven  
 trangely spare:  
 special love he to the mother bare,  
 again he nam'd, to th' Almain Em-  
 wed: [Cæsar dead]  
 rager whilst she liv'd (her puissant  
 mans and the Saxons of one blood.  
 mans lost that name and became English.

She th' Earl of Anjou next to husband doth prefer.  
 The second Henry then by him begot of her,  
 Into the Saxon line the scepter thus doth bring.  
 Then presently again prepare themselves to sing  
 The sundry foreign fields the Englishmen had fought,  
 Which when the mountains saw (and not in vain)  
 they thought  
 That if they still went on as thus they had begon,  
 Then from the Cambrian nymphs (sure) Lundy  
 would be won.  
 And therefore from their first they challeng'd  
 them to fly;  
 And (idly running on with vain prelixity)  
 A larger subject took than it was fit they should.  
 But, whilst those would proceed, these threat-  
 ning them to hold,  
 (d) Black-mountain for the love he to his coun-  
 try bare,  
 As to the beauteous Uske, his joy and only care  
 (In whose defence t' appear more stern and full  
 of dread)  
 Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.  
 Mounchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:  
 Which quickly all the rest by their example draw.  
 As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will  
 stand.  
 To these three mountains, first of the Brekin-  
 nian band,  
 The Monumethian hills, like insolent and stout,  
 On lofty tip-toes then began to look about;  
 That Skeridvaur at last (a mountain much in might,  
 In hunting that had set his absolute delight)  
 Caught up his (e) country hook; nor cares for  
 future harms,  
 But irefully enrag'd would needs to open arms:  
 Which quickly put (f) Penvayl in such outrage-  
 ous heat,  
 That whilst for very teen his hairless scalp doth  
 sweat,  
 The Blorench looketh big upon his bared crown:  
 And tall Tomberlow seems so terribly to frown,  
 That where it was suppos'd with small ado or none  
 Th' event of this debate would eas'ly have been  
 known,  
 Such strange tumultuous stirs upon this strife ensue,  
 As where all griefs should end, old sorrows still  
 renew:  
 That Severn thus forewarn'd to look into the worst  
 (And finds the latter ill more dang'rous than  
 the first)  
 The doom she should pronounce, yet for a while  
 delay'd,  
 Till these rebellious routs by justice might bestay'd;  
 A period that doth put to my discourse so long,  
 To finish this debate the next ensuing song.

(d) These rest following, the most famous hills in Brecknock, Glamorgan, and Monmouth.

(e) Welchbrook.

(f) So named of his bald head.



ILLUSTRATIONS.

Over Severn (but visiting Lundy, a little isle betwixt Hartland and Gouen point) you are transported into Wales. Your travels with the Muse are most of all in Monmouth, Glamorgan, and the South maritime shires.

*And wantonly to hatch the birds of Ganymede.*

Walter Baker, a canon of Osney (interpreter of Thomas de la Moor's life of Edward the Second) affirms, that it commonly breeds conies, pigeons, & *struccas*, *quas vocat Alexander Nechamus* (so you must read, (a) not *Necbristum*, as the Francfort print senselessly mistook with *Conday* for *Lundy*) *Gatymedis aves*. What he means by his birds of Ganymede, out of the name, unless eagles or ostriches (as the common fiction of the Catamites ravishment, and this French-Latin word of the translator would) I collect not. But rather read also *Palamedis aves*, i. e. cranes, of which (b) Necham indeed hath a whole chapter: what the other should be, or whence reason of the name comes, I confess I am ignorant.

*Clear Towridge whom they fear'd would have estrang'd her fall.*

For the rising near Hartland, wantonly runs to Hatherlay in Devon, as if she would to the Southern Ocean; but returning, there at last is discharged into the Severn sea.

*Yet hardly upon Powise they dare their hopes to lay.*

Wales had (c) her three parts, North-Wales, South-Wales, and Powis. The last, as the middle betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to Shropshire; and on the English side from Chester to Hereford (being the portion of Anarawd, son to the great Roderique) bears this accusation, because it comprehends, for the most part, both nations and both tongues. But see for this division to the seventh song.

*Nor Rest, for that too much she aliens deth*

Under Henry the first, a colony of driven out of their country by inundation kindly received here in respect of that which the king had with their earl (forther Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was d to Baldwin earl of Flanders) afterwards difference betwixt the king and earl were out of divers parts, but especially Northberland, where they most of all (as it is in Hoveden) had residence, constrained in (d) in Penbroke, which retains yet in our tongue express notes of being aliens to the bro-Britons. See the author in his next

*That Taliesin, once which made the river*

Taliesin (not Telefia, as Bale calls learned Bard, styled (e) *Ben Beirdb.* i. e. the best of the Bards, master to Merlin Sylvest about Arthur's reign, whose acts his M celebrated.

*With Lbs and Lhogor given, to strengthen Gower.*

Betwixt Neth and Lhogor in Glamorg Gower, a little province, extended into the a chersonese; out of it on the west, rise the rivers meant by the author.

*That at the Stethva oft obtain'd a victor's*

Understand this Stethva to be the meeting of the British Poets and Minstrels, for trial of their poems and music sufficiencies, where he had his reward, a silver harp. Some call it under Rees ap. Griffith, prince of Wales, in the year 1170. c. LXX. vi. A good, that, had it been judiciously observed of story had not been so uncertain: for thereby by suppose, a correction of what was

(a) Tho. de la Moor emendatus.

(b) De rerum natur. lib. 1.

(c) Girald descript. cap. 2. & Powel ad Caradoc. Lancharvan.

(d) So called perhaps because it is almost in-isled within the sea and Lhogor, as Rosay in Scotland,

expressing almost an isle. Buchanan. hist. genio 4.

(e) Prif. in descript. Walliz.

(f) Antiquis hujusmodi certamina fuerunt à scholiast. Aristoph. & D. Cypriano Alcator.



form or matter, or at least a censure of the hearers upon what was recited. As (according to the Roman use, it is (g) noted, that Girald of Cambria, when he had written his topography of Ireland, made at three several days several recitals of his three distinctions in Oxford; of which course some have wished a recontinuance, that either amendment of opinion or change of purpose in publishing, might prevent blazned errors. The forts of these Poets and Minstrels out of Doctor Powel's inserted annotations upon Caradoc Lhancarvon, I note to you; first Beirdhs, otherwise Prydvds (called in Athenæus, Lucan and others, Bards) who, somewhat like the *ῥαψῳδοὶ* among the Greeks, *b fortia virorum illustrum facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyra modulis* (i) *cantitarunt*, which was the chiefest form of the ancientest music among the Gentiles, as (k) Zarlino hath fully collected. Their charge also as heralds, was to describe and preserve pedigrees, wherein their line ascendent went from the Petruccius to B. M. thence to Sylvius and Alanus, from them to Adam. Thus Girald reporting, hath his B. M. in some copies by (l) transcription of ignorant Monks (forgetting their tract of perpetual virginity, and (m) that relation of Theodosius) turned into (n) *sanctam Mariam*, whereas it stands for *Belinum Magnum* (that was Heli in their writers. father to Lud and Cabelin) to whom their genealogies had always reference. The second are, which play on the *ῥ* Harp and Croud; their music for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffith ap Conan prince of North Wales, about King Stephen's time. This Gruffith reformed the abuses of those minstrels by a particular statute, extant to this day. The third are called Atcancaid; they sing to instruments played on by others. For the *Englynys*, *Lycudbs*, and *-oudbs*; the first are couplets interchanged of sixteen and fourteen feet and called *Paladries*, *Pensels*, the second of equal tetrameters, the third of variety in both rhyme and quantity. Subdivision of them, and better information may be had in the elaborate institutions of the Cumreg language by David ap Rees. Of their music anciently, out of an old writer read this: *Non uniformiter, ut alibi, sed multipliciter multisque modis & modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turba cantantium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, discrimineque totum varia, in unam denique, sub B. mollis dulcedine bland, consonantiam & organicam convenientem melodiam.* A good musician will better understand it, than I that transcribe it. But by it you

see they especially affected the mind composing Doric (which is shewed in that of an old (o) author, affirming that (p) *ἡ μὲν ἡμετέριος χάρις*, the western people of the world constituted use of music in their assemblies, though the (q) Irish (from whence they learned) were wholly for the sprightly Phrygian. See the next canto.

*And humbly to St. George their country's patron pray.*

Our author (a judgment day thus appointed betwixt the Water-nymphs) seems to allude to the course used of old with us, that those which were to end their cause by combat, were sent to several saints for invocation, as in our (r) law annals appears. For (s) St. George, that he is patron to the English, as St. Dennis, St. James, St. Patrick, St. Andrew, St. Anthony, St. Mark, to the French, Spanish, Irish Scottish, Italian, Venetian, scarce any is that knows not. Who he was, and when the English took him, is not so manifest. The old martyrologies give, with us, to the honour of his birth the twenty-third of April. His passion is supposed in Diocletian's persecution; his country Cappadoce. His acts are divers and strange, reported by his servant Pasocrates, Simeon Metaphrastes, and lately collected by Surius. As for his knightly form, and the dragon under him, as he is pictured in Beryth a city of Cyprus, with a young maid kneeling to him, an unwarrantable report goes, that it was for his martial delivery of the king's daughter from the dragon, as Hesione and Andromeda were from the whales by Hercules and Perseus. Your more neat judgments, finding no such matter in true antiquity, rather make it symbolical than truly proper. So that some account him an allegory of our Saviour Christ; and our admired (t) Spenser hath made him an emblem of religion. So Chaucer to the knights of that order:

*But for God's pleasure  
And his mother, and in signifiante  
That ye ben of St. George's livery,  
Doe: b him service and knightly obeisance:  
For Christ's cause is his, well knowen yee.*

Others interpret that picture of him as some country or city (signified by the virgin) imploring his aid against the devil, charactered in the dragon. Of him you may particularly see, especially in Ufuard's martyrology, and Baronius his annotations upon the Roman calendar, with Erhard

(g) Cambd. in Epist. Fulconi Grevil. ad edit. Anglic. Norm. &c.

(h) Did sing the valiant deeds of famous men to the sweet melody of the harp.

(i) Ammian. Mercein. hist. 15.

(k) Parte seconda cap. 4. & 5.

(l) Dav. Powel. ad Girald. descript. cap. 3.

(m) Suid. in lex.

(n) St. Mary. For the *ῥ* harp and other music

instruments, their form and antiquity, see to the sixth song.

(o) Marcian. Heracleot. in *παραίγισσι*.

(p) To make them gentle natured.

(q) Girald. Topog. dist. 3. cap. 11.

(r) 30 Ed. 3. fol. 20.

(s) Tropelophorus dictus in menologio Græco apud Baronium, forte *ῥωμανοφόρος* live *ῥωμανοφόρος*. quid n. Tropelophorus?

(t) Fairy Q. lib. 1.



Uelly his description of Frederick Duke of Wittenberg's installation in the garter, by favour of our present sovereign. But what is delivered of him in the legend, even the church of Rome (u) hath disallowed in these words, *That not so much as any saint may rise in the holy Roman Church, the passion of St. George, and such like, supposed to be written by hand, are not read in it.* But you may better believe the legend, than that he was a Coventry man born, with his Calch lady of the woods, or that he descended from the Saxon race, and such like; which some English fictions deliver. His name (as generally (x) also St. Maurice and St. Sebastian) was anciently called on by Christians as an advocate of victory (when in the church that kind of doctrine was) so that our particular right to him (although they say (y) king Arthur bare him in one of his banners, appears not until Edward the third consecrated to St. George the knightly order of the Garter, (z) soon after the victory at Calais against the French, in which his invocation was *To St. Edward, To St. George.* Some authority (a) refers this to Richard *Cœur de Lion*, who supposed himself comforted by St. George in his wars against the Turks and Hagarans. But howsoever, since that he hath been a patron among others, as in that of Frederick the third's institution (s) of the quadripartite society of St. George's shield, and more of that nature, you find. And under Henry the eighth, it was enacted, (c) that the Irish should leave their *Gramathu* and *Suterrabu*, words of unlawful patronage, and name themselves as under St. George, and the king of England. More proper is St. Dewy (we call him St. David) to the Welsh. Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur (Bale and others say, gotten upon Melaria a nun, by Xantus prince of Cardigan) and successor to Dubrice archbishop of Caerleon upon Usk (where to (d) a long time the British bishoprics, as to their metropolitane see were subject) and thence translated with his nephew's consent the primacy to Menevia, which is now St. David's in Pembroke. He was a strong opposer of the Pelagian heresy. To him our country calendars give the first of March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembered: yet I read that (e) Calistus the second, first canonized him. See him in the next canto.

*The sacred Virgin's shape be bare for his device.*

Arthur's (f) shield Pridwen (or his banner) had in it the picture of our lady, and his helm an engraven dragon. From the like form was his father Uter-pen-dragon. To have terrible crests or engraven beasts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo teach the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms from the Carians) hath been from inmost antiquity continued; as appears in that epithet of *Tappalopus*, proper to Minerva, but applied to others in Aristophanes, and also (g) in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the English dragon now as a supporter, and usually patcht in fields by the Saxon, English, and Norman kings for their standard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus) or from the Romans, who after the Minotaur, Horse, Eagle, and other their antique ensigns, took this beast, or else imagine that our kings joined in that general consent, whereby so many nations bear it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critic, you may find it affirmed of the Assyrians, Indians, Scythians, Persians, Dacians, Romans, and of the Greeks too for their shields, and otherwise wherom (h) Lypsius arguably finds fault with the dote, but forgets that in a number of Greek (i) authors is copious witness of as much.

*They sing how himself he at Baden bare the day.*

That is Baunsfeldown in Somerset (not Blackmore in Yorkshire, as Polydore mistakes) as is expressly proved out of a manuscript Gildas (k) different from that published by Josselin.

*That scarcely there was found a country to the sale.*

Some, too hyperbolic, stories make him a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the Miles recites: and his seal, which Leland says he saw in Westminster-Abbey, of red wax pictured with a mound, bearing a cross in his left hand (which was first (l) Justinian's device, and surely, in later time, with the seal counterfeited and applied to Arthur: no king of this land, except the Conqueror, before the conquest (m) ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and cross.

(u) C. Sancta Rom. eccl. 3. dist. 15. Gelasian PP.

(x) Ord. Rom. de divinis officiis apud Baronium in martyrolog.

(y) Harding cap. 72.

(z) Th. de Walsing. A. M. eccl. & 24. Edw.

3. Fabian puts it before this year, but erroneously.

(a) Ex antiq. M. S. ap. Camd. in Berkier.

(b) c. c. xxxviii. *Die geschicht. aft. S. Georgen feldts.* Martin. Crof. annal. Suevic part. 3. lib. 9.

(c) 10 Hen. 8. in statutis Hibernicis.

(d) Polychronic. lib. 1. cap. 52.

(e) Bal. cent. 1.

(f) Nennius histor. Galfred. lib. 6. cap. 2. lib. 7. cap. 2.

(g) Æschyl. *l. w. l. w.* Euripid. in Phœnix.

(h) Lypf. com. ad Polyb. 4. disert. 5.

(i) Fandar, Pythonic, & Homer. Iliad. Suid. Epaminon. Heliad. *Asw. l. w. l. w.* Plutarch. Ilyland. Euripid. in *l. w. l. w.* & *l. w. l. w.*

(k) Camden.

(l) Suid. in Justinian.

(m) Ingulphus.



ses) and a sceptre fleury in his right, calls him (*n*) *Britannia, Gallia, Germania, Dacia Imperator*. The Bards songs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute so loaden him, that you can hardly guess what is true of him. Such indulgence to false report hath wronged many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious suppositions (like Sticho (*s*) his geography, (laying Pontus in Arabia) as Strabo often complains; and some idle Monk of middle time is so impudent to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inscribed with Latin and Greek verses, as notes of his victory; of them you shall taste in these two:

*Anglicus & Scotus Britonum superque caterva  
Islandus, Flander, Cornwallis, & quoque Norwegy.*

Only but that Alexander and his followers were so good Latinists (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum) I should censure my lubberly versifier to no less punishment than Marfyas his excoriation. But for Arthur, you shall best know him in this eulogy. 'This is that Arthur of whom the Britons even on this day speak so idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not false tales, seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen;' as the Monk of Malmesbury of him:

*The Pentecost prepar'd at Caer-leon in his court.*

At Caer-leon in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at Whitsontide, whither were invited divers kings and princes of the neighbouring coasts; he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies keeping these solemnities in their several conclaves (*i*). For so the British story makes it according to the Trojan custom, that in festival solemnities, both sexes should not sit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it: but among the Greeks one Sphyromachus (*p*) first instituted it. Tournaments and jousts were their exercises, nor vouchsafed any lady to bestow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crowned with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whose customs and the British were near the same) had their orbicular tables to avoid controversy of pre-

cedency (a form much commended by a late (*q*) writer for the like distance of all from the salt, being centre, first, and last of the furniture) and at them every knight attended by his esquire (*ἑσπέρωντες*; Athenæus (*r*) calls them) holding his shield. Of the like in Henry III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's at Kelingworth, under Edward I. and that of Windsor, celebrated by Edward III. Walsingham speaks. Of the Arthurian our histories have scarce mention. But Havillan's Architrenius, Robert of Glocester, John Lidgat Monk of Bury, and English rhimes in divers hands, sing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volateran, Philip of Bergamo, Lily, Aubert Mirce, others, but very diversely. White of Basingstoke defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel kings of Armoric Britain, of six of each of their worthiest Peers to be always assistant in counsel. The antiquity of the earldom of (*s*) Mansfield in old Saxony is hence affirmed, because Heger earl thereof was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places of name for residence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Winchester (where his table is yet supposed to be, but that seems of later date) and Camelot in Somersetshire. Some put his number XII. I have seen them anciently pictured XXIV, in a poetical story of him; and in Denbighshire, Stow tells us, in the parish of Lansannan, on the side of a stony hill is a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with some XXIV seats unequal, which they call Arthur's Round Table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights, blazoned; but I think with as good warrant as (*t*) Rabelais can justify, that Sir Lancelot du Lac slays horses in hell, and that (*u*) *Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde estoient pauvres gaigne deniers, tirans la rame par passer les rivières de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, & Lethe, quand messieurs les diables se veulent esbatre sur l'eau, comme font les buffeliers de Lyon et gondoliers de Venise. Mais pour chacune passade ils n'ont qu'un naparde, & sur le soir quelque morceau de pain chaumeny.* Of them, their number, exploits, and prodigious performances, you may read Caxton's published volume, digested by him into twenty-one books, out of divers French and Italian fables. From such I abtain, as I may.

*Aud for Guermardbin's sake——*

(*n*) Emperor of Britain, Gaul, Germany, and Denmark; for so they falsely turned Dacia.

(*s*) Plaut. in Sticho.

(*i*) Knights and ladies sat in several rooms.

(*p*) Scholiast. ad. Aristophan. *ἐκκλησιαζες*. & Suidas.

(*q*) Gemof. halograph. lib. 3. cap. 9.

(*t*) Armigeri, which is express in the word Schilpors in Paul Warnfred. lib. 2. de gest. Longobard. c. 28.

(*r*) Diogenoph. lib. 2.

(*s*) Hoppenrod. & spangherb. apud Ortelium in Mansfield. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks, honoured with Arthur's name. Prif. defens. hist. Brit. & *Cadair Arthur*, i. e. Arthur's Chair in Bracknock. Girald. Itin. Camb. c. 2. & *Arthur's Oven* in Stirling of Scotland.

(*t*) Livre 2. cap. 30.

(*u*) The knights of the Round Table use to ferry spirits over Styx, Acheron, and other rivers, and for their fare have a fillip on the nose and a piece of mouldy bread.



Two (20) Merlins have our stories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylvester, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other Ambrosius (of whom before) born of a nun (daughter to the king of South Wales) in Caermardun, not naming the place (for names in British his name is Merdhem) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridunum) naming him begotten, as the vulgar, by an Iacubus. For his burial (in supposition as uncertain at his birth, actions, and all of those too fabulously mixt stories) and his Lady of the Lake, it is by liberty of profession laid in France by that Italian (21) Ariosto, which perhaps is as credible as some more of his attributes, seeing no persuading authority, in any of them, rectifies the uncertainty. But for his birth are the next long, and, to it, more.

*Tuisco Gomer's son from unwilt Babel brought.*

According to the (y) text, the Jews affirm that all the sons of Noah were dispersed through the earth, and every one's name left to the land he possessed. Upon this tradition, and false Berosus's testimony, it is affirmed that Tuisco (son of Noah gotten with others after the (22) flood upon his wife Arezia) took to his part the coast about Rhine, and that thence came the name of Teutschland and Teutish, which we call Dutch, through Germany. (23) Some make him the same with Gomer, eldest son to Japhet (by whom these parts of Europe were peopled) out of notation of his name, deriving Tuiscon or Tuiskon (for so Tacitus calls him, from the *bood-fon*, i. e. the *eldest son*). Others (as the author here) suppose him son to Gomer, and take (24) him for Aschenaz (remembered by Moses as first son to Gomer, and from whom the Hebrews call the Germans (25) Aschenazim) whose relics probably indeed seem to be in Tuisco, which hath been made of Aschen either by the Dutch prepositive article *te* or *de*, as our *the* according to Derecto for (26) Atergatis, which should be Adardasa in Ctesias; and Darius for Adathenus in Festus, perhaps therein corrupted, as Joseph Scalger observes; as Theudibald for Theibald in Procopius, and Dicensus for Cereus among the Geres) or through mistaking of N or P or T in the Hebrew, as in Rhodanim T for (27) being Dodanim, and in Chalibes and Alybes for Thalybas, from Tubal, by taking T for N or P for

N; for in ruder manuscripts by an imperfect reader, the first mistaking might be as soon as the rest. I conjecture it the rather, for that in most histories diversity with affinity betwixt the same meant proper names (especially eastern as this was) is ordinary, as Megabyzus in Ctesias is Bacabazus in Justin, who calls Aaron Arnas, and Herodotus his Smerdis, Mergidis, Afarchadon, Coras and Esther in the scriptures are thus, Sardanapalus Cyrus, and Amestris in the Greek stories; Eporedorix, Ambionix, Arimimus, in Caesar and Sueton, supposed to have been Frederick, Henry, Herman; divers like examples occur; and in comparison of Arrian with Q. Curtius very many, like as also in the life of St. John the evangelist, anciently (28) written in Arabic, you have Arabistanulus, Pithumise, Dantianulus, for Vespasian, Titus Domitian; and in our stories Androgeus for Caesar's Manducation. From Tuisco is our name of Tuesday; and in this too, taking the place of Mars (the most fiery star) and observe withal that against the vulgar opinion the planetary account of days is very (29) anciently discovers affinity with Aschenas, in whose notation (as some (30) body observes) WO signifies here

*They Saxons first were call'd ———*

So a Latin rhyme in (31) Engelhus's also;

*Quippe brevis gladius apud illos Saca vocatur,  
Unde filii Saca nomen transisse putatur.*

Although from the Sacans, or Sagans, a populous nation in Asia (which were also Scythians, and whom an old (32) poet, as most others in Greek epithets and passages of the Scythians,

ἡ Τίθη Σακας φησιν ὅτι μάλιστα ἄλλο ἰδιόχως  
Τάκτους, ἢ γὰρ ἐφ' ὅπως ἀνέμεικτα βαλλαν.

A faculty for which the English have had a small honour in their later wars with the French both Goropius with long argument in his Becotelans, our judicious Camden, and others, will have them, as it were Sacas's sons. According hereto is that name of (33) Sacasena, which a colony of them, gave to part of Armenia and the (34) Sasones in Scythia on this side of Imaus. However, the author's conceit thus chosen is very apt, nor disagreeing to this other, in that son

(20) Gicel, Itiner Camb. 2. cap. 8.  
(21) Orland. Parios. cant. 3. See Spenser's Faery Q lib 3 cant 3.  
(22) Gen. 10.  
(23) Munster. Cosm 1. 3.  
(24) Goropius in Ind scythic.  
(25) Jodoc Willich, comm. ad Tact. Germaniam & Pantaleon lib 2 prologogr.  
(26) Enas Levit. in Thiss Arias Mont. in Peleg.  
(27) Strab. lib. 2. & 10. de alias quæ hic congerimus.

(28) Broughton in concent præf.  
(29) Pet. Kirstenius Grammaticæ Arabicæ subjunxit.  
(30) Scallig. in prolegom. ad emendat temp.  
(31) Melanethon ap Becan. in Indolcyth.  
(32) Ap Camdenum.  
(33) Dionys. Afer in *army*.  
(34) The shooting Saca none can teach them art  
For what they looked at, never escapes their dart  
(35) Strab. l. 12.  
(36) Ptolem. geograph. lib. 6. cap. 2.



community was betwixt the name of Sacæ or Sagæ, and a certain sharp weapon called Sagaris, used by the Amazons, Sacans, and Persians, as the Greek (s) stories inform us.

*The Britons here allur'd to call them to their aid.*

Most suppose them sent to by the Britons, much subject to the irruptions of Picts and Scots, and so invited hither for aid: but the stories of Gildas and Nennius have no such thing, but only that there landed of them (as banished their country, which Geoffrey of Monmouth expresses also) three long boats in Kent with Horsa and Hengist, captains. They afterward were most willingly requested to multiply their number by sending for more of their countrymen to help King Vortigern; and under that colour, and by Ronix (daughter to Hengist, and wife to Vortigern) her womanish subtilty, in greater number were here planted. Of this, more large in every common story. But to believe their first arrival rather for new place of habitation, than upon embassy of the Britons, I am persuaded by this, (s) among the Cambrians, Gauls, Goths, Tacians, Scythians, and especially the Sacans (if Strabo deceive not, from whom our Saxons) with other northern people, it was a custom upon numerous abundance to transplant colonies: from which use the Parthians (sent out of Scythia, as the Romans did their (p) *Ver Sacrum*) retain that name, signifying banished (says Trogus; not unlikely, from the Hebrew Paratz q, which is to separate, and also to multiply in this kind of propagation, as it is used in the promise to Abraham, and in Isaiah's consolation to the church. Here being the main change of the British name and face, a word or two of the time and year is not minutely. Most put it under CD.XL.IX. (according to Bede's copies and their followers) or CD.L. of Christ; whereas indeed by apparent proof it was in CD.XXVIII. and the fourth of Valentinian the Emperor. So Prie and Camden (out of an old fragment annexed to Nennius) and, before them, the author of *Falsiculus Temporum* have placed it. The error I imagine to be from restoring of worn-out times in Bede and others, by those which fell into the same error with Florence of Worcester and Marian the Scot, who began the received Christian account but twelve years before the passion, thereby omitting twenty-two. For although Marian's published chronicle (which is but (r) a delation by Robert of Lorain, bishop of Hereford under Henry the first, and an epitome of Marian) goes near from the ordinary time of incarnation under Augustus, yet

he lays it also, according to the Roman abbot Dionysius, in the twenty-third year following, which was rather by taking advantage of Dionysius's error, than following his opinion. For when he about Justinian's time made his period of D XXXII years of the golden number and cycle of the sun multiplied, it fell out so in his computation, that the fifteenth moon following the Jews passover, the dominical letter, Friday, and other concurrents according to ecclesiastical tradition supposed for the passion, could not be but in the (s) twelfth year after his birth (a lapse by himself much repented, and then supposing Christ lived thirty-four years, twenty-two must needs be omitted; a collection directly against his meaning; having only forgotten to fit those concurrents. This account (in itself, and by the abbot's purpose, as our vulgar is now, but with some little difference) erroneously followed, I conjecture, made them, which too much desired correction, add the supposed evangelical XXII. years to such times as were before true, and so came CCCC.XXVIII. to be CCCC.XL.IX. and CCCC.L. which White of Basingstoke (although aiming to be accurate) unjustly follows. subtraction of this number, and, in some, addition (of addition you shall have perhaps example in amendment of the C.L.VI. year for king Lucius's letters to Pope Eleutherius) will rectify many gross absurdities in our chronologies, which are by transcribing, interpolation, misprinting, and creeping in of antichronisms now and then, strangely disordered.

*To get their feet in Gaul, rubb on Nueglia light.*

And a little after,

*Call'd Northern, from the north of Germany that came.*

What is now Normandy is, in some, stiled Neustria and Nueglia corruptly, as most think, for Westria, that is *W.ß-riß*, i. e. the West kingdom (confined anciently betwixt the Meuse and Loire) in respect of *Asgriß* or *Djriß*, i. e. the East Kingdom, now Lorrain, upon such reason as the archduke Lom hath his name at this day. (t) Rollo son of a Danish potentate, accompanied with divers Danes Norwegians, Scythians, Goths, and a supplement of English, which he had of king Athelstan, about the year D.CCC. made transmigration into France, and there, after some martial discords, honoured in holy tracture of Christianity with the name of Robert, received (u) of Charles the Simple with his daughter (or sister) Gilla this tract as her dower, containing

(s) Herodot. Polyhmn. Xenoph. *anacris.* d. Strabo lib. 9. See the VIII Song.

(p) Justin lib 24. & 41. Herodot. Clio. Wellingh. Hypodig. Neu a. Genetificent. lib. 1. cap. 4. Schæis & Græcis morem hunc facile nemini legat. sic apud Varrocin & Columellam.

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(p) Festus in end. & Mamertinis.

(r) גרמני Gen 23. 14. lib 54. 3.

(s) Macheth lib 4. de Pontificib.

(t) Pict. de Middleburgo part. 2. lib. 5.

(u) See Song XIII.

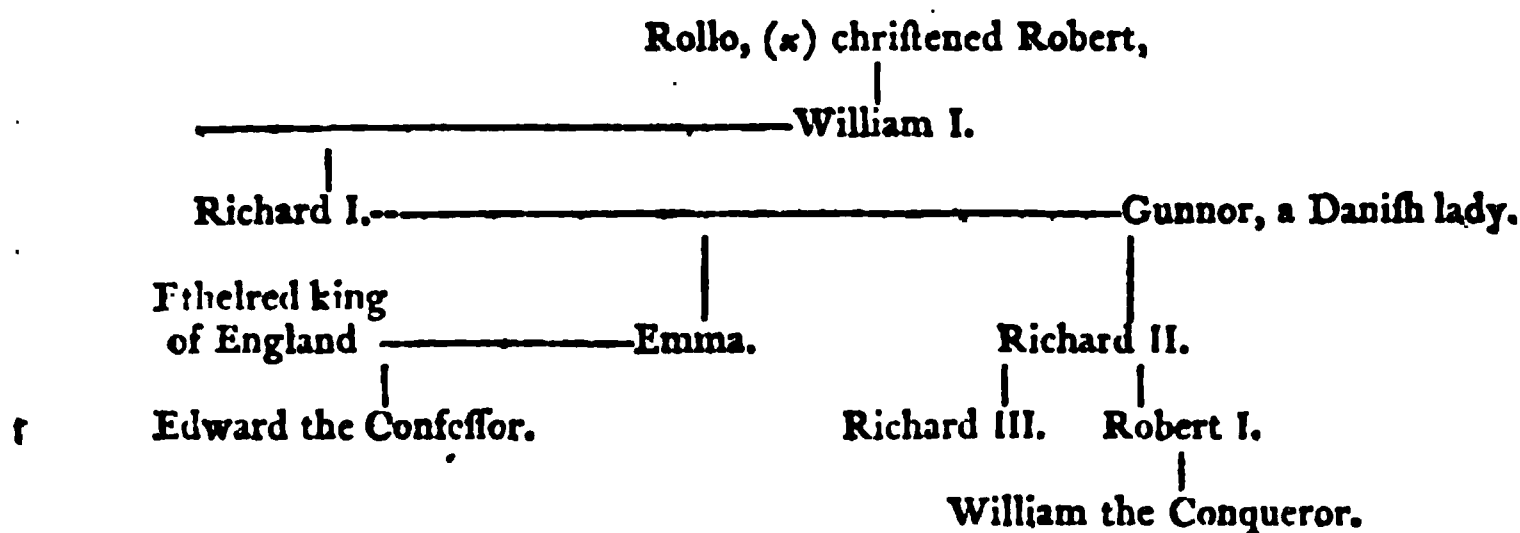
(v) Pict. 2am. lib. Franc. 3.



(as before) more than Normandy. It is (v) reported, that when the bishops at this donation required him to kiss the king's foot for homage, after scornful refusal, he commanded one of his knights to do it; the knight took up the king's leg, and in straining it to his mouth, overturned him; yet nothing but honourable respect followed on either part.

*That as the conqueror's blood did to the conquer'd run.*

Our author makes the Norman in reuniting of several kindred, rather than quest by a mere stranger, taking argument from identity of countryship (being all by original, and the people of (w) the Chersonesus, now Denmark, anciently called as from contingency of blood between Anglo-Saxon kings, and the Norman du expressed :



Object not that Duke Robert got the Conqueror upon Arletta (from whom perhaps came our name of harlot) his concubine, nor that (y) *Con-sanguinitatis & agnationis jura à patre tantum & legitimis nuptiis oriuntur*, as the civil law, and upon the matter the English also defines; but rather allow it by law of nature and nobility, which justifies the bastard's bearing of his father's coat, distinguished with a bend sinister, Nicolas Upton calls it (z) *Fiffura*, *ed quod fuditur à patriâ hereditate*; which is but his conceit: and read Heuter's tract *de liberâ lominis natiuitate*, where you shall find a kind of legitimation of that now disgraceful name Bastard; which in more antique times was, as a proud title, inserted in the style of great and most honourable princes. Pretending this consanguinity, St. Edward's adoption, and King Harold's oath, added by successful arms, the Norman acquired the English crown; although Wil-

liam of (a) Poicters affirms, that on his bed he made protestations, that his right hereditary, but by effusion of blood, and many lives.

*Who him a daughter brought, which he strangely spare.*

After composition of French troubles the first returning into England, the third in his sons William and Richard were, Barbesleu and Southampton was called that heaven only spared him this issue. An Empress, married, at last, to Geoffrey Earl of Anjou, from whom in a course through Henry the second (son to this) until Richard the third, that most noble possessed the royal throne of England.

(v) Guil. Gemiticenf. lib. 2. cap. 17.

(w) Marcian. Heracleot. *μωπλ.* 6.

(x) Gemiticenf. lib. 7. cap. 36. & lib. 3. cap. 18.

(y) ff. Unde cognati l. 4. spurius. & tit. de grad. affin. lib. 4. non facile. § 8. Sciendum. Right of

blood and kindred comes only by law marriage.

(z) A division, because he is separated father's inheritance. *ci. l. x. vi.*

(a) Histor. Cadomenf.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## T H E F I F T H S O N G .

### *The Argument.*

In this song, Severn gives the doom  
What of her Lundy should become.  
And whilst the nimble Cambrian rills  
Dance hy-day-gies amongst the hills,  
The muse them to Camarden brings ;  
Where Merlin's wond'rous birth she sings.  
From thence to Penbrook she doth make,  
'To see how Milford state doth take :  
The scattered islands there doth tell :  
And, visiting Saint David's cell,  
Doth sport her all the shores along,  
Preparing the ensuing song.

brine, as a queen, miraculously fair  
tely plac'd in her imperial chair  
al richly wrought, that gloriously did  
ine,  
e becoming well, a creature so divine :  
her godlike self, so glorious was her  
hrone, [known ;  
himself to sit great Neptune had been  
n there were ingrav'd those nymphs the  
god had woo'd,  
ry several shape wherein for love he su'd ;  
ughter, her estate and beauty, every son ;  
ations he had rul'd, what countries he had  
won.  
in this wide waste, but with exceeding cost  
re in antique work most curiously imbolt.

She, in a watchet weed, with many a curious  
wave,  
Which as a princely gift great Amphitrite gave ;  
Whose skirts were to the knee, with coral fring'd  
below,  
To grace her goodly steps. And where she  
meant to go,  
The path was strewed with pearl ; which though  
they orient were,  
Yet scarce known from her feet, they were so  
wondrous clear ; [may see  
To whom the mermaids hold her glass, that she  
Before all other floods how far her beauties be ;  
Who was by Nereus taught, the most profoundly  
wife,  
That learned her the skill of hidden prophecies.



By Thetis' special care; as (a) Chiron erst had  
done

To that proud bane of Troy, her god-resembling  
son.

For her wise censure now, whilst every list'ning  
flood

(When Reason somewhat cool'd their late di-  
stemper'd mood)

Inclosed Severn in; before this mighty rout,  
She sitting well prepar'd, with countenance grave  
and stout,

Like some great learned judge, to end a weighty  
Well furnish't with the force of argument and  
laws,

And every special proof that justly may be  
brought;

Now with a constant brow, a firm and settled  
thought,

And at the point to give the last and final doom:  
The people crowding near within the pester'd  
room,

A flow, soft murmuring moves amongst the  
wondring throng,

At though with open ears they would devour his  
tongue;

So Severn bare herself, and silence so she wan  
When to th' assembly thus she seriously began:

' My near and loved nymphs, good hap ye  
' both betide;

' Well Britons have ye sung; you English, well  
' reply'd;

' Which to succeeding times shall memorise your  
' stories

' To either country's praise, as both your endless  
' glories.

' And from your listning ears, fith vain it were to  
' hold

' What all-appointing heaven will plainly shall be  
' told,

' Both gladly be you pleas'd; for thus the powers  
' reveal,

' That when the Norman line in strength shall  
' lastly fail

' (Fate limiting the time) th' ancient Briton race  
' Shall come again to sit upon the sovereign place.

' A branch sprung out of Brute, th' imperial top  
' shall get,

' Which grafted in the stock of great Plantagenet,  
' The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk

' doth wither;

' That power which bare it thence, again shall  
' bring it thither

' By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain  
' driven,

' § To whom the goodly bay of Milford shall be  
' given;

' As thy wife prophets, Wales, fore-told his wish't  
' arrive,

' § And how Lewellin's line in him should doubly  
' thrive.

' For from his issue sent to Albany before,  
' Where his neglected blood, his virtue did re-  
' store,

(a) Chl brought up Achilles, son to Thetis.

' He first unto himself in fair succession gain'd  
' The Steward's nobler name; and afterwards a  
' tain'd

' The royal Scottish wreath, upholding it in stat  
' This stem, to (b) Tudor's join'd (which this

' all-powerful Fate

' So happily produc'd out of that prosperous bed  
' Whose marriages conjoin'd the white-rose and

' the red)

' Suppressing every plant, shall spread itself  
' wide,

' As in his arms shall clip the life on every side.  
' By whom three sever'd realms in one shall firm

' ly stand,

' As Britain-founding Brute first monarchiz'd th  
' land:

' And Cornwall, for that thou no longer shalt con  
' tend,

' But to old Cambria cleave, as to thy ancien  
' friend,

' Acknowledge thou thy brood of Brute's big  
' blood to be;

' And what hath hapt to her, the like t'her  
' chanc'd to thee;

' The Britons to receive, when heaven on them  
did lowre,

' Loegria forc'd to leave; who from the Sunn  
power

' Themselves in deserts, creeks, and mount'now  
' wastes bestow'd,

' Or where the fruitless rocks could promise them  
' abode: [ ' shall

' Why strive ye then for that, in little time that  
' (As you are all made one) be one unto you all?

' Then take my final doom pronounced lastly,  
' this;

' That Lundy like ally'd to Wales and England;  
Each part most highly pleas'd, then up the fash-  
ion brake;

When to the learned maids again invention spak;  
' O ye Pegasian nymphs, that hating viler things

' Delight in lofty hills, and in delicious springs,  
' That on Pierus born, and named of the place,

' The Thracian Pimpla love, and Pindus oft  
' grace;

' In Aganippa's fount, and in Castalia's brims,  
' That often have been known to bathe your

' crystal limbs,

' Conduct me through these brooks, and with a  
' fasten'd clue,

' Direct me in my course, to take a perfect view  
' Of all the wandring streams, in whose entrancing

' gyres,

' Wife nature oft herself her workmanship sh-  
' mires

' (So manifold they are, with such meand-  
' wound,

' As may with wonder seem invention to con-  
' found)

' That to those British names, untaught the ear  
' please,

' Such relish I may give in my delicious lays,

(b) James IV. surnamed Steward, married Margaret  
eldest daughter to Henry VII. king of England;



at all the armed orks of Neptune's grisly band,  
 ith music of my verse, amaz'd may listning  
 ' stand ; [call,  
 when his Tritons trumps do them to battle  
 ithin his furling lists to combat with the  
 ' whale.

has have we overgone the Glamorganian  
 Gowr,  
 the promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's  
 pow'r)

the Severn yet herself, till being grown too  
 great, [feat;

with extended arms unbounds her ancient  
 turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main  
 its sovereignty herself but lately did retain,

the Logher leads the way, who with a lusty  
 crew

the wild and wand'ring steps that ceaselessly  
 pursue)

forward is inforc'd ; as Amond thrusts her on,  
 Morias (as a maid she much relies upon)

sets her present speed ; assuring her withall,  
 best-beloved isle, Bachannia, for her fall

is specially prepar'd, of every thing supply'd.  
 then Guendra with such grace deliberately

doth glide,  
 Tovy doth entice ; who setteth out prepar'd

all points like a prince, attended with a  
 guard ; [kin

which, as by her name, the near'st to her of  
 Cothy, tripping down from Verwin's rushy

(c) lin, [meet  
 high Rescob running out, with Pescover to

the rills that forest loves ; and doth so kindly  
 greet,

so intreat their stay she gladly would prevail.  
 in Tranant nicely treads upon the watry trail ;

lively skipping Brane, along with Gwethrick  
 goes,

Tovy's wandring banks themselves that scarcely  
 lose,

Mudny, with Cledaugh, and Sawthy, soon  
 resort,

which at Langaddoc grace their sovereign's  
 watry court. [espies,

is when the servile world some gathering man  
 of thriving fortune shows he to much wealth

may rise,  
 through his prince's grace his followers may

prefer,  
 by revenue left by some dead ancestor ;

bowling low to him, him humbly they ob-  
 serve,

and happy is that man his nod that may deserve ;  
 Tovy so they sloop, to them upon the way

which thus displays the spring within their view  
 that lay.

Near Denevoir, the seat of the (d) Demettan  
 king

While Cambria was herself, full, strong, and  
 ' flourishing,

(c) A pool or watry moor;  
 (d) In Southwales.

' There is a pleasant spring, (e) that constant doth  
 ' abide

' Hard by these winding shores wherein we nim-  
 ' bly slide ;

' Long of the ocean lov'd, since his victorious  
 ' hand

' First proudly did insult upon the conquer'd land.  
 ' And though a hundred nymphs in fair Demetia

' be,  
 ' Whose features might allure the sea-gods more

' than she,  
 ' His fancy takes her form, and her he only likes ;

' ( Who e'er knew half the shafts wherewith blind  
 Cupid strikes ? )

' Which great and constant faith, shew'd by the  
 ' god of sea, [pay

' This clear and lovely nymph so kindly doth re-  
 ' As suff'ring for his sake what love to lover owes ;

' With him she sadly ebbs, with him she proudly  
 ' flows ;

' To him her secret vows perpetually doth keep,  
 ' Observing every law and custom of the deep.

Now Tovy tow'rd her fall (Langaddoc over-  
 gone)

Het Dulas forward drives ; and Cothy coming on  
 The train to over-take, the nearest way doth cast

Ere she Caermarden get ; where Gwilly, making  
 haste,

Bright Tovy entertains at that most famous town  
 Which her great prophet (f) bred, who Wales doth

so renown ;  
 And taking her a harp, and tuning well the

strings,  
 To princely Tovy thus she of the prophet sings :

' Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not  
 ' hear ?

' The world shall still be full of Merlin every  
 ' where. [run,

' A thousand lingering years his prophecies have  
 ' And scarcely shall have end till time itself be

' done :  
 ' Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she

' play'd [maid ;  
 ' With a seducing spirit, which won the godly

' ( As all Demetia through, there was not found  
 ' her peer )

' Who be'ing so much renown'd for beauty far  
 ' and near,

' Great lords her liking sought, but still in vain  
 ' they prov'd ; [lov'd ;

' § That spirit (to her unknown) this virgin only  
 ' Which taking human shape, of such perfection

' seem'd,  
 ' As (all her suiters scorn'd) she only him esteem'd.

' Who, feigning for her sake that he was come  
 ' from far,

' And richly could endow (a lusty batchelor)  
 ' On her that prophet got, which from his mo-

' ther's womb  
 ' Of things to come foretold until the general

' doom.

(e) Ebbing and flowing with the sea.  
 (f) Merlin, born in Caermarden.



But, of his feigned birth in sporting idly thus,  
 Suspect me not, that I this dreamed Incubus  
 By strange opinions should licentiously subsist;  
 Or, self-conceited, play the humorous Platonist,  
 Which boldly dares affirm, that spirits themselves  
 supply  
 With bodies, to commix with frail mortality,  
 And here allow them place, beneath this lower  
 sphere  
 Of the unconstant moon; to tempt us daily here.  
 Some, earthly mixture take; as others, which  
 aspire, [fire,  
 Them subt'ler shapes resume, of water, air, and  
 Being those immortals long before the heaven,  
 that fell,  
 Whose deprivation thence, determined their hell:  
 And losing through their pride that place to them  
 assign'd,  
 Predestined that was to man's regenerate kind,  
 They, for th' inveterate hate to his election, still  
 Desist not him to tempt to every damned ill:  
 And to seduce the spirit, oft prompt the frailer  
 blood,  
 Inveigling it with tastes of counterfeited good,  
 And teach it all the flights the soul that may ex-  
 cite  
 To yield up all power unto the appetite.  
 And to those curious wits if we ourselves apply,  
 Which search the gloomy shades of deep philoso-  
 phy,  
 They reason so will cloathe, as well the mind can  
 show,  
 That contrary effects, from contraries may grow;  
 And that the soul a shape so strongly may con-  
 ceit,  
 As to herself the-while may seem it to create;  
 By which th' abused sense more easily oft is led  
 To think that it enjoys the thing imagined.  
 But, toil'd in these dark tracts with sundry  
 doubts repeat,  
 Calm shades, and cooler streams must quench this  
 furious heat;  
 Which seeking, soon we find, where Cowen in  
 her course  
 Tow'rd the Sabrinian shores, as sweeping from  
 her source,  
 Takes Towa, calling then Carkenny by the way,  
 Her through the wayless woods of Cardiff to  
 convey;  
 A forest, with her floods environ'd so about  
 That hardly she restrains th' unruly watry rout,  
 When swelling, they would seem her empire to  
 invade;  
 And oft the lustful sawns and satyrs from her  
 shade  
 Were by the streams entic'd<sup>d</sup> abode with them to  
 make.  
 Then Morlas meeting Taw, her kindly in doth  
 take:  
 Cair coming with the rest, their watry tracts  
 tread,  
 Increase the Cowen all; that as their general head  
 Their largess doth receive, to bear out his expence;  
 Who to vast Neptune leads this courtly confluence.

To the Pembrokian parts the muse her fill  
 doth keep,  
 Upon that utmost point to the Iberian deep,  
 By Cowdra coming in; where clear delightful  
 air, [pair;  
 (That forests most affect) doth welcome her re-  
 The Heliconian maids in pleasure groves delight;  
 (Floods cannot still content their wanton appe-  
 tite)  
 And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring  
 hills below,  
 With wise Apollo meet (who with his ivory bow  
 Once in the paler shades the serpent Python slew)  
 And hunting oft with him, the heartless deer  
 pursue;  
 Those beams then laid aside he us'd in heaven  
 to wear.  
 Another forest-nymph is Narber, standing near,  
 That with her curled top her neighbour would  
 astound,  
 Whose groves once bravely grac'd the fair Pen-  
 brokian ground,  
 When Albion here beheld on this extended land,  
 Amongst his well-grown woods, the shag-hair'd  
 satyrs stand  
 (The Sylvans chief resort) the shores then sitting  
 high,  
 Which under water now so many fathoms lie:  
 And wallowing porpice sport and lord it in the  
 flood,  
 Where once the portlike oak, and large-limb'd  
 poplar stood:  
 Of all the forest's kind these two now only left.  
 But time, as guilty since to man's insatiate theft,  
 Transfer'd the English names of towns and hous-  
 holds hither, [gether.  
 With the industrious Dutch since sojourning to-  
 When wrathful heaven the clouds so lib'ral-  
 ly bestow'd,  
 The seas (then wanting roomth to lay their  
 boist'rous load)  
 Upon the Belgian marsh their pamper'd sto-  
 machs cast,  
 That peopled cities sank into the mighty waste.  
 The Flemings were forc'd to take them to  
 their oars,  
 To try the setting main to find out firmer shores;  
 When as this spacious isle them entrance did allow,  
 To plant the Belgian stock upon this goodly  
 brow: [ly affect,  
 These (g) nations, that their tongues did natural-  
 Both generally forsook the British dialect:  
 As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,  
 That ancient Rome should stoop from her impe-  
 rious state,  
 With nations from the north then altogether  
 fraught,  
 Which to her civil bounds their barbarous cus-  
 toms brought,  
 Of all her ancient spoils and lastly be forlorn,  
 From Tyber's hallowed banks to old (b) Bizar-  
 tium born:

(g) The colony of Flemings here planted. See to the fourth song.

(b) Now Constantinople.



abundant Latines then old Latium lastly left,  
 h of her proper form and elegancy rest;  
 are her smoothest tongue, their speech that  
 did prefer,  
 in her tables fixt their ill-shap'd character.  
 divination strange the Dutch-made English  
 have, [it gave)  
 appropriate to that place (as though some power  
 by th' shoulder of a ram from off the right  
 side par'd, [bar'd :  
 ich usually they boil, the spade-bone being  
 ich then the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,  
 ings long to come fore-shows, as things done  
 long ago;  
 pes secretly at home, as those abroad, and far;  
 rthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war,  
 e reigns and death of kings they take on them  
 to know :  
 ich only to their skill the shoulder-blade  
 doth show.  
 ou goodly sister floods, how happy is your state!  
 should I more commend your features, or  
 your fate,  
 n Milford, which this isle her greatest port  
 doth call  
 her your equal floods is lotted to your fall?  
 here was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,  
 hence Penbrook yet hath heard of haven like  
 her own?  
 bids Dungleddy dare (i) Iberia's proudest road,  
 d chargeth her to send her challenges abroad  
 ng the coast of France, to prove if any be  
 r Milford that dare match: so absolute is she.  
 d Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her  
 fire  
 hill that thrusts his head into th' etherial fire)  
 r sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as  
 much: [touch,  
 d Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth  
 id he would bear her out; and that they all  
 should know. [to show  
 d therewithal he struts, as though he scorn'd  
 is head below the heaven, when he of Milford  
 spake :  
 it there was not a port the prize durst undertake.  
 highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,  
 o haven hath ought good, in her that is not found:  
 whereas the swelling surge, that with his foamy  
 head  
 he gentler-looking land with fury menaced,  
 ith his encountring wave no longer there  
 contends ;  
 at sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,  
 mov'd of any wind which way so e'er it blow,  
 nd rather seem to smile, than knit an angry  
 brow.  
 he ships with shatter'd ribs scarce creeping from  
 the seas,  
 n her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,  
 all her pasted storms she holds but mean and  
 base, [place,  
 so she may reach at length this most delightful

(i) Spain.

By nature with proud cliffs invironed about,  
 § To crown the godly road: where builds the  
 falcon stout,  
 Which we the gentil call; whose fleet and active  
 wings, [on kings :  
 It seems that nature made when most she thought  
 Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant  
 flight,  
 The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,  
 That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem  
 to hover,  
 And ly the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover ;  
 That those proud cyries, bred whereas the scorch-  
 ing sky  
 Doth singe the sandy wilds of spiceful Barbury ;  
 Or underneath our pole, where Norway's (k) so-  
 rests wide [do hide,  
 Their high cloud-touching heads in winter snows  
 Out-brave not this our kind in mettall, nor exceed  
 The falcon which sometimes the British cliffs do  
 breed :  
 Which prey upon the isles in the Vergivian waste,  
 That from the British shores by Neptune are  
 embrac'd ;  
 Which stem his furious tides when wildliest they  
 do rave, [t'rous wave :  
 And break the big-swoln bulk of many a boif-  
 As, calm when he becomes, then likewise in  
 their glory  
 Do cast their amorous eyes at many a promontory  
 That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling  
 south; [mouth,  
 As Rat and Sheepy, set to keep calm Milford's  
 Expos'd to Neptune's power. So (l) Gresholm  
 far doth stand :  
 Scalm, Stockholm, with Saint Bride, and Catholm,  
 nearer land  
 (Which with their veiny breasts intice the gods  
 of sea,  
 That with the lusty isles do revel every day)  
 As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward  
 bends, [sends ;  
 From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia  
 Since, holy David's seat; which of especial grace  
 Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.  
 Of all the holy men whole fame so fresh remains,  
 To whom the Britons built so many sumptuous  
 fanes, [hold,  
 This saint before the rest their patron still they  
 § Whose birth their ancient bards to Cambria  
 long foretold,  
 And seated here a see, his bishopric of yore,  
 Upon the farthest point of this unfruitful shore ;  
 Selected by himself, that far from all resort  
 With contemplation seem'd most fitly to comport;  
 That, void of all delight, cold, barren, bleak, and  
 dry, [eve :  
 No pleasure might allure, nor steal the wand'ring  
 Where Ramsey with those rocks, in rank that  
 order'd stand  
 Upon the farthest point of David's ancient land,

(k) The places from whence the highest flying hawks are brought.

(l) Islands upon the point of Pembrokehire.



Do raise their rugged heads (the sea-man's noted marks)  
 Call'd, of their mitred tops, the bishop and his clerks;  
 Into that channel cast, whose raging current roars.  
 Betwixt the British sands and the Hibernian shores:  
 Whole grim and horrid face doth pleased heaven neglect,  
 And bears bleak winter still in his more sad aspect:

Yet Gwin and Nevern near, two fine and ~~small~~ <sup>[looks]</sup>  
 brooks,  
 Do never stay their course, how stern so e'er be  
 Which with his shipping once should seem to have  
 commerst, <sup>[first]</sup>  
 Where Fiscard as her floods doth only grace the  
 To Newport falls the next: there we a while will  
 rest; <sup>[drest]</sup>  
 Our next ensuing song to wond'rous things ad-

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

Is you ever read of, or vulgarly understand, the form of the ocean, and affinity betwixt it and rivers, you cannot but conceive this poetical description of Severn; wherein Amphitrite is supposed to have given her a precious robe: very proper in the matter's self, and imitating that (a) father of the muses who derives Agamemnon's sceptre to him by descent joined with gift from Jupiter; Achilles's, armour from Vulcan's bounty, Helen's Nepenthe from the Egyptian Polydamma, and such like, honouring the possessors with the giver's judgment, as much as with the gift possen.

*To whom the goodly bay of Milford should be given.*

At Milford haven arrived Henry Earl of Richmond, aided with some forces and sums of money by the French Charles VIII. but so entertained and strengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Richard III. that, beyond expectation, at Bosworth in Leicester, the day and crown was soon his. Every chronicle tells you more largely.

*And how Llewelin's line in him should doubly thrive.*

Turn to the Eagle's prophecies in the second song, where the first part of this relation is more manifested. For the rest, thus: about our confessor's time, Macbeth (b) king of Scotland, moved by predictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the posterity of Banquo a noble thane of Loquahry should attain and continue the Scottish reign) and jealous of others hoped-for greatness murdered Banquo, but missed his design; for, one of the same posterity, Fleance son to Banquo, pri-

vily fled to Griffith, by Llewelin then Prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Nesta the prince's daughter was issue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted, and through stout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high steward of Scotland; out of whose loins Robert II. was derived: since whom the royal name hath long continued, descending to our mighty sovereign, and in him is joined with the commingling blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. These two were united, with the (c) white and red roses, in those auspicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the lady Margaret their eldest daughter, married to James the IV. his Majesty's descent and spacious empire observed, easily shows you what the muse here plays withal. The rest alludes to that; 'Cambria shall be glad, Cornwall shall flourish, and the sea shall be filled with Briton's name, and the name of strangers shall perish:' as it is in Merlin's prophecies.

*That Spirit to her unknown this Virgin only lov'd.*

So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I should slip into discourse of spirits faculties in this kind. For my own part, unless there be some creatures of such middle nature, as the Rabinnic (d) conceit upon the creation supposes; and the same with Hesiod's nymphs, or Paracelsus his Non-adams, I shall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by swiftness of motion in conveying of stolen seed some unclean spirit might arrogate the improper name of generation. Those

(a) Iliad. β. & σ Odyss. δ.

(b) Hector Boet. lib. 12. & Buchanan. in reg. 85. & 86. lib. 7. qui eisdem avo ceteriori Stuartos ait dictos, quos omni Thanes nuncupabant. Thani verò quattuor erant regij per interpretationem, uti Boetius. Certe in charta illa quâ jure clientelari se Henrico II. obstrinxit Williclmus Scottorum Rex, legitur inter testes Williclmus de Cury Seneschallus, Williclmus filius Adelmi Seneschal-

lus, Aluredus de Sancto Martino Seneschallus. Gilbertus Malet Seneschallus; unde honorarium fuisse hoc nomen paret. Horum bini defuncti apud Hovedenum; verum ex vetustiss. anonymo M. S. excerpti.

(c) York and Lancaster.

(d) Rabbi Abraham in Zerror Hammor ap. Munst. ad. 2. Genes.



Augustine (e) calls (f) Dufii, in Gaul, addicted to such filthiness; Fauna, Sylvana, have had as much attributed to it learn of this, from divines upon the him (g) in holy writ, passages of the on this point, and the later authors of us in magic and sorcery, as Bodin, Wier, Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather as you see to the fourth song, his true g Ambrose) his own answer to Vortigast that his father was a Roman (b) Consul as informs me) as perhaps it might be, & palliated under name of a spirit; as Illia supposing, to save her credit, the stars for Romulus his father. But to improve polite muse with what is more harsh, herein perhaps not displeasing, I offer antique passage of him.

— the messengers to Kermerdin come,  
children bivre the yate pleyde bii toke gone,  
to another, Merlin wat is the,  
lese (i) ffewe, my misdoflon me,  
f kinges icome, and thou nart nougt worth  
lle,  
wdest nevere nanne fader, therevore bold the  
le.

Tagers burde this bii astunte there,  
men aboute wat the child were.  
as be ne had never fader that me might un-  
fend,  
ler au king's daughter was of thulke lond,  
at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

er, (a nun, daughter to Pubidius king  
ival, and called Matilda, as by (k) poe-  
ority I find justifiable) and he being  
o the king, she colours it in these words:

— wbanneich ofte was.  
mid mine fellowes, there came to me bi cas,  
ir man mid alle, and bi clupt me well softe,  
ince made vaire ynou, and cust me well ofte.

on the story which should follow so kind  
But enough of this.

oulder of a Ram from off the right side par'd.

his as a taste of their art in old time,  
enry II. one William Mengunel, (l) a  
of those parts, finding by his skill of

prediction that his wife had played false with him, and conceived by his own nephew, formally dresses the shoulder-bone of one of his own rams; and sitting at dinner (pretending it to be taken out of his neighbour's flock) requests his wife (equaling him in these divinations) to give her judgment; she curiously observes, and at last with great laughter casts it from her. The gentleman, importuning her reason of so vehement an affection, receives answer of her, that, his wife, out of whose flock the ram was taken, had by incestuous copulation with her husband's nephew fraughted herself with a young one. Lay all together, and judge, gentlewomen, the sequel of this cross accident. But why she could not as well divine of whose flock it was, as the other secret, when I have more skill in Osteomanty, I will tell it you. Nor was their report less in knowing things to come, than past; so that jealous Panurge, in his doubt (m) *de la Coquage*, might have had other manner of resolution than Rundibilis, Hippothade, Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itself, were able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to explain my author, I insert this example.

To crown the goodly road, where built that falcon  
seat.

In the rocks of this maritime coast of Pembroke are eyries of excellent falcons. Henry II. here passing into Ireland. cast off a Norway goshawk at one of these: but the goshawk taken at the source by the falcon, soon fell down at the king's foot, which performance in this rammage, made him yearly afterward send hither for eyesses, as Girald is author. Whether these here are the Haggarts (which they call Peregrins) or Falcon-gentles, I am no such falconer to argue; but thus I know, that the reason of the name of Peregrins is given, for that they came from remote (n) and unknown places, and therefore hardly fits these: but also I read in no less than imperial (o) authority, that Peregrins never bred in less latitude than beyond the seventh climate, *Dia Riphaea*, which permits them this place; and that, of true falcons-gentle an eyry is never found but in a more southern and hotter parallel: which (if it be true) excludes the name of gentle from ours, breeding near the ninth *Per Rosochium*. And the same authority makes them (against common opinion) both of one kind, differing rather in local and outward accidents, than in self-nature.

. 15. de Civ. Dei cap. 23.  
rte Drusij (quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap.  
oman.) quasi Sylvani, aut Dryades.  
n. 6. 2.

istres sapius viros indigetant historici  
sules, unde & Aetium & in repudloqu-  
ones Cos, quem tametsi Consulem fuisse  
ent Fasti, illustriss. tn. blica nobilissimum  
diorumque historiae Gothicae produunt.  
cw, now a word applyed to the shrewish

sex; but in Chaucer, Lidgate, and Gower, to the  
quieter also.

(k) Spenser's Faery Q. lib. 3. cant. 3.

(l) Girald. Itin. 1. cap. 11. — Quæ te demen-  
tia cepit, Querere sollicitè quod reperire times?  
Th. Mor. Epig.

(m) Of Cuckoldry. Rablais.

(n) Albert de Animal. 23. cap. 8.

(o) Frederic. II. lib. 2. de arte Venand. cap. 4.



*Whose birth the ancient Bards to Cambria long foretold.*

Of St. Dewy and his bishopric you have more to the fourth song. He was prognosticated (p) above thirty years before his birth; which with other attributed miracles (after the fashion of of that credulous age) caused him be almost paralleled in monkish zeal with that holy John, which, unborn, sprang at presence of the incarnate author of our redemption. The translation

of the archbishopric was also (q) foretold in that of Merlin: *Menevia shall put on the pall of Carrleon; and the preacher of Ireland shall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb.* That was performed when St. Patrick, at presence of Melaria then with child, suddenly lost use of his speech; but recovering it after some time, made prediction of Dewy's holiness, joined with greatness, which is so celebrated. Upon my author's credit only believe me.

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(p) Monumeth. lib. 8. cap. 8. Girald. Nin. 2. cap. 1. Balcont. 1. Vita S. Dewy.

(q) Alan. de insul. 1. ad Prophet. Merlini.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## T H E S I X T H S O N G.

### *The Argument.*

With Cardigan the Muse proceeds,  
And tells what rare things Tivy breeds :  
Next, proud Plynillimon she plys ;  
Where Severn, Wy and Rydoll rise,  
With Severn she along doth go,  
Her metamorphosis to show ;  
And makes the wand'ring Wy declaim  
In honour of the British name :  
Then musters all the watry train  
That those two Rivers entertain :  
And viewing how those Rillets creep  
From shore to the Vergivian deep,  
By Radnor and Mountgomery, then  
To Severn turns her course agen :  
And bringing all their Riverets in.  
There ends ; a new Song to begin.

must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet be-  
re [shore,  
le vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian  
/ source will sing in all the Cambrian coast ;  
[thy castors once, but now canst only boast  
ons, of all floods most plentiful in thee.  
ok, within thy banks if any powers there  
e ; [kind  
iads, or ye nymphs of their like watry  
hose only care great Neptune hath assign'd  
lance of those brooks wherein he takes  
elight) [cite,  
: and whilst she your dwelling shall re-

Be present in her work : let her your graces view,  
That to succeeding times them lively she may shew ;  
As when great Albion's sons, which him a sea-  
nymph brought  
Amongst the grisly rocks, where with your beau-  
ties caught  
(Whose only love surpris'd those of the (a) Phle-  
grian size, [rise)  
The Titanois, that once against high heaven durst  
When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did  
hide, [glide ;  
And cover'd every vale through which you gently  
(a) Giants.



Even for those inly heats which through your  
loves they felt,  
That oft in kindly tears did in your bosoms melt.  
To view your secret bowers, such favour let her  
win. [lin,

Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious  
'Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids, that  
do stay

Their mistress, as in state she goes upon her way.

Which when Lanbeder sees, her wondrously she  
likes : [strikes,

Whose untam'd bosom so the beauteous Tivy  
As that the forest fain would have her there abide.

But she (so pure a stream) transported with her  
pride, [shade

The offer idly scorns; though with her flattering  
The Sylvan her entice with all that may persuade  
A water-nymph; yea, though great Thetis self she  
were. [there.

But nothing might prevail, nor all the pleasures  
Her mind could ever move one minute's stay to  
make. [take :

Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy over-  
Which instantly again by Dittor is supply'd.

Then, Keach and Kerry help : 'twixt which on  
either side, [shire.

To Cardigan she comes, the sovereign of the  
New, Tivy, let us tell thy sundry glories here.

When as the salmon seeks a fresher stream to  
find [kind,

(Which hither from the sea comes yearly by his  
As he in season grows) and stems the watry tract,  
Where Tivy falling down doth make a (b) cataract,  
Forc'd by the rising rocks that their her course  
oppose,

As though within their bounds they meant her  
to inclose ;

Here, when the labouring fish doth at the foot  
arrive, [strive,

And finds that by this strength but vainly he doth  
His tail takes in his teeth; and bending like a bow,  
That's to the compass drawn, aloft himself doth  
throw : [wand,

Then springing at his height, as doth a little  
'That bended end to end, and flirtd from the hand,  
Far off itself doth cast; so doth the salmon vault.

And if at first he fail, his second (c) summersaut  
He instantly essays; and from his nimble ring,  
Still yerking, never leaves, until himself he fling  
Above the streamful top of the surrounded heap.

More famous long ago, than for the salmon's  
leap,

For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that  
bred,

Which else no other brook of Britain nourished :  
Where nature, in the shape of this now-perish'd  
beast [prest;

His property did seem t' have wondrously ex-  
Being body'd like a boat, with such a mighty tail  
As serv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,

When kind did him command the architect to  
play, [clay:

That his strong castle built of branched twigs and

(b) Or water-fall.

(c) The word in swimming, when one casteth himself over  
and over.

Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,  
He easily could remove as it he pleas'd to steer  
To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,  
His stuff wherewith to build, first being to prepare,  
A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh,  
And with his teeth cuts down his timber : which  
laid by,

He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,  
When with what he hath got, the other do him  
load,

Till lastly by the weight, his burden he hath found.  
Then, with his mighty tail his carriage having  
bound [grip'd

As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he  
Some stronger stick : from which the lesser  
branches stript,

He takes it in the midst; at both the ends, the rest  
Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour  
prest,

Going backward, tow'rd home their loaded car-  
riage led,

From whom, those first here born, were taught  
the useful sled. [lights;

Then builded he his sort for strong and several  
His passages contrived with such unusual sleights,

'That from the hunter oft he issu'd undiscern'd,  
As if men from this beast to fortify had learn'd;

¶ Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this ill un-  
known.

Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.

But here why spend I time these trifles to record?  
Now, with thy former task, my muse, again pro-  
ceed, [shore

To shew the other floods from the (d) Ceretic  
To the Vergivian sea contributing their store :

With Bidder first begin, that bendeth all her force  
The Arron to assist, Arth holding on her course

The way the other went, with Werry which doth  
win

Fair Istwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,  
Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and prince-  
ly maid,

Plynillimon's dear child, deliciously array'd,  
As fits a nymph so near to Severn and her queen.

Then come the sister Salka, as they before had seen  
Those delicater dames so trippingly to tread :

Then Kerry; Cletur next, and Kinver making  
head [by her.

With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings  
Plynillimon's high praise no longer, muse, defer;

What once the Druids told, how great those floods  
should be,

That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves  
from thee.

The bard with fury rapt, the British youth among,  
¶ Unto the charming harp thy future honour sung

In brave and lofty strains; that in excess of joy,  
The beldam and the girl, the grandfire and the boy,

With shouts and yearning cries, the troubled air  
did load [god

(As when with crown'd cups unto the (e) Elin  
'Those priests high orgies held; or when the old  
world saw

Full Phœbe's face eclips'd, and thinking her to day,

(d) Of Cardigan.

(e) Bacchus.



Whom they supposed fall'n in some enchanted  
s wound, [sound

Of beaten tinkling brass still ply'd her with the  
That all the Cambrian hills, which high'st their  
heads do bear

With most obsequious shews of low subjected fear,  
Should to thy greatness stoop: and all the brooks  
that be

Do homage to those floods that issued out of thee:  
To princely Severn first; next to her sister Wye,  
Which to her elders court her coursedoth still apply.  
But Rydoll, young'st, and least, and for the others  
pride

Not finding sitting roomth upon the rising side,  
Alone unto the west directly takes her way.  
So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.  
For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top so  
high,

As scorning all that come in compass of his eye,  
Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace  
Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his  
face, [were

His love to Severn shews as though his own she  
Thus comforting the flood; (f) "O ever-during  
heir

Of Sabrina, Locrine's child (who of her life bereft,  
Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)  
Brute's first-begotten son, which Gwendolin did  
wed;

But soon th' inconstant lord abandoned her bed  
(Through his unchaste desire) for beauteous El-  
stred's love,

Now, that which most of all her mighty heart  
did move,

Her father, Cornwall's duke, great Corineus dead,  
Was by the lustful king unjustly banished.

When she, who to that time still with a smoothed  
brow [vow,

Had seem'd to bear the breach of Locrine's former  
Perceiving still her wrongs insufferable were;  
Grown big with the revenge which her full  
breast did bear,

And aided to the birth with every little breath  
(Alone she being left the spoil of love and death,  
In labour of her grief outrageously distract,

The utmost of her spleen on her false lord to act)  
She first implores their aid to hate him whom she  
sounded; [sound.

Whose hearts unto the depth she had not left to  
To Cornwall then she sends (her country) for  
supplies:

Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arise.  
Then with her warlike power her husband she  
pursu'd,

Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.  
The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all  
remorse, [force,

As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her  
Him suddenly surpriz'd, and from her ireful heart  
All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)

The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;  
Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,

(f) The story of Severn.

Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd  
shore

Then crowning Madan ling, whom she to Loc-  
rine bore, [brought;

And those which serv'd his fire to his obedience  
Not so with blood suffic'd, immediately she sought  
The mother and the child: whose beauty when  
she saw,

Had not her heart been flint, had had the power  
to draw [pearl,

A spring of pitying tears; when, dropping liquid  
Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl

Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for  
thee [see,

Fair Elstred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabrina  
As she should thee behold the prey to her steru

rage [affuage:

Whom kingly Locrine's death suffic'd not to  
Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mo-  
ther cast

Into thy christen'd flood, the whilst the rocks a-  
ghast [dream

Resounded with your shrieks; till in a deadly  
Your courses were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,  
Your curls to curl'd waves, which plainly still  
appear [were:

The same in water now, that once in locks they  
And, as you wont to clip each others necks before,  
Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring  
shore."

But leave we Severn here, a little to pursue  
The often-wand'ring Wye (her passages to view),  
As wantonly she strains in her lascivious course  
And muster every flood that from her bounteous  
source [bound

Attends upon her stream, whilst (as the famous  
'Tisixt the Brecknockian earth, and the Radnorian  
ground

She every book receives. First, Clarwen cometh in,  
With Clarwy: which to them their consort Eland  
win

To aid their goodly Wye, which Ithon gets again:  
She Dulas draws along: and in her watry train  
Clowedock hath recourse, and Comran; which  
she brings

Unto the wand'ring flood, from the Radnorian  
springs:

As Edwy her attends, and Matchway forward  
heaves [perceives

Her mistress. When, at last the goodly Wye  
She now was in that part of Wales, of all the rest  
Which (as her very waste) in breadth from east  
to west, [way,

In length from north to south, her midst is every  
From Severn's bord'ring banks unto the either sea,  
Which she might term the heart. The ancient  
Britons here [were

The river calls to mind, and what those British  
Whilst Britain was herself, the queen of all the  
west. [address,

To whose old nation's praise whilst she herself  
From the Brecknodian bound when Irvon com-  
ing in, doth win,  
Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wevery tha:



Persuading her for them good matter to provide.  
The wood-nymphs so again, from the Radnorian  
side, [call

As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckles forests,  
To Wye, and bade her now bestir them for them  
all :

For, if she stuck not close in their distressed case,  
The Britons were in doubt to undergo disgrace,  
That strongly thus provok'd, she for the Britons  
says ;

† ' What spirit can lift you up, to that immortal  
praise

§ You worthily deserve ? by whom first Gaul  
was taught

Her knowledge : and for her, what nation ever  
wrought

The conquest you achiev'd ? And, as you were  
most dread,

So ye (before the rest) in so great reverence had  
Your bards which sung your deeds, that when  
stern hosts have stood

With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed  
blood)

§ One bard but coming in, their murd'rous swords  
hath staid ;

In her most dreadful voice as thundring heaven  
had said,

Stay, Britons ; when he spake, his words so  
pow'rful were. [here,

So to her native priests, the dreadless Druids  
The nearest neighbouring Gaul, that wisely  
could discern

Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their  
good to learn,

Her apt and pregnant youth sent hither year by  
year,

Instructed in our rites with most religious feast.

And afterward again, when as our ancient seat  
Her surcrease could not keep, grown for her soil  
too great

(But like to casting bees, so rising up in swarms)

§ Our Cymbry with the Gauls, that their com-  
mixed arms

Join'd with the German powers (those nations  
of the north

Which overspread the world) together issued forth :

§ Where, with our brazen swords, we stoutly  
fought, and long ;

And after conquests got, residing them among,  
First planted in those parts our brave courageous  
brood : [blood,

Whose natures so adher'd unto their ancient  
As from them sprang those priests, whose praise  
so far did sound,

Through whom that spacious Gaul was after so  
renown'd,

Nor could the Saxons swords (which many a  
ling'ring year

Them sadly did afflict, and shut us Britons here  
'Twixt Severn and this sea) our mighty minds  
deject ;

But that even they which fain'd our weakness  
would detect,

† Wye's speech in behalf of the Britons,

Were forced to confess, our wildest beasts that  
breed [feed,

Upon our mighty wastes, or on our mountains  
Were far more sooner tam'd, than here our  
Welchmen were :

Besides, in all the world no nation is so dear  
As they unto their own ; that here within this  
isle,

Or else in foreign parts, yea forced to exile,  
The noble Briton still his countryman relieves ;  
A patriot, and so true, that it to death him  
grieves

To hear his Wales disgrac'd ; and on the Saxons  
swords

Oft hazardeth his life, ere with reproachful words  
His language or his leek he'll stand to bear a-  
bus'd.

Besides, the Briton is so naturally infus'd  
With true poetic rage, that in their (g) measures,  
art [part

Doth rather seem precise, than comely ; in each  
Their metre most exact, in verse of th' hardest  
kind.

And some to rhiming be so wondrously inclin'd,  
Those numbers they will hit, out of their genuine  
vain,

Which many wise and learn'd can hardly e'er at-  
tain.

O memorable bards, of unmixt blood, which still  
Posterity shall praise for your so wondrous skill,  
That in your noble songs, the long descents have  
kept

Of your great heroes, else in Lethe that had slept,  
With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours  
have disdain'd ;

How much from time, and them, how bravely  
have you gain'd !

Musician, herald, bard, thrice may'st thou be re-  
nown'd, [crown'd ;

And with three several wreaths immortally be  
Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the En-  
glish king, [sing,

And to thy powerful harp commanded there to  
Of famous Arthur told'st, and where he was in-  
terr'd ;

In which, those retchless times had long and  
blindly err'd,

And ignorance had brought the world to such a  
pits [wa-

As now, which scarce believes that Arthur ever  
But when King (b) sent th' reported place to  
view,

He found that man of men : and what thou said'st  
was true.

Here then I cannot choose but bitterly exclaim  
Against those fools that all antiquity defame,  
Because they have sound out, some credulous  
ages laid

Slight fictions with the truth, whilst truth on ru-  
mour staid ; [glee

And that one forward time (perceiving the ne-  
A former of her had) so purchase her respect,

(g) See the fourth song.

(b) Henry II.



With toys then trim'd her up, the drowsy world  
 t'allure, [cure  
 And lent her what it thought might appetite pro-  
 To man, whose mind doth still variety pursue;  
 And therefore to those things whose grounds were  
 very true, [tent  
 Though naked yet and bare (nor having to con-  
 The wayward curious ear) gave fictive ornament;  
 And fitter thought, the truth they should in  
 question all, [all.  
 Than coldly sparing that, the truth should go and  
 And surely I suppose, that which this froward  
 time  
 Doth scandalise her with to be her heinous crime,  
 That her most preserv'd; for still where wit hath  
 found [ground,  
 A thing most clearly true, it made that, fiction's  
 Which she suppos'd might give sure colour to  
 them both:  
 From which, as from a root, this wond'ring error  
 grow'th,  
 At which our critics gird, whose judgments are  
 so strict,  
 And he the bravest man who most can contradict  
 That which decrepit age (which forced is to lean  
 Upon tradition) tells; esteeming it so mean,  
 As they it quite reject, and for some trifling thing  
 (Which time hath pinn'd to truth) they all away  
 will fling. [be,  
 These men (for all the world) like our precisians  
 Who for some cross or saint they in the window  
 see  
 Will pluck down all the church: soul-blinded  
 fots that creep  
 In dirt, and never saw the wonders of the deep.  
 Therefore (in my conceit) most rightly serv'd are  
 they [stay)  
 That to the Roman trust (on his report that  
 Our truth for him to learn, as ignorant of ours  
 As we were then of his; except t'were of his  
 powers:  
 Who our wise Druids here unmercifully slew;  
 Like whom, great nature's depths no men yet  
 ever knew,  
 Nor with such dauntless spirits were ever yet in-  
 spir'd; [fir'd,  
 Who at their proud arrive th'ambitious Romans  
 When first they heard them preach the soul's im-  
 mortal state: [fate,  
 And even in Rome's despight, and in contempt of  
 Graspt hands with horrid death: which out of  
 hate and pride  
 They slew, who through the world were reve-  
 renced beside.  
 To understand our state, no marvail then  
 though we  
 Should so to Cæsar seek, in his reports to see  
 What anciently we were; when in our infant  
 war,  
 Unskilful of our tongue but by interpreter,  
 He nothing had of ours which our great bards did  
 sing, [bring  
 Except some few poor words; and those again to  
 Unto the Latin sounds, and easiness they us'd,  
 By their most filed speech, our British most abus'd.

But of our former state, beginning, our descent,  
 The wars we had at home, the conquests where  
 we went,  
 He never understood. And though the Romans  
 here  
 So noble trophies left, as very worthy were  
 A people great as they, yet did they ours neglect,  
 Long rear'd ere they arriv'd. And where they  
 do object,  
 The ruins and records we show, be very small  
 To prove ourselves so great; even this the most  
 of all  
 ('Gainst their objection) seems miraculous to me,  
 That yet those should be found so general as they  
 be: [Dane,  
 The Roman, next the Pict, the Saxon, then the  
 All landing in the isle, each like a horrid rain  
 Deforming her; besides the sacrilegious wrack  
 Of many a noble book, as impious hands should  
 sack  
 The centre, to extirp all knowledge, and exile  
 All brave and ancient things, for ever from this  
 isle."  
 Expressing wondrous grief, thus wandring Wye  
 did sing.  
 But back, industrious muse; obsequiously to  
 bring  
 Clear Severn from her source, and tell how she  
 doth strain  
 Down her delicious dales; with all the goodly  
 train, [to make  
 Brought forth the first of all by Bragan; which  
 Her party worthy note, next, Dulas in doth take,  
 Moylvadian his much love to Severn then to show.  
 Upon his southern side sends likewise (in a row)  
 Bright Biga, that brings on her friend and fellow  
 flood;  
 Next, Dungum; Bacho then is busily employ'd,  
 Tarranon, Carno, Hawes, with Becan, and the  
 Rue, [duc.  
 In Severn's sovereign banks, that give attendance  
 Thus as she sweeps along, with all that goodly  
 train,  
 Upon her other bank by Newtown; so again  
 § Comes Dulas of whose name so many bevers he,  
 As of none others is) with Mule, prepar'd to see  
 The confluence to their queen, as on her course  
 she makes: [takes;  
 Then at Montgomery next clear Kennet in the  
 Where little Fledging falls into her broader bank;  
 Forkt Vurnway, bringing Tur and Tanot;  
 growing rank,  
 She plies her towards the Pool, from the Gome-  
 rian fields; [yields  
 Than which in all our Wales, there is no country  
 An excellenter horse, so full of natural fire,  
 As one of Phœbus' steeds had been that stallion's  
 fire [kind,  
 Which first their race begun; or of th' Austurian  
 § Which some have held to be begotten by the  
 wind, [ceives,  
 Upon the mountain mare; which strongly it re-  
 And in a little time her pregnant part upheaves.  
 But, leave we this to such as after wonders long:  
 The Muse prepares herself unto another song.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFTER Penbroke in the former song, succeeds here Cardigan; both washed by the Irish seas. But, for intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of situation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock are partly infolded.

*Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.*

That these rivers were in Tivy frequent, anciently is testified by Sylvester Girald (*a*) describing the particulars, which the author tells you, both of this, and the Salmons; but that here are no Bevers now, as good authority of the present (*b*) time informs you.

*Unto the charming harp thy future honour sing.*

Of the Bards, their singing, heraldship, and more of that nature, see the fourth song. (*c*) Ireland (saith one) uses the harp and pipe, which he calls Tympanum: Scotland the Harp, Tympan, and Chorus; Wales the Harp, Pipe, and Chorus. Although Tympanum and Chorus have other significations, yet, this Girald (from whom I vouch it) using these words as received, I imagine, of St. Hierome's epistle to Dardanus, according to whom, for explanation, finding them pictured in Ottomar Luscinus his Musurgy, as several kinds of pipes, the first dividing itself into two at the the end, the other spread in the middle, as two segments of a circle, but one at both ends, I guess them intended near the same. But I refer myself to those that are more acquainted with these kind of British fashions. For the harp his word is Cithara, which (if it be the same with Lyra, as some think, although urging reason and authority are to the contrary) makes the Bards music, like that express in the (*d*) lyric:

*libam.*  
*Senante missum tibijs carmen lyra,*  
*Hæc Dorium, illis Barbarum.*

Apply it to the former notes, and observe them, that (*e*) the Pythagoreans used, was of the harp (which in those times, if Apollo's, was certainly but of (*f*) seven when they went to sleep, to charm (as Scots were wont to do, and do yet in this as Buchanan (*g*) affirms) and compose the blest affections. Which I cite to this, that in comparing it with the British music the attributes thereof before remembered Heracleotes and Girald, you may see consist of use in both, and worth of antiquity; and as well in Pipes as Harp; if you recollect the poetic story of Marsyas. And without that in one of the oldest coins that has been made in this kingdom, the picture of the king is Apollo having his harp encircled with belin's name, then chief king of the Britons for Belin and Apollo, see the eighth song

*By whom first Gaul was taught her knowledge*

Understand the knowledge of those great philosophers, priests, and lawyers called Druids (whom to the tenth song largely). The pline was first found out in this isle, afterwards transferred into Gaul; whence they were sent hither as to an university for education in their learned professions: (*h*) Caesar himself is author of as much. Although, in civil law learning, it might seem that Britain required, if the satyrists (*i*) deceive not in

(*k*) *Gallia consules docuit facunda Britanni*

(*a*) Topograph. Hib. dist. 1. cap. 21. Itin. cap. 3. Cam. 2.

(*b*) Powel & Camden.

(*c*) Girald. Topograph. 3. dist. cap. 11.

(*d*) Horat. Epod. ix.

(*e*) Plutarch. de Isid. & Osiride.

(*f*) Horat. Carm. 3. od. 11. Homer in Hymn. ad Epim. Serv. Honorat ad 4. Æneid. (ubi testudinem primò trium Chordarum, quam à Mercurio

Caducei precio emisse Apollinem septemq; mina vocum addidisse legimus, & videndum Sicul. lib. 8.) unde 'Επὶ ἀγγέλων, 'Επὶ ἀφ' ἑρμῆ, dicitur Græcis.

(*g*) Hist. Scot. 4. in Fethelmacho.

(*h*) Comment. 6.

(*i*) Juvenal. Satyr. 15.

(*k*) Eloquent Gaul taught the British I



which, with excellent Lipsius (1), I rather apply the dispersion of the Latin tongue through- out into this province, than to any other lan- age or matter. For also in Agricola's time newhat before, it appears that matter of good nature was here in a far higher degree than ere, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus th our isle been as mistress to Gaul twice. First the institution of their now famous university Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through aid and industry of our learned Alcuin (he is call- also Albin, and was sent ambassador to the Em- peror by Offa king of Mercland) seconded by the xts, (m) John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and ban Maurus. But I know the great men per- it not; nor can I see any very ancient autho- y for it, but infinite of later times, so that it es as a received opinion; therefore without re examination in this no more fit passage, I omit it to my reader.

*One Bard but coming in their murderous swords bath said.*

Such strange assertion find I in story of these rds powerful enchantments, that with the ama- ng sweetness of their delicious (n) harmonies, e their own only, but withal their enemies ar- ies have suddenly desisted from fierce encoun- rs; so, as my author says, *did Mars reverence the lyfa*. This exactly continues all fitness with hat is before affirmed of that kind of music; twixt which (and all other by authentic affir- ance) and the mind's affections there are cer- in (o) † *Μυμήσασθαι*, as in this particular example apparent. But how agreeth this with that in acius which calls a musical incentive to war a- ong the Germans, Barditus? Great critics would ere (p) read Barrhitus, which in Vegetius and manian especially, is a peculiar name for those iring up alarms before the battle used in Roman lants (equal in proportion to the Greeks *αλα- ργμοι*, the Irish Kerns *Pbarrob*, and that Roland's og of the Normans, which hath had his like so, in most nations). But, seeing Barrhitus (in is sense) is a word of later time, and scarce yet, ithout remembrance of his naturalization, allow- l in the Latin; and, (q) that this use was notable in ose Northerns and Gauls, until wars with whom, seems Rome had not a proper word for it which appears by Festus Pompeius, affirming that e cry of the army was called Barbaricum) I ould think somewhat confidently, that Barrhitus

(as the common copies are) is the truest & read- ing; yet so, that Barditus formed by an unknow- ing pronunciation is, and, by original, was the self same. For, that Lipsius mending the place, will have it from *Baren* in Dutch, which signifies, to cry out, or from *Har Har* (which is as *Haron* in the Norman customs and elsewhere) or from the word *Beare*, for imitation of the beast's cry, I much wonder, seeing Tacitus makes express men- tion of verses harmonically celebrating valiant performers, the recital whereof hath that name Barditus, which to interpret we might well call singing. But to enjoin this fiery office with that quenching power, of the Bards, spoken of by the author, I imagine that they had also for this mar- tial purpose skill in that kind of music, which they call Phrygian, being (as Aristotle says) *Ορ- γιαστική Παθητική καὶ Εὐθυμιαστική* as it were, madding the mind with sprightly motion. For so we see that those which sing the tempering and mollify- ing (r) Pæans to Apollo, the *Γῆνιλλα & Εαλλί- νους* after victory, did among the Greeks in ano- ther strain move with their Pæans to Mars, their *Ὀφθα*, and provoking charms before the encoun- ter; and so meets this in our Bards, dispersed doubtless (as the Druids) through Britain, Gaul, and part of Germany, which three had especially in warfare much community.

*Our Cimbri with the Gauls——*

National transmigrations touched to the fourth song give light hither. The name of Cimbri (which most of the learned in this later time have made the same with Cimmerians, Cumerians, Cambrians, all coming from Gomer (s) Japhet's son, to whom with his posterity was this north- western part of the world divided) expressing the Welsh, calling themselves also *Kumry*. The au- thor alludes here to that British army, which in our story is conducted under Brennus and Belinus (sons to Molmutius) through Gaul, and thence prosecuted, what in the eighth song and my notes there more plainly.

*Where, with our brazen swords——*

The author thus teaches you to know, that, a- mong the ancients, brass, not iron, was the metal of most use. In their little scithes, where-with they (t) cut their herbs for enchantments, their priests rasours, plow-shares for describing the content of plotted cities, their music instruments,

(1) De pronuntiat. rect. Lat. ling. cap. 3. v. Vir- ilium ad Justin. tit. Instit. quid non est permiss. re. test. Circa DCC. XC. University of Paris in- stituted.

(m) Balærus cent. 1.

(n) Diodor. Sicul. de gest. fabulos. antiq. lib. 6.

(o) Aristot. Polit. 7. cap. 5.

† Imitations.

(p) Lipsi. ad Polyh. 4. Dialog. 11.

(q) Locus Taciti in de morib. Germa.

§ Locus Gallicé & Britannicé Cantor. Fest. & vide Bodin. meth. hist. cap. 9. qui Robartum De- gobartum & similia vocabula hinc (malè verò) deducit.

(r) Suid. in Παιαν.

(s) Genes. 1.

(t) Sophocles, Carminius, Virgil. ap. Macrobi- um Saturnal. lib. 5. cap. 19. Pausan. in Laconic. 7. & Arcadic 7. Samuel. lib. 1. cap. 17.



and such like, how special this metal was, it is with good warrant delivered; nor with less, how frequent in the making of swords, spears, and armour in the heroic times, as among other authorities that in the encounter of Diomedes and Hector (*α*) manifesteth:

§ ——— *πλάγχθη δ' ἀπὸ χαλκίφου χαλκός.*

Which seems in them to have proceeded from a willingness of avoiding instruments too deadly in wounding; far from a styptic faculty in this, more than in iron, the cure of what it hurts is affirmed more easy, and the metal itself, (*α*) *Φαρμακός*, as (*γ*) Aristotle expresses it. But that our Britons used it also, it hath been out of old monuments by our most (*α*) learned antiquary observed.

*That to the Roman trust (on his report that slay)*

For indeed many are, which the author here impugns, that dare believe nothing of our story, or antiquities of more ancient times; but only Julius Cæsar, and others about or since him. And surely his ignorance of this isle was great, time forbidding him language or conversation with the British. Nor was any before him of his country, that knew or meddled in relation of us. The first of them that once to letters committed any word deduced from Britain's name was a philosophical (*α*) poet (flourishing some fifty years before Cæsar) in these verses:

*Nam quid Britannum calum differre putamus,  
Et quod in Ægypto est, quæ mundi claudicat axis?*

In the somewhat later poets that lived about Augustus, as Catullus, Virgil, and Horace, some passages of the name have you, but nothing that discovers any monument of this island proper to her inhabitants. I would not reckon (*α*) Cornelius Nepos among them, to whose name is attributed, in print, that polite poem (in whose composition Apollo seems to have given personal aid) of the Trojan war, according to Dares the Phrygian's story; where, by poetical liberty the Britons are supposed to have been with Hercules at the rape of Hesione: I should so, besides error, wrong my country, to whose glory the true author's name of that book will among the worthies of the muses ever live. Read but these of his verses, and then judge if he were a Roman.

————— *Sine remigis usu  
Non nosset Æmephis Roman, non Indus  
Non Scythæ Cæropidem, non Nostra  
Gallum.*

And in the same book to Baldwin and Canterbury:

*At tu diffimulus longè cui fronte strenuâ  
Sanguinis egregij lucrum, pacemque litatâ  
Emptam animâ Pater ille pius, summumque  
In curam venisse velit, cui cederet ipse  
Prorsus, vel proprias latus sociaret habenas*

Of him a little before:

————— *quo præside floret  
(d) Cantia, & in præscas respirat libera*

Briefly thus: the author was Joseph (afterwards archbishop of Bourdeaux) this and other kinds of good learning, Henry II. and Richard I. speaking among them in this form:

*Te sacra affument acies divinaque bella.  
Tunc dignum majore tuba, tunc pectore tu  
Nilis, & immensum mecum spargere per*

Which must (as I think) be intended of whose undertaking of the cross and of the *Cor de Lion* into the holy land, and of which is in our (*α*) stories; out of which you have a large declaration of this holy father (Thomas Becket) that bought peace with his life; being murdered in his house-bury, through the urging grievances to the king and laity, his diminution of law liberties, and endeavoured derogation of maintenance of Romish usurped superfluities, see Matthew Paris before and the epistles of (*γ*) John of Salisbury lately published; and, if you please, the *Anglorum*, where they are restored to less corruption, and are indeed more than in any other whatsoever in print. Too much of this false Cornelius. Consider these notes what is to the first song of Albion; and you shall see that in German mention of our land is long before Latin: for Polybius, that is the first to mention it, was more than a hundred years before Lucretius. The author's plainness in

(*α*) *Iliad* 2.

§ Brass rebound from brass.

(*α*) Of remedial power.

(*γ*) *Problem* α. *Sec.* 21.

(*α*) *Camd.* in *Corub.* See for this more in the tenth song.

(*α*) *Lucret.* de *Rer. Nat.* 6.

(*α*) Cornelius Nepos challenged to an

(*d*) Ita n. legendum, non Tantia aut ineptiunt qui Josepho nostro merentur coronam in Codice Typis excus

(*α*) *Chronicis* adde & *Girald.* *Itin.* cap. 14.

(*γ*) *Salisbury.* *Epist.* 159. 210. 2



Wye's song to this purpose discharges my further labour.

*Comes Dulas, of whose name so many rivers be.*

As in England the names of Avon, Ouse, Stour, and some other; so in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermardhin, and elsewhere.

*Which some have held to be begotten of the wind.*

In those western parts of Spain, Galicia, Portugal, and Austria, many classic testimonies, both poets, as Virgil, Silius Italicus, naturalists, historians and geonics, as Varro, Calumel, Pliny, Trogus and Solinus have remembered these mares, which conceive through fervent lust of nature, by the west wind, without copulation with the male (in such sort as the *Ovis subventanes* (g) are bred in hens) but so that the foals live not over some three years. I refer it as an allegory (h) to the

expressing only of their fertile breed and swiftness in course; which is elegantly to this purpose, framed by him that was the father (i) of this conceit to his admiring posterity, in these lines speaking of Xanthus and Balius, two of Achilles's horses:

(h) τὰ εἰσπνεῖσι περὶ σθένος  
Τὸς ἵπποις Ζεφύρου ἀνέμῳ Ἄρωμα Πτοδάρῃ  
Βορρηνίῃ λιμῶν παρὰ ῥέοντα Γαυαῖα.

Whence withal you may note, that Homer had at least heard of these coasts of Spain, according as upon the conjectures on the name of Lisbon, the Elysians, and other such you have in (l) Strabo. But for Lisbon, which many will have from Ulysses, and call it Ulixbon, being commonly written Olesippo or Uliippo in the ancients, you shall have better etymology, if you hence derive and make it Ὀλῆς ἵππων, as it were, that the whole tract is a seminary of horses, as a most learned man hath delivered.

(g) *subventanes*, windy eggs, bred without a cock.

(h) Justin. hist. lib. 44.

(i) Iliad. w.

(l) These did fly like the wind, which swift Podarga foaled to their sire Zephyrus, feeding in a

meadow by the ocean.

(l) Geograph. s. Ὀλῆς ἵππων Ptolemeo. Iota sublatō vera restat lectio Paull. Merul. cosmog. part. 2. lib. 2. cap. 26.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE SEVENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The Muse from Cambria comes again,  
To view the forest of fair Dean ;  
Sees Severn ; when the Higre takes her,  
How fever-like the sickness shakes her ;  
Makes mighty Malvern speak his mind  
In honour of the mountain kind ;  
Thence wafted with a merry gale,  
Sees Lemster, and the Golden Vale ;  
Sports with the nymphs, themselves that ply  
At th' wedding of the Lug and Wy ;  
Viewing the Herefordian pride  
Along on Severn's setting side,  
That small Wigornian part surveys :  
Where for a while herself she stays.

High matters call our muse, inviting her to see  
As well the lower lands, as those where lately she  
The Cambrian mountains clomb, and (looking  
from aloft)  
Survey'd coy Severn's course : but now to shores  
more soft [song  
She shapes her prosperous sail ; and in this lofty  
The Herefordian floods invites with her along,  
§ That fraught from plenteous Powse, with their  
superfluous waste,  
Manure the batful March, until they be embrac'd  
In Sabrin's sovereign arms : with whose tumult-  
uous waves [ly raves ;  
§ Shut up in narrower bounds, the Higre wild-

And frights the straggling flocks, the neighbour-  
ing shores to fly, (a)  
Afar as from the main it comes with hideous cry,  
And on the angry front the curled foam doth  
bring, [doth fling ;  
The billows 'gainst the banks when fiercely it  
Hurls up the slimy ooze, and makes the scaly  
brood [flood ;  
Leap madding to the land affrighted from the  
O'erturns the toiling barge, whose steersman  
doth not lanch, panch :  
And thrusts the furrowing beak into her ireful

(a) A simile expressing the boar or higre.



As when we haply see a sickly woman fall  
Into a fit of that which we the mother call,  
When from the grieved womb she feels the pain  
arise,  
Breaks into grievous sighs, with intermixed crys,  
Bereaved of her sense; and struggling still with  
those [oppose,  
That 'gainst her rising pain their utmost strength  
Starts, tosses, tumbles, strikes, turns, touses, spurns,  
and sprauls,  
Casting with furious limbs her holders to the walls;  
But that the horrid pangs torment the grieved so,  
One well might muse from whence this sudden  
strength should grow.

Here (queen of forests all, that west of Se-  
vern ly) [high,  
Her broad and bushy top Dean holdeth up so  
The lesser are not seen, she is so tall and large.  
And standing in such state upon the winding  
marge,

Within her hollow woods the Satyrs that did  
wonne

In gloomy secret shades, not pierc'd with sum-  
mers sun.

Under a false pretence the nymphs to entertain,  
Of ravish'd the choice of Sabrin's watry train ;  
And from their mistress banks them taking as a  
prey.

Unto their woody caves have carried them away:  
Then from her inner groves for succour when  
they cry'd,

She retchless of their wrongs (her satyrs 'scapes  
to hide)

Unto their just complaint not once her ear inclines:  
So fruitful in her woods, and wealthy in her mines,  
That Leden which her way doth through the de-  
sert make, [fake

Though near to Dean ally'd, determin'd to for-  
Her course, and her clear limbs amongst the bush-  
es hide,

Left by the Sylvans (should she chance to be espy'd)  
She might unmaiden'd go unto her sovereign flood:  
So many were the rapes done on the watry brood,  
That Sabrina to her fire (great Neptune) forc'd  
to sue,

The riots to repress of this outrageous crew,  
His armed Orks he sent her milder stream to keep,  
To drive them back to Dean that troubled all  
the deep.

**Whilst Malvern (king of hills) fair Severn overlooks**

(Attended on in state with tributary brooks)  
And how the fertile fields of Hereford do ly,  
And from his many heads, with many an amo-  
rous eye,

Beholds his goodly site, how towards the plea-  
fant rise,

Abounding in excess, the Vale of Eufham lies,  
The mountains every way about him that do stand,  
Of whom he's daily seen, and seeing doth com-  
mand;

On tiptoes set aloft, this proudly uttereth he :  
 ' Olympūs, fair'st of hills, that heaven art said  
 ' to be,

‘ I envy not thy state, nor less myself do make ;  
 ‘ Nor to possess thy name, mine own would I for-  
 ‘ sake :

' Nor would I, as thou do'st, ambitiously aspire  
 ' To thrust my forked top into th' etherial fire.  
 ' For, didst thou take the sweets that on my face  
     'do breath,

[neath :

' Above thou wouldst not seek what I enjoy be-  
 ' Besides, the sundry soils I every way survey,  
 ' Make me, if better not, thy equal every way.  
 ' And more, in our defence, to answer those, with  
     ' spight                                 [light :

‘ That terms us barren, rude, and void of all de-  
‘ We mountains, to the land, like wars or wens to  
‘ be, [see ;

‘ By which, fair’st living things disfigur’d oft they  
‘ This strongly to perform, a well-stuff’d brain  
‘ would need.

‘ And many hills there be, if they this cause  
‘ would heed.

‘ Having their rising tops familiar with the sky  
‘ (From whence all wit proceeds) that fitter were  
‘ than I

‘ The task to undertake. As not a man that sees  
‘ Mounchdenny, Blorench hill, with Breedon, and  
‘ the Clee, [they,

‘ And many more as great, and nearer me than  
‘ But thinks, in our defence they far much more  
‘ could say.

‘ Yet, falling to my lot, this stoutly I maintain  
 ‘ ’Gainst forests, vallies, fields, groves, rivers, pa-  
 ‘ sture, plain,

‘ And all their flatter kind (so much that do rely  
‘ Upon their feedings, flocks, and their fertility)  
‘ The mountain is the king : and he it is alone

' Above the other soils that nature doth enthrone.  
 ' For mountains be like men of brave heroic mind,  
 ' With eyes cre& to heaven, of whence themselve

‘ they find,  
‘ Whereas the lowly vale, as earthly, like itself  
‘ Doth never further look than how to purchase self.

‘ And of their batful fites, the vales that boast them  
     ‘ thus, [us :  
 ‘ Ne’er had been what they are, had it not been for

‘ For, from the rising banks that strongly mound  
‘ them in,  
‘ The valley (as betwixt) her name did first begin :

‘ And almost not a brook, if she her banks do fill,  
‘ But hath her plenteous spring from mountain or  
‘ from hill, [take,

' If mead, or lower shade, grieve at the room we  
' Know that the snow or rain, descending oft, dorth  
make [glide,

' The fruitful valley lat, with what from us doth  
' Who with our winter's waste maintain their  
' summer's pride :

‘ And to you lower lands, if terrible we deem,  
‘ And cover’d oft with clouds; it is your foggy  
‘ steam  
‘ The powerful fumes exhale that in the air

' The powerful sun exhales, that in the cooler day  
 ' Unto this region come, about our tops doth stay  
 ' And, what's the grove, so much that thinks her

• If not above the rest upon the mountain plac'd,



' Where she her curled head unto the eye may  
   ' shew ?  
 ' For in the easy vale if she set below,  
 ' What is she but obscure ? and her more dampy  
   ' shade  
 ' And covert, but a den for beasts of raven made ?  
 ' Besides, we are the marks, which looking from  
   ' on high,  
 ' The traveller beholds ; and with a cheerful eye  
 ' Doth thereby shape his course, and freshly doth  
   ' pursue [view.  
 ' The way, which long before lay tedious in his  
   ' What forest, flood, or field, that standeth not  
   ' in awe  
 ' Of Sina, or shall see the sight that mountain saw ?  
 ' To none but to a hill such grace was ever given :  
 ' As on his back, 'tis said, great Atlas bears up  
   ' heaven. [noun'd ;  
 ' So Latmus by his wife (b) Endymion is re-  
 ' That hill, on whose high top he was the first  
   ' that found [sphere,  
 ' Pale Phœbe's wand'ring course ; so skillful in her  
 ' As some stick not to say that he enjoy'd her there.  
   ' And those chaste maids, begot on memory by  
   ' Jove,  
 ' Not Tempe only love delighting in their grove ;  
 ' Nor Helicon their brook, in whose delicious  
   ' brims,  
 ' They oft are us'd to bathe their clear and crystal  
   ' limbs ;  
 ' But high Parnassus have, their mountain, where-  
   ' on they  
 ' Upon their golden lutes continually do play.  
 ' Of these I more could tell, to prove the place  
   ' our own, [shewn.  
 ' Than by his spacious maps are by Ortelius  
   ' For mountains this suffice. Which scarcely had  
   ' he told ; [hold  
 Along the fertile fields, when Malvern might be-  
 The Herefordian floods, far distant though they be :  
 For great men, as we find, a great way off can see.  
   First, Frome with forehead clear, by Bromyard  
   that doth glide ; [guide,  
 And taking Loden in, their mixed streams do  
 To meet their sovereign Lug, from the Radnorian  
   plain  
 At Prestain coming in ; where he doth entertain  
 The Wadel, as along he under Derfold goes :  
 Her full and lusty side to whom the forest shews,  
 As to allure fair Lug, abode with her to make.  
   Lug little Oney first, then Arro in doth take,  
 At Lemster, for her wool whose staple doth excel,  
 And seems to over-match the golden Phrygian fell.  
 Had this our Colchos been unto the ancients  
   known,  
 When honour was herself, and in her glory shewn,  
 He then that did command the infantry of Greece,  
 Had only to our isle adventur'd for this fleece.  
   Where lives the man so dull, on Britain's far-  
   thest shore,  
 To whom did never sound the name of (c) Lem-  
   ster ore ?

(b) Endymion found out the course of the moon.

(c) The excellency of Lemster wool.

That with the silk-worms web for smallness doth  
   compare :  
 Wherein, the winder shews his workmanship so rare  
 As doth the fleece excel, and mocks her looser  
   clew ;  
 As nearly bottom'd up as nature forth it drew ;  
 Of each in high account, and reckoned here as  
   fine, [fine.  
 { As there th' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarentine  
 From thence his lovely self for Wye he doth dis-  
   pose, [goes ;  
 To view the goodly flocks on each head as he  
 And makes his journey short, with strange and  
   sundry tales  
 Of all their wond'rous things ; and, not the least,  
   of Wales ; [past  
 Of that prodigious spring (him neighbouring as he  
 That little fishes bones continually doth cast.  
 Whose reason whilst he seeks industriously to  
   know, [shew  
 A great way he hath gone, and Hereford doth  
 Her rising spires aloft ; when as the princely Wye,  
 Him from his muse to wake, arrests him by and by.  
 Whose meeting to behold, with how well-order'd  
   grace  
 Each other entertains, how kindly they embrace ;  
 For joy, so great a shout the bordering city sent,  
 That with the sound thereof, which thorough  
   Haywood went, [went ;  
 The wood-nymphs did awake that in the forest  
 To know the sudden cause, and presently they  
   run [to see  
 With locks uncomb'd, for haste the lovely Wye  
 (The flood that grac'd her most) this day should  
   married be  
 To that more lovely Lug ; a river of much fame,  
 That in her wandering banks should lose his glo-  
   rious name.  
 For Hereford, although her Wye she hold so dear,  
 Yet Lug (whose longer course doth grace the  
   goodly shire, [doth bring)  
 And with his plenteous stream so many brooks  
 Of all hers that be north is absolutely king.  
   But Marcey, griev'd that he (the nearest of  
   the rest, [next  
 And of the mountain kind) not bidden was  
 Unto this nuptial feast, so hardly it doth take,  
 As (meaning for the same his station to forsake)  
 { Enrag'd and mad with grief, himself in two did  
   rive ; [drive,  
 The trees and hedges near, before him up doth  
 And dropping headlong down, three days toge-  
   ther fall : [appel,  
 Which, bellowing as he went, the rocks did so  
 That they him passage made, who costs and chap-  
   pels crush :  
 So violently he into his valley rush.  
 But Wye (from her dear Lug whom nothing  
   can restrain,  
 In many a pleasant shade, her joy to entertain)  
 To Ross her course directs ; and right her (d)  
   pame to shew,  
 Oft windeth in her way, as back she meant to go.

(d) Wye or Gwy, so called (in the British) of her true-



Menander, who is said so intricate to be, [the.  
 Hath not so many turns, nor cranking nooks as  
 The Herefordian fields when well near having  
 past,  
 As she is going forth, two sister brooks at last  
 That soil her kindly sends, to guide her on her  
 way; [lay  
 Next Gannar, that gets in swift Gannan : which do  
 Their waters in one bank, augmenting of her  
 train, [Dean.  
 To grace the goodly Wye, as she doth pass by  
 Brysond whose equal spring unto the west doth  
 ly [do fly  
 The goodly Golden Vale, whose luscious scents  
 More free than Hybla's sweets; and 'twixt her  
 bord'ring hills,  
 The air with such delights and delicacy fills,  
 As makes it loth to stir, or thence those smells to  
 bear. [there :  
 Th' Hesperides scarce had such pleasures as he  
 Which sometime to attain, that mighty son of  
 Jove [strove,  
 One of his labours made, and with the dragon  
 That never clos'd his eyes, the golden fruit to  
 guard; [spar'd :  
 As if t' enrich this place, from others, nature  
 Banks crown'd with curled groves, from cold to  
 keep the plain, [maintain ;  
 Fields battal, flow'ry meads, in state them to  
 floods, to make fat those meads, from marble  
 veins that spout, [without.  
 To show, the wealth within doth answer that  
 she braves a nymph she is, in every thing so rare,  
 As to sit down by her, she thinks there's none  
 should dare.  
 And forth she sends the Doire, upon the Wye  
 to wait, [treat  
 Whom Manno by the way more kindly doth in-  
 (For Eddie, her most lov'd, and Olcen's only sake)  
 With her to go along, till Wye she overtake.  
 To whom she condescends, from danger her to  
 shield [fordian field.  
 That th' Monumethian parts from th' Here-  
 Which mainly Malvern sees from furthest of  
 the shire,  
 On tye Wigornian waste when northward look-  
 ing near,  
 On Corwood casts his eye, and on his (c) home-  
 born chase,  
 Then constantly beholds, with an unusual pace,  
 Team with her tribute come unto the (f) Cam-  
 brian queen, [seen,  
 Near whom in all this place a river's scarcely  
 That dare avouch her name; Team scorning any  
 spring, [bring,  
 But what with her along from Shropshire she doth  
 Except one nameless stream that Malvern sends  
 her in,  
 And Lougharn though but small : when they such  
 grace that win, [bank.  
 There thrust in with the brooks inclosed in her  
 Team lastly thither com'n with water is so rank,

(c) Malvern chase.

(f) Severn.

As though she would contend with Sabine, and  
 doth crave  
 Of place (by her desert) precedency to have :  
 Till chancing to behold the other's godlike grace,  
 So strongly is surpris'd with beauties in her face  
 By no means she could hold, but needly she must  
 shew  
 Her liking; and herself doth into Sabine throw.  
 Not far from him again when Malvern doth  
 perceive  
 Two hills, which though their heads so high they  
 do not heave,  
 Yet duly to observe great Malvern, and afford  
 Him reverence: who again, as fits a gracious lord,  
 Upon his subjects looks, and equal praise doth give  
 That Woodberry so nigh and neighbourly doth live  
 With Abberley his friend, deserving well such fame  
 That Saxton in his maps forgot them not to name :  
 Which, though in their mean types small matter  
 doth appear,  
 Yet both of good account were reckoned in the shire,  
 And highly grat'd of Team in his proud passing by.  
 When soon the goodly Wyre, that wonted was  
 so high  
 Her stately top to rear, ashamed to behold  
 Her straight and goodly woods unto the furnace  
 fold  
 (And looking on herself, by her decay doth see  
 The misery wherein her sister forasts be)  
 Of Eriſichon's (g) end begins her to bethink,  
 And of his cruel plagues doth wish they all might  
 drink [despight ;  
 That thus have them dispoil'd : then of her own  
 That she, in whom her town, fair Beudly took  
 delight,  
 And from her goodly seat conceiv'd so great a pride,  
 In Severn on her east, Wyre on the setting side,  
 So naked left of woods, of pleasure, and forlorn,  
 As she that lov'd her most, her now the most  
 doth scorn ;  
 With endless grief perplex, her stubborn breast  
 she strake,  
 And to the deafen'd air thus passionately spake ;  
 ' You Dryads, that are said with oaks to live  
 ' and die, [fly :  
 ' Wherefore in our distress do you our dwellings  
 ' Upon this monstrous age and not revenge our  
 ' wrong ?  
 ' For cutting down an oak that justly did belong  
 ' To one of Ceres' nymphs, in Thessaly that grew  
 ' In the Dodonian grove (O nymphs !) you could  
 ' pursue  
 ' The son of Perops then, and did the goddess stir  
 ' That villainy to wreak the tyrant did to her :  
 ' Who, with a dreadful frown did blast the grow-  
 ' ing grain : [maintain,  
 ' And having from him rest what should his life  
 ' She unto Scythia sent, for hunger him to gnaw,  
 ' And thrust her down his throat, into his stanch-  
 ' less maw :  
 ' Who, when nor sea nor land for him sufficient  
 ' were, [tear.  
 ' With his devouring teeth his wretched flesh did

(g) A fable in Ovid's metam.



' This did you for one tree : but of whole forests  
   ' they [decay  
 ' That in these impious times have been the vile  
 ' (Whom I may justly call their country's deadly  
   ' foes)  
 ' 'Gainst them you move no power, their spoil  
   ' unpunisht goes, [starve,  
 ' How many grieved souls in future time shall  
 ' For that which they have rapt their beastly lust  
   ' to serve, [were,  
 ' We, sometime that the state of famous Britain  
 ' For whom she was renown'd in kingdoms far  
   ' and near, [ground,  
 ' Are ransackt ; and our trees so hackt about the  
 ' That where their lofty tops their neighbouring  
   ' countries crown'd,

' Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and  
   ' naked stand, [hand :  
 ' As for revenge to heav'n each held a wither'd  
 ' And where the goodly herds of high-palm'd  
   ' hearts did gaze [graze  
 ' Upon the passer by, thereby now doth only  
 ' The gall'd-back carion jade, and hartful swine  
   ' do spoil  
 ' Once to the sylvan powers our consecrated soil.  
   This uttered she with grief : and more she  
   ' would have spoke, [broke,  
 When the Salopian floods her of her purpose  
 And silence did enjoin ; a list'ning ear to lend  
 To Severn, which (was thought) did mighty  
   things intend,

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE muse yet hovers over Wales, and here sings the inner territories, with part of the Severn story, and her English neighbours:

*That fraught from plenteous Powise with their super-  
 fluous waste  
 Manure the batful March——*

Wales (as is before touched) is divided into three parts, North Wales, South Wales, and Powise ; this last is here meant, comprising part of Brecknock, Radnor and Montgomery. The division hath its beginning attributed to the three sons of (a) Roderick the Great, Mervin, Cadelh, and Anarawt, who possess them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old book of Welsh laws, David Powel affirms those tripartite titles more ancient. I know that the division and gift is different in Caradoc Lancharvan from that of Girald ; but no great consequence of admitting either here those three Princes were called in British (b) *Strituyfor Talactblar*, because (c) every one of them wore upon his bonnet or helmet, a coronet of gold, being a broad lace or headband, indented upwards, set

and wrought with precious stones, which in British or Welsh is called (d) *Tataerb*, which name nurses give to the upper band on a child's head. Of this form (I mean of a band or wreath) were the ancientest of crowns, as appears in the description of the Cidaris, and Tiara of the Persians in Ctesias, Q. Curtius, and Xenophon, the crowns of Oak, Grass, Parsly, Olives, Myrtle, and such among the Greeks and Romans, and in that express name of Diadema, signifying a Band, of which, whether it have in our tongue community with that Banda, derived of the (e) Carian into Italian, expressing victory, and so, for ominous good works, is translated to ensigns and standards (as in oriental stories the words *Banda* and *Band-ages* often shew) I must not here inquire. Molmutius (f) first used a golden crown among the British, and as it seems by the same authority, Athelstan among the Saxon. But I digress. By the March understand those limits between England and Wales ; which continuing from north to south, join the Welsh shires to Hereford, Shropshire and the English part, and were divers baronies, divided from any shire until (g) Henry VIII. by act of parliament annexed some to Wales,

(a) Girald. Camb. descript. cap. 2. DCCC. LXX. VI.

(b) The three crowned Princes.

(c) D. Powel. ad Caradoc. Lhancarvan.

(d) Crowns, Diadems, Band.

(e) Stephan. *ἡρωικὰ*. *λαβάνη*. v. Gorap. Bec-

ceslan. 2. & Pet. Pithæl adversar. 2. c. 20. de Bandâ, cui & Andatem apud Dionem confcras, & videtis in altero alterius reliquæ.

(f) Galfred. Monumeth. lib. 1. & 9.

(g) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 26. v. 28. Ed. 3. cap. 2.



England. The barons that lived in it called Lord Marchers, and by the (b) Marchiones, i. e. Marquesses. For of (i) Mortimer, James of Audeleg, Clifford, Roger of Leiburn, Hamo, Hugh of Turbervil, which by sword the ransom of Henry III. out of Simon fit his treacherous imprisonment, after of Lewes) are called (d) Marchiones and Edward III. created Roger of Mortimer March, as if you should say, of the betwixt Wales and England, *March*, or saying a bound or limit: as to the III. largely. And hence is supposed the that honorary title of Marquess, which as a lord of the frontiers, or such like; I know divers others are derivations (m) Feudists have imagined. These had their laws in their Baronies, and of suit, if it had been betwixt tenants them, then was it commenced in their; and determined; if for the barony it in the king's courts at Westminster, by sent to the sheriff of the next English shire, as Gloucester, Hereford, and some or the king's (n) writ did not run in England; until by statute the principality incorporated with the crown; as appears old (e) report where one was commencing a ward into Wales, *extra parvam* under Henry III. Afterward (p) made some shires in it, and altered the conforming them in some sort to the; in the statute of Ruthland you have it and under Edward II. to a (g) Parliament were summoned twenty-four out of Wales, and as many out of South Wales, standing all this, the Marches continued; and in them were, for the most controverted titles, which in our law referred to Wales. For the divided, as it seems, or should have been sub-English form; but the particulars here: for this room: if you are at all contrary law, I send you to my (r) margin; since concerns you.

— the Higre coldly roves.

This violence, of the water's madness, declared by the author, is so express in an old (s) monish, which about four hundred years since, says it was called the Higre in English. To make more description of it, were but to resolve the author's poem.

Within her belique woods the Satyrs that did roam.

By the Satyrs ravishing the sea-nymphs into this marasme forest of Dean (lying between Wye and Severn in Gloucester) with Severn's suit to Neptune, and his provision of remedy, you have, poetically described the rapines which were committed along that shore, by such as lurked in these shady receptacles, which he properly titles Satyrs; that name coming from an Eastern (t) root, signifying to hide, or lie hid, as that (u) all knowing Isaac Casaubon hath at large (among other his unmeasurable benefits to the state of learning) taught us. The English were also ill treated by the Welsh in their passages here, until by act of Parliament remedy was given; as you may see in the (v) statute's preamble, which satisfies the action.

Whilst Malverne king of hills fair Severn overlooks.

Hereford and Worcester are by these hills seven miles in length confined; and rather, in respect of the adjacent vales, than the hills self understand the attribute of excellency. Upon these is the supposed vision of Piers Plowman, done, as is thought, by Robert (y) Langland, a Shropshire man, in a kind of English metre: which for discovery of the infecting corruptions of those times, I prefer before many more seemingly serious invectives, as well for invention as judgment. But I have read that the author's name was John Malverne, a fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who finished it 16 Edward III.

Rub. Beccar.

b. Westmonast. lib. 2.

quels or lord Marcher of Wales.

he limits see to the next song.

Const. Feud. 2. tit. quis dicatur Dux, falsi suspit.

see to the ninth song more particularly.

len. 3. tit. Guard. 147.

Ruthland. 12. Ed. 1.

d. 2. dora. claus. mem. 13.

(r) V. 18. Ed. 2. tit. Assise 382. 13. Ed. 3. jurisdiction. 23. 6. Hen. 5. ib. 34. 1. Ed. 3. f. 14. & Sepius in annalibus Jura nostri.

(s) Guil. Malmesbur. lib. 4. digest. Pontificum.

(t) מַחְסֵה.

(u) Casaubon. lib. de Satyra. Merito indigatur hoc Epitheto longe doctissimus à doctissima Dan. Heinsio in annot. ad Horatium.

(v) Stat. 9. Hen. 6. cap. 5.

(y) About the time of Edward III.



*As there is' Apulian fleece, or dainty Tarantine.*

In Apuglia and the upper Calabria of Italy, the wool hath been ever famous for (s) finest excellence: in so much that for preserving it from the injury of earth, bushes, and weather, the shepherds used to cloath their sheep with skins, and indeed it was so chargeable in these and other

kind of pains about it, that it scarce req  
cost.

— himself in two old rics.

Alluding to a prodigious division of M  
hill, in an earthquake of late (s) time; w  
most of all was in these parts of the island.

(s) Varr. de re rustic. 2. cap. 2. Columell. lib.  
7. cap. 4.

(s) x



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## T H E E I G H T H S O N G .

### *The Argument.*

The goodly Severn bravely sings  
The nobblest of her British kings;  
At Cæsar's landing what we want,  
And of the Roman conquest here:  
Then shews, to her dear Britain's fame,  
How quickly christen'd they became,  
And of their constancy doth boast,  
In sundry fortunes strangely tost:  
Then doth the Saxons landing tell,  
And how by them the Britons fell;  
Cheers the Salopian mountains high,  
That on the west of Severn lie;  
Calls down each riveret from her spring,  
Their queen upon her way to bring;  
Whom down to Brng the muse attends:  
Where, leaving her, this song she ends.

|                                       |  |
|---------------------------------------|--|
| on herself clear Sabrina comes to     | Which she her marches made: whereby those          |
| or bethinks the way she had to go,    | hills of fame                                      |
| 'd cast her course; and with an       | And rivers soon disgrac'd; accounting it their     |
| eye                                   | That all without that mound which Mercian          |
| whence she came surveyeth (past)      | Offs cast  |
| )                                     | To run from north to south, athwart the Cam-       |
| ancient times old Cambrja claim'd     | brian waste,                                       |
| to                                    | Could England not suffice, but that the struggling |
| on to her th' oppressed Britons flew; | Wye,   |
| ow usurp'd, who (past the woated      | Which in the heart of Wales was sometime said to   |
| shires,                               | Now only for her bound proud England did pre-      |
| overseign banks) had taken ready      | fer.   |
|                                       | (far'd her,  |
|                                       | That Severn, when she sees the wrong that at-      |



Though by injurious time deprived of that place  
Which anciently she held; yet loth that her dis-  
grace [near  
Should on the Britons light, the hills and rivers  
Austerly to her calls, commanding them to hear  
In her dear childrens right (their ancestors of yore,  
Now thrust betwixt herself, and the Vergivian  
shore,  
§ Who drave the giants hence that of the earth  
were bred,  
And of the spacious isle became the sovereign head)  
What from authentic books she liberally could say.  
Of which whilst she bethought her; westward  
every way,  
The mountains, floods, and meers, to silence them  
betake: [spake;  
When Severn lowting low, thus gravely them be-  
How mighty was that man, and honoured  
still to be,  
That gave this isle his name, and to his chil-  
dren three,  
Three kingdoms in the same? which, time doth  
now deny,  
With his arrival here, and primer monarchy.  
(a) Loëgria, though thou canst thy Locrine  
safely lose,  
Yet (b) Cambria, him, whom fate her ancient  
founder chose,  
In no wise will forego; nay, should (c) Albania  
leave [cleave.  
§ Her Albanact for aid, and to the Scythian  
And though remorseless Rome, which first did  
us enthrall, [call;  
As barbarous but esteem'd, and stickt not so to  
The ancient Britons yet a sceptred king obey'd  
§ Three hundred years before Rome's great  
foundation laid;  
And had a thousand years an empire strongly  
stood, [stood,  
E'er Cæsar to her shores here stem'd the circling  
§ And long before, borne arms against the bar-  
barous Hun,  
Here landing with intent the isle to over-run:  
And following them in flight, their general  
Humberd drown'd  
In that great arm of sea, by his great name re-  
nown'd?  
And her great builders had, her cities who did  
rear [where.  
With fances unto her gods, and (d) flamins every  
Nor Troynovant alone a city long did stand;  
But after, soon again by Ebrank's powerful hand  
York lifts her towers aloft: which scarcely fi-  
nished was,  
But as they, by those kings, so by Rudhudibras,  
Kent's first and famous (e) town, with Win-  
chester, arose:  
And others, others built, as they fit places chose.  
So Britain to her praise, of all conditions  
brings; [kings,  
The warlike, as the wise. Of her courageous

Brute Greenshield: to whose name we  
dence impute,  
Divinely to revive the land's first com-  
So had she those were learn'd, endu'  
nobler parts:  
As, he from learned Greece, that (by d  
ral arts)  
§ To Stamford, in this isle, seem'd At  
transfer;  
Wife Bladud, of her kings that great-phila  
Who found our boiling baths; and his  
ledge high,  
Disdaining human paths, here practis'd to  
Of justly vexed Leire, and those who  
tug  
In worse than civil war, the (f) sons of Go  
(By whose unnatural strife the land so lo  
toft)  
I cannot stay to tell, nor shall my Britain  
But, of that man which did her monarch  
store,  
Her first imperial crown of gold the  
And that most glorious type of sovereign  
gain'd,  
Mulsautius: who this land in such estate  
As his great belfire Brute from Albion's  
won.  
§ This grand-child, great as he, tho  
proud streets begun  
That each way cross this isle, and bound  
them allow.  
Like privilege he lent the temple and the  
So studious was this prince in his most so-  
zeal  
To the celestial power, and to the public  
(g) Bellinus he begot, who Dacia pro-  
du'd;  
And Brennus, who abroad a worthier w  
Asham'd of civil strife; at home here  
all:  
And with such goodly youth, in German  
As he had gather'd up, the Alpin mo  
past,  
And bravely on the banks of fatal Allia c  
The Romans (that her stream distaine  
their gore)  
And through proud Rome, display'd his  
ensign bore:  
§ There, balancing his sword against hu  
gold,  
The senators for slaves he in her forum  
At last, by power expell'd, yet proud  
success,  
His forces then for Greece did instantly:  
And marching with his men upon her  
face, [7  
Made Macedon first stoop; then Thessa  
His soldiers there enrich with all Peonia  
And where to Greece he gave the  
deadliest foil,  
In that most dreadful fight, on that m  
mal day,  
O'erthrew their utmost prowess at sad T  
(f) Ferres and Porrex. (g) Bellinus and A

(a) England. (b) Wales. (c) Scotland.  
(d) Priests among idolatrous Gentiles. (e) Canterbury.



And daring of her gods, adventur'd to have taen  
 Those sacred things enshrined in wise Apol-  
 lo's fane :  
 To whom when thund'ring heaven pronounc'd  
 her fearfull'st word,  
 Against the Delphian power he shak'd his  
 ireful sword.  
 As of the British blood, the native Cambri  
 here [were  
 (So of my Cambria call'd) those valiant Cymbri  
 (When Britain with her brood so peopled had  
 her seat,  
 The soil could not suffice, it daily grew so great)  
 Of Denmark who themselves did anciently possess,  
 And to that straitned point, that utmost cher-  
 soneffe,  
 My country's name bequeath'd; whence Cym-  
 brica it took :  
 Yet long were not compriz'd within that little  
 nook,  
 But with those Almain powers this people issued  
 forth : [north,  
 And like some boisterous wind arising from the  
 Came that unwieldy host; that, which way it  
 did move, [shove,  
 The very burthenous earth before it seem'd to  
 And only meant to claim the universe its own.  
 In this terrestrial globe, as though some world  
 unknown,  
 By pamp'ring nature's store too prodigally fed  
 (And surfeiting therewith) her surcease vomited;  
 These roaming up and down to seek some set-  
 tling room,  
 First like a deluge fell upon Illyricum,  
 And with his Roman powers Papyrius over-  
 threw ;  
 Then, by great (b) Belus brought against those  
 legions, slew [led;  
 Their forces which in France Aurelius Scaurus  
 And afterward again, as bravely vanquished  
 The consuls Cæpio, and stout Menlius on the  
 plain, [slain.  
 Where Rhodanus was red with blood of Latins  
 In greatness next succeeds Belinus' worthy son,  
 Gurgustus : who soon left what his great father  
 won,  
 To Guynteline his heir : whose (i) queen, be-  
 yond her kind,  
 In her great husband's peace, to shew her up-  
 right mind,  
 To wise Mulmutius' laws, her Martian first  
 did frame :  
 From which we ours derive, to her eternal fame.  
 So Britain forth with these, that valiant bas-  
 tard brought,  
 Morindus, Danius' son, which with that (k)  
 monster fought [again.  
 His subjects that devour'd; to shew himself  
 Their martyr, who by them selected was to  
 reign.  
 So Britain likewise boasts her Elidure the just,  
 Who with his people was of such especial trust,

(b) A great general of those northern nations.  
 (i) Martina.  
 (k) A certain monster often issuing from the sea, de-  
 voured divers of the British people.

That (Archigallo fall'n into their general hate,  
 And by their powerful hand depriv'd of kingly  
 state)  
 Unto the regal chair they Elidure advanc'd :  
 But long he had not reign'd e'er happily it  
 chanc'd,  
 In hunting of a hart, that in the forest wild,  
 The late deposed king, himself who had exil'd  
 From all resort of men, just Elidure did meet;  
 Who much unlike himself, at Elidurus' feet  
 Him prostrating with tears, his tender breast so  
 strook,  
 That he (the British rule who lately on him took  
 At th' earnest peoples pray'rs) him calling to  
 the court,  
 There Archigallo's wrongs so lively did report,  
 Relating (in his right) his lamentable case,  
 With so effectual speech imploring their high  
 grace,  
 That him they reinthron'd; in peace who spent  
 his days.  
 Then Elidure again, crown'd with applausive  
 praise,  
 As ha a brother rais'd, by brothers was depos'd.  
 And put into the tower; where miserably in-  
 clos'd,  
 Outliving yet their hate. and the usurpers dead,  
 Thrice had the British crown set on his reverend  
 head.  
 When more than thirty kings in fair succession  
 came  
 Unto that mighty Lud, in whose eternal name  
 Great London still shall live (hy him rebuild-  
 ed) while  
 To cities she remains the sovereign of this isle.  
 And when commanding Rome to Cæsar gave  
 the charge,  
 Her empire (but too great) still further to en-  
 large  
 With all beyond the Alps; the aids he found to  
 pass  
 From these parts into Gaul, shew'd here some  
 nation was  
 Undaunted that remain'd with Rome's so dread-  
 ful name,  
 That durst presume to aid those she decreed to  
 tame.  
 Wherefore that matchless man, whose high am-  
 bition wrought  
 Beyond her empire's bounds, by shipping wisely  
 sought  
 (Here prowling on the shores) this island to  
 descry,  
 What people her possess'd, how fashion'd she did  
 lie :  
 Where scarce a stranger's foot defil'd her virgin  
 breast,  
 Since her first conqueror Brute here put his  
 powers to rest;  
 Only some little boats, from Gaul that did her  
 feed  
 With trifles, which she took for niceness more  
 than need :  
 But as another world, with all abundance blest,  
 And satisfy'd with what she in herself possess'd ;



' Through her excessive wealth (at length) till  
   ' wanton grown,  
 ' Some kings (with others lands that would en-  
   ' large their own)  
 ' By innovating arms an open passage made  
 ' For him that gap't for all (the Roman) to in-  
   ' vade.  
 ' Yet with grim-visag'd war when he her shores  
   ' did greet,  
 ' And terriblest did threat with his amazing  
   ' fleet,  
 ' Those British bloods he found, his force that  
   ' durst assail,  
 ' And poured from the cliffs their shafts like  
   ' showers of hail  
 ' Upon his helmed head; to tell him as he came,  
 ' That they (from all the world) yet feared not  
   ' his name:  
 ' Which, their undaunted spirits made that con-  
   ' queror feel,  
 ' Oft vent'ring their bare breast 'gainst his oft-  
   ' bloody'd steel;  
 ' And in their chariots charg'd: which they with  
   ' wondrous skill  
 ' Could turn in their swift'st course upon the  
   ' steepest hill,  
 ' And wheel about his troops for vantage of the  
   ' ground,  
 ' Or else disrank his force where entrance might  
   ' be found;  
 ' And from their armed seats their thrilling darts  
   ' could throw;  
 ' Or nimbly leaping down, their valiant swords  
   ' bestow,  
 ' And with an active skip remount themselves  
   ' again,  
 ' Leaving the Roman horse behind them on the  
   ' plain,  
 ' And beat him back to Gaul his forces to supply;  
 ' As they the gods of Rome and Cæsar did defy.  
   ' Cassibelan renown'd, the Britons faithful  
   ' guide,  
 ' Who when th' Italian pow'rs could no way be  
   ' deny'd,  
 ' But would this isle subdue; their forces to fore-  
   ' lay,  
 ' Thy forests thou didst sell, their speedy course  
   ' to stay:  
 ' § Those armed stakes in Thames that stuck'st,  
   ' their horse to gore,  
 ' Which boldly durst attempt to forage on thy  
   ' shore: [low,  
 ' Thou such hard entrance here to Cæsar didst al-  
 ' To whom (thyself except) the western world  
   ' did bow.  
 ' § And more than Cæsar got, three emperors  
   ' could not win,  
 ' Till the courageous sons of our Cunobelin  
 ' Sunk under Plautius' sword, sent hither to dis-  
   ' cuss [us  
 ' The former Roman right, by arms again, with  
 ' Nor with that consul join'd, Vespasian could pre-  
   ' vail  
 ' In thirty several fights, nor make them stoop  
   ' their sail.

' Yea, had not his brave son, young Ti-  
   ' their hopes;  
 ' His forward father fetcht out of the  
   ' troops,  
 ' And quit him wondrous well when  
   ' strongly charg'd,  
 ' His father (by his hands so valiantly  
 ' Had never more seen Rome; nor had  
   ' spilt  
 ' The temple that wise son of faithful Dr-  
 ' Subverted those high walls, and lay'd  
   ' waste,  
 ' Which God, in human flesh, above a  
   ' No marvel then though Rome so  
   ' conquest thought,  
 ' In that the isle of Wight she to fi-  
   ' brought,  
 ' Our (b) Belgæ and subdu'd (a) people  
 ' That latest came to us, our least of all the  
 ' When Claudius, who at that time her  
   ' imperial wore,  
 ' Though scarce he shew'd himself u-  
   ' southern shore,  
 ' It scorn'd not in his style; but, due to  
   ' praise,  
 ' Triumphal arches claim'd, and to hav-  
   ' plays;  
 ' The noblest naval crown, upon his palace  
 ' As with the ocean's spoil his Rome who  
   ' rich.  
 ' Her Caradock (with cause) so Brit-  
   ' prefer;  
 ' Than whom, a braver spirit was ne'r  
   ' forth by her:  
 ' For whilst here in the west the Britons  
 ' This general of the rest, his stout (i) Sil-  
 ' Against Ostorius, sent by Cæsar to this  
 ' With Rome's high fortune (then the h-  
   ' fortune's grace)  
 ' A long and doubtful war with whom  
   ' maintain,  
 ' Until that hour wherein his valiant Brit-  
 ' He grievously beheld (o'erprest with  
   ' power)  
 ' Himself well near the last their wrath  
   ' devour.  
 ' When (for revenge, not fear) he fled (as  
 ' Another day might win, what this had la-  
 ' To Cartimandua, queen of (d) Brigantes,  
   ' aid,  
 ' He to his foes, by her, most falsely was  
 ' Who, as a spoil of war, t' adorn the triu-  
 ' To great Ostorius due, when throug-  
   ' Rome he went,  
 ' That had herself prepar'd (as she had  
   ' eyes)  
 ' Our Caradock to view; who in his  
 ' § Came with his body nak'd, his hair  
   ' his waist,  
 ' Girt with a chain of steel; his manly  
   ' chas'd

(b) A people then inhabiting Hamp. Dorset. Somersetshire.

(i) Those of Monmouth, and the adjacent thir-

(d) Those of Yorkshire, and thereby.



with sundry shapes of beasts. And when this  
 Briton saw  
 his wife and children bound as slaves, it could  
 not awe  
 his manliness at all : but with a settled grace,  
 adorned with her pride, he lookt her in the  
 face :  
 and with a speech so grave as well a prince be-  
 came,  
 himself and his redeem'd, to our eternal fame.  
 Then Rome's great (f) tyrant next, the last's  
 adopted heir,  
 that brave Suetonius sent, the British coasts to  
 clear ;  
 he utter spoil of (m) Mon who strongly did  
 pursue  
 into whose gloomy strengths, th' revolted Bri-  
 tons flew)  
 here entering, he beheld what struck him  
 pale with dread ;  
 he frantick British foes, their hair dishevelled,  
 with fire-brands ran about, like to their furious  
 eyes :  
 and from the hollow woods the fearless Druids ;  
 who with their direful threats, and execrable  
 vows, [brows.  
 forc'd the troubled heaven to knit her angry  
 And as here in the west the Romans bravely  
 war, was,  
 all upon the east the Britons overran :  
 The colony long kept at Mauldon, overthrown,  
 which by prodigious signs was many times fore-  
 shown, [when  
 and often had dismay'd the Roman soldiers :  
 save Voadicia made with her resolved'st men  
 (n) Virolim ; whose siege with fire and sword  
 she ply'd, [hy'd ;  
 all level'd with the earth. To London as she  
 the consul coming in with his auspicious aid,  
 the queen (to quit her yoke no longer that de-  
 lay'd [try,  
 in dar'd by dint of sword, it hers or his to  
 with words that courage shew'd, and with a  
 voice as high  
 in her right hand her lance, and in her left her  
 shield,  
 both the battles stood prepared in the field)  
 encouraging her men : which resolute, as strong,  
 upon the Roman rush'd ; and she, the rest among,  
 wades in that doubtful war : till lastly, when she  
 saw  
 the fortune of the day unto the Roman draw,  
 the queen (t' outlive her friends who highly did  
 disdain,  
 and lastly, for proud Rome a triumph to remain )  
 By poison ends her days, unto that end pre-  
 par'd,  
 rashly to spend what Suetonius spar'd.  
 Him scarcely Rome recall'd, such glory having  
 won,  
 it bravely to proceed, as erst she had begun,

Agricola here made her great lieutenant then :  
 Who having settled Mon, that man of all her men,  
 Appointed by the powers apparently to see  
 The wearied Britons sink, and eas'ly in degree  
 Beneath his fatal sword the (o) Ordevies to fall  
 Inhabiting the west, those people last of all  
 Which stout'lest him withstood, renown'd for  
 martial worth.  
 Thence leading on his powers unto the utmost  
 north,  
 When all the towns that lay betwixt our Trent  
 and Tweed, [feed,  
 Suffic'd not (by the way) his wasteful fires to  
 He there some Britons found, who (to rebate-  
 their spleen, [seen)  
 As yet with griev'd eyes our spoils not having  
 Him at (p) Mount Grampus next : which from  
 his height beheld  
 Them lavish of their lives ; who could not be  
 compell'd [guide  
 The Roman yoke to bear : and Galgacus their  
 Amongst his murdered troops there resolutely  
 dy'd.  
 Eight Roman emperors reign'd since first that  
 war began ;  
 Great Julius Caesar first, the last Domitian.  
 A hundred thirty years the northern Britons still,  
 That would in no wise stoop to Rome's impe-  
 rious will,  
 Into the strait'ned land with theirs retired far,  
 In laws and manners since from us that differ-  
 ent are ; [drew  
 And with the Irish Pict, which to their aid they  
 (On them oft breaking in, who long did them  
 pursue)  
 § A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred,  
 Than Rome, with much expence that us had  
 conquered.  
 And when that we great Rome's so much in  
 time were grown,  
 That she her charge durst leave to princes of  
 our own,  
 Such as, within ourselves, our suffrage should  
 elect) [tect ;  
 § Arviragus, born ours, here first she did pro-  
 Who faithfully and long, of labour did her ease.  
 Then he, our Flamins seats who turn'd to bi-  
 shops sees ;  
 Great Lucius, that good king : to whom we  
 chiefly owe [know.  
 § This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to  
 As Britain to her praise receiv'd the christian  
 faith, [death  
 After (that word-made man) our dear redeemer's  
 Within two hundred years ; and his disciples  
 here,  
 By their great master sent to preach him every  
 where,  
 Most reverently receiv'd, their doctrine and pre-  
 fer'd ; [ter'd.  
 Interring him, (q) who erst the son of God in-

Hero.  
 ) Anglesey, the chief place of residence of the Druids.  
 By Saint Albans.

(o) North Wales men.  
 (p) In the midst of Scotland.  
 (q) Joseph of Arimathea.



' So Britons was she born, though Italy her  
   ' crown'd, [renown'd,  
 ' Of all the Christian world that empress most  
 ' § Constantius' worthy wife; who scorning  
   ' worldly loss,  
 ' Herself in person went to seek that sacred cross,  
 ' Whereon our Saviour dy'd: which found, as it  
   ' was sought, [brought.  
 ' From (r) Salem unto Rome triumphantly she  
   ' As when the primer church her councils  
   ' pleas'd to call,  
 ' Great Britain's bishops there were not the least  
   ' of all,  
 ' § Against the Arian sect at Arles having room,  
 ' At Sardica again, and at Ariminum.  
   ' Now, when with various fate five hundred  
   ' years had past,  
 ' And Rome of her great charge grew weary here  
   ' at last;  
 ' The Vandals, Goths, and Huns, that with a  
   ' powerful head  
 ' All Italy and France had well-near overspread,  
 ' To much endanger'd Rome sufficient warning  
   ' gave, [have.  
 ' Those forces that she held, within herself to  
 ' The Roman rule from us then utterly remov'd.  
   ' Whilst we, in sundry fields, our sundry for-  
   ' tunes prov'd [war.  
 ' With the remorseless Pict, still wasting us with  
 ' And 'twixt the froward fire, licentious Vortiger,  
 ' And his too forward son, young Vortimer, arose  
 ' Much strife within ourselves, whilst here they  
   ' interpose  
 ' By turns each other's reigns: whereby, we  
   ' weak'ned grew.  
 ' The warlike Saxon then into the land we drew;  
 ' A nation nurs'd in spoil, and fitt' to undergo  
 ' Our cause against the Pict, our most inveterate  
   ' foe.  
   ' When they, which we had hir'd for soldiers to  
   ' the shore,  
 ' Perceiv'd the wealthy isle to wallow in her store,  
 ' And subt'ly had found out how we infeebl'd  
   ' were;  
 ' They, under false pretence of amity and cheer,  
 ' The British peers invite, the German healths  
   ' to view [flew.  
 ' At Stonehenge; where they them unmercifully  
   ' Then, those of Brute's great blood, of Armo-  
   ' rick posselt, [trest,  
 ' Extremely griev'd to see their kinsmen so dis-  
 ' Us offer'd to relieve, or else with us to dy:  
 ' We, after, to requite their noble courtesy,  
 ' § Eleven thousand maids sent those our friends  
   ' again, [strain;  
 ' In wedlock to be linkt with them of Brute's high  
 ' That none with Brute's great blood, but Bri-  
   ' tons might be mixt:  
 ' Such friendship ever was the stock of Troy be-  
   ' twixt.  
 ' Out of whose ancient race, that warlike Ar-  
   ' thur sprong;  
 ' Whose most renowned acts shall sounded be  
   ' as long

(.) Jeru'salem.

' As Britain's name is known: which spread them-  
   ' selves so wide,  
 ' As scarcely hath for fame left any roomth beside.  
   ' My Wales, then hold thine own, and let thy  
   ' Britons stand  
 ' Upon their right, to be the noblest of the land.  
 ' Think how much berter 'tis, for thee, and those  
   ' of thine, [time,  
 ' From gods, and heroes old to draw your famous  
 ' § Than from the Scythian poor; whence they  
   ' themselves derive,  
 ' Whose multitudes did first you to the moun-  
   ' tains drive.  
 Nor let the spacious mound of that great Mer-  
   ' cian king  
 ' Into a lesser roomth thy burliness to bring)  
 ' Include thee; when myself, and my dear bro-  
   ' ther (s) Dee,  
 ' By nature were the bounds first limited to thee.  
   ' Scarce ended she her speech, but those great  
   ' mountains near,  
 Upon the Cambrian part that all for Brutus were,  
 With her high truths inflam'd, look'd every one  
   ' about  
 To find their several springs; and bade them get  
   ' them out,  
 And in their fulness wait upon their sovereign flood,  
 In Britons ancient right so bravely that had stood  
   ' When first the furious Team, that on the Cam-  
   ' brian side  
 Doth Shropshire as a mear from Hereford divide,  
 As worthiest of the rest; so worthily doth crave  
 That of those lesser brooks the leading she might  
   ' have;  
 The first of which is Clun, that to her mistress  
   ' came: [name,  
 Which of a (t) forest born that bears her proper  
 Unto the Golden Vale and anciently ally'd,  
 Of every thing of both sufficiently supply'd,  
 The longer that she grows, the more renown doth  
   ' win: [in,  
 And for her greater state, next Bradfield bringeth  
 Which to her wider banks resigns a weaker stream.  
   ' When fiercely making forth, the strong and  
   ' lusty Team [embrace,  
 A friendly forest-nymph (nam'd Mocktry) doth  
 Herself that bravely bears; 'twixt whom and  
   ' Bringwood-chafe,  
 Her banks with many a wreath are curiously be-  
   ' deckt, [protect.  
 And in their safer shades they long time her  
   ' Then takes she Oney in, and forth from them  
   ' doth sling: [bring  
 When to her further aid, next Bow, and Warren,  
 Clear Quenny; by the way, which Stradbroke up  
   ' doth take:  
 By whose united powers, their Team they might-  
   ' tier make;  
 Which in her lively course to Ludlow comes at last,  
 Where Corve into her stream herself doth head-  
   ' long cast.  
 With due attendance next, come Ledwich and the  
   ' Rhea. [sea,  
 Then speeding her, as though sent post unto the

(s) The ancient bounds of Wales.

(t) Clun Forest.



Her native Shropshire leaves, and bids those towns  
adieu,

Her only sovereign queen, proud Severn to pursue.

When at her going out, those mountains of  
command

(The Clecs, like loving twins, and Stitterston  
that stand)

Trans-severned, behold fair England tow'rd the  
rife, [lies.

And on their setting side, how ancient Cambria

Then Stipperton a hill, though not of such re-  
nown [down,

As many that are set here tow'rd the going

To those his own allies, that stood not far away,

Thus in behalf of Wales directly seem'd to say ;

' Dear Corndon, my delight, as thou art lov'd

' of me, [to be,

' And Breeden, as thou hop'st a Briton thought

' To Cortock strongly cleave, as to our ancient

' friend, [lend.

' And all our utmost strength to Cambria let us

' For though that envious time injuriously have

' wrong [long,

' From us, those proper names did first to us be-

' Yet for our country still, stout mountains let us

' stand.' [hand,

Here every neighbouring hill held up a willing

As freely to applaud what Stipperton decreed :

And Hockflow, when she heard the mountains

thus proceed,

With echoes from her woods, her inward joys ex-

press,

To hear that hill she lov'd, which likewise lov'd

her best,

Should in the right of Wales, his neighbouring  
mountains stir, [prefer :

So to advance that place which might them both

That she from open shouts could scarce herself re-  
frain. [tain,

When soon those other rills to Severn which re-

And tended not on Team, thus of themselves do

show

The service that to her they absolutely owe.

First Camlet cometh in, a Montgomerian maid,

Her source in Severn's banks that safely having  
laid,

Mele, her great mistress next at Shrewsbury doth

meet, [greet ;

To see with what a grace she that fair town doth

Into what sundry gyres her wondered self she

throws,

And oft inifies the shore, as wantonly she flows ;

Of it oft taking leave, oft turns, it to embrace ;

As though she only were enamour'd of that place,

Her fore-intended course determined to leave,

And to that most-lov'd town eternally to cleave :

With much ado at length, yet bidding it adieu,

Her journey towards the sea doth seriously pursue.

Where, as along the shores she prosperously doth

sweep,

Small Marbrook maketh in, to her enticing deep.

And as she lends her eye to (u) Bruge's lofty sight,

That forest-nymph Mildmorff doth kindly her in-  
vite [make :

To see within her shade what pastime she could

Where she, of Shropshire ; I my leave of Severn

take.

(u) Bruge-north.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

Will are you in the Welsh march, and the Cho-  
rography of this song includes itself, for the most,  
within Shropshire's part over Severn.

*That all without the mound that Mercian Offa cast.*

Of the Marches in general you have to the  
next before. The (a) particular bounds have  
been certain parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and  
Offa's dike. The ancientest is Severn, but a later  
is observed in a right line from (b) Strigoil castle  
upon Wye, to Chester upon Dee, which was so  
naturally a mere between these two countries

Wales and England, that by apparent change of  
its channel towards either side superstitious judg-  
ment was used to be given of success in the fol-  
lowing years battles of both nations ; whence per-  
haps came it to be called Holy Dee, as the author  
also often uses. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and  
Wye in this line (almost an hundred miles long)  
was that Offa's dike cast, after such time as he had  
besides his before-possess Mercland, acquired by  
conquest even almost what is now England. King  
Harold (c) made a law, that whatsoever Welsh  
transcended this dike with any kind of weapon,  
should have, upon apprehension, his right hand

(a) Caradoc Llancarvan in Conan Tindaethwy.  
Gerald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 11. & Descript. cap. 19.

(b) By Chepstow in Monmouth. *Clandb-Offa.*

See to the tenth song for Die. An. D, CC, LXXX.

(c) Higden. in Polychronic. 1. cap. 43.



cut off; Athelstan after the conquest of Howel Dha king of Wales made Wye limit of North Wales, as in regard of his chief territory of West Saxony (so affirms Malmesbury) which well understood impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere instituted by him, and withal shews you how to mend the monk's published text, where you read (*d*) *Ludwalum regem omnium Wallensium, & Constantinum regem Scottorum cedere regnis compulit*. For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howel Dha, in other chronicles called Huwal) in Athelstan's life time was not king of all Wales, but only of the South and Western parts with Powis, his cousin Edwal Voel then having North Wales; twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to distinguish. Therefore either read *Occidentalium Wallensium* (for in Florence of Worcester and Roger of Hoveden that passage is with *Occidentalium Britonum*) or else believe that Malmesbury mistook Howel to be in Athelstan's time, as he was after his death, sole prince of all Wales. In this conjecture I had aid from Lhancarvan's history, which in the same page (as learned Lhuid's edition in English is) says, that Athelstan made the river (*g*) Cambia the frontier towards Cornwall: but there, in requital, I correct him, and read *Cambra, i. e. Tamar*, dividing Devonshire and Cornwall; as Malmesbury hath it expressly, and the matter self enough persuades.

... *Who drove the Giants hence, that of the earth were bred.*

Somewhat of the giants to the first song; fabulously supposed begotten by spirits upon Diocletian's or Danaus's daughters. But here the author aptly terms them bred of the earth, both for that the antiquities of the Gentiles made the first inhabitants of most countries as produced of the soil, calling them Aborigines and *Αυτόχθονες*, as also for imitation of those epithets of *Γηγενῆς*, and (*b*) *Πηλογόνοι* among the Greeks, *Terra filij* among the Latins, the very name of giants being thence derived,

(*k*) *Οὐρανὸς γὰρ ἐγένοντο καὶ αἱμαῖος Οὐρανός.*

Which misconceit I shall think abused the heathen upon their ill understanding of Adam's creation (*l*) and allegoric greatness, touched before out of Jewish fiction.

*Her Albanact; for aid, and to the Scythian cleave.*

Britain's tripartite division by Brute's three sons, Logrin, Camber and Albanact, whence all beyond Severn was stiled Cambria, the now England Loegria, and Scotland Albania, is here shewed you: which I admit, but as the rest of that nature, upon credit of our suspected stories followed with sufficient justification by the muse; alluding here to that opinion which deduces the Scots and their names from the Scythians. Arguments of this likelihood have you largely in our most excellent antiquary. I only add, that by tradition of the Scythians themselves, they had very anciently a general name, titling them (*m*) Scolots (soon contracted into Scots) whereas the Grecians called the northern all (*n*) Scythians, perhaps the original of that name being from Shooting; for which they were especially through the world famous, as you may see in most passages of their name in old poets; and that Lelian's title of Toxaris, is, as if you should say, an Archer. For the word *Scot* being at first of the Teutonic (which was very likely dispersed largely in the northern parts) anciently was written nearer *Scyrb*, as among other testimonies, the name of (*o*) *Scyrb finger*, i. e. the shooting finger, for the fore finger among our (*p*) Saxons.

*Three hundred years before Rome's great foundation laid.*

Take this with latitude: for between *Numa* Sylvius king of the Latins, under whose time Brute is placed, to Numitor, in whose second year Rome was built, intercedes above three hundred and forty, and with such difference understand the thousand until Caesar.

*And long before borne arms against the barbarous Hun.*

Our stories tell you of Humber king of Hun (a people that being Scythian, lived about those (*q*) parts which you now call *Mar delle Zabi*) his attempt and victory against Albanact, conflict with Logrin, and death in this river, from whence they will the name. Distance of his country, and the unlikely relation weakens my historical faith. Observe you also the first transmigration of the Huns, mentioned by Procopius, Agathias, others, and you will think this very different from truth. And well could I think by conjecture (with a great (*r*) antiquary) that the name was first (or thence derived) (*s*) *Aabren* or *Aler*, which in British, as appears by the names *Abergervin*,

(*d*) He compelled Ludwal king of all Wales, and Constantine king of Scots to leave their crowns. *Emendatio historię Malmesburienfis lib. 2. cap. 6.*

(*g*) Cambalan or Camel.

(*b*) Callimach. in hymn. Jovis.

(*k*) Because they were bred of earth, and the dew of heaven. Orpheus ap. Nat. Coni. Mytholog. 6. cap. 21.

(*l*) *ΩΓΓΑ* terra

(*m*) Herodot. Melpemene 2.

(*n*) Ephor. ap. Strab. 2.

(*o*) In *τῷ* Scyræ, forsan reliquię vocaboli i. e. Arcus, & punctorum variatione, Sagittaria v. Garopium Becceselan. 8. sive Amazonic.

(*p*) Alured. leg. cap. 40.

(*q*) Agathias lib. 6. Mæotidis Palus.

(*r*) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Hull.

(*s*) Abus dictum isthoc æstuarium Ptolom.



Abertewi, Aberhodni, signifying the fall of the river Gevenni, Tewi, Rhodni, is as much as a (c) River's mouth in English, and fits itself specially, in that most of the Yorkshire rivers here cast themselves into one confluence for the ocean. Thus perhaps was Severn first Hafren, and not from the maid there drowned, as you have before; but for that, this no place.

*To Stamford in this isle seem'd Athens to transfer.*

Look to the third song for more of Bladud and his baths. Some testimony (u) is, that he went to Athens, brought thence with him four philosophers, and instituted by them a university at Stamford in Lincolnshire; but, of any persuading credit I find none. Only of later time, that profession of learning was there, authority is frequent. For when through discording parts among the scholars (reigning Edward III.) a division in Oxford was into the Northern and Southern faction, the Northern (before under Henry III. also was the like to Northampton) made secession to this Stamford, and there profest, until upon humble suit by Robert of Stratford, chancellor of Oxford, the king (s) by edict, and his own presence, prohibited them; whence, afterward, also was that oath taken by Oxford graduates, that they should not profess at Stamford. White of Basingstoke otherwise guesses at the cause of this difference, making it the Pelagian heresy, and of more ancient time, but erroneously. Unto this refer that supposed prophecy of Merlin:

*Doctrinae studium quod nunc viget ad (y) vada Borm,  
Ante finem seculi celebrabitur ad (z) vada Saxi.*

Which you shall have Englished in that solemnized marriage of Thames and Medwa, by a most admired (a) Muse of our nation, thus with advantage:

*And after him the fatal Welland went,  
That, if old saws prove true (which God forbid)  
Shall drown all (b) Holland with his excrement,  
And shall see Stamford, though now homely bid,  
Then shine in learning more than ever did  
Cambridge or Oxford, England's goodly beams.*

Yet can you apply this, but to much younger time than Bladud's reign.

*As be those four proud streets began.*

Of them you shall have better declaration to the sixteenth song.

*There balancing his sword against her baser gold.*

In that story, of Brennus and his Gauls taking Rome, is affirmed, that by senatory authority P. Sulpitius (as a tribune) was committee to transact with the enemy for leaving the Roman territory; the price was agreed (c) four hundred pound of gold; unjust weights were offered by the Gauls, which Sulpitius disliking, so far were those insolent conquerors from mitigation of their oppressing purpose, that (as for them all) Brennus to the first injustice of the balance, added the poize of his sword also; whence, upon a murmuring complaint among the Romans, crying (d) *Veni victis*, came that to be a proverb applied to the conquered.

*Against the Delphian power yet shak'd his ireful sword.*

Like liberty as others, takes the author in affirming that Brennus, which was general to the Gauls in taking Rome, to be the same which overcame Greece, and assaulted the oracle. But the truth of story stands thus: Rome was afflicted by one Brennus about the year (e) three hundred and sixty after the building, when the Gauls had such a Cadmeian victory of it, that fortune converted by martial opportunity, they were at last by Camillus so put to the sword, that a reporter of the slaughter was not left, as Livy and Plutarch (not impugned by Polybius, as Polydore hath mistaken) tell us. (f) About ex years after, were tripartita excursions of the Gauls; of an army under Cerethrius into Thrace; of the like under Belgius or Bolgius into Macedon and Illyricum; of another under Brennus and Acichorius into Pannonia. What success Belgius had with Ptolemy, surnamed (g) *Képanos*, is discovered in the same (h) authors which relate to us Brennus his wasting of Greece, with his violent, but somewhat voluntary, death; but part of the army, either divided by mutiny, or left, after Apollo's revenge, betook them to habitation in Thrace about the now Constantinople, where first under their king Comontorius (as Polybius, but Livy saith under Lutatius and Lomnorus, which name perhaps you might correct by Polybius) they ruled their neighbouring states with imposition of tribute, and at last growing too populous, sent (as

(i) Girald, Itinerar. cap. 2. & 4.

(u) Merlin. apud Hard. cap. 25. ex iisdem & Balzou.

(s) Jo. Cai. antiq. Cant. 2. Br. Tuin. lib. 3. apolog. Oxon. §. 115. & seq.

(y) Oxenford.

(z) Staneford.

(a) Spens. Faery Queen. lib. 4. Cant. 11. Stanz. 35.

(b) The maritime part of Lincolnshire, where, Welland a river.

(c) Liv. dec. lib. 5. Plutarch. in Camillo.

(d) Wo to the conquered. v. vero Stephan. Forcatulum lib. 2. de Gall. philosoph. qui hæc in inter examinandum sædè, ast cum alijs, in historiâ ipsâ lapsus est.

(e) Halicarnass. ἀρχ. 2. Liv. 5.

(f) V. Jo. Pris. defens. hist. Brit. qui nimium hic errore involutus.

(g) Thunderbolt.

(h) Pausanias in Phocic.



it seems) those colonies into Asia, which in (i) Gallogræcia left sufficient steps of their ancient names. My compared classic (k) authors will justify as much; nor scarce find I material opposition among them in any particulars; only Trogus, epitomized by Justin, is therein, by confusion of time and actions, somewhat abused; which hath caused that error of those which take historical liberty (poetical is allowable) to affirm Brennius which sackt Rome, and him, that died at Delphos, the same. Examination of time makes it apparently false; nor indeed doth the British chronology endure our Brennus to be either of them, as Polydore and Buchanan have observed. But want of the British name moves nothing against it; seeing the people of this western part were all, until a good time after those wars, stiled by the name of Gauls or Celts; and those which would have ranfackt the oracle are said by Callimachus to have come

—— (l) ἐφ' Ἑσπίου ἰσχυρόντες;

Which as well fits us as Gaul. And thus much also observe, that those names of Brennus and Belinus, being of great note, both in signification and personal eminency; and, likely enough, there being many of the same name in Gaul and Britain, in several ages such identity made confusion in story. For the first in this relation appears what variety was of it; as also *Hrenbin* and *Brennin* in the British are but significant words for king; and peradventure almost as ordinary a name among these westerns, as Pharaoh and Ptolemy in Ægypt, Agag among the Amalekites, Arfaces, Nicomedes, Alevada, Sophi, Cæsar, Oiscing, among the Parthians, Bithynians, Thessalians, Persians, Romans, and our Kentish kings, which the course of history shews you. For the other, you may see it usual in names of their old kings, as Cassi-belin in Cæsar, Cuno-belin and Cym-belin in Tacitus, and Dio, and perhaps Cam-baules in Pausanias, and Belin (whose steps seem to be in (m) Abellius a Gaulish and Bela-tucadre a British god (was the name among them of a worshipt idol, as appears in Ausonius; and the same with Apollo, which also by a most ancient British coin, stampt with Apollo, playing on his harp, circumscribed with Cuno-belin, is shewed to have been expressly a-

mong the Britons. Although I know, according to their use, it might be added to Cuno (which was the first part of many of their regal names, as you see in Cuneglas, Cyngetorix, Congelitas, and others) to make a significant word, as if you should say, the yellow king; for Belin in British is yellow. But seeing the very name of their Apollo so well fitted with that colour, (n) which to Apollo is commonly attributed (and observe that their names had usually some note of colour in them, by reason of their custom of painting themselves) I suppose they took it as a fortunate concurrence to bear an honoured deity in their title, as we see in the names of Merodach and Eil Merodach among the Babylonian kings from Meroduch (o) one of their false gods; and like examples may be found among the old emperors. Observe also that in British genealogies, they ascend always to Belin the great (which is supposed Heli; father to Lud and Cassi-belin) as you see to the fourth song; and here might you compare that of Heli (p) in the Punic tongue, signifying Phœbus, and turned into Belus: but I will not therewith trouble you. Howsoever, by this I am persuaded (whenever the time were of our Belinus) that Belgus in Pausanias, and Belgius in Justin were mistook for Belinus, as perhaps also Prausus in Strabo (supplifying (q) oftentimes the room of C.) generated of Brennus corrupted. In the story I dare follow none of the modern erroneously transcribing relators or seeming correctors, but have, as I might, took it from the best self-fountains, and only upon them, for trial, I put myself.

—— whence *Cymbrica* it took.

That northern promontory now Jutland, part of the Danish kingdom, is called in geographers *Cymbrica Chersonesus* from name of the people inhabiting it. And those which will the *Cymbrians*, *Cambrians*, or *Cumrians* from *Camber*, may with good reason of consequence imagine that the name of this Chersonese is thence also, as the author here, by liberty of his muse. But if, with Goropius, Camden, and other their followers, you come nearer truth and derive them from (r) Gomer, son to Japhet, who, with his posterity, had the north-western part of the world; then shall you set, as it were, the account upon Chersonese, giving the more significant note

(i) Strab. lib. β.

(k) Polyb. l. a. b. d. & t. & Liv. dec. I. lib. 5. dec. 4. lib. 8. Strab. t. Pausan. Phocic. I. Appian. Illyric. Justin. lib. 24. & 25. Plutarch. Camillo. Cætrum plerisque Delphis injecta a Phæbo grandine peremptis, qui fuerunt reliquos in Ægyptum conductos sub stipendijs Ptolemæi Philadelphi meruisse ait vetus Scholiastes Græc. ad hymn. Callimach. in Delum.

(l) From the utmost west.

(m) Vet. Inscript. in Cumbria, & apud Jos. Scalig. ad Auson. l. I. cap. 9. & V. Rhodigini lib. 17. cap. 28. Flura de Belmo, sive Belano, i.

Apolline Gallico Pet. Pithæus advers. subsec. lib. I. cap. 3. qui Belenum πρὸ τοῦ Ἑσπίου Phæb. epitheton autumat. vid. notas Camd. ad Numismata. & Nos ad Cant. IX.

(n) Ἐσπίος Ἀπὸλλων.

(o) Jerom cap. 50.

(p) Cæl. Rhod. Antiq. Lect. I. cap. 6.

(q) Eustach. ad Dionys. πρῶτον; καὶ Ἀσπυρῆ, καὶ τὸ Ἀμύραξ, ὃ Νῦναι Πρωταρκαὶ ἀπὸ τοῦ Πρωταρκα.

(r) Transmutation of G. into C. was, anciently, often and easy, as Lipsius shews, lib. de prævar. ciat. ling. Latin. cap. 13.



of the country; the name of Cymbrians, Cimmericians, Cambrians, and Cumrians, all as one in substance being very comprehensive (*s*) in these climates; and perhaps, because this promontory lay out so far, under near sixty degrees latitude (almost at the utmost of Ptolemy's geography) and so had the first winter days no longer than between five and six hours, therein somewhat (and more than other neighbouring parts of that people, having no particular name) agreeing with Homer's attribute of (*s*) darkness to the Cimmerians, it had more specially this title.

*To wife Molmutius' laws her Martian first did frame.*

Particulars of Molmutius's laws, of church-liberty, freedom of ways, husbandry, and divers other are in the British story, affirming also that queen Martia made a book of laws, translated afterward, and titled by king Alfred *Mercen-laws*. Indeed it appears that there were three sorts of (*s*) laws, in the Saxon heptarchy, *Mercen-laws*, *Dan-laws* *Wessexen-laws*, i. e. the Mercien, Danish, and West Saxon law; all which three had their several territories, and were in divers things compiled into one volume by (*x*) Cnut, and examined in that Norman constitution of their new commonwealth. But as the Danish and West Saxon had their name from particular people; so it seems, had the Mercian from that kingdom of Mercia, limited with the Lancashire river Mersey toward Northumberland, and joining to Wales, having either from the river that name, or else from the word (*y*) *Marc*, because it bounded upon most of the other kingdoms; as you may see to the eleventh song.

————— *in whose eternal name,*  
*Great London still shall live*—————

King Lud's re-edifying Troynovant (first built by Brute) and thence leaving the name of Caer Lud, afterward turned (as they say) into London, is not unknown, scarce to any that hath but lookt on Ludgate's inner frontispiece; and in old (*x*) rhimes thus I have it exprest:

*Walls (a) be letc make al aboute, and gates up and down.*

*And after Lud that was is name be clupede it Lud's town.*

*The berte gate of the town that yut stont there, and is,*  
*He let hit clupie Ludgate after is own name iwis.*

*He let him the be was ded bury at thulke gate,*  
*Therefore yut after him me clupetb it Ludgate.*

(*s*) Plutarch, in Mario & Herod. lib. 8

(*t*) Odyss. λ. Παρὶ καὶ νηὶ καὶ ἀναλαμναίνω——

(*u*) Look to the eleventh song.

(*x*) Gervaf. Tilbariensis de Scaccario.

(*y*) A limit or bound.

(*z*) Rob. Glocestrenf.

(*s*) But it is affirmed that K. Coll's daughter, mother to Constantine the great, walled this first,

*The town me clupetb that is wide couth,*

*And now me clupetb it London, that is lighter in the mouth*

*And new Troy it bet ere, and now it is so ago,*

*That London it is now icluped and worth ever mo.*

Judicious reformers of fabulous report I know have more serious derivations of the name: and seeing conjecture is free, I could imagine it might be called at first *Lban Dien*, i. e. the temple of Diana, as *Lban Dewi*, *Lban Stephan*, *Lban Patern Davor*, *Lan Dair*; i. e. St. Dewy's, St. Stephan's, St. Patern the great, St. Mary; and Verulam is by H. Luid derived from *Der-lban*, i. e. the church upon the river Ver, with divers more such places in Wales: and so afterward by strangers turned into Londinium, and the like. For, that Diana and her brother Apollo (under name of Belin) were two great deities among the Britons, what is read next before, Caesar's testimony of the Gauls; and that she had her temple there where Paul's is, relation in Camden discloses to you. Now, that the antique course was to title their cities oftentimes by the name of their power adored in them, is plain by Beth-el among the Hebrews, Heliopolis (which in holy writ is (*c*) called *Ἥλιος*) in Ægypt, and the same in Greece, Phœnicia, elsewhere; and by Athens named from Minerva. But especially from this supposed deity of Diana (whom in substance Homer no less gives the epithet of (*d*) *Ἐρυσιαία* than to Pallas) have divers had their titles; as Artemisium in Italy, and Eubœa, and that Bubastis in Ægypt, so called from the same word, signifying in Ægyptian, both a cat and Diana.

*Those armed stakes in Thames*—————

He means that which now we call Coway-stakes by Otclands, where only the Thames being without boat passable, the Britons fixt both on the bank of their side, and in the water (*e*) sharp stakes, to prevent the Romans coming over, but in vain, as the stories tell you.

*And more than Caesar got, three Emperors could not win.*

Understand not that they were resisted by the Britons, but that the three successors of Julius, i. e. Augustus, Tiberius, and Caligula, never so much as with force attempted the isle, although the last after king Cunobelin's son Adminius his traiterous revolting to him, in a seeming martial vehemency made (*f*) all arm to the British voyage, but suddenly on the German shore,

and Colchester also. Huntingdon. lib. 1. & Simon Dunelmens. ap Scow. in notitia Lond. I shall presently speak of her also.

(*c*) Jerom. cap. 43. com. ult.

(*d*) Patron of cities, v. Homer. ad Dian. Stephan. *ωρις* *ω*. λ. in *Ευβάρ*. Herodot. lib. β.

(*e*) Bed. lib. 1. cap. 2.

(*f*) Suet. lib. 4. cap. 44. & 46. & Dio. Cassius.



(where he then was) like himself, turned the design to a jest, and commanded the army to gather cockles.

*Came with his body naked, his hair down to his waist.*

In this Caradoc (being the same which at large you have in Tacitus and Dio, under name of Caratacus and Cataracus, and is by some Scottish historians drawn much too far northward) the author expresses the ancient form of a Briton's habit. Yet I think not that they were all naked, but, as is affirmed (*g*) of the Gauls, down only to the navel; so that on the discovered part might be seen (to the terror of their enemies) those pictures of beasts, with which (*b*) they painted themselves. It is justifiable by Cæsar, that they used to shave all except their head and upper lip, and wore very long hair; but in their old coins I see no such thing warranted: and in later (*i*) times, about four hundred years since, it is especially attributed to them that they always cut their heads close for avoiding Absalom's misfortune.

*The colony long kept at Maldon——*

Old historians and geographers call this Camalodunum, which some (*k*) have absurdly thought to be Camelot in the Scottish sherrifdom of Stirling, others have sought it elsewhere: but the English light of antiquity (Camden) hath surely found it at this Maldon in Essex, where was a Romish colony, as also at (*l*) Gloucester, Chester, York, and perhaps at Colchester, which proves expressly (against vulgar allowance) that there was a time when in the chiefest parts of this southern Britany the Roman laws were used, as every one that knows the meaning of a colony (which had all their rights and institutions deduced with it) must confess. This was destroyed upon discontentment taken by the Iceni and Trinobantes (now Norfolk, Suffolk, Middlesex, and Essex men) for intolerable wrongs done to the wife and posterity of Prasutagus king of the Iceni by the (*m*) Romans, which the king (as others in like form) thought, but vainly, to have prevented by instituting Nera, then emperor, his heir. The signs, which the author speaks of, were, a strange, and, as it were, voluntary falling down of the goddess Victory's statue, erected by the Romans here; women, as distracted, singing their overthrow; the ocean looking bloody; uncouth howl-

ings in their assemblies, and such like. Petilius Cerealis, lieutenant of the ninth legion, coming to aid, lost all his footmen, and betook himself with the rest to his fortified tents. But for this read the history.

*By poison and her days.——*

So Tacitus; but Dio, that she died of sickness. Her name is written diversely Voadicia, Boedica, Boudicca and Boudicea: she was wife to Prasutagus, of whom last before.

*A greater foe to us in our own bowels bred.*

Every story, of the declining British state, will tell you what miseries were endured by the hostile irruptions of Scots and Picts into the southern part. For the passage here of them, know, that the Scottish stories, which begin their continued monarchic government at Fergus, affirm the § Picts (from the Scythian territories) to have arrived in the now Jutland, and thence passed into Scotland some two hundred and fifty years after the Scots first entering Britain, which was, by account, about eighty years before our Saviour's birth, and thence continued these a state by themselves, until King Kenneth about eight hundred and forty years after Christ utterly supplanted them. Others, as Bede and his followers, make them elder in the isle than the Scots, and fetch them out of Ireland; the British story (that all may be discords) says, they entered Albania under conduct of one Roderick their king (for so you must read in (*r*) Monmouth, and not Londric, as the print in that and much other mistakes) and were valiantly opposed by Maric then king of Britons, Roderick slain, and Cadwallader given them for habitation. This Maric is placed with Vespasian, and the gross difference of time make all suspicious; so that you may as well believe none of them, as any one. Rather adhere to learned Camden, making the Picts very genuine Britons, distinguished only by accidental name, as in him you may see more largely.

*Arviragus of ours first taking to protect.*

His marriage with (I know not what) Genia, daughter to Claudius, the habitude of friendship betwixt Rome and him, after composition with Vespasian then, under the emperor, employed in the British war, the common story relates. This

(*g*) Polyb. hist. 7.

(*b*) Solin. polyhist. c. 35.

(*i*) Girald. de script. c. 10.

(*k*) Hæst. Boët. lib. 3.

(*l*) Antiq. Inscript. Lapidæ & Numm. Vid. Fortescut. de laud. lig. Ang. cap. 17. & Vit. Basingstoch. lib. 4. not. 36.

(*m*) Agellius l. 16. cap. 13. Tacit. an. 14. Dio lib. 5.

§ Pictorum in Britannia (potius Pictorum, in n. legitur) primus meminit Romanorum Panegyristes ille inter alios, qui Constantinum encomiæ adloquitur, & si placet adeos Humfred, Lund. Brev. Brit. and Buchanan. lib. 2. rer. Scotie. at Camdeni Scotos & Pictos. Rob. Gloucestrensis dicuntur Pictos.

(*r*) Galfridus Monumeth. correctus, & ibidem vice rē Macsmarius lege Vestmaria.



to Armitagus, which Juvenal (a) speaks of. Polydore refers him to Nero's time, others rightly to Domitian, because indeed the Poet (c) then flourished. That fabulous Hector Boetius makes him the same with Phalviragus, as he calls him, in Tacitus; he means Prasutagus, having misread Tacitus his copy.

*This happiness we have, Christ crucify'd to know.*

Near an hundred eighty years after Christ (the chronology of Bede herein is plainly false, and observe what I told you of that kind to the fourth this song) Lucius, upon request to pope Eleutherius, received at the hands of (u) Fugatus and Damian, holy baptism; yet so, that by Joseph of Arimathea (of whom to the third song) seeds of true religion were here before sown: by some I find it (u) without warrant, affirmed that he converted Arviragus,

*And gave him then a shilde of silver white,  
A Crose emling and overthwart full perfect,  
These arms were used through all Britain  
For a common sign each man to know his nation  
From enemies, which now we call certain,  
St. George's arms—————*

But thus much collect, that, although until Lucius we had not a christian king (for you may well suspect, rather deny, for want of better authority, this of Arviragus) yet (unless you believe the tradition of Gundafer king of Indu, (g) converted by St. Thomas, or Abagar (s) king of Edessa, to whom those letters written, as supposed, by our Saviour's own hand, kept as a precious relic in (a) Constantinople until the emperor Manlius Angelus, as my authors say, were sent) it is apparent that this island had the first christian king in the world, and clearly in Europe, so that you cite not Tiberius his private seeming christianity (which is observed out of (b) Tertullian) even in whose time also Gildas affirms, Britain was comforted with wholesome beams of religious light. Not much different from this age was Donald first Christian king of the Scots; so that if priority of time swayed it, and not custom (derived from a communicable attribute given by the popes) that name of most Christian should better fit our sovereigns than the French. This Lucius, by help of those two Christian aids, is

said to have, in room of three Arch-flamins and twenty eight Flamins (through whose doctrine, polluting sacrifices and idolatry reigned here instead of true service) instituted three archbishoprics at London, York, and Caer-leon upon Uske, and twenty-eight bishoprics; of them, all beyond Humber subject to York; all the now Wales to Caer-leon; to London, the now England with Cornwall. And so also was the custom in other countries, even grounded upon St. Peter's own command, to make substitution of archbishops or patriarchs to arch-flamins, and bishops to flamins, if you believe a (c) pope's assertion. For York, there is now a metropolitan see; Caerleon had so until the change spoken of to the fifth song. And London, the cathedral church being at St. Peter's in Cornhil, until translation of the pall (d) to Canterbury by Augustine, sent hither by Gregory the first, under king Ethelbert, according to a prophesy of Merlin, that Christianity should fail, and then revive when the see of London did adorn Canterbury, as, after coming of the Saxons, it did. This moved that ambitious Gilbert of Folioth bishop of London to challenge the primacy of England; for which he is bitterly taxed by a great (e) clerk of the same time. If I add to the British glory that this Lucius was cause of like conversion in Bavaria and Rhetia, I should out of my bounds. The learned Mark Velfer, and others, have enough remembered it.

*Constantin's worthy wife—————*

That is Helen, wife to Constantius or Constans Chlorus the emperor, and mother to Constantine the great, daughter to Coil king of Britain, where Constantine was by her brought forth. Do not object Nicephorus Callistus, that erroneously affirms him born in Drepanum of Bithynia, or Jul Firmicus (f), that says at Tarsus, upon which testimony (not uncorrupted) a great critic (g) hath violently offered to deprive us both of him and his mother, affirming her a Bithynian; nor take advantage of Cedrenus, that will have Dacia his birth soil. But our histories, and, with them, the Latin ecclesiastic relation (in passages of her invention of the cross and such like) allowed also by Cardinal Baronius, make her thus a British woman. And for great Constantine's birth in this land, you shall have authority; against which I wonder how Lipsius

(a) Satyr. 4.

(c) Suidas in Juvenali.

(u) These names are very differently written.

(s) Ex Nennio Harding. cap. 4. 8. Aft Codices q, quos consuluisse me Nennij antiquos contigit hejusce rei parum sunt memores.

(g) Abdias hist. Apostolic. lib. 9. Eushe. lib. 1. cap. 13.

(s) Nicet. Choniast. in Andronic. Cummen. lib. 4.

(a) Nicephor. Callist. lib. 2. cap. 7. & 8.

(b) Distinct. 80. c. in illis. Clemens PP.

(c) V. Kenulph in Epist. ad Leonem PP. apud G. Malmesh. lib. 1. de reg. & 1. de Pontific. vide Basingstoch. hist. 9. not. 11.

(d) Stow's Survey of London, pag. 479.

(e) Joann. Carnotens. in Epistol. 272.

(f) Mathes. l. 1. cap. 4.

(g) Lips. de Rom. magnitud. lib. 4. cap. 11. nimium laps.



durst oppose his conceit. In an old panegyrist speaking to Constantine: *Liberavit ille* (he means his father) *Britannias servitute, tu etiam nobiles illic Oriundo fecisti*; and another, *O fortunata & nunc omnibus beatior terris Britannia, qua Constantium Cæsarem prima vidisti!* These might persuade, that Firmicus were corrupted, seeing they lived when they might know as much of this as he. Nicephorus and Cedrenus are of much later time. and deserve no undoubted credit. But in certain oriental admonitions (k) of state (newly published by John Meursius professor of Greek story at Leiden) the emperor Constantine Porphyrogenetes advises his son Romanus, that he should not take him a wife of alien blood, because all people dissonant from the government and manners of the empire by a law of Constantine, established in St. Sophy's church, were prohibited the height of that glory, excepting only the Franks, allowing them this honour, (l) *ὅτι αὐτοὶ αὐτῶν γλῶσσαι ἀπὸ τῶν ταύτων λέγει μῦθον*, which might make you imagine him born in Gaul; let it not move you, but observe that this Porphyrogenetes lived about seven hundred years since, when it was (and among the Turks still is) ordinary with these Greeks to call (m) all (especially the western) Europeans by the name of Franks, as they did themselves Romans. Why then might not we be comprehended, whose name, as English, they scarce, as it seems, knew of, calling us (n) *Inclins*; and indeed the indefinite form of speech, in the author I cite, shews as if he meant some remote place by the Franks, admitting he had intended only but what we now call French. If you can believe one of our countrymen (o) that lived about Henry II. he was born in London; others think he was born at York: of that, I determine not. Of this Helen, her religion, finding the cross, good deeds in walling London and Colchester (which in honour of her, they say, bears a cross between four crowns, and for the invention she is yet celebrated in holy-rood day in May) and of this Constantine her son, a mighty and religious emperor (although I know him taxed for no small faults by ecclesiastic writers) that in this air received his first light and life, our Britons vaunt not unjustly: as in that spoken to King Arthur.

*How it worth tended that Sibils the sage fadé bivre,  
That there should of Brutain thre men be ybere*

*That should winne the ampyr of Rome  
yde it is,  
As of (q) Bely and Constantine, and  
thredde ywis.*

*Against the Arrian Sect at Arles having*

In the second council at Arles in Pre under Constantine and Sylvester, is full name of Restitutus bishop of Londo respectively in other councils spoken author. It is not unfit to note here, later time the use hath been (when Rome's supremacy was acknowledged always to general councils, out of every state, some bishops, abbots and priors; it affirmed by the clergy under (r) He to a general council, only four bishops sent out of England. So, by reason of added to state-allowance afterward at those canons received into our law; as in the council of Lions, interpreted by under Edward I. Of pluralities in of Lateran, held by Innocent III. re king John; and the law of Lapse in b so its ground from that council of Lat year eleven hundred seventy-nine, under the third, whether, for our part, Hugh bishop of Durham, John bishop of Bath, with divers abbots, (s) canon was made for presentation months, and title of Lapse given to in case the chapter were patron, from to them if he were patron: which a that, it be not law with us, nor also ence between a lay (t) and ecclesiastic number of the months, allowing the four, yet shews itself certainly to be of that custom anciently and now ordinary's collation. And hither Henry (u) refers it expressly; by whom you John le Briton, and read Lateran inste about this same matter. Your conjoining these things, cannot but pe canons and constitutions, in popes cutely never bound us in other form them by the square of English law our reverend sages and baronage allow interpreted them, who in their form.

(k) Constant. Porphyrog. de administr. imperio, c. 29. Jo. Levinæum ad Panegyric 5. haut mol-tum hic moramur.

(l) Because he was born in their parts.

(m) Histor. Orientales passim, & Themata Constantini, cum supra citato libro.

(n) Nicet, Choniast. 2. Isaac, Angel, §. ult. *Ἰνκλίνοι*.

(o) G. Steph. de Londino. Basingstoch. hist. 6. not. 10.

(q) Belinus.

(r) Roger. Hoved. f. 332.

(s) G. Nubr. (cujus edit, (nuperan cardi annotationes consulus l. 3. & habent ipsas, quæ sunt Constit.

(t) Extrav. Concess. præb. c. 2.

(u) 6 Decret. tit. jure patronat. §. 1 unic.

(x) Lib. 4. tract. 2. cap. 6.

(y) D. Ed. Coke lib. de jure Regis Regist. Orig. f. 42.



would mention them as law and custom of the kingdom, and not otherwise.

*Eleven thousand maids sent these our friends again.*

Our common story affirms, that in time of Gratian the emperor, Conan king of Armorique Britain (which was filled with a colony of this isle by this Conan and Maximus otherwise Maximian that slew Gratian) having war with the neighbouring Gauls, desired of Dinoth regent of Cornwall, or (if you will) of our Britain (by nearness of blood so to establish and continue love in the posterity of both countries) that he might himself match with Dinoth's daughter Ursula, and with her a competent multitude of virgins might be sent over to furnish his unwived bachelors: whereupon were eleven thousand of the nobler blood with Ursula and sixty thousand of meaner rank (elected out of divers parts of the kingdom) shipped at London for satisfaction of this request. In the coast of Gaul, they were by tempest dispersed; some ravished by the ocean; others for chaste denial of their maidenheads to Guaine and Melga, kings of Huns and Picts (whom Gratian had animated against Maximus, as usurping title of the British monarchy) were miserably put to the sword on some German coast, whither misfortune carried them. But because the author slips it over with a touch, you shall have it in such old (s) verse as I have.

*This maidens were yeadred and to London come,  
Maid were glad ther of and well ferri some  
That (b) his feld of londe wende and neu of (c) her  
friend yf*

*And some to lefe nor maidenbed wives nor to be.  
The his were in shipes ydo, and in the se ver were  
So gret tempest ther come that drow hem here and there.  
So that the (d) meschadel adreined were in the se  
And to other londs some ydrive, that ne come never (e)  
age.*

*A king there was of Hungry, Guane was his name,  
And Melga K. (f) Picardy that couthe inow of  
same,*

*The waters wor to loki aboute the se his were  
A company of this maydens so that his met there,  
To her fals he wold (g) home nime and her men also  
As the maydens wold rather die than consenty thereto  
The wende with the (h) luther men and the maidens  
flow rebone,*

*So that to the lasse Britaine there ne come afive none.*

(s) Rob. Glocestrenf.

(b) They.

(c) Their.

(d) Most part.

(e) Again.

(f) Of the Picts.

(g) Them take.

(h) Lewd.

Some lay all this wickedness absurdly (for time endures it not) to Atila's (i) charge, who reigned king of Huns about four hundred fifty (above sixty years after Gratian) and affirm their suffering of this (as they call it) martyrdom at Cologne, whither, in at the mouth of Rhine, they were carried; others also particularly tell you that there were four companions to Ursula, in greatness and honour, their (k) names being Pynnosa, Gordula, Eleutheria, Florentia, and that under these were to every of the eleven thousand one president, Iota, Benigna, Clementia, Sapientia, Carpophora, Columba, Benedicla, Odilia, Celyndria, Sibylla and Lucia: and that, custom at Cologne hath excluded all other bodies from the place of their burial. The strange multitude of seventy-one thousand virgins thus to be transported, with the difference of time (the most excellent note to examine truth of history by) may make you doubt of the whole report. I will not justify it, but only admonish thus, that those our old stories are in this followed by that great historian Baronius, allowed by Francis de Bar, White of Basingstoke; and before any of them, by that learned abbot Triterius, beside the martyrologies, which to the honour of the eleven thousand have dedicated the eleventh day of our October. But indeed how they can stand with what in some copies of Nennius (l) we read, I cannot see: it is there reported, that those Britons which went thither with Maximus (the same man and time with the former) took them Gaulish wives, and cut out their tongues, lest they should possess their children of Gaulish language; whence our Welsh called them afterward (m) *Lebir-Midion*, because they spake confusedly. I see that yet there is great affinity betwixt the British Armorique, and the Welsh, the first (to give you a taste) saying, *Don tad pebunii fou en esaw*, the other *En tad yr bawn ydwit yn y nefoedd*, for our Father which art in heaven; but I suspect extremely that fabulous tongue-cutting, and would have you, of the two, believe rather the virgins, were it not for the exorbitant number, and that, against infallible credit, our (n) historians mix with it Gratian's surviving Maximus; a kind of fault that makes often the very truth doubtful.

*That from the Scythian poor, whence they themselves derive.*

He means the Saxons, whose name, after learned men, is to the fourth song derived from a Scy-

(i) Hector. Boet. Scotic. 7. ex antiquioribus. verum falsi reis.

(k) Ufuard, Martyrolog, 2. c. Octob.

(l) Sunt enim antiqui Codices quibus hoc merito deest, nec. n. ut glossemo illud non irreptasse, sentire sum potis.

(m) Half silent.

(n) Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. lib. 3. cap 15.



thian nation. It pleases the muse in this passage to speak of that original, as mean and unworthy of comparison with the Trojan British, drawn out of Jupiter's blood by Venus, Anchises, and Æneas; I justify her phrase, for that the Scythian was indeed poor, yet voluntarily, not through want, living commonly in field-tents; and (as our Germans in Tacitus) so stoical, as not to care for the future having provision for the present, from nature's liberality. But, if it were worth examining, you might find the Scythian as noble and worthy a nation as any read of; and such a one as the English and others might be as proud to derive themselves from, as any which do search for their ancestors glory in Trojan ashes. If you believe the old report (e) of themselves, then can you not make them less than descended by Targiteus from Jupiter and Borysthenes; if what the

Greeks, who, as afterward the Romans, accounted and stiled all barbarous, except themselves; then you must draw their pedigree through Agathyrsus, Gelonus and Scythia, from Hercules; neither of this have, in this kind, their superior. If among them you desire learning, remember Zamolxis, Diceneus, and Anacharsis before the rest. For although to some of these, other patronymics are given, yet know that anciently (which for the present matter observe seriously) as all, southward, were called Ethiopians, all eastward, Indians, all west, Celts, so all northerns were stiled Scythians) as (p) Ephorus is author. I could add the honourable allegories, of those their golden yoke, plough, hatchet, and cup sent from heaven, wittily enough delivered by (g) Goropius, with other conjectural testimonies of their worth. But I abstain from such digression.

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(e) Herodot. Melpom.

(g) Amazon, Beccesclam, 8.

(p) Apud Strab. l. 2.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## T H E N I N T H S O N G .

### *The Argument.*

The muse here Merioneth vaunts,  
And her proud mountains highly chauts.  
The hills and brooks, to bravery bent,  
Stand for precedence from descent :  
The rivers for them shewing there  
The wonders of their Pimble-mere.  
Proud Snowdon gloriously proceeds  
With Cambria's native princes deeds.  
The muse then through Caernarvon makes,  
And Mon (now Anglesey) awakes  
To tell her ancient Druides guise,  
And manner of their sacrifice.  
Her rillets she together calls ;  
Then back for Flint and Denbigh falls.

the Cambrian shires their heads that bear  
so high, [eye,  
th'ft survey their soils with an ambitious  
in (a) for her hills, as for their matchless  
crowds, [clouds,  
areft that are said to kiss the wand'ring  
audience craves, offended with the throng,  
of all the rest neglected was so long ;  
for herself; when through the Saxons pride,  
like race of Brute to Severn's setting tide  
nely enfore'd, her mountains did relieve  
whom devouring war else every where did  
grieve.

(a) Merionethshire.

And when all Wales beside (by fortune, or by might)  
Unto her ancient foe resign'd her ancient right,  
A constant maiden still she only did remain,  
§ The last her genuine laws which stoutly did  
retain.  
And as each one is prais'd for her peculiar things ;  
So only she is rich, in mountains, meres, and  
springs,  
And holds herself as great in her superfluous waste,  
As others by their towns, and fruitful tillage grac'd.  
And therefore, to recount her rivers, from their  
(b) lips,  
Abridging all delays, Mervinia thus begins ;

(b) Meres or pools, from whence rivers spring.



• Though Dovy, which doth far her neigh-  
 • bouring floods surmount (acount  
 • (Whose course for here alone Montgomery doth  
 • Hate (c) Angel for her own, and Kering she  
 • doth clear, (dear,  
 • With Towin, Gwedol then, and Dulas, all as  
 • Those tributary streams she is maintain'd withal:  
 • Yet, boldly may I say, her rising and her fall  
 • My country calleth hers, with many another  
 • brook, (look.  
 • That with their crystal eyes on the Vergivian  
 • To Dovy next, of which Desunny sea-ward drives,  
 • Lingorril goes alone: (at plenteous Avon strives  
 • The first to be at sea; and faster her to hie,  
 • Clear Kessilgum comes in, with Hergum by and by.  
 • So Derry, Moothy draws, and Moothy calleth  
 • Caio, (main,  
 • Which in one channel meet, in going to the  
 • As to their utmost power to lend her all their  
 • aids;  
 • So Atro by the arm Lanbeder kindly leads.  
 • And Valenrid the like, observing th' other's law,  
 • Calls Cunnel; she again, fair Drurid forth doth  
 • draw,  
 • That from their mother earth, the rough Mer-  
 • vinia, pay (bay  
 • Their mixed plenteous springs, unto the lesser  
 • § Of those two noble arms into the land that  
 • bear,  
 • Which through (d) Gwinethia be so famous eve-  
 • ry where, (mound,  
 • On my Caernarvon side by nature made my  
 • As Dovy doth divide the Cardiganian ground.  
 • The pearly Conway's head, as that of holy Dee,  
 • Renowned rivers both, their rising have in me:  
 • So, Lavern and the Lur, themselves that head-  
 • long throw  
 • § Into the spacious lake, where Dee unmixt  
 • doth flow. (lin;  
 • Trowerrin takes his stream, here from a native  
 • Which, out of Pimble-mere when Dee himself  
 • doth win,  
 • Along with him his lord full courteously doth  
 • glide: (guide  
 • So Rudock riseth here, and Cletor that do  
 • Him in his rugged path, and make his great-  
 • ness way, (vey.  
 • Their Dee into the bounds of Denbigh to con-  
 • The lofty hills, thus while attentively that flood,  
 • As to survey the course of every several flood,  
 • Sent forth such echoing shouts (which every way  
 • so shrill,  
 • With the reverberate sound the spacious air did fill)  
 • That they were easily heard through the Vergivi-  
 • an mair (constrain  
 • To Neptune's inward court; and beating there,  
 • That mighty god of seas t' awake: who full of  
 • dread, (head,  
 • Thrice threw his three-forkt mace about his grisly  
 • And thrice above the rocks his fore-head rais'd, to  
 • see (be.  
 • Amongst the high-topt hills what tumult it should

So that with very sweet Cadoridie did dre  
 And mighty Raran shook his proud sky-hill  
 Amongst the furious rout whom madness  
 rage;

Until the mountain-nymphs, the tumult  
 Upon a modest sign of silence to the throes  
 Conforting thus, in praise of their Mervini  
 • Thrice famous Saxon king, on whom  
 • ne'er shall prey,

• O Edgar! who compel'dst our Ludwal to  
 • Three hundred wolves a year for tribute  
 • thee;

• And for that tribute paid, as famous may  
 • O conquer'd British king, by whom a  
 • destroy'd

• § The multitude of wolves, that long to  
 • annoy'd;

• Regardless of their rape, that now our h  
 • Securely here may sit upon the aged rock  
 • Or wandering from their walks, and str  
 • here and there

• Amongst the scatter'd cliffs, the land  
 • never fear;

• But from the threat'ning storm to save it  
 • creep

• Into that darksome cave where once his  
 • That now the clamb'ring goat all day  
 • having fed,

• And climbing up to see the sun go d  
 • Is not at all in doubt her little kid to loo

• Which grazing in the vale, secure and i  
 • knows.

• Where, from these lofty hills which i  
 • heaven do threaten

• Yet of as equal height, as thick by natur  
 • We talk how we are stor'd, or what we  
 • need,

• Or how our flocks do fare, and how on  
 • do feed,

• When else the hanging rocks, and valle  
 • and deep,

• The summer's longest day would us from  
 • ing keep.

• Ye Cambrian shepherds then, whom t  
 • mountains please,

• And ye our fellow nymphs, ye light (e) t  
 • § Saint Helen's wondrous way, and H  
 • let us go,

• And our divided rocks with admiration  
 • Not meaning there to end, but spe-  
 • they were,

• A sudden fearful noise surpris'd every ear:  
 • The water-nymphs (not far) Lin-teged t  
 • quent,

• With brows besmear'd with ooze, their low  
 • dew besprent,

• Inhabiting the lake, in sedge bow'rs below  
 • Their inward grounded grief that only  
 • to show

• Against the mountain kind, which much  
 • did take,

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

• Against the mountain kind, which much  
 • did take,

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

• Above their watry brood, thus proud  
 • bespake;

(c) The rivers so in order they fall into the Irish sea.  
 (d) North-Wales.

(e) Nymphs of the mountains.



' Tell us, ye haughty hills, why vainly thus  
 ' you threat  
 ' Esteeming us so mean, compar'd to you so great ?  
 ' To make you know yourselves, you this must  
 ' understand, [land  
 ' That our great maker laid the surface of the  
 ' As level as the lake until the general flood,  
 ' When over all so long the troubled waters stood :  
 ' Which, hurried with the blasts from angry hea-  
 ' ven that blew,  
 ' Up on huge massy heaps the loosened gravel  
 ' threw :  
 ' From hence we would ye know, your first be-  
 ' ginning came ;  
 ' Which since, in tract of time, yourselves did  
 ' mountains name.  
 ' So that the earth, by you (to check her mirth-  
 ' ful cheer)  
 ' May always see (from heaven) those plagues  
 ' that poured were [show  
 ' Upon the former world ; as 'twere by scars to  
 ' That still she must remain disfigur'd with the  
 ' blow : [left,  
 ' And by th' infectious slime that doomsful deluge  
 ' Nature herself hath since of purity been rest ;  
 ' And by the seeds corrupt, the life of mortal  
 ' man  
 ' Was shorten'd. With these plagues ye moun-  
 ' tains first began.  
 ' But, ceasing you to shame ; what mountain is  
 ' there found  
 ' In all your monstrous kind (seek ye the island  
 ' round)  
 ' That truly of himself such (f) wonders can re-  
 ' port,  
 ' As can this spacious Lin, the place of our resort ?  
 ' That when Dee in his course fain in her lap  
 ' would lie, [deny,  
 ' Commixtion with her store, his stream she doth  
 ' By his complexion prov'd, as he through her  
 ' doth glide.  
 ' Her wealth again from his, she likewise doth  
 ' divide :  
 ' Those white-fish that in her do wond'rously  
 ' abound, [found  
 ' Are never seen in him ; nor are his salmons  
 ' At any time in her : but as she him disdains ;  
 ' So he again, from her, as wilfully abstains.  
 ' Down from the neighbouring hills, those plen-  
 ' teous springs that fall.  
 ' Nor land-floods after rain, her never move at all.  
 ' And as in summer's heat, so always is she one,  
 ' Resembling that great lake which seems to care  
 ' for none ;  
 ' } And with stern Æolus' blasts, like Thetis  
 ' waxing rank,  
 ' She only over-swells the surface of her bank.'  
 But, whilst the nymphs report these wonders  
 of their lake,  
 Their farther cause of speech the mighty (g)  
 Snowdon brake ;

(f) The wonders of Linteged, or Penhlemere.  
 (g) The most famous mountain of all Wales, in Caer-  
 narynshire.

Left, if their watry kind should suffer'd be too  
 long,  
 The licence that they took, might do the moun-  
 tains wrong.  
 For quickly he had found that straitned point of  
 land,  
 Into the Irish sea which puts his powerful hand,  
 Pust with their watry praise, grew insolently  
 proud,  
 And needs would have his rills for rivers be al-  
 low'd :  
 Short Darent, near't unto the utmost point of  
 all  
 That th' isle of Gelin greets, and Bardsey in her  
 fall ;  
 And next to her, the Saw, the Gir, the Er, the  
 May,  
 Must rivers be at least, should all the world gain-  
 say :  
 And those, whereas the land lies east-ward, amply  
 wide,  
 That goodly Conway grace upon the other side,  
 Born near upon her banks, each from her proper  
 lin.  
 Soon from their mothers out, soon with their  
 mistress in.  
 As Ledder, her ally, and neighbour Legwy ;  
 then  
 Goes Purloyd, Castel next, with Giffin, that agen  
 Observe fair Conway's course : and though their  
 race be short,  
 Yet they their sovereign flood enrich with their  
 resort.  
 And Snowdon, more than this, his proper mere  
 did note  
 (§ Still Delos like, wherein a wandring isle doth  
 float  
 Was peremptory grown upon his higher ground ;  
 That pool, in which (besides) the one-ey'd fish are  
 found,  
 As of her wonder proud, did with the floods  
 partake.  
 So, when great Snowdon saw, a faction they  
 would make  
 Against his general kind ; both parties to appease,  
 He purposeth to sing their native princes praise.  
 For Snowdon, a hill, imperial in his seat,  
 Is from his mighty foot, unto his head so great,  
 That were his Wales distressed, or of his help had  
 need,  
 He all her flocks and herds for many months  
 could feed.  
 Therefore to do something were worthy of his  
 name, [fame,  
 Both tending to his strength, and to the Britons  
 His country to content, a signal having made,  
 By this oration thinks both parties to persuade,  
 ' Whilst here this general isle the ancient Bri-  
 ' tons ow'd,  
 Their valiant deeds before by Severn have been  
 ' show'd :  
 ' But since our furious foe, these powerful Saxon  
 ' swarms  
 ' (As merciless in spoil, as well approv'd in arms)



' Here called to our aid, Loëgia us bereft,  
 ' Those poor and scatter'd few of Brute's high  
   ' lineage left, {race  
 ' For succour hither came: where that unmixed  
 ' Remains unto this day, yet owners of this  
   ' place: {song.  
 ' Of whom no flood nor hill peculiarly hath  
 ' These, then, shall be my theme; lest time too  
   ' much should wrong  
 ' Such princes as were ours, since sever'd we have  
   ' been;  
 ' And as themselves, their fame be limited between  
 ' The Severn and our sea, long pent within this  
   ' place, {embase  
 ' § Till with the term of Welsh, the English now  
 ' The nobler Britons name, that well-near was  
   ' destroy'd {annoy'd;  
 ' With pestilence and war, which this great isle  
 ' Cadwallader that drave to the Armorick shore:  
 ' To which, dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long  
   ' before,  
 ' His countrymen from hence suspiciously con-  
   ' vey'd;  
 ' Whose noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,  
 ' Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,  
 ' Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gra-  
   ' tian's fall,  
 ' Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:  
 ' Where Conan their great lord, as full of com-  
   ' rage, drave  
 ' The Celts out of their seats, and did their room  
   ' supply {colony  
 ' § With people still from hence; which of our  
 ' Was little Britain call'd. Where that distressed  
   ' king,  
 ' Cadwallader, himself awhile recomforting  
 ' With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him  
   ' detain) {reign  
 ' § Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons  
 ' A sempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,  
 ' A reclusive life in Rome enjoining him to lead.  
 ' The king resigning all, his son young Edwal left  
 ' With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince  
   ' should be bereft  
 ' Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his uncon-  
   ' quer'd fleet;  
 ' And as the generals then, for such an army meet,  
 ' His nephew Ivor chose, and Hiner for his phee;  
 ' Two most undaunted spirits. These valiant Bri-  
   ' tons were  
 ' The first who (b) West-sex won. But by the  
   ' ling'ring war,  
 ' When they those Saxons found t' have succour  
   ' still from far,  
 ' They took them to their friends on Severn's  
   ' setting shore:  
 ' Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to  
   ' restore  
 ' His son young Roderick, whom the Saxon  
   ' pow'rs pursu'd: {du'd,  
 ' But he, who at his home here scorn'd to be sub-

(b) The West saxon's country, comprehending Devon-  
 shire, Somerset, Wiltshire, and their adjacents.

' With Alfred (that on Wales his strong invader  
   ' brought)  
 ' Garthmalack, and Pencoyd (those famous ba-  
   ' tle) fought,  
 ' That North and South-Wales sing, on the Wel-  
   ' Sexians won.  
 ' Scarce this victorious task his bloody'd sword  
   ' had done,  
 ' But at mount (c) Carne met the Marcians, and  
   ' with wounds {bonds,  
 ' Made Ethelbald to feel his trespass on our  
 ' Prevall'd against the Pið, before our force that  
   ' flew;  
 ' And in a valiant fight their king Dalargin slew.  
   ' Nor Conan's courage less, nor less prevail'd in  
   ' ought {fought  
 ' Renown'd Roderick's heir, who with the English  
 ' The Herefordian field; as Ruthland's red with  
   ' gore: {share,  
 ' Who, to transfer the war from this his native  
 ' March'd through the Mercian towns with his  
   ' revengeful blade: {made,  
 ' And on the English there such mighty havoc  
 ' That Offa (when he saw his countries go to wrack)  
 ' From bick'ring with his folk, to keep the Bri-  
   ' tons back,  
 ' Cast up that mighty (d) mound of eighty miles  
   ' in length  
 ' Athwart from sea to sea. Which of the Mer-  
   ' cians strength {bear,  
 ' A witness though it stand, and Offa's name does  
 ' Our courage was the cause why first he cut it  
   ' there:  
 ' As that most dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,  
 ' Where under either's sword so many thousand  
   ' fell {ows;  
 ' With intermix'd blood, that neither knew their  
 ' Nor which went victor thence, unto this day  
   ' known. {slew'd,  
 ' Nor Kettles confli'd then, less martial courage  
 ' Where valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and  
   ' bestow'd {slew'd.  
 ' His nobler British blood on Burthred's retreat  
   ' As Roderick his great son, his father following  
   ' right, {have;  
 ' Bare not the Saxons scorn, his Britons to out-  
 ' At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;  
 ' Twice driving out the Dane when he invasion  
   ' brought, {fought  
 ' Whose no less valiant son, again at Coswry  
 ' With Danes and Mercians mixt, and on their  
   ' hateful head  
 ' Down-showy'd their dire revenge whom they  
   ' had murdered.  
 ' And, were't not that of us the English would  
   ' report  
 ' (Abusing of our tongue in most malicious sort  
 ' As oftentimes they do) that more than any, we  
 ' The Welsh, as they us term) love glorify'd to be,  
 ' Here could I else recount the slaughter'd Saxon  
   ' gore,

(c) A hill near Abercerveny in Monmouth.  
 (d) Offa's Ditch.



' Our swords at Crowsford spilt on Severn's wan-  
   ' d'ring shore; [son  
 And Griffith here produce, Lewellin's valiant  
 (May we believe our Bards) who five pitch'd  
   ' battles won,  
 And to revenge the wrongs the envious English  
   ' wrought,  
 His well-train'd martial troops into the marches  
   ' brought  
 As far as Wor'ster walls: nor thence did he retire,  
 Till Powle lay well-near spent in our revengeful  
   ' fire; [ous soils,  
 As Hereford laid waste: and from their plente-  
 Brought back with him to Wales his prisoners  
   ' and his spoils.  
 ' Thus as we valiant were, when valour might  
   ' us feed:  
 With those so much that dar'd, we had them  
   ' that decreed. [were  
 For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever  
 More excellent than those which our good  
   ' Howel here  
 ' Ordain'd to govern Wales? which still with  
   ' us remain.  
 ' And when all-powerful fate had brought to  
   ' pass again,  
 ' That as the Saxons erst did from the Britons win;  
 ' Upon them so (at last) the Normans coming in,  
 ' Took from those tyrants here, what treach'rouf-  
   ' ly they got,  
 ' (To the perfidious French which th' angry hea-  
   ' vens allot)  
 ' Ne'er could that conqueror's sword (which  
   ' roughly did decide [pride)  
 ' His right in England here, and prostrated her  
 ' Us to subjection stoop, or makes us Britains bear  
 ' Th'unwieldy Norman yoke: nor basely could we  
   ' fear  
 ' His conquest, ent'ring Wales; but (with stout  
   ' courage) ours  
 ' Defy'd him to his face, with all his English pow'rs.  
 ' And when in his revenge, proud Rufus hither  
   ' came,  
 ' With vows us to subvert; with slaughter and  
   ' with shame,  
 ' O'er Severn him we sent, to gather stronger aid.  
   ' So, when to England's power, Albania hers  
   ' had lay'd, [wit  
 ' By Henry Beauclerk brought (for all his dev'lish  
 ' By which he taught the wreath) he not prevail'd  
   ' a whit:  
 ' And through our rugged straits when he so  
   ' rudely prest,  
 ' Had not his proved mail fate surely to his breast,  
 ' A skilful British hand his life had him bereft,  
 ' As his stern brother's heart, by Tirril's hand was  
   ' cleft.  
 ' And let the English thus, which vilify our  
   ' name, [shame  
 If it their greatness please, report unto our  
 The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's so deadly  
   ' fight,  
 To Maud the Empress' son, that there he put to  
   ' flight;

' § And from the English power th' imperial en-  
   ' sign took: [shook.  
 ' About his plumed head which valiant Owen  
   ' As when that king again, his fortune to ad-  
   ' vance [from France,  
 ' Above his former foil, procur'd fresh pow'rs  
 ' A surely-level'd shaft if Sent-clear had not seen,  
 ' And in the very loose, not thrust himself between  
 ' His sovereign and the shaft, he our revenge had  
   ' try'd: [dy'd.  
 ' Thus, to preserve the king, the noble subject  
   ' As Madock his brave son, may come the rest  
   ' among;  
 ' Who, like the Godlike race from which his  
   ' grandfires sprung, [strife,  
 ' Whilst here his brother's tir'd in sad domestic  
 ' On their unnatural breasts bent either's mur-  
   ' therous knife; [fame,  
 ' This brave adventurous youth, in hot pursuit of  
 ' With such as his great spirit did with high deeds  
   ' inflame, [ground,  
 ' Put forth his well-rigg'd fleet to seek him foreign  
 ' And sailed west so long, until that world he found  
 ' To christians then unknown (save this adven-  
   ' t'rous crew) [knew;  
 ' Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Vespuceus  
 ' And put the now-nam'd Welsh on India's parch-  
   ' ed face, [race,  
 ' Unto the endless praise of Brute's renowned  
 ' E'er the Iberian powers had touch'd her long-  
   ' sought bay,  
 ' § Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.  
   ' § And with that Croggen's name let th'  
   ' English us disgrace; [place  
 ' When there are to be seen, yet, in that ancient  
 ' From whence that name they fetch, their con-  
   ' quer'd grandfires graves:  
 ' For which each ignorant sot, unjustly us depraves.  
   ' And when that tyrant John had our subver-  
   ' sion vow'd, [bow'd,  
 ' § To his unbridled will, our necks we never  
 ' Not to his mighty son; whose host we did en-  
   ' force [horse.  
 ' (His succours cutting off) to eat their warlike  
   ' Until all-ruling heaven would have us to re-  
   ' sign: [tish line,  
 ' When that brave prince, the last of all the Bri-  
 ' Lewellin, Griffith's son, unluckily was slain,  
 ' § As fate had spur'd our fall till Edward Long-  
   ' shank's reign.  
 ' Yet to the stock of Brute so true we ever were,  
 ' We would permit no prince, unless a native here.  
 ' Which, that most prudent king perceiving,  
   ' wisely thought  
 ' To satisfy our will, and to Caernarvon brought  
 ' His queen being great with child, ev'n ready  
   ' down to ly, [apply.  
 ' Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers  
   ' Through every part of Wales he to the nobles  
   ' sent, [nent,  
 ' That they unto his court should come inconti-  
 ' Of things that much concern'd the country to  
   ' debate:  
 ' But now behold the power of unavoided fate!



' When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,  
 ' At her expected hour the queen brought forth a  
   ' son.  
 ' And to this great design, all happ'ning as he  
   would,  
 ' He (his intended course that clerkly manage  
   ' could).  
 ' Thus quicintly trains us on : since he perceiv'd  
   us prone  
 ' Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,  
 ' Our naturalness therein he greatly did improve ;  
 ' And publicly protests, that for the ancient love  
 ' He ever bare to Wales, they all should plainly  
   ' see,  
 ' That he had found out one, their sovereign lord  
   to be ;  
 ' Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their coun-  
   ' try born)  
 ' Could not one English word : of which he durst  
   ' be sworn. [such,  
 ' Besides, his upright heart, and innocence was  
 ' As that (he was assur'd) black envy could not  
   ' touch [espy  
 ' His spotless life in aught. Poor we (that not  
 ' His subtilty herein) in plain simplicity,  
 ' Soon bound ourselves by oath, his choice not to  
   ' refuse : [chuse,  
 ' When as that crafty king, his little child doth  
 ' Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caer-  
   ' narvon call'd : [is W. [as W. [as W.  
 ' Thus by the English craft, we Britons were  
   inthrall'd.  
 ' Yet in thine own behalf, dear country, dare  
   ' to say,  
 ' Thou long as powerful wer't as England every  
   ' way.  
 ' And if she overmuch should seek thee to imbase,  
 ' Tell her, thou art the nurse of all the British race  
 ' And he that was by heaven appointed to unite  
 ' (After that tedious war) the rose und the white ;  
 ' A Tudor was of thine, and native of thy Mon,  
 ' From whom descends that king now sitting on  
   ' her throne.'

This speech, by Snowdon made, so lucky was  
   to please  
 Both parties, and them both with such content t'  
   appease ;  
 That as before they strove for sovereignty and  
   place,  
 They only now contend, which most should other  
   grace.

Into the Irish sea then all those rills that ran,  
 In Snowdon's praise to speak immediately began ;  
 Lewenny, Lynan next, than Gwelly gave it out,  
 And Kerriog her compeer, soon told it all about :  
 So did their sister nymphs, that into Mena strain ;  
 The flood that doth divide Mon from the Cam-  
   brian main.

It Gorway greatly prais'd, and Seint it loudly sung,  
 So, mighty Snowdon's speech was through Gaer-  
   narvon rung ; [came  
 That scarcely such a noise to Mon from Mena  
 When with his puissant troops for conquest of the  
   same,

On bridges made of boats, the Roman powers he  
   fought,  
 Or Edward to her sack his English armies brought  
 That Mona strangely stirr'd great Snowdon's  
   praise to hear, [dear,  
 Although the stock of Troy to her was ever  
 Yet (from her proper worth) as she before all  
   other  
 §, Was call'd in former times) her country Cam-  
   bria's mother,  
 Persuaded was thereby her praises to pursue,  
 Or by neglect, to lose what to herself was due,  
 A sign to Neptune sent, his boist'rous rage to flake ;  
 Which suddenly becalm'd, thus of herself she spake ;  
 ' What one of all the isles to Cambria doth belong  
 ' (To Britain, I might say, and yet not do her  
   ' wrong)  
 ' Doth equal me in soil, so good for grass and  
   ' grain ?  
 ' As should my Wales (where still Brute's off-  
   ' spring doth remain  
 ' That mighty store of men, yet more of beasts  
   ' doth breed ;  
 ' By famine or by war constrained be to need,  
 ' And England's neighbouring shires their succour  
   ' would deny ;  
 ' My only self her wants could plenteously supply  
   ' What island is there found upon the Irish coast,  
 ' In which that kingdom seems to be delighted most,  
 ' And seek you all along the rough Vergivian  
   ' shore, [roar)  
 ' Where the encountring tides outrageously do  
 ' That bows not at my beck, as they to me did  
   ' owe [show ;  
 ' The duty subjects should unto their sovereign  
 ' § So that th' Eubonian Man, a kingdom long  
   ' time known, [own,  
 ' Which wisely hath been rul'd by princes of her  
 ' In my alliance joys, as in th' Albanian seas  
 ' The (b) Arrans, and by them the scatter'd  
   ' (b) Eubides  
 ' Rejoice even at my names ; and put on mirth-  
   ' ful cheer,  
 ' When of my good estate they by the sea-nymphs  
   ' hear.  
   ' Sometimes within my shades, in many an  
   ' ancient wood,  
 ' Whose often-twined tops great Phoebus' fires  
   ' withstood,  
 ' § The fearless British priests, under an aged oak,  
 ' Taking a milk-white bull, unstrained with the  
   ' yoke,  
 ' And with an ax of gold, from that Jove-sacred  
   ' tree [knee  
 ' The mistleto cut down ; then with a boded  
 ' On th' unhew'd altar laid, put to the hallow'd  
   ' fires :  
 ' And whilst in the sharp flame the trembling  
   ' flesh expires,  
 ' As their strong fury mov'd (when all the rest  
   ' adore)  
 ' Pronouncing their desires the sacrifice before,

(b) isles upon the west of Scotland.



' Up to th' eternal heaven their bloodied hands  
   ' did rear :  
 ' And, whilst the murmuring woods even shud-  
   ' dred as with fear,  
 ' Preacht to the beardless youth the soul's im-  
   ' mortal state ;  
 ' To other bodies still how it should transmigrate,  
 ' That to contempt of death them strongly might  
   ' excite.  
   ' To dwell in my black shades the wood-gods  
   ' did delight,  
 ' Untrodden with resort that long so gloomy were,  
 ' As when the Roman came, it struck him sad  
   ' with fear  
 ' To look upon my face, which then was call'd  
   ' the Dark ;  
 ' Until in after-time, the English for a mark  
 ' Gave me this hateful name, which I must ever  
   ' bear,  
 ' And Anglesey from them am called every where.  
   ' My brooks (to whose sweet brims the Syl-  
   ' vans did resort,  
 ' In gliding through my shades to mighty Nep-  
   ' tune's court,  
 ' Of their huge oaks bereft) to heaven so open ly,  
 ' That now there's not a root discern'd by any eye :  
 ' My Brent, a pretty beck, attending Mena's  
   ' mouth, [south,  
 With those her sister rills that bear upon the

' Guint, forth along with her Lewenny that doth  
   ' draw; [Fraw,  
 ' And next to them again, the fat and moory  
 ' § Which with my prince's court I sometime  
   ' pleas'd to grace,  
 ' As those that to the west directly run their race.  
 ' Smooth Allo in her fall, that Lynon in doth take;  
 ' Mathanon, that aghain doth tow'rds Moylro-  
   ' niad make,  
 ' The sea-calfs to behold that bleach them on  
   ' her shore, [store,  
 ' Which Gweger to her gets, as to increase her  
 ' Then Dulas to the north that straineth, as to see  
 ' The isle that breedeth mice; whose store so  
   ' loathsome be,  
 ' That she in Neptune's brack her bluish head  
   ' doth hide.'

When now the wearied muse her burthen  
   having ply'd,  
 Herself a while betakes to bathe her in the Sound;  
 And quitting in her course the goodly Monian  
   ground,  
 Affays the Penntenniaur, and her clear eyes doth  
   throw  
 On Conway, tow'rds the east, to England back  
   to go :  
 Where finding Denbigh fair, and Flint not out of  
   sight, [right.  
 Cries yet afresh for Wales, and for Brute's ancient

3

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

~ MORE western are you carried into Merioneth,  
 Caernarvon, Anglesey, and those maritime coasts  
 of North-Wales.

*The last her genuine laws which stoutly did retain.*

Under William Rufus, the Norman-English (a-  
 nimated by the good success which Robert Fitz-  
 hamon had first against Rees ap Iddour, prince  
 of South-Wales, and afterward against Jestin, lord  
 of Glamorgan) being very desirous of the Welsh  
 territories; Hugh, (a) surnamed Wolf, Earl of  
 Chester, did homage to the king for Tegengle and  
 Ryvonioc, with all the land by the sea unto Con-  
 way. And thus pretending title, got also posses-  
 sion of Merioneth, from Griffith ap Conan, prince

of North-Wales: but he soon recovered it, and  
 thence left it continued in his posterity, until Lhe-  
 wellin ap Gruffith, under Edward the First, lost  
 it himself, and all his dominion. Whereas other  
 parts (of South and West-Wales especially) had  
 before subjected themselves to the English crown;  
 this through frequency of craggy mountains, ac-  
 cessible with too much difficulty, being the last  
 strong refuge until that period of fatal conquest.

*Of those two noble arms into the land that bear.*

In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan,  
 where these rivers jointly pour themselves into  
 the Irish ocean, are these two arms or creeks of  
 the sea, famous, as he saith, through Guinethia



(that is one of the old titles of this North-Wales) by their names *Tractb Mawr* and *Tractb Bachan*, i. e. as it were, the great haven and the little haven; *Tractb (b)* in British, signifying a tract of land, whereon the sea flows, and the ebb discovers.

*Into that spacious lake where Dee unmixt doth flow.*

That is, Lhin-tigid (otherwise called by the English, Pemelfmere) through which, Dee rising in this part, runs whole and unmixt, neither lake nor river communicating to each other water or fish; as the author anon tells you. In the (c) ancients, is remembered specially the like of the Rhosne running unmixt, and (as it were) over the lake of Geneva; as, for a greater wonder, the most learned Casaubon (d) hath delivered also of Arva, running whole through Rhosne; and divers other such like are in Pliny's collection of nature's most strange effects in waters.

*The multitude of wolves that long this land annoy'd.*

Our excellent Edgar (having first enlarged his name with diligent and religious performance of charitable magnificence among his English, and confirmed the far-spread opinion of his greatness, by receipt of homage at Chester from eight kings; as you shall see in and to the next song) for increase of his benefits towards the isle, joined with preservation of his crown-duties, converted the tribute of the Welsh into three hundred wolves a year, as the author shews; the king that paid it:

*There yet he buld is term-rent, at the vertbe was be-  
bind;*

*For he sende the King word that he mighty ne mo  
vinde.*

As, according to the story my old rhimer delivers it. Whom you are to account for this Ludwal king of Wales in the Welsh history, except Howel ap Jevaf, that made war against his uncle Jago, delivered his father, and took on himself the whole principality towards the later years of Edgar, I know not. But this was not an utter destruction of them; for, since that (e) time, the mannor of Piddlefley in Leicestershire was held by one Henry of Angage, *per serjeantiam capiendi lupos*, as the inquisition delivers it.

*St. Helen's wondrous way.—*

By Festeneog in the confines of Caernarvon and Merioneth is this high-way of note; so called by the British, and supposed made by that Helen, mo-

ther to Constantine (among her other good deeds) of whom to the last song before.

*As level as the lake until the general flood*

So is the opinion of some divines (f), that, until after the flood, were no mountains, but that by congestion of sand, earth, and such stuff as we now see hills strangely fraughted with, in the waters they were first cast up. But in that true secretary of divinity and nature, Selomoh (g) speaking as in the person of Wisdom, you read; *Before the mountains were founded, and before the hills I was formed*; that is, before the world's beginning; and in holy (h) writ elsewhere, *the mountains ascend, and the valleys descend to the place where thou dost found them*; good authorities to justify mountains before the flood. The same question hath been of illen, but I will peremptorily determine neither.

*And with stern Helus' blasts, like Thetis waving  
rank.*

The south-west wind constrained between two hills on both sides of the lake, sometimes so violently fills the river out of the lake's shore, that both have been affirmed (but somewhat against truth) never to be disturbed, or overflow, but upon tempestuous blasts, whereas indeed (as Rhosne delivers) they are overfilled with rain and land-floods, as well as other waters; but most of all moved by that impetuous wind.

*Still Delos like, wherein a wandering isle doth float.*

Of this isle in the water on top of Snowden; and on one side, eels, trouts, and perches, in another lake there, Girald is witness. Let him perform his word; I will not be his surety for it. The author alludes to that state of Delos, which is faired (i) before it was with pillars fastened in the sea for Latona's child-birth.

*That with the term of Welsh the English now in-  
base.*

For this name of Welsh is unknown to the British themselves, and imposed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walsh. i. e. strangers. Others fabulously have talk of Wallo and Wandolena, whence it should be derived. But you shall come nearer truth, if upon the community of name, customs, and original, betwixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them called Walsh, as it were Gualsh (the W. oftentimes being instead of the G.) which expresses them to be Gauls rather than

(b) Girald. Itinerar. 2. cap. 6.

(c) Ammian. Marcel. hist. 15. Pomp. Mel. lib. 2. Plin Hist. Nat. 2. cap. 103.

(d) Ad Strabon, lib. 2.

(e) Itin. Leicest. 27. ann. Hen. 3. in Archiv. Turr. Lond.

(f) Hic post alios refragatur B. Pererius ad Genes. 1. quæst. 101.

(g) Prov. 8.

(h) Ps. 104.

(i) Pindar. ap. Strabon. lib. 10.



although in the Saxon, (which is *(k)*) ob-  
was used for the name of Gauls, Stran-  
Barbarous, perhaps in such kind as in  
in the name of *(l)* Frenchman, hath by  
comprehended all kinds of aliens.

*Britain call'd* ———

ack of this in the passage of the virgins  
beth song. Others affirm, that under  
antine, of our Britons colonies were  
d; and from some of these the name of  
dukedom, to have had its beginning.  
*(s)* also that will justify the British name  
een in that tract long before, and for  
Dionysius *(o)* Afer, and *(p)* Pliny; but  
t, it is not likely that he ever meant that  
but this of ours, as the learned tell  
or Pliny, seeing he reckons his Britons  
the confines of the now France, and  
many, it is as unlikely that betwixt  
ittle Bretagne should be any such ha-  
ou want not authority, affirming that  
s from them *(q)*, before they from ours,  
ion of this national title; but my be-  
it not. The surer opinion is to refer  
into these Britons, which (being expel-  
nd at the entry of the Saxons) got them  
ation in this maritime part, as beside  
ority an express assertion is in an old  
of a French history *(r)*, which you may  
nost worthy Camden's treatise on this  
hither (for a learned declaration of it)

*ned was in dreams that of the Britons*  
*n.*

ader driven to forsake this land, espe-  
caison of plague and famine tyrannizing  
subjects, joined with continual irrup-  
he English, retired himself into little  
to his cousin Alan, there king: where  
he was admonisht by an angel (I justi-  
y the story) that a period of the British  
s now come, and until time of Merlin's  
given to king Arthur, his country or  
ould have no restitution; and farther,  
ould take his journey to Rome, where,  
itory, he might receive an eternal king-  
n, upon report of this vision, compares  
Eagk's prophecies, the Sibyl's verses,  
n; nor found he but all were concord-

ing in prædiction of this ceasing of the British mo-  
narchy. Through his advice therefore, and a  
prepared affection, Cadwallader takes voyage to  
Rome, received of P.P. Sergius, with holy tinc-  
ture, the name of Peter, and within very short  
time there died; his body very lately under Pope  
Gregory the XIII. was found *(s)* buried by S. Pe-  
ter's tomb, where it yet remains; and White of  
Basingstoke says, he had a piece of his raiment of  
a chesnut colour, taken up (with the corpse) un-  
corrupted; which he accounts, as a Romish pupil,  
no slight miracle. It was added among British  
traditions, that, when Cadwallader's *(t)* bones were  
brought into this isle, then should the posterity of  
their princes have restitution: concerning that,  
you have enough to the second song. Observing  
concurrence of time and difference of relation in  
the story of this prince, I know not well how to  
give myself or the reader satisfaction. In Mon-  
mouth, Robert of Glocester, Florilegus, and their  
followers, Cadwallader is made the son of Cád-  
wallo king of the Britons before him, but so, that  
he descended also from English-saxon blood; his  
mother being daughter to Penda king of Merck-  
land. Our monks call him king of West-saxons,  
successor of Kentwine; and son to Kenbrith.  
And where ~~Caradoc~~ Lhaucarvan tells you of wars  
betwixt Ine or Ivor (successor to Cadwallader)  
and Kentwine, ~~to appear~~ in our chronographers  
that Kentwine ~~must be~~ dead above three years  
before. But ~~how~~ ~~these~~ these things might be re-  
concilable, I think clearly that *(u)* Cadwallader  
in the British, and Cedwella king of West-saxons  
in Bede, Malmesbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and  
other stories of the English, are not the same, (as  
Geffrey, and, out of Girald, Randal of Chester,  
and others since erroneously have affirmed. But  
strongly you may hold, that Cadwallo or Caswal-  
lo, living about the year DC.XL, slain by Of-  
wald king of Northumberland, was the same with  
Bede's first Cedwalla, whom he calls king of Bri-  
tons, and that by misconceit of his two Cedwals  
(the other being, almost fifty years after, king of  
West-saxons) and by communicating of each other's  
attributes upon indistinct names, without obser-  
vation of their several times, these discordant re-  
lations of them, which in story are too palpable,  
had their first being. But to satisfy you in pre-  
sent, I keep myself to the course of our ordinary  
stories, by reason of difficulty in finding an exact  
truth in all. Touching his going to Rome, thus:  
some will that he was Christian before, and re-  
ceived of Sergius only confirmation; others, that

hanan. Scotie. Hist. 2.

2. lib 3. tract. 2. cap. 15. Leg. Gul.  
& D. Coke in Cas. Calvin

lmesh. de gest. reg. 1.

Merul. Cosmog. part. 2. l. 3. c. 31.

rustath. ad eundem.

l. Nat. lib. 4. cap. 17. quem super Li-  
tamos hos sitos dixisse, miror P. Meru-  
onstantèr affirmasse,

*(q)* Bed. lib. 1. cap. 3. quem secutus P. Merula.

*(r)* Ex Ms. Cœnob. Floriac. edit. per P. Pi-  
thæum.

*(s)* Anton. Major. ap. Basingstoch. lib. 9.  
not. 32.

*(t)* Ranulph. Higden. lib. 5. cap. 20.

*(u)* Cedwalla Rex Britonum. Bed. Hist. Eccles.  
3. cap. 1. Cæterum v. Nennium ap. Camd. in Ot-  
tadinis pag. 664 & 665. & Bed. lib. 5. cap. 7.



he had there his first baptism, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one king Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new-imposed name and burial there: for his baptism before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him indeed a well-willer to Christianity, but as one that had not yet received its holy testimony. The very phrase in most of our historians is plain that he was baptized; and so also his epitaph then made at Rome, in part here inserted.

(x) *Percipiēsq̄ alacer reditūe pramiū vitæ,  
Barbaricam rabiem, nomen & inde sumum,  
Conversus convertit evans, Patrūque vocari,  
Sergius antistes, jussit ut ipse pater  
Fons renascentis quem Christi gratia purgans  
Protinus ablatum vexit in arce Poli,*

This shows also his short life afterward, and agrees fully with the English story. His honourable affection to religion, before his cleansing mark of regeneration, is seen in that kind respect given by him to Wilfrid first bishop of Selesey in Suffex; where the Episcopal see of Chichester (hither was it translated from Selesey, under William the conqueror) acknowledges in public monuments, rather him founder than Edilwalch the first Christian king of that province, from whom Cedwalla violently took both life and kingdom: nor doth it less appear, in that his paying tenths of such spoils, as by war's fortune accrued to his greatness: which notwithstanding, although done by one then not received into the church of either testament, is not without many examples among the ancient Gentiles, who therein imitating the Hebrews, tithed much of their possessions, and acquired substance to such deities as unhallowed religion taught them to adore; which, whether they did upon mystery in the number, or therein as paying first fruits (for the word *בְּרִיחַ* which was for Abel's offerings, *טִקְשָׁר* and for Melchisedech's tithes, according to that less (y) calculation in Cabalistic concordance of identities in different words, are of equal number, and by consequent of like interpretation) I leave to my reader. Speaking of this, I cannot but wonder at that very wonder of learning (z) Joseph Scaliger, affirming tithes among those ancients only payable to Hercules; whereas by express witness of an (a) old

inscription at Delphos, and the common Camillus, it is justified, that both Greeks and Romans did the like to Apollo, and no less them and others together, was to Mars (ter(c)), Juno(d), and the number of Gods rural, to whom the Athenians dedicated (e) part of Lesbos. He which the author the British, calls here Ivor, is affirmed to be with the king of West-sax in our monkish tales, although there be scarce any congruity twixt them in his descent. What follows historical and continued succession of their

*More excellent than those which our poets here.*

For Howel Dha, first prince of South-wales, after upon death of his cousin Edw of North-wales also, by mature advice of council of barons and bishops, made diversal constitutions. By these, Wales (ward I.) was ruled. So some say; but it is, that before Edward I. conquered Wales as it seems, from XXVIII. but especially of Hen. III. his empire enlarged among the English king's writ did run there. For w. I. sent commission to (f) Reginald of Gretnas bishop of S. Dewy's, and Walter of I. to inquire of their customs, and by what laws were ruled, divers cases were upon oath returned which by, and according to, the king's laws were between lords or the princes then had been determined; if between tenants, the lord's seizing it into his hands, until decision of the title in his court; but also that not decided by the laws of Howel Dha. Of the Lhuyd's annotations to the Welsh chronicle have some particulars, and in the roll which aided me. Touching those other of Merch and Martia, somewhat to the ninth song.

*Us to subjection stoop, or make us Britons bear  
Th' unwieldy Norman yoke——*

Snowdon properly speaks all for the good of his country, and follows suppositions of the story, discording herein with ours. For the new Paris, and Florilegus under the reign of Hen. I. c. 11. I read that the Conqueror took Wales, and took homage and hostages of the princes; so of Hen. I. c. 11. Hen. II. in c. 11.

(x) Bed. eccles. hist. lib. 5, c. 7. Englished in substance, if you say, *He was baptized and soon died, Anno Christi DC.LXXX.VIII* Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the West-Saxon Cedwal, and not the British. See to the XI song.

(y) Ratio Cabalistica Minor secundum quantum est Centenario quolibet & Denario unitatem accipiunt, reliquos numeros in utroque vocabulo retinentes uti Archangel. Burgonovens. in Dog. Cabalisticis.

(z) Ad Festum. verb. Decuma.

(a) Clemens Alexand. Strom. 2. & Strom. in Aegypt. tantundem; præter alios plurimos.

(b) Lucian. apud Oxygon. & Varro ap. 1. 3. cap. 1.

(c) Herodot. 2.

(d) Samij apud Herodot. 2.

(e) Thucyd. hist. 7.

(f) Rot. Claus. de ann. 9. Ed. 1. in Archæologia Londin.



and other times : Of this Hen. II. hath been understood that prophecy of Merlin. *When the free-ble fac's Prince (so was the King) passes over (g) Khyd Pencarn, then should the Welsh forces be weakened.* For he in this expedition against Rees ap Gryffith into South-Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his steed maddened with sudden sound of trumpets, on the bank, violently, out of the purposed way, carries him through the ford : which compared with that of Merlin, gave to the British army no small discomfiture ; as a (b) Cambro-Briton, then living, hath delivered. But, that their stories and ours are so different in these things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is used among (i) historians, to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies. See the first note here for Rufus his time.

*And from the English power the imperial standard took.*

Henry of Essex, at this time standard-bearer to Henry II. in a straight at Counsylth near Flint, cast down the standard, thereby animating the Welsh, and discomfiting the English, adding much danger to the dishonour. He was afterward accused by Robert of Montfort, of a traiterous design in the action. To clear himself, he challenges the combat : they both, with the royal assent and judicial course by law of arms, enter the lists ; where Montfort had the victory, and Essex pardoned for his life ; but forfeiting (k) all his substance, entered religion, and profest in the abbey of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great (l) clerk of those times says, that Montfort spent a whole night of devotions to St. Denis (so I understand him, although his copy seems corrupted) which could make champions invincible ; whereto he refers the success. That it was usual for combatants to pray over night to several saints, is plain by (m) our law-annals.

*Or any ear had heard the found of Florida.*

About the year cix.c. lxx. Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this sea voyage ; and by probability those names of Capo de Breton in Norumbeg, and Pengwin in part of the Northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the British, were reliques of this discovery. So that the Welsh may challenge priority, of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the rest of that kind.

*And with that Crogen's name let the English us disgrace.*

The first cause of this name, take thus : In one of Henry the Second's expeditions into Wales, divers of his camp sent to assay a passage over Of-fa's-dike, at Crogen castle, were entertained with prevention by British forces, most of them there slain, and, to present view, yet lying buried. Afterward, this (n) word Crogen, the English used to the Welsh, but as remembering cause of revenge for such a slaughter, although time hath made it usual in ignorant mouths for a disgraceful attribute.

*To his unbridled will our necks we never bow'd.*

Sufficiently justifiable in this of king John, although our monks therein not much discording from British relation, deliver, that he subdued all Wales ; especially this northern (o) part unto Snowdon, and received twenty hostages for surety of future obedience. For, at first, Lhwelin ap Jorwerth Prince of North-wales, had by force joined with stratagem the better hand, and compelled the English camp to victual themselves with horse flesh ; but afterward indeed upon a second road made into Wales, king John had the conquest. This compared with those changes ensuing upon the Pope's wrongful uncrowning him, his barons rebellion, and advantages in the mean time taken by the Welsh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragique stage. The stories may, but it fits not me to inform you of large particulars.

*As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.*

But withal observe the truth of story in the mean time. Of all our kings unto John, somewhat you have already. After him, Henry III. had wars with Lhwelin ap Jorwerth ; who (a most worthy prince) desiring to bless his feeble days with such composed quiet as inclining age affects, at last put himself into the king's protection. Within short space dying, left all to his sons, David and Gruffith ; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter (p) submits himself and his principality to the English crown, acknowledges that he would stand to the judgment of the king's court, in controversies betwixt his brother and himself, and that what portions soever were so allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief ; and briefly, makes himself and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and sub-

(g) The ford at the Rock's head.

(b) Gerald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 6.

(i) De quo, si placet, videas compendiosè apud Alberic. Gentil. de Arm. Rom. 1. cap. 1.

(k) Guil. de Novo Burgo lib. 2. c. 5.

(l) Joann. Sarisburiens. Ep. 139.

(m) 30 Ed. 3 fol. 20.

(n) Gutyn Owen in Lhwelin ap Jorwerth.

(o) Note that North-wales was the chief principality, and to it South-wales and Powis paid a tribute, as out of the laws of Howel Dha is noted by Doctor Powel.

(p) Charta Davidis 25. Hen. 2. Senen wife to Griffith then imprisoned, was with others a pledge for her husband's part.



jects of England. (g) All this was confirmed by oath, but the oath through favour, purchased at Rome, and delegate authority in that kind to the abbots of Cowey and Remer, was (according to persuasion of those times, the more easily induced, because gain of regal liberty was the consequent soon released, and in lieu of obedience, they all drew their rebellious swords; whereto they were the sooner urged, for that the king had transferred the principality of Wales (by name of *una cum Conquestu nostro Wallie*) to Prince Edward Longshanks (afterward Edward I. since when our sovereigns eldest sons have borne that hopeful title. But when this Edward, after his father, succeeded in the English crown, soon came that fatal (r) conversion here spoken of by the author, even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the isle was ruled by; that is, Lhewelin ap Gruffith, who (after uncertain fortune of war, on both sides, and revolting of South Wales) was constrained to enter a truce (or rather subjection) resigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the crown after his death, and reserving, for his life only, the isle of Anglesey and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer should receive a yearly rent of c.10. merks, granting also that all the baronies in Wales should be held of the king, excepting those five reserved, with divers other particulars in Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, and Humphrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this instrument were not long observed, but at length the death of Lhewelin, spending his last breath for maintenance of his ancestors rights against his own covenant, freely cast upon king Edward all that, whereof he was as it were instituted there. What ensued, and how Wales was governed afterward, and subject to England, stories and the statute of (s) Ruthlan will largely shew you; and see what I have to the VII. song. In all that follows concerning Edward of Caernarvon, the author is plain enough. And concluding, observe this proper personating of Snowdon hill, whose limits and adjacent territories are best witnesses, both of the English assaults, and pacifying covenants between both princes.

*Was called in former times her country Cambria's mother.*

In the Welsh proverb (t) *Mon mam Tymbr*, in such sense as Sicily was stiled Italy's (u) storehouse, by reason of fertile ground, and plenteous liberality of corn thence yearly supplied. And (v) Girald tells us, that this little isle was wont to be able to furnish all Wales with such provision, as Snowdon hills were for pasture. Of its antiquities and particulars, with plain confutation of that idle

opinion in Polydore, Hector Boethius, and others, taking the (now called) Isle of Man for this Mon (now Anglesea) learned Lhuyd in his Epistle to Ortelius hath sufficient. Although it be divided as an isle (but rather by a shallow ford, than a sea: and in the Roman times, we see by Tacitus, that Paulinus and Agricola's soldiers swam over it) yet is it, and of ancient time hath been, a country by itself, as Caernarvon, Denbigh, and the rest neighbouring.

*That the Eubonian Man, a kingdom long time known.*

It is an isle lying betwixt Cumberland and the Irish Down county, almost in the mid-sea, as long since Julius Cæsar could affirm, calling it (w) Mona, which being equivalent, as well for this as for Anglesea, hath with imposture blinded some knowing men. Nennius (the eldest historian amongst us extant) gives it the name of Eubonia-Manay, like that here used by the author. It was of ancient time governed by kings of its own, as you may see in the chronicle of R. III. deduced from the time of St. Edward into the reign of Edward the second. After this, the government of the English and Scots were now and then interchanged in it, being at last recovered, and with continuance, ruled by such as the favour of our sovereigns (to whose crown (x) it belonged) honoured with that title King of Man. It is at this day, and since the time of Henry IV. hath (y) been in that noble family of the Stanleys earls of Derby; as also is the patronage of the bishoprick of Sodor, whereto is all judicial government of the isle referred. There was long since a controversy, whether it belonged to Ireland or England (for you may see in the civil (z) law, with which, in that kind, ours somewhat agrees, that all lesser isles are reckoned part of some adjoining continent, if both under the same empire) and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it, they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and, finding that it did (a), adjudged it to our Britain. The other isles here spoken of, lie farther north by Scotland, and are to it subject.

*The fearless British priests under an aged oak.*

He means the Druids; because they are indeed, as he calls them, British priests, and that this island was of old their mother: whence, as from a seminary, Gaul was furnished with their learning. Permit me some space more largely to satisfy you in their name, profession, sacrifice, places of ad-

(g) In Archiv. Scaccar. & Polydor. hist. Angl. 16.

(r) Ann. c.10. cc. lxx.vii.

(s) 12 Ed. I.

(t) Mon the mother of Wales.

(u) Girald. Itinera. 2. c. 7. & 8.

(v) Strab. l. 5.

(w) Comment. 5.

(x) Walsingh. in Ed. II.

(y) Camden. in Insulis.

(z) Ulpian ff. de Judiciis l. 9. & verb. fig. l. 99.

(a) Topograph. Aibern. dist. 2. cap. 15.



and lastly, Subversion. The name of it has been drawn from *Δρῦς*, i. e. an Oak, their continual (*b*) using that tree as a holy hallowed: according as they are *Ξανθίδας* or (*c*) *Ξανθίδας*, which like-tree, is old oaks. To this compare word *Derw* of the same signification, original here sought for, will seem surely at one, (*d*) that derives all from Dutch, and justly supposes that the first tongue makes them so stiled from *Tram wit*, i. e. so expressing their nature in their name is this without good reason of consequence (the ground were true) seeing that in proportion among the Jews and were called (until Pythagoras his time) (*e*), and afterward by him turned into philosophers, i. e. Lovers of wisdom; as the old Dutch was, as some learned communicated to Gaul, and from thence conjecture being somewhat aided in the which they have in Pomponius (*f*), in Masters of wisdom. A late great draws it from *Trutin*, in an old Dutch gospel, signifying, as he says, God; but he given them by hyperboly of super-reverence: nay, we see that it is justly holy writ, so to call great magistrates, as they were among the people. But *Trutin* or *Trubin* in the old angelical Zachary's song, and Simeon's, publican, is always *Lord*; as this *Diwibit* of *Isaiah*, i. e. Blessed be the Lord God and so in the Saxon ten commandments *Ich eom Dr bten sin God*, i. e. I am the God. These are the etymologies which by my judgment. To speak of king Druids which that (*i*) Dominican friar hath vulgar credulity withal, and thence fetch, according to Dr. White of Basingstoke, with him to suffer, and, at once, offer. Of them all, I incline to the first, meet in both tongues, the Greek and and somewhat the rather too, because it did crown their infernal deities, (and if you trust Cæsar, the Gauls, and by the our Britons, upon tradition of these with their descent) with oak; as (*k*) Sophocles of Hecate, and (*l*) Catullus of the poetica. Neither will I desire you to

spend conceit upon examination of that supposition which makes the name (*m*) corrupted from *Durcergliis*, which in Scottish were such as had a holy charge committed to them; whereupon, perhaps, Bale says St. Columban was the chief of the Druids: I reckon that among the infinite fables and gross absurdities, which its author hath, without judgment, stuffed himself withal. For their profession, it was both of learning profane and holy (I speak in all, applying my words to their times :) They sat as judges, and determined all causes emergent, civil and criminal, subjecting the disobedient, and such as made default, to interdicts and censures, prohibiting them from sacred assemblies, taking away their capacities in honourable offices, and so disabling them, that (*n*) our now outlaws, excommunicates, and attainted persons) they might not commence suit against any man. In a multitude of verses they delivered what they taught, not suffering it to be committed to writing, so imitating both Cabalists, Pythagoreans, and ancient (*n*) Christians; but used in other public and private business Greek letters, as Cæsar's copies have: but hereof see more to the tenth song. Their more private and sacred learning consisted in Divinity and Philosophy (see somewhat of that to the first Song), which was such, that although I think you may truly say with Origen (*o*), that, before our Saviour's time, Britain acknowledged not one true God, yet it came as near to what they should have done, or rather nearer, than most of other, either Greek or Roman, as by their positions in Cæsar, Strabo, Lucan, and the like discoursing of them, you may be satisfied. For although Apollo, Mars, and Mercury were worshipped among the vulgar Gauls, yet it appears that the Druids invocation was to one (*p*) All-healing or All saving power. In morality, their instructions were so persuasive, and themselves of such reverence, that the most fiery rage of Mars kindled among the people, was by their grave counsels (*q*) often quenched. Out of Pliny receive their form of ritual sacrifice (here described by the author) thus: In such gloomy shadows, as they most usually for contemplation retired their ascending thoughts into, after exact search, finding an oak, whereon a mistletoe grew, on the sixth day of the moon (above all other times) in which was beginning of their year, they religiously and with invocation

hist. nat. 16. cap. 44.

Sicul. de Antiquor. gestis fab. 5.

pius Gallic. 5.

חכמים (e)

ant Sapiens Capnio de Art. Cabalisticod Hebræis in usu ut *δωρὸς ἰσὺν* Pythagoræ: Druidum discipulis refragari sententiam, fas erat.

ograph. 3. cap. 2.

. Merula Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 11. et ad Leg. Aluredi Saxonie.

us (ille Annianus subditivus) Chaluit. 5.

(k) In *Πίζορμ* apud Scholiast. Apollonij, uti primum didici a Jos. Scaligero in Conjectaneis.

(l) De nuptiis Pelei & Thetidos. — § Hic Corpus tremulum, &c. ubi vulgatis deest ista, quæ antiquorum codicum fide est vera lectio, uti Scaliger.

(m) Hector. Boeth. Scot. hist. 2.

(n) Cæl. Rhodigin. Antiq. lect. 10. c. 2.

(o) Ad Izech. 4.

(p) Plin. Hist. Nat. 16. cap. 44.

(q) Strab. Geograph. 2.



brought with them to it a ceremonial banquet, materials for sacrifice, with two white bulls, filleted on the horns, all which they placed under the oak. One of them, honoured with that function, clothed all in white, climbs the tree, and with a golden knife or scythe cuts the mistletoe, which they solemnly wrapt in one of their white garments. Then did they sacrifice the bulls, earnestly calling on the (r) All-healing deity, to make it prosperous and happy on whomsoever they shall bestow it, and accounted it both preservative against all poisons, and a remedy against barrenness. If I should imagine by this All-healing deity, to be meant Apollo, whom they worshipped under name of Belin (as I tell you to the eighth Song) my conjecture were every way receivable; seeing that Apollo (s) had both among Greeks and Latins the divine titles of (t) Ἀλκιμαῖος Ἀἰμῖος, Medicus, and to him the invocation was (u) Ἰὼ Πανάη, all concurring in the same proof; but also if they had (as probability is enough to conjecture it) an altar inscribed for this devotion and used Greek letters (which to the next Song shall be somewhat examined) I could well think the dedication thus conceived.

(w) ΒΕΛΙΖΩ. ΤΩ. ΠΑΝΑΚΕΙ.

OR,

(x) ΒΕΛΙΝΩ. ΘΕΩ.

Which, very probably, was meant by some, making in Latin termination, and nearer Apollo's name

(y) DEO ABELLIONI.

As, an inscription in Gaul, to abiding memory committed by that most noble Joseph (z) Scaliger is read; and perhaps some relics or allusion to this name is in that

DEO SANCTO BELATUCADRO—

yet remaining in (a) Cumberland. Nor is it strange that Apollo's name should be thus far of ancient time, before communication of religion betwixt these northern parts and the learned

Gentiles, seeing that Cæsar affirms him for one of their deities; and long before that, Abaris, (about the beginning of the (b) Olympiads) an Hyperborean is recorded for (c) Apollo's priest among the utmost Scythians, being farther from Hellenism than our British. But I return to the mistle: Hereto hath some referred (d) that which the Sibyl counselled Æneas to carry with him to Proserpine;

(e) ——— *latet arbore opacâ*

*Aureus & foliis & lento vimine ramus*

*Junoni infernae dictus sacer: hunc tegit omnis*

*Lucus, & obscuris claudunt convallibus umbra.*

Which may as well so be applied, as to (f) chemistry; seeing it agrees also with what I spake before of *Dis*, and that Virgil expressly compares it to the mistle,

(g) ——— *quod non sua seminat arbor.*

for it springs out of some particular nature of the oaken stem, whereupon it is called by an old poet (b) ἄρυν ἄρυν: and although it be not ordinarily found upon oaks, yet, that oftentimes it is, any apothecary can tell, which preserveth it for medicine, as the ancients used to make lime of it to catch birds: of which (i) Argentarius hath an admonitory epigram to a black-bird, that she should not sing upon the oak, because that

(l) ——— *in 'Οξύτρον φέου τὸν ἀνέρον 'Ἰβή,*

but on the vine, dedicated to Bacchus, a great favourite of singers. Upon this Druidian custom (m), some have grounded that unto this day used in France, where the younger country fellows, about new-year's tide in every village give the wish of good fortune at the inhabitants doors, with this acclamation, (n) *Au guy l'an neuf*; which, as I remember, in Rabelais is read all one word, for the same purpose. Whether this had any community with the institution of that (o) temple 'Ἰεστερίας τύχης in Antium, or that Ovid alluded to it in that verse, commonly cited out of him,

(r) Omnia Sanantem.

(s) Macrobius Saturnalis. cap. 17.

(t) All three words as much as Physician.

(u) Heal Apollo.

(w) To All-healing Apollo: & Salutaris Apollo in Numenius. ap. Goltzius, in Thes.

(x) To God Belin.

(y) To God Abellio.

(z) Aufoniar. lect. 1. c. 9.

(a) Camd. ibid.

(b) Hippostratus. ap. Suid. in Abar.

(c) Malchus vit. Pythag.

(d) Virgil Æneid. 6. Petr. Crinit. Hist. Poet. 6. cap. 10.

(e) She directs him to seek a golden branch in the dark woods, consecrate to Proserpine.

(f) Bracesch in ligno vitæ.

(g) Which grows of itself.

(b) Sweat of the oak, Ion. apud Athenæum Dipnosoph. 10.

(i) Antholog. x. cap. 5.

(l) Bred Lime to catch her.

(m) Jo. Gorop. Gallic. 5. & alij.

(n) To the Mistle, this new year.

(o) Flutarch. Probl. Rom. 2. Cælius Rhodig. Antiq. lect. 18. cap. 14.



(p) *As (some read ad) viscum Druidæ, viscum clamare solebant;*

I cannot assure you, yet it is enough likely. But I see a custom in some parts among us, in our language (nor is the digression too faulty, the same in effect; I mean the yearly *was-baile* in the country on the vigil of the new year, which had its beginning, as some (r) say, from that of Ronix (daughter to Hengist) her drinking to Vortigern, by these words (s) *Leerd king was-bail*, he answering her by direction of an interpreter, *Drinr-beile*, (t) and then,

*Kasse hire and fitte hire adouns and glad dronk hire beil,*

*And that was the in this land the verst was-bail*

*As in langage of Saroyne that me might ever iwite,*

*And so wel be paitb the folc about, that he is not yet veryute.*

Afterward it appears that *was-baile* and *Drinr-beil* were the usual phrases of quaffing among the English, as we see in (u) Thomas de la More, and before him that old (x) Havillan, thus:

*Ecce vagante cifo dissono gutture waff-heil*

*legimant waff-heil* —————

But I rather conjecture it an usual ceremony among the Saxons before Hengist, as a note of health-wishing (and so perhaps you might make it *wiff-beil*) which was exprest among other nations in that form of drinking to the health of their mistresses and friends,

*Benè (x) vas, benè nos, benè te, benè me, benè nostram etiam*

*Stephanium*

in (y) Plautus, and infinite other testimonies of that nature (in him Martial, Ovid, Horace, and such more) agreeing nearly with the fashion now used; we calling it a health, as (z) they did also in direct terms; which with an idol called *Heil*, anciently worshipped at Cerne in (z) Dorsetshire, by the English Saxons, in name expresses both the

ceremony of drinking, and the new year's acclamation (whereto in some parts of this kingdom is joined also the solemnity of drinking out of a (a) cup, ritually composed, decked, and filled with country liquor) just as much and as the same which that All-healing deity, or All-helping medicine did among the Druids. You may to all this add, that, as an earnest of good luck to follow the new year beginning, it was (b) usual among the Romans, as with thus, and I think, in all Europe, at this day is, to greet each other with auspicious gifts. But hereof you say, I unfitly expatiate: I omit therefore, their sacrificing of human bodies, and such like, and come to the places of their assembly: This was about Chartres in Gaul, as Cæsar tells us; Paul Merula (for affinity of name) imagines it to be Dreux, some eight miles on this side Chartres. And peradventure the Galatians public council called (c) Drymenetum had hence original. The British Druids took this isle of Anglesey (then well stored with thick woods, and religious groves, insomuch that it was called (d) *Inis-Dowil*) for their chief residence; as in the Roman (e) story of Paulinus and Agricola's adventuring on it, is delivered. For their subversion; under Augustus and Tiberius they were prohibited (f) Rome; and Claudius endeavoured it in (g) Gaul; yet in the succeeding Emperors times there were of them left, as appears in Lampridius and Vopiscus, mentioning them in their lives; and, long since that, Procopius (h) writing under Justinian above D. years after Christ, affirms that then the Gauls used sacrifices of human flesh, which was a part of Druidian doctrine. If I should upon testimony (i) of, I know not what, Veremund Campbell and the Irish Cornhill tell you that some C.LX. years before Christ, Finnan King of Scotland first gave them the isle, or that King Crathlint, in Dioclesian's persecution, turned their religion into Christianity, and made Amphibalus first bishop of Sodor, I should fabulously abuse time, as they have ignorantly mistook that isle of Man for this. Or to speak of the supposed *Druttenfuss*, i. e. a pentagonal figure, engraven with TT or Tγία, (it is the same, in fashion, with the victorious seal of Antiochus Soter (k), being admonished by Alexander in a dream, to take it) which in Ger-

(p) As if you should say of Mistle Fortune, To the Mistle, the Druids used to cry.

(r) Galfred Monumeth l. 3. cap. 1.

(s) Lord King a health.

(t) Drink the health.

(u) Rob. Glouc.

(x) Vita Edw. II.

(w) In Archit. lib. 2.

(z) Subintellige *Ζηλαί*, aut quid simile.

(y) In Sticho.

(z) Propino tibi salutem plenis faucib. Plautus eadem comœdia.

(z) Camdenus. The Waff-hail-boll.

(b) Ovid. Fast. 1. Fest. in Strena.

(c) Strab. Geogr. 43.

(d) The dark Isle Brit.

(e) Tacit. An. 14. & Vit. Agricola.

(f) Suet. l. 5. cap. 24. & Plin. Hist. Nat. 36. c. 1.

(g) Senec. in Apocoloc. & Sueton. ubi supra.

(h) De bell. Gothic 6.

(i) Hector. Boet. Scotor. Hist. 2. and 6.

(k) Lucian. ὁ τῆς αἰνῆς ἐν τῇ περὶ σατυροποιῶν ἀνάλυσιν. Alii. Et habetur apud Agrippam in 3. de Oculta Philosoph. cap. 31. atque ex Antiochi nummis apud J. Rouchlir. in 3. de arte Cabalistica.



many they reckon for a preservative against Hobgoblins, were but to be indulgent to old wives traditions. Only thus much for a corollary I will note to you; Conrad (*f*) Celtes observes, to be in an abbey at the foot of Vichtelberg-hill, near Voicland, six statues of stone, set in the church-wall, some seven foot, every one tall, bare head and foot, cloakt and hooded, with a bag, a book, a staff, a beard hanging to his middle, and spreading a mustachio, an austere look, and eyes fixt on the earth; which he conjectures to be images of them. Upon mistaking of Strabo, and applying what he saith in general, and brace-

lets and gold chains of the Gault, to the Druids, I once thought that Conrad had been deceived. But I can now upon better advice incline to his judgment.

*Which with my Princes Court I sometimes pleas'd to grace.*

For as in South Wales, Caermardhin, and afterwards Dinewour; in Powis, Shrewsbury, and then Mathraul, so in North Wales was Aberfraw in Anglesey, chief place of the princes (*g*) residence.

(*f*) Tract. de Hercynia Sylva.

(*g*) Præf. in descrip. Wall.

## [A CHRONOLOGY OF THE KINGS AND PRINCES OF WALES,

FROM § ARTHUR, UNTIL THE END OF THE BRITISH BLOOD IN THEM.

*Year of Christ.*

516. Arthur succeeded his father Uther Pendragon: of his death, see to the III. song.
542. Constantine, son to Cadoc Duke of Cornwall (understand Governor, or Lord Lieutenant; for, neither in those times, nor long after, was any such title particularly honorary:) he lies buried at Stonehenge.
545. Aurelius Conan.
578. Vortipor.
581. Malign.
586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverse fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, most of all, made that secession into Wales and Cornwall, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.
- About 600. Cadwan.
- About 630. Cadwalin or Cadwallö: The Britons as in token of his powerful

*Year of Christ.*

- resistance and dominion against the Saxons, put (*m*) him, being dead, into a brazen horse, and set it on the top of the west gate of London; it seems he mean Ludgate.
676. Cadwallader, son to Cadwallö; of him and his name, see before. Nor think I the British and English Chronicles concerning him, reconcileable. In him the chad monarchy and glory of the British failed.
688. Ivor son to Alan, King of Armorique Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) the King of West Saxons in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.
720. Roderique Molwinc son of Edward (*n*) Ywrrch.
755. Conan Tindacthy, son of Roderic.

§ I will not justify the times of this Arthur, nor the rest, before Cadwallader; so discording are our Chronologers: nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath sufficient means to rectify them.

(*m*) This report is, as the British Story tells, hardly justifiable, if examined.

(*n*) The Roo.



*Year of Christ.*

ear 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Efsylht. daughter and heir to Roderique.

843. Roderique Mawr, son to Mervin and Efsylht. Among his sons was the tripartite division of Wales (as to the VII. song) into Powise, North, and South Wales.

877. Anarawd son to Roderique.

913. Edward Voel, son of Anarawd.

940. Howel Dha, cousin german to Edwal, having before the principality of South Wales and Powis. This is he whose laws are so famous, and inquired of in Rot. Claus. Wall. 9. Ed. 1. in the tower.

948. Jevaf and Jago, sons of Edwal Voel.

982. Howel ap Jevaf.

984. Cadwallon ap Jevaf.

986. Meredith ap Owen.

992. Edwal ap Myric.

1003. Aedan ap Blegored.

1015. Lhewelin ap Sitsylht.

1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Meyric.

1037. Gruffyth ap Lhewelin.

1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.

1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.

1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reformed

*Year of Christ.*

the Welsh poets and minstrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to instruct the Welsh, as to the IV. song.

1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.

1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother discovered part of the West Indies.

1194. Lhewelin ap Jorweth ap Owen Gwineth.

1240. David ap Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.

1246. Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the last Prince of Wales of the British blood.

1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhewelin then slain; and since that (Henry III. before gave it also to his son Prince Edward) it hath been in the eldest sons, and heirs apparent of the English crown.

But note, that after the division among Roderique Mawr's sons, the principality was chiefly in North Wales, and the rest as tributary to Prince of that part: and for him as supreme King of Wales, are all these deductions of time and persons, until this last Lhewelin.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE TENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The serious Muse herself applies  
To Merha's ancient prophecies  
At Dinas Emris; where he shew'd  
How fate the Britons rule bestow'd.  
To Conway next she turns her tale,  
And sings her Clwyd's renowned vale;  
Then of Saint Winifrid doth tell,  
And all the wonders of her well;  
Makes Dee, Brute's history pursue:  
At which, she bids her Wales adieu.

A while thus taking breath, our way yet fair in  
view, [pursue.  
The Muse her former course doth seriously  
From (e) Penmen's craggy height to try her fairy  
wings,  
Herself long having bath'd in the delicious springs  
(That trembling from his top through long-worn  
crannies creep,  
To spend their liquid store on the insatiate deep)  
She meets with Conway first, which lyeth next at  
hand : [find,  
Whose precious orient pearl that breedeth in her  
Above the other floods of Britain doth her grace:  
Into the Irish sea which making out her race,

(e) Penmenmaur.

Supply'd by many a mere (through many several  
rills  
Into her bosom pour'd) her plenteously she fills.  
O goodly river! near unto thy sacred spring  
{ Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British king  
The changes long to come, auspiciously he told.  
Most happy were thy nymphs, that wood'ring  
did behold  
His graver wrinkled brow, amazed, and did hear  
The dreadful words he spake, that so ambiguous  
were. {about  
Thrice happy brooks, I say, that (every way  
Thy tributaries be: as is that town, whence  
Into the sea thou fall'st, which Conway of thy  
name  
Perpetually is call'd, to register thy name.



For thou, clear Conway, heard'st wise Merlin  
first relate

The Destinies decree, of Britain's future fate ;  
Which truly he foretold proud Vortiger should  
lose : [depote :

As, when him from his seat the Saxons should  
The forces that should here from (b) Armorick  
arrive, [drive :

Yet far too weak from hence the enemy to  
And to that mighty king, which rashly undertook  
A strong-wall'd tower to rear, those earthly spi-  
rits that shook [shape,

The great foundation still, in dragons horrid  
That dreaming wizard told ; making the moun-  
tain gape

With his most powerful charms, to view those  
caverns deep ;

And from the top of (c) Brith, so high and  
wond'rous steep,

Where Dinas Emris stood, shew'd where the ser-  
pents fought,

The white that tore the red ; from whence the  
Prophet wrought

The Britons sad decay then shortly to ensue.

O ! happy ye, that heard the man who all  
things knew [admir'd

Until the general doom, through all the world  
By whose prophetic saws ye all became inspir'd ;  
As well the forked Neage, that near'st her foun-  
tain springs,

With her beloved Maid Melandidar, that brings  
Her flow, where Conway forth into the sea doth  
slide [slide)

(That to their mistress make from the Denbighian  
As those that from the hills of proud Caernarvon  
fall.

This scarce the muse had said, but Cluyd doth  
quickly call

Her great recourse, to come and guard her while  
she glide [pride

Along the goodly vale (which with her wealthy  
Much beautifies her banks ; so naturally her own,  
That Dyffren Cluyd by her both far and near is  
known, [clos'd

With high embattel'd hills that each way is in-  
But only on the north and to the north dispos'd,  
Fierce Boreas finds access to court the dainty vale :  
Who, whisp'ring in her ear, with many a wanton  
tale,

Allures her to his love (his leman her to make)  
As one that in himself much suff'reth for her sake.

The (d) Orcades, and all those (d) Eubides  
embrac'd [chaste,

In Neptune's aged arms, to Neptune seeming  
Yet prostitute themselves to Boreas ; who neglects  
The Caledonian downs, nor aught at all respects  
The other inland dales, abroad that scatter'd lie,  
Some on the English earth, and some on Albany ;  
But, courting Dyffren Cluyd, her beauty doth  
prefer [her,  
Such dalliance as alone the north-wind hath with

(e) Orithya not enjoy'd, from Thrace when he her  
took,

And in his filly plumes the trembling virgin shook :  
But through the extreme love he to this vale  
doth bear, [fear

Grows jealous at the length, and mightily doth  
Great Neptune, whom he sees to smug his horrid  
face : [grace,

And fearing lest the God should so obtain her  
From the Septentrion cold, in the breem freezing  
air,

Where the bleak north-wind keeps still domineer-  
ing there,

From Shetland stradling wide, his foot on Thuly  
sets : [threats,

Whence storming, all the vast Deucalidon he  
And bears his boisterous waves into the narrower  
mouth [south,

Of the (f) Vervigian sea : where meeting, from the  
Great Neptune's surlier tides, with their robustious  
shocks,

Each other shoulder up against the griesly rocks ;  
As strong men when they meet, contending for  
the path,

But, coming near the coast where Cluyd her  
dwelling hath, [wreak,

The north-wind (calm become) forgets his ire to  
And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak :

' Dear Cluyd, th' abundant sweets that from  
' thy bosom flow,

' When with my active wings Into the air I throw,  
' Those hills whose hoary heads seem in the clouds

' to dwell, [smell

' Of aged become young, enamour'd with the  
' Of th' odoriferous flowers in thy most precious  
' lap : [enwrap,

' Within whose velvet leaves, when I myself  
' They suffocate with scents ; that (from my na-  
' tive kind) [wind.

' I seem some slow perfume, and not the swiftest  
' With joy, my Dryffen Cluyd, I see the bravely  
' spread,

' Surveying every part, from foot up to thy head ;  
' Thy full and youthful breasts, which in their  
' meadowy pride

' Are brancht with rivery veins, meander-like  
' that glide.

' I farther note in thee, more excellent than these  
' (Were there a thing that more the amorous eye  
' might please)

' Thy plump and swelling womb, whose mellowy  
' glebe doth bear [car.

' The yellow ripened sheaf, that bendeth with the  
Whilst in this sort his suit he amorously prefer'd,

Moylvennil near at hand, the north-wind over-  
heard :

And, vexed at the heart, that he a mountain great,  
Which long time in his breast had felt love's  
kind'y heat [caught,

As one whom crystal Cluyd had with her beauty  
Is for that river's sake near of his wits distraught,

(b) Little Britain in France.

(c) P. of Snowden

(d) Lies upon the north-east and west of Scotland.

(e) In the 6th book of Ovid's Metamorphosis.

(f) The tide, out the of and south seas, meeting in  
St. George's channel.



With inly rage to hear that valley so extol'd;  
And yet that brook, whose course so batful makes  
her mould,

And one that lends that vale her most renowned  
Should of her meaner far, be overgone in fame.

Wherefore Moylvennil will'd his Cluyd herself to  
shew:

Who, from her native font, as proudly she doth  
Her hand-maids (g) Manian bath, and (g) Hef-  
pin, her to bring

To Ruthin. Whose fair seat first kindly visiting,  
To lead her thence in state, (g) Lewenny lends  
her source:

That when Moylvennil sees his river's great  
From his intrenched top is pleas'd with her supplies.  
(g) Claweddeck cometh in, and (g) Iftad like-  
wife hies

Unto the queen-like Cluyd, as she to Denbigh  
draws:

And on the other side, from whence the morning  
Down from the Flintian hills comes Wheeler, her  
to bear

To sacred Asaph's see, his hallowed temple;  
Fair Elwy having won her sister Aled's power,  
They entertain their Cluyd near mighty Neptune's  
bower:

Who likewise is sustain'd by Senion, lest that falls,  
And from the virgin's well doth wash old Ruth-  
land's walls.

Moylvennil with her sight that never is suffic'd,  
Now with excessive joy so strongly is surpris'd,  
That thus he proudly spake; ' On the Gwynethian  
ground

' (And look from east to west) what country is  
' there crown'd

' As thou (b) Tegenia art? that, with a vale so rich  
' (Cut thorough with the Cluyd, whose graces me  
' bewitch)

' The fruitful'st of all Wales, so long hast honour'd  
' As also by thy spring, such wonder who dost win,  
' § That naturally remote fix British miles from sea,  
' And rising on the firm, yet in the natural day  
' Twice falling, twice doth fall, in most admired  
' wife.

' When Cynthia from the east unto the south  
' doth rise,

' That mighty Neptune flows, then strangely ebbs  
' thy well:

' And when again he sinks, as strangely she doth  
' § Yet to the sacred fount of Winifred gives place;

' Of all the Cambrian springs of such especial grace,  
' That oft the (i) Devian nymphs, as also those

' that keep  
' [deep,

' Amongst the coral-groves in the Vergivian  
' Have left their wat'ry bowers, their secret safe

' retire,  
' [mire

' To see her whom report so greatly should ad-  
' (Whose waters to this day as perfect are and  
' clear,

' As her delightful eyes in their full beauties  
' [were,

(g) Riverets running into Cluyd out of Denbigh and  
Flintshire.

(b) Part of the Vale called Teg-Eagle, i. e. Fair Eng-  
land.

(i) Of Dee;

' A virgin while she liv'd) chaste Winifred: who  
' chose

' Before her maiden-gem she forcibly would lose,  
' To have her harmless life by the lewd raptor

' spilt: [his guilt,

' For which, still more and more to aggravate  
' The lifeless tears she shed, into a fountain turn-

' And, that for her alone the water should not  
' mourn,

' The pure vermilion blood, that issued from  
' Unto this very day the pearly gravel stains;

' As erst the white and red were mingled in her  
' check.

' And, that one part of her might be the other  
' Her hair was turn'd to moss; whose sweetness

' doth declare, [bare:

' In liveliness of youth the natural sweets she  
' And of her holy life the innocence to shew,

' Whatever living thing into this well you throw,  
' She strongly bears it up, not suff'ring it to sink.

' Besides, the wholesome use in bathing, or in drink,  
' Doth the diseased cure, as thereto she did leave

' Her virtue with her name, that time should not  
' bereave.'

Scarce of this tedious tale Moylvennil made an  
end,

But that the higher (d) Yale, whose being doth  
into the pleasant east, his loftier head advanc'd

This region, as a man that long had been intranc'd  
(Whilst thus himself to please, the mighty moun-  
tains tells

Such (d) fancies of Cluyd, and of his wond'rous  
stood thinking what to do: lest fair Tegenia,

plac'd  
So admirably well, might hold herself disgrac'd

By his so barren site, being mountainous and cold,  
To nothing more unlike than Dyffren's batful

mould;  
And in respect of her, to be accounted rude.

Yale, for he would not be confounded quite by  
Cluyd,

(And for his common want, to coin some poor  
excuse)

Unto his proper praise, discreetly doth produce  
A valley, for a vale, of her peculiar kind;

In goodness, breadth, and length, though Dryffren  
far behind?

On this yet dare he stand, that for the natural  
frame,

§ That figure of the cross, of which it takes the  
is equal with the best which else excel it far:

And by the power of that most sacred character,  
Respect beyond the rest unto herself doth win.

When now the sterner Dee doth instantly begin  
His ampler self to shew that (down the verdant  
dale)

[Yale,  
Strains in his nobler course along the rougher  
T' invite his favouring brooks: where from that

spacious lin  
Through which he comes unmixt, first (m) Alwin  
falleth in:

(d) A place mountainous, and somewhat inaccessible,

(f) Strange things.



And going on along, still gathering up his force,  
Gets (a) Gerrow to his aid, to hasten on his course.  
With (a) Christoneth next, comes (a) Keriog in  
space.

Out of the leaden mines, then with her sullied  
(a) Clawedock casts about where Gwennow she  
may greet,

Till like two loving friends they under Wrexham  
Then (a) Alun makes approach (to Dee most in-  
ly dear)

Taking (a) Tegiddog in; who earnest to be there,  
For haste, twice under earth her crystal head  
doth run :

When instantly again Dee's holiness begun,  
By his contracted front and sterner waves to show,  
That he had things to speak, might profit them  
to know ;

A brook that was suppos'd much business to  
have seen,

Which had an ancient bound 'twixt Wales and  
England been,

And noted was by both to be an ominous flood,  
That changing of his fords, the future ill or good  
Of either country told ; of either's war or peace,  
The sickness, or the health, the dearth, or the  
increase :

And that of all the floods of Britain, he might  
best

His stream in former times to have been honour'd  
When as at Chester once king Edgar held his  
court

( To whom eight lesser kings with homage did  
That mighty Mercian lord, him in his barge be-  
flow'd,

And was by all those kings about the river row'd.  
For which, the hallowed Dee so much upon him  
took,

And now that time was come, that this imperious  
The long-traduced Brute determin'd to awake,  
And in the Britains right thus boldly to them  
spake ;

' O ye, the ancient race of famous Brute that be,  
' And thou, the queen of isles, Great Britain;  
' why do ye

' Your grandfire's God-like name (with a ne-  
' glectful ear)

' In so reproachful terms and ignominy hear,

' By every one of late contemptuously disgrac'd ;

' That he, whom time so long and strongly hath  
' embrac'd,

' Should be rejected quite ? The reason urged  
' why,

' Is by the general foe thus answer'd by and by :

' That Brutus, as you say, by sea who hither  
' came,

' From whom you would suppose this isle first  
took the name,

' Merely fictitious is; nor could the Romans hear

' Most studious of the truth, and near'st those  
' times that were)

' Of any such as he : nay, they who most do strive,

' From that great stock of Troy their lineage to  
' derive,

(a) The river in the East of Denbigh, falling into Dee,

' In all the large descent of Julius, never found  
' That Brute, on whom we might our first be-  
' ginning ground.

' To this assertion, thus I faithfully reply ;

' And as a friend to truth, do constantly deny

' Antiquity to them, as nearer to those times ;

' Their writings to precede our ancient British  
' rhymes :

' But that our noble Bards, which so divinely sung

' That remnant of old Troy, of which the Bri-  
tains sprung,

' Before those Romans were, as proof we can  
' produce ;

' § And learning long with us, e'er 'twas with  
' them in use.

' And they but idly talk, upbraiding us with lies,

' § That Geffray Monmouth, first, our Brutus did  
' devise,

' Not heard of till his time our adversary says :

' When pregnant we prove, e'er that historian's  
' days,

' A thousand 'ling'ring years, our prophets clearly  
' song

' The Britain-founding Brute, most frequent  
' them among.

' From Talieffen wise (approved so with us,

' That what he spake was held to be oraculous,

' So true his writings were) and such immortal  
' men

' As this now-waning world shall hardly hear

' In our own genuine tongue, that natives were of  
' Wales,

' Our Geffray had his Brute. Nor were these idle

' (As he may find, the truth of our descents that  
' seeks)

' Nor fabulous, like those devised by the Greeks :

' But from the first of time, by judges still were  
' heard,

' Discreetly every (a) year correcting where they  
err'd.

' And that whereon our foe his greatest hold  
' doth take,

' Against the handled cause and most doth seem  
' to make,

' Is, that we shew no book our Brutus to approve;

' But that our idle Bards, as their fond rage did  
' move,

' Sang what their fancies pleas'd. Thus do I an-  
' swer these;

' That th' ancient British priests, the fearless

' That minister'd the laws, and were so truly  
' wise,

' That they determin'd states, attending sacrifice,

' § To letters never would their mysteries com-  
' mit,

' For which the breast of men they deem'd to be  
' more fit.

' Which questionless should seem from judgment  
' to proceed.

' For, when of ages past we look in books to read,

' We retchlessly discharge our memory of those.

' So when injurious time, such monuments doth  
' lose

(a) At the Stethva. See to the fourth song.



' (As what so great a work, by time that is not  
 ' wrackt ?)  
 ' We utterly forego that memorable act :  
 ' But when we lay it up within the minds of men,  
 ' They leave it their next age; that leaves it hers  
 ' agen :  
 ' So strongly which (methinks) doth for tradition  
 ' make,  
 ' As if you from the world it altogether take,  
 ' You utterly subvert antiquity thereby. [doth ly,  
 ' For though time well may prove that often she  
 ' Posterity by her yet many things hath known,  
 ' That ere men learn'd to write, could no way  
 ' have been shewn :  
 ' For, if the spirit of God did not our faith assure  
 ' The scriptures he from heaven, like heaven, di-  
 ' vinely pure,  
 ' Of Moses' mighty works, I reverently may say  
 ' (I speak with godly fear tradition put away,  
 ' In power of human wit it eas'ly doth not ly  
 ' To prove before the flood the genealogy.  
 ' Nor any thing there is that kindlier doth agree  
 ' With our descent from Troy (if things compar'd  
 ' may be) [when  
 ' Than peopling of this place, near to those ages,  
 ' Exiled by the Greeks, those poor world-wand-  
 ' ring men  
 ' (Of all hope to return into their country rest)  
 ' Sought shores whereon to set that little them  
 ' was left :  
 ' From some such godlike race we questionless  
 ' did spring,  
 ' Who soon became so great here once inhabiting.  
 ' So barbarous nor were we, as many have usmade,  
 ' And Cæsar's envious pen would all the world  
 ' persuade,  
 ' His own ambitious ends in seeking to advance,  
 ' When with his Roman power arriving here  
 ' from France,

' If he the Britains found experienc'd so in war,  
 ' That they with such great skill could wield their  
 ' armed car ;  
 ' And, as he still came on, his skilful march to let,  
 ' Cut down their aged oaks, and in the rivers set  
 ' The sharp steel-pointed stakes, as he the fash  
 ' should pass ;  
 ' I fain would understand how 'tis that nation was  
 ' So ignorant he would make, and yet so knowing  
 ' war. [we are  
 ' But, in things past so long (for all the world)  
 ' Like to a man embarkt, and travelling the deep:  
 ' Who sailing by some hill, or promontory steep  
 ' Which juts into the sea, with an amazed eye  
 ' Beholds the cliffs thrust up into the lofty sky,  
 ' And th' more that he doth look, the more he  
 ' draws his sight ;  
 ' Now at the craggy front, then at the wood-top  
 ' weight : [hill  
 ' But, from the passed shore still as the swelling  
 ' (Thrust forward by the wind) the floating bark  
 ' doth hail,  
 ' The mighty giant-heap, so less and lesser still  
 ' Appareth to the eye, until the monstrous hill  
 ' At length shews like a cloud ; and farther being  
 ' cast,  
 ' Is out of kenning quite : so, of the ages past ;  
 ' Those things that in their age much to be won-  
 ' der'd were, [bear,  
 ' Still as wing-footed time them farther off doth  
 ' Do lessen every hour.' When now the mighty  
 ' prease,  
 Impatient of his speech, intreat the flood to cease,  
 And cry with one consent, the Saxon state to shew,  
 As angry with the muse such labour to bestow  
 On Wales, but England still neglected thus to be.  
 And having past the time, the honourable Des  
 At Chester was arriv'd, and bade them all adieu :  
 When our intended course with England we pursue.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

RETURNING into the land, the muse leads you  
 about Denbigh and Flint, most northern and ma-  
 ritime shires of Wales; which conclude these seven  
 last books dedicated to the glory of that third part  
 of great Britain.

*Prophetic Merlin sat, when to the British King.*

In the first declining state of the British empire  
 (to explain the author in this of Merlin) Vorti-  
 gern, by advice of his magicians, after divers un-  
 fortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a  
 strong fort in Snowdon hills (not far from Con-

way's head in the edge of Merioneth) which  
 might be as his last and surest refuge against the  
 increasing power of the English. Masons were  
 appointed, and the work begun; but what they  
 built in the day, was always swallowed up in the  
 earth next night. The king asks counsel of his  
 magicians touching this prodigy: they advise,  
 that he must find out a child which had no father,  
 and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mor-  
 tar, and that then the castle would stand as on a  
 firm foundation. Search was made, and in Caer-  
 Merdhin (as you have it to the fifth song was  
 Merlin Ambrose found: he, being hither brought



to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to shew the true cause of that amazing ruin of the ships work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of so heavy superstruction. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeches the king to cause them make farther inquiry, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons: which proved so likewise, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons; and upon this event here in (a) Dinas Emyr, as they call it, began he those prophecies to Vertigern, which are common in the British story. Hence questionless was that fiction of the muses last pupil, the noble Spenser (b), in supposing Merlin usually to visit his old Timon, whose dwelling he places

*low in a valley green  
Under the foot of Rauran mossy bear,  
From whence the river Dee as silver clean,  
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle rear.*

For this Rauran-vaur hill is thereby in Merio-path: but observe withal, the difference of the Merlin, Ambrose and Silvester, which is before in the fourth song; and permit it only as poetical, that he makes King Arthur and this Merlin of his time. These prophecies were by Geoffrey ap Arthur at request of Alexander bishop of Lincoln under Henry I. turned into Latin, and some three hundred years since had interpretation bestowed on them by a German doctor, one *Alanus de Insula*, who never before, but twice since that happy inauguration and mighty increase of dominion in our present sovereign, hath been imprinted. It is certain that oftentimes they may be directly and without constraint applied to some event of succeeding time; so that which we have before to the fifth king of Caerleon, and this, *the Isle shall again be named after Brut*; which is now seen by a public edict, and in some of his majesty's present coins, and with more such; yet seeing learned (c) men account him but of a professor of unjustifiable magic, and that all prophecies either fall true, or else are among the affecters of such vanity perpetually expected, and that of later time the council of Trent have by their expurgatories prohibited it, I should abuse you, if I endeavoured to persuade your belief to conceit of a true foreknowledge in him.

*And the delicious vale thus mildly doth bespeak.*

If your conceit yet see not the purpose of this

fiction, then thus take it. This vale of Cluyd (for so is the English of *Dyphren Elwyd*) extended from the middle of Denbighshire to the sea, about eighteen miles long, and some five in breadth, having these three excellencies, a fertile soil, healthful air, and pleasant seat for habitation; washed through the middle with this river, and encompassed on the east, west, and south with high mountains, freely receives the wholesome blasts of the north wind (much accounted of among builders and geononiques for immision of pure air) coming in from that part which lies open to the sea: whereupon the muse very properly makes the vale here Boreas his beloved; and in respect of his violence against the waters, supposeth him jealous of Neptune; whose ravishing waves in that troubled Irish sea, and the depressed state of the valley warrants it. And for that of Moylvennil's love to the river, wantonly running by him; I know your conceit cannot but apprehend it.

*That naturally remote six British miles from sea.*

It is in the parish of Kilken in Flintshire, where it ebbeth (d) and floweth in direct opposite times to the sea, as the author describes; they call it (e) *Finon Leinw*: Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn sea, by Newton in (f) Glamorganshire, and another ebbing and flowing (but with the common course of the moon, ascending or setting) by Dinevor (g) in Caermers-hire. Nor think I any reasons more difficult to be given, than those which are most specially hidden, and most frequently strange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and springs; in which (before all other) nature seems as if she had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, so different, so remote from conceit of most piercing wits; and such unlooked for operations both of their first and second qualities (to use the school phrase of them) are in every chronographer, naturalist, and historian.

*Yet to the sacred fount of Winifred gives place.*

At Haliwel a maritime village, near Basingwerk, in Flint, is this Winifred's well, whose sweetness in the moss, wholesomeness for bath, and other such useful qualities, have been referred to her martyrdom in this place. But D. Powel upon Girald, in effect thus: Henry II. in his first Welsh expedition fortified the castle of Basingwerk, and near by, made a cell for Templers, which continued there until their dissolution under (h) Edward II. and was after converted to a nest of lubberly monks, whose superstitious honouring her more than truth, caused this dedica-

(a) Ambrose's Bury. Itinerar. 2. c. 8.

(b) Fairy Queen, lib. 1. Cant. 9. Stanz. 4.

(c) Wier. de praestigiis Demon. 2. cap. 16. alii.

(d) Humf. Lhuid. descript.

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(e) Powel. ad Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.

(f) Stradling. ap. Cand.

(g) Girald. Itinerar. 1. cap. 10.

(h) 5 Ed. 2.



tion of the fountain; so much to their profit (in a kind of merchandise then too shamefully in request) that they had large guerdons (it belonging to the cell) of those, which had there any medicine, beside increasing rents which accrued to them yearly, out of pardons to such as came thither in solemn pilgrimage. This title of exaction they purchased of P. P. Martin the V. under Henry the V. and added more such gaining presences to themselves in time of Henry VII. by like authority; nor, until the more clear light of the gospel, yet continuing its comfortable beams among us, dissipated those foggy mists of error and smog-selling imposture, ended these collected revenues. The author follows the legend; but observe times compared, and you shall find no mention of this well, and the healthful operations of it, until long after the supposed time of St. Winifred's martyrdom.

*That figure of the Cross, of which it takes the name.*

Deprest among mountains this valley expresses the form of a Cross, and so is called the Cross vale, and in British *Lhan Oweß*.

*To whom eight lesser kings with homage did resort.*

Upon comparing our stories, I find them to be Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuse king of the Isles (whom Malmesbury gives only the name of Archpirate) Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchithil, kings of Wales. All these, he (thus touched with imperious affection of glory) sitting at the stern, compelled to row him over Dec; his greatness as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increasing, caused multitudes of aliens to admire and visit his court, as a place honoured above all other by this so mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, such vicious courses followed by example, that, even now was the age, when first the more simple and frugal natures of the English grew infected with what (in some part) yet we languish. For, before his time, the Angles hither traduced, being (i) *homines integri*, and using, *naturali simplicitate sua defensare, aliena non mirari*, did now learn from the stranger Saxons and uncivil kind of fierceness, of the Flemings effeminacy, of the Danes drunkenness, and such other; which so increased, that, for amendment of the last, the king was driven to constitute quantities in quaffing-bowls by little pins of metal, set at certain distances, beyond which, none durst swallow in that provocation of good fellowship.

*As also the P. of Isles, great Britain, was accounted the*

Both for excellence in soil and air, as also for large continent; the hath this title. And although in ancientest time of the Greeks (that hath any story or chorography) Sardinia was accounted the (s) greatest isle, and by some Sicily; as the old verses of the (t) Seven tells us, and that by (u) Ptolomy the East Indian Tapeiran, now called Sumatra, had pre-eminence of quantity: before this of ours; yet certainly, by comparison of that with this, either according to the measure, or by Onofrit (v) upon Alexander's conquestment, or what later time teaches us, we cannot but affirm with the author here in substance, that

(s) *ὅτις ἴσταν*

*Νῆκος ὅς τις οὐρανὸν ἵστανται*

as long since, Dionysius Afer of our Britain, which hath given cause to call it another world, as the attributes of it in Virgil, Horace, Claudian, and others justify.

*And learning long with us has been with them in light.*

For the Druids, being in profession very partialionate in many things to Galatians, and Pythagorean doctrine, may well be supposed much ancients than any that had been of learning among the Romans, who (p) before Julius Sabinator, and Nevius, Ennius, Pacuvius, Accius, and others, not much preceding Catullus, can scarce shew steps of poetry, nor before Fabius Pictor, Valerius Antias, and some such now left only in their names (although by pretence of Atinius there be a piece of Pictor published) can produce the title of a story: whereas we have (q) some that make that supposed eldest historian (of the Gentiles) extant, Dares Phrygius, translated by Cornelius Nepos, and dedicated to Scipio, to have lived here, but indeed upon no such warrant as I dare trust.

*Our Geoffrey Monmouth first our Brutus to devise.*

It was so laid to Geoffrey's charge (he was bishop of St. Asaph, under king Stephen) by John of Whethamsted, abbot of St. Alban's, William Pott, called William of Newborough and some other: but plainly (let the rest of his story, and the particulars of Brute be as they can) the name of Brute was long before him in Welsh (out of which his story was partly translated) and Latin

(i) Honest men by simplicity of nature, looking only to their own, neglecting others. Malmesb.

(k) Scylax. Caryand. in *ιστορίαι*. Edit. per D. Hoefchelium.

(l) Eustath. ad Dionys. Afrum,

(m) Geograph. lib. 2. cap. 2.

(n) Solin. polyhist. cap. 66.

(o) No other isle is equal to Britain.

(p) V. Liv. Decad. 1. lib. 6.

(q) Bal. centur. 1.



Simonides of the Britains, as I have, for the author, more largely spoken; to the first Song. And little to continue my first justification, for this (1) why may not we as well think that many gods and relations, antiently written here, have us by the Poets, Scots, Romans, Danes, Saxons, & Normans, devoured up from posterity, which things, had they been left to us, would have ended this controversy? Shall we doubt of what Polybius, Halicarnassensis, Plutarch, Strabo, & many others have had out of Fabius, Antias, Hieron, Solytus, Ephorus, Theopompus, Cato, & others, with infinite other, now lost writings, because we see not the self authors? No, time has sanctified more precious things, and even those excellent books, wherein that incomparable Roman wrote from the cedar to the hyssop, were soon fear of the facile multitude's too much reading natural causes in them divinely handled) King Ezechias suppress from succeeding ages, (2) authority deceives not. So that the loss of them, and all kinds, to the commonwealth of men, hath been too grievous and irreparable, that we may well imagine, how error of conceit in one, envy in others, and hostile invasion hath been of many monuments most precious in all kind of literature, if we now enjoyed their improving use: and to conclude, the antiquities of the original ages are like those of Rome, before it built and burnt by the Gauls; (3) *Quæ aguntur nunc obscura, velut quæ (as (4) Livy says) ignes interuallis lacrimarum carantur: tam quæ perierunt, per eandem tempestem Lictora fuderunt, una custodia fiduciariorum rerum gestarum; & quæ etiam, si qua in monumentis Pontificum utique publicis privatisque monumentis, incensa urbe, plerumque interiere.* But this in effect the muse tells you in the sixth age.

*The letters would their mysteries commit.*

When they taught their scholars for matter of *heathenish* religion, and such learning as they here were presidents of, was delivered only by word of mouth; and, lest memory unused might fail, they permitted not commission of their lectures and instructions to the custody of writing, but delivered all in a multitude of verses of Pythagorean precepts, exactly imitating the *Rabbis*; which, until of late time, wrote not,

but taught and learned by mouth and diligent hearing of their Rabbins. In other matters, private and public (so is (5) Caesar's assertion) they used Greek letters, which hath made some think that they wrote Greek. But be not easily thereunto persuaded. Perhaps they might use Greek characters, seeing that those which the Greeks then had, and now use, were at first received from (6) strangers, and as likely from the Druids as from any other, for it is sufficiently justifiable out of old coins, inscriptions, and express (7) assertion, that the ancient character among the Greeks was almost the same with that which is now the Latin. But thence to collect that therefore they wrote or spake Greek, is as if you should affirm the Syriac testament to be Hebrew, because published in Hebrew letters; or some Latin treatises, Saxon, because in that character; or that the Saxons wrote Irish, because they used the (8) Irish form of writing; or that those books which are published in Dutch by some Jews in a special kind of Hebrew letter, should also be of the same tongue. Observe but this passage in Caesar: He sends by a Gaul (allured to this use against his country by large rewards) a letter to Q. Cicero, being then besieged about (9) where now is Tournay, & (10) *Græcis conscriptis literis, ne intercepta Epistolâ, nostrâ (saith he himself) ab hostibus consilia cognoscantur.* To what purpose did he thus, if the Gauls, or their statesmen the Druids, understood Greek? I know what he (11) writes of those tables of account found in the now Switzerland, but shall not soon believe that they had much more Greek in them than the character. If you object (12) Strabo his affirmation, that the Gauls (for as long as I speak of them in general in this kind, I will include our Druids, as sufficient reason is elsewhere given) were grown such lovers of that tongue, (13) *ἡ γὰρ καὶ τὰ νομίσματα Ἑλληνιστὶ γράφοντο.* It is soon answered, that he speaks only of those about Marseilles, which was, and is well known to all men, to have been a colony of Phocians, out of the now Naxos (which were Greeks) by appointment of fate arriving at the mouth of the Rhodæ, about the time of Tarquin the Proud; where Protis, one of their chief leaders, entertained by Nannus king of that coast, was chosen (according to their custom) in a banquet by Gypsis the king's daughter for her husband; hereto success grew so fortunate, that honourable respect on

(1) In Zetzer Hamor. apud Munst. ad Exod.

(2) Worn away by devouring time, and the Rabbis ransacking the city, &c.

(3) Dec. 1. lib. 6. Of the Druids, see fully to the Irish song.

(4) Caesar. de. Bell. Gallic. lib. 6.

(5) Varro de ling. Lat. 7.

(6) Plin. Hist. Nat. 7. cap. 98. & si placet, vide Ammianus illos, Archiloch. de Temporib. & Isoph. in Æquivocis.

(7) Camd. in Hibernia. & per Græcæ literas in aræ Ulyssis in consilio Rhetæ & Germaniæ, apud Tacitum, Lipsius Characteres solummodo intelligit.

(8) Nervii. de bello Gall. 5.

(9) Wrote it in Greek, lest the enemy might, by intercepting the letters, discover his design.

(10) De Bell. Gallic. 1.

(11) Geogr. 2.

(12) That they wrote their instruments of contract in Greek.



both sides, joined with imitation of Greek civility (after this city built near their arrive) it seemed, as my author (g) says, as if Gaul had been turned into Greece, rather than Greece to have travelled into Gaul. Wonder not then why, about Mar-tilles, Greek was so respected, nor why in the Romaunt French now such Hellenisms are: here you see apparent original of it; yet conclude, upon the former reasons, that the Druids and Gauls used a peculiar tongue, and very likely the same with the now Welsh, as most learned Camden hath even demonstrated; although I know some great scholars there are, which still suspend their judgment, and make it a doubt, as ever things of such antiquity will be. But (if you will) add hereto that of the famous and great lawyer (h) Motoman, who presumes that the word *Græci* in Cæsar's text is crept in by ignorance of transcribers, as he well might, seeing those commentaries, titled with name of J. Cæsar, commonly published, and in divers MSS. with J. Celsus, are very imperfect, now and then abrupt, different in stile, and so variable in their own form, that it hath been much feared by that great (i) critic Lipsius, lest some more impolite hand hath sow'd many patches of base cloth into

that more rich web, as his own metaphors express it. And if those characters which are in the pillars at Y-Voellas in Denbighshire, are of the Druids, as some imagine (yet seeming very strange and uncouth) then might you more confidently concur in opinion with Motoman. In some, I know that *Græci literæ* may be taken as well for the language (as in (f) Justin I remember, and elsewhere) as for the character: but here I can never think it to be understood in any but the last sense, although you admit Cæsar's copy to be therein not interpolated. It is very justifiable which the author here implies, by slighting Cæsar's authority in British originals, in respect that he never came farther into the isle than a little beyond Thames towards (m) Berkshire; although some of ours idly talk of his making the Bath, and being at Chester, as the Scottish historians most senselessly of their *Jule Hoff* built by him, which others refer (n) to Vespasian, some affirm it a temple (o) of the god Terminus; whereas it seems expressly to be built by Caracallus, in time of Decian, if Nennius deceive us not. But, thus out my way.

(g) Trog. Pomp. Hist. 43.

(h) Franco-Gall. cap. 2. quem v. etiam ad Cæs. Com.

(i) Elect. 2. cap. 7. Epistolæ. quæst. 2. cap. 2.

(f) Hist. lib. 20. in extrema.

(m) Cæsarem si legas, tibi ipsi satisfacies, verum & ita Leland ad Cyg. Cant. in Baln.

(n) Veremund. ap. Hist. Boet. hist. 3.

(o) Buchanan. hist. 4. in Douglas.



# THE ELEVENTH SONG.

The Muse, her native earth to see,  
Returns to England over Dee;  
Visits stout to Cheshire, and there shews  
To her and hers, what England owes;  
And of the nymphets sporting there  
In Wyrral, and in Delamere.  
Weever, the great devotion sings  
Of the religious Saxon kings;  
Those riverets doth together call,  
That into him and Mersey fall.  
Thence bearing to the side of Peak,  
This zealous canto off doth break.

All, children of her own, the leader and the led,  
The mightiest men of bone, in her full bosom  
    bred :  
And neither of them such as cold penurious  
    need  
Spurs to each rash attempt ; but such as soundly  
    feed,  
Clad in warm English cloth ; and maim'd should  
    they return  
(Whom this false ruthless world else from their  
    doors would spurn)  
Have livelihood of their own, their ages to sustain.  
Nor did the tenant's pay the landlord's charge  
    maintain :  
But as abroad in war, he spent of his estate ;  
Returning to his home, his hospitable gate



The richer and the poor stood open to receive.  
They, of all England, most to ancient customs cleave,

Their yeomanry and still endeavour'd to uphold.  
For rightly whilst herself brave England was of old,  
And our courageous kings us forth to conquests led,  
Our armies in those times (near through the world  
so dread)

Of our tall yeomen were, and foot-men for the most;  
[boast]

Who (with their bills and bows) may confidently  
Our leopards they so long and bravely did advance

Above the fleur-de-lis, even in the heart of France.

O! thou thrice happy shire, confined so to be  
Twixt two so famous floods, as Mersey is, and  
Dec!

Thy Dec upon the west from Wales doth thee divide:  
[side]

Thy Mersey on the north, from the Lancastrian  
Thy natural sister-shire; and linkt unto thee so,  
That Lancashire along with Cheshire still doth go.  
As tow'ards the Derbian Peak, and Moreland  
(which do draw

More mountainous and wild) the high-crown'd  
Shutlingflaw

And Molcop be thy mounds, with those proud  
hills whence rove

The lovely sister brooks, the silvery Dane and  
Dove;

Clear Dove, that makes to Trent; the other to  
the west.

But, in that famous town, most happy of the rest,  
(From which thou tak'st thy name) fair Chester,  
call'd of old

Carlegion; whilst proud Rome her conquests  
here did hold,

Of those her legions known the faithful station  
then,

So stoutly held to tack by those near North-  
wales men;

Yet by her own right name had rather called be,  
{ As her the Britons term'd, the fortrels upon Dec,  
Than vainly she would seem a miracle to stand,  
Th' imaginary work of some huge giant's hand:  
Which if such ever were, tradition tells not who.

But back a while, my muse: to Weever let us  
go,

Which (with himself compar'd) each British flood  
doth scorn; [born;

His fountain and his fall, both Chester's rightly  
The country in his course, that clean through  
doth divide,

Cut in two equal shares upon his either side:  
And, what the famous flood far more than that  
enriches,

The brackly fountains are, those two renowned  
Wyches,

The Nant-wych, and the North; whose either  
briny well,

For store and sorts of salts, make Weever to  
excel.

Besides their general use, not had by him in vain,  
{ But in himself thereby doth helieth retain

Above his fellow floods: whose helieth virtue  
taught,

Hath of the sea-gods oft caus'd Weever to be  
For physick in their need: and Thetis oft hath  
seen, [born]

When by their wanton sports her Ner'ides have  
So sick, that Glaucus' self hath failed in their cure:  
Yet Weever, by his salts, recovery durst assure.

And Amphitrite oft this wistard river led  
Into her secret walks (the depths profound and  
dread)

Of him (suppos'd so wise) she hid events to know  
Of things that were to come, as things done long  
ago.

In which he had been prov'd most exquisite to be;  
And bare his fame so far, that oft 'twixt him and  
Dec

Much strife there hath arose in their prophetic  
But to conclude his praise, our Weever here  
doth will

The muse his source to sing; as how his course  
he steers:

Who from his nat'ral spring, as from his edge-  
b'ring meres

Sufficiently supply'd, shoots forth his silver head,  
As though he meant to take directly tow'rd the  
east;

Until at length it proves he loit'reth but to play,  
Till Ashbrook and the Lee o'ertake him on the  
way,

Which to his journey's end him earnestly do balk;  
Till having got to Wych, he taking there a taste  
Of her most savory salt is, by the sacred touch,

Forc'd faster in his course, his motion quicken'd  
much

To North-wych: and at last, as he approached  
Dane, Whelock draws, then Croch, from the  
black ominous mere

Accounted one of those that England's woods  
make;

Of neighbours, Black-mere nam'd, of Orangen,  
Brereton's lake;

Whose property seems far from reason's way to  
stand:

For, near before his death that's owner of the lake,  
She sends up flocks of trees, that on the top do  
float;

By which the world her first did for a wonder see  
His handmaid Howty next, to Weever hold  
her race:

When Peever, with the help of Pickmore,  
makes apace

To put in with those streams his sacred step  
that tread,

Into the mighty waste of Mersey him to lead.  
Where, when the rivers meet, with all the  
stately train,

Proud Mersey is so great in entring of the main,  
As he would make a shew for empery to stand,

And wrest the three-fork space from out grim  
Neptune's hand;

To Cheshire highly bound for that his watry flow.  
As to the greater (a) loughs on the Lancastrian  
shore.

(a) Mores or standing lakes,



From hence he, gottish, Geyt down from her Peak  
kith spring, (bring  
And Bollen, that along doth pimpler Birkus  
From Marfield's mighty wilde, of whole shagg'd  
Sylvans she (be :  
Hath in the rocks been woo'd, their paramour to  
Wha in the darksome holes and caverns kept her  
long,

And that proud forest made a party to her wrong.  
Yet could not all intreat the pretty brook to stay;  
Which to her stream, sweet Bo len, creeps away.  
To whom, upon their road she pleasantly reports  
The many mirthful jests, and wanton wooddash  
sports

In Marfield they have had; as of that forest's  
fate : (state  
Until they come at length, where Mersey for more  
Assuming broader bank, himself so proudly bears,  
That at his stern approach, extended Wyrall fears,  
That (what betwixt his floods of Mersey, and the  
Dee)

In very little time devoured he might be :  
Out of the foaming surge till Hilbre lifts his head,  
To let the fore-land see how richly he had sped.  
Which Mersey cheers so much, that with a  
smiling brow

He saws on both those floods; their amorous  
arms that throw

About his goodly neck, and bar'd their swelling  
breasts :

On which whilst lull'd with ease, his pleased  
cheek he rests,

The Naiads, sitting near upon the aged rocks,  
Are busied with their combs, to braid his verdant  
locks, (look :

Whilst in their crystal eyes he doth for Cupids  
By Delamere from them his fancy quickly took,  
Who shews herself all dress in most delicious  
flowers; (bowers

And firing like a queen, sees from her shady  
The wanton wood-nymphs mixt with her light-  
footed fauns,

To lead the rural routs about the goodly lawns,  
As over (b)holt and heath, as thorough (c) frith  
and (d) fell;

And oft at early-break, and prison-base, to tell  
(in carrols as they course) each other all the joys,  
The passages, deceits, the sleights, the amorous  
toys

The subtil sea-nymphs had, their Wyrall's love to  
win. (gin

But Weever now again to warn them doth be-  
To leave these trivial toys, which inly he did  
hate, (estate

That neither them besem'd, nor stood with his  
(Being one that gave himself industriously to know  
What monuments our lungs erected long ago :

To which, the flood himself so wholly did apply,  
As though upon his skill, the rest should all rely)  
it himself to shew, that yet the Britons  
old,

Whom the laborious muse so highly had extoll'd,

Those later Saxon kings extoll'd not in their deeds  
And therefore with their praise thus scallously  
proceeds;

' Whilst the celestial powers th' arriv'd time  
' attend,

' When o'er this general isle the Britons reign  
' should end,

' And for the spoiling Pict here prosp'rously had  
' wrought, (brought,

' Into th' afflicted land which strong invasion  
' And to that proud attempt, what yet his power  
' might want,

' The ill-disposed heavens, Brute's offspring to  
' supplant,

' Their angry plagues down pour'd, insatiate in  
' their waste

' (Needs must they fall, whom heaven doth to  
' destruction haste)

' And that which lastly came to consummate  
' the rest,

' Those prouder Saxon powers (which liberally  
' they prest

' Against th' invading Pict, of purpose hired in)  
' From those which paid them wage, the island  
' Soon did win; (field;

' And sooner overspread, being masters of the  
' Those, first for whom they fought, too impotent  
' to wield

' A land within itself that had so great a foe;  
' And therefore thought it fit them wisely to be-  
' stow : (shut,

' Which over Severn here they in the mountains  
' And some upon that point of Cornwall forth  
' they put.

' Yet forced were they there their stations to de-  
' fend (descend

' Nor could our men permit the Britons to  
' From Jove or Mars alone; but brought their  
' blood as high,

' § From Woden, by which name they stiled  
' Mercury.

' Nor were the race of Brute, which guled here  
' before, (shore,

' More zealous to the Gods they brought unto this  
' Than Hengist's noble heirs; their idols that to  
' raise,

' § Here put their German names upon our  
' weekly days.

' These noble Saxons were a nation hard and  
' strong, (long;

' On fundry lands and seas in warfare nuzzled  
' Affliction throughly knew; and in proud for-  
' tune's spight,

' Even in the jaws of death had dar'd her ut-  
' most might :

' Who under Hengist first, and Horfa, their  
' brave chiefs,

' From Germany (d) arriv'd, and with the strong  
' relics, (supply,

' Of th' Angles and the Jutes, them ready to  
' Which anciently had been of their affinity,

(b) A wood growing on a hill on moor.  
(c) High wood. (d) Low coppice,

(d) See, concerning their coming, to the 10, 4th, and  
5th songs,



' By Scythia first sent out, which could not give  
 ' them meat,  
 ' Were forc'd to seek a soil wherein themselves  
 ' to seat.  
 ' Them at the last on Dansk their lingring for-  
 ' tune drave,  
 ' Where Holst unto their troops sufficient har-  
 ' bour gave.  
 ' These with the Saxons went, and fortunately  
 ' wan: [began  
 ' Whose captain, Hengist, first a kingdom here  
 ' In Kent; where his great heirs, e'er other  
 ' princes rose  
 ' Of Saxony's descent, their fulness to oppose,  
 ' With swelling Humber's side their empire did  
 ' confine. [line,  
 ' And of the rest, not least renowned of their  
 ' § Good Ethelbert of Kent, th' first christned  
 ' English King,  
 ' To preach the faith of Christ, was first did hi-  
 ' ther bring  
 ' Wise Augustine th' monk, from holy Gregory  
 ' sent [tent,  
 ' This most religious king, with most devout in-  
 ' That mighty fane to Paul, in London did erect,  
 ' And privileges gave, this temple to protect.  
 ' His equal then in zeal, came Ercombert again,  
 ' From that first christned king, the second in  
 ' that reign.  
 ' The gluttony then us'd severely to suppress,  
 ' And make men fit to prayer (much hinder'd  
 ' by excess)  
 ' § That abstinence from flesh for forty days be-  
 ' gan, [man.  
 ' Which by the name of Lent is known to every  
 ' As mighty Hengist here, by force of arms had  
 ' done,  
 ' § So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons won  
 ' The countries neighb'ring Kent; which lying  
 ' from the main  
 ' Directly to the South, did properly obtain  
 ' The Southern Saxons name; and not the last  
 ' thereby  
 ' Amongst the other reigns which made the Hep-  
 ' tarchy:  
 ' So in the high descent of that South-Saxon king,  
 ' We in the bead-roll here of our religious bring  
 ' Wise Ethelwald: alone who Christian not be-  
 ' came, [name,  
 ' But willing that his folk should all receive the  
 ' § Saint Wilfrid (sent from York) into this  
 ' realm receiv'd  
 ' (Whom the Northumbrian folk had of his see  
 ' bereav'd)  
 ' And on the south of Thames, a seat did him af-  
 ' ford, [word.  
 ' By whom that people first receiv'd the saving  
 ' As likewise from the loins of Erchinwin (who  
 ' rais'd  
 ' Th' East-Saxons kingdom first) brave Sebert  
 ' may be prais'd:  
 ' Which, as that king of Kent, had with such  
 ' cost and state [tate)  
 ' Built Paul's; his greatness so (this king to imi-

' Began the goodly church of Westminster to rear:  
 ' The primer English kings so truly zealous were:  
 ' Then (b) Sebba of his seed, that did them all  
 ' surpass,  
 ' Who fitter for a shrine than for a scepter was,  
 ' (Above the power of flesh, his appetite to starve  
 ' That his desired Christ he strictly might observe)  
 ' Even in his height of life, in health, in body  
 ' strong,  
 ' Perswaded with his queen, a lady fair and young,  
 ' To separate themselves, and in a sole estate,  
 ' After religious sort themselves to dedicate.  
 ' Whose nephew Uffa next, inflam'd with his  
 ' high praise [raise)  
 ' Enriching that proud fane his grandfire first did  
 ' Abandoned the world he found so full of strife,  
 ' And after liv'd in Rome a strict religious life.  
 ' Nor these our princes here, of that pure Sax-  
 ' on strain,  
 ' Which took unto themselves each one their se-  
 ' veral reign,  
 ' For their so godly deeds deserved greater fame,  
 ' Than th' Angles their allies, that hither with  
 ' them came;  
 ' Who sharing out themselves a kingdom in the  
 ' East, [invest,  
 ' With th' Eastern Angles name their circuit did  
 ' By Uffa in that part so happily begun:  
 ' Whose successors the crown for martyrdom have  
 ' won  
 ' From all before or since that ever suffer'd here;  
 ' § Redwald's religious sons: who for their Savi-  
 ' our dear,  
 ' By cruel heathenish hands unmercifully slain,  
 ' Amongst us evermore remember'd shall remain,  
 ' And in the roll of saints must have a special  
 ' room,  
 ' Where Derwald to all times with Erpenwald  
 ' shall come.  
 ' When in that way they went, next Sebert  
 ' them succeeds,  
 ' Scarce seconded again for sanctimonious deeds:  
 ' Who for a private life when he his rule resign'd,  
 ' And to his cloister long had strictly him con-  
 ' fin'd,  
 ' A corset for his cowl was glad again to take,  
 ' His country to defend (for his religion's sake)  
 ' Against proud Penda, com'n with all his Pagan  
 ' power, [your:  
 ' Those christned Angles then of purpose to de-  
 ' And suff'ring with his folk, by Penda's heathen-  
 ' ish pride,  
 ' As he a saint had liv'd, a constant martyr dy'd.  
 ' When, after it fell out, that Offa had not long  
 ' Held that by cruel force, which Penda got by  
 ' wrong,  
 ' § Adopting for his heir young Edmond, brought  
 ' him in, [win:  
 ' Even at what time the Danes this island sought to  
 ' Who christ'ned soon became, and as religious  
 ' grown [his throne,  
 ' As those most heathenish were who set him on

(b) Sebba, a monk in Paul's.



' Did expiate in that place his predecessors guilt,  
 ' Which so much Christian blood so cruelly had  
 ' spilt. [try,  
 ' For, taken by the Danes, who did all tortures  
 ' His Saviour Jesus Christ to force him to deny;  
 ' First beating him with bats, but no advantage got,  
 ' His body full of shafts then cruelly they shot;  
 ' The constant martyr'd king, a saint thus justly  
 ' crown'd. [renown'd  
 ' To whom even in that place, that monument  
 ' Those after-ages built to his eternal fame.  
 ' What English hath not heard (c) St. Edmond  
 ' Bury's name? [again,  
 ' As of those Angles here, so from their loins  
 ' Whose hands hew'd out their way to the West-  
 ' Saxon reign, [descend)  
 ' From Kemrick, or that claim from Cerdick to  
 ' A partnership in fame great Ina might pretend  
 ' With any king since first the Saxons came to shore.  
 ' Of all those christ'ned here, who highlier did adore  
 ' The Godhead, than that man? or more that did  
 ' apply  
 ' His power t' advance the church in true sincerity?  
 ' Great Glastonbury then so wond'rously decay'd,  
 ' Whose old foundation first the ancient Britons  
 ' laid,  
 ' He gloriously rebuilt, enriching it with plate,  
 ' And many a sumptuous cope, to uses consecrate;  
 ' Ordaining godly laws for governing this land,  
 ' Of all the Saxon kings the Solon he shall stand.  
 ' From (d) Otta (born with him who did this  
 ' idle invade [made,  
 ' And had a conquest first of the Northumbrians  
 ' And tributary long of mightier Hengist held,  
 ' Till Ida (after born) the Kentish power expell'd,  
 ' And absolutely set on the Dierian seat,  
 ' But afterward resign'd to Ethelfrid the Great:  
 ' An army into Wales who for invasion led,  
 ' At Chester and in fight their forces vanquished;  
 ' Into their utter spoil, then public way to make,  
 ' The long-religious house of goodly Bangor brake,  
 ' And slew a thousand monks, as they devoutly  
 ' pray'd. [made  
 ' For which his cruel spoil upon the Christians  
 ' (Though with the just consent of Christian Sax-  
 ' ons slain)  
 ' His blood, the heathenish lands of Redwald did  
 ' distain. [exil'd:  
 ' That murderer's issue next, this kingdom were  
 ' And Edwyn took the rule; a prince as just and  
 ' mild [bring  
 ' As th' other faithless were: nor could time ever  
 ' In all the seven-fold rule an abso-lute king;  
 ' And more t' advance the faith, his utmost power  
 ' that lent  
 ' Who re-ordained York a bishop's government;  
 ' And so much lov'd the poor, that in the ways of  
 ' trade,  
 ' Where fountains fitly were, he iron dishes made,  
 ' And fast'ned them with chains the way-farer to  
 ' ease, [appease.  
 ' And the poor pilgrim's thirst, there resting, to

' As Mercia, 'mongst the rest, fought not the  
 ' least to raise [praise.  
 ' The saving Christian faith, nor merits humbler  
 ' Nor those that from the stem of Saxon Creds  
 ' came  
 ' (The Britons who expulst) were any whit in fame,  
 ' For piety and zeal, behind the others best;  
 ' Though heath'nish Penda long and proudly did  
 ' infect  
 ' The christ'ned neighbouring kings, and forc'd  
 ' them all to bow;  
 ' Till Oswy made to God a most religious vow,  
 ' Of his abundant grace would he be pleas'd to  
 ' grant, [plant,  
 ' That he this Pannin prince in battle might sup-  
 ' A recluse he would give his daughter and de-  
 ' light, [bright;  
 ' Sweet Alfred then in youth, and as the morning  
 ' And having his request, he gave as he obtain'd;  
 ' Though his unnatural hands succeeding Wul-  
 ' pher stain'd [mother had  
 ' In his own children's blood, whom their dear  
 ' Confirm'd in Christ's belief, by that most re-  
 ' verend Chad:  
 ' Yet to embrace the faith when after he began  
 ' (For the unnatural'st deed that e'er was done  
 ' by man)  
 ' If possible it were to expiate his guilt,  
 ' Here many a goodly house to holy uses built:  
 ' And she (to purge his crime on her dear chil-  
 ' dren done)  
 ' A crowned queen, for him, became a veiled nun.  
 ' What age a godlier prince than Etheldred  
 ' could bring?  
 ' Or than our Kinred here, a more religious king?  
 ' Both taking them the cowl, th' one here his flesh  
 ' did tame, [became.  
 ' The other went to Rome, and there a monk  
 ' So, Ethelbald may well be set the rest among:  
 ' Who, though most vainly given when he was  
 ' hot and young;  
 ' Yet, by the wise reproof of godly bishops, brought  
 ' From those unstay'd delights by which his youth  
 ' was caught,  
 ' He all the former kings of Mercia did exceed,  
 ' And (through his rule) the church from taxes  
 ' strongly freed.  
 ' Then to the eastern sea, in that deep wat'ry fen  
 ' (Which seem'd a thing so much impossible to  
 ' men)  
 ' He that great abbey built of Crowland, as  
 ' though he [tion be.  
 ' Would have no other's work like his founda-  
 ' As, Offa greater far than any him before:  
 ' Whose conquests scarcely were suffic'd with all  
 ' the shore;  
 ' But over into Wales adventurously he shot  
 ' His Mercia's spacious (e) Mere, and Powlland  
 ' to it got.  
 ' This king, even in that place, where with rude  
 ' heaps of stones  
 ' The Britons had interr'd their proto-martyr's  
 ' bones,

(c) In Suffolk.

(d) Otta, brother to Hengist.

(e) Offa's ditch.



That goodly abbey built to Alban; as to shew  
 How much the sons of Brute should to the Sax-  
 ons owe.  
 But when by powerful heaven it was decreed  
 at last,  
 That all those seven-fold rules should into one  
 be cast  
 (Which quickly to a head by (f) Britrik's death  
 was brought) [taught,  
 Then Egbert, who in France had carefully been  
 Returning home, was king of the West-Sexians  
 made, [persuade  
 Whose people, then most rich and potent, him  
 (As once it was of old) to monarchise the land.  
 Who followeth their advice, first with a warlike  
 hand  
 The Cornish overcame; and thence, with prof-  
 perous sails, [Wales;  
 O'er Severn set his powers into the heart of  
 And with the Mercians there, a bloody battle  
 wag'd: [enrag'd,  
 Wherein he won their rule; and with his wounds  
 Went on against the rest. Which, sadly when  
 they saw [awe  
 How those had sped before, with most subjective  
 Submit them to his sword: who prosperously  
 alone  
 Reduc'd the seven-fold rule to his peculiar throne,  
 (§ Extirping other stiles) and gave it England's  
 name [came.  
 Of th' Angles, from whose race his nobler fathers  
 When scarcely Egbert here an entire rule be-  
 gan,  
 But instantly the (g) Dane the island overran;  
 A people, that their own those Saxons paid again.  
 For, as the Britons first they treacherously had  
 slain,  
 This third upon their necks a heavier burden  
 laid, [betray'd.  
 Than they had upon those whom falsely they  
 And for each others states, though oft they here  
 did toil. [spoil,  
 § A people from their first bent naturally to  
 That cruelty with them from their beginning  
 brought;  
 Yet when the Christian faith in them had  
 thoroughly wrought,  
 Of any in the world no story shall us tell,  
 Which did the Saxon race in pious deeds excel:  
 That in these drowsy times should I in public  
 bring  
 Each great peculiar act of every godly king,  
 (f) Egb. rt's predecessors, (g) See song the first.

The world might stand amaz'd in this our age  
 to see [we  
 Those goodly fanes of theirs, which irreligious  
 Let every day decay; and yet we only live  
 By the great freedoms then those kings to these  
 did give.  
 Wise Segbert (worthy praise) preparing us  
 the feat  
 § Of famous Cambridge first, then with endow-  
 ments great  
 The muses to maintain, those sisters thither  
 brought. [taught,  
 By whose example, next, religious Alfred  
 Renowned Oxford built t' Apollo's learned  
 brood; [flood,  
 And on the hallowed bank of Isis' goodly  
 Worthy the glorious arts, did gorgeous bowers  
 provide.  
 § He into several shires the kingdom did divide.  
 So, valiant Edgar, first, most happily destroy'd  
 The multitudes of wolves, that long the land  
 annoy'd. [king  
 And our good Edward here, the confessor and  
 (Unto whose sumptuous shrine our monarchs  
 off'rings bring)  
 That cancred evil cur'd, bred 'twixt the throat  
 and jaws,  
 When physic could not find the remedy nor  
 cause,  
 And much it did afflict his sickly people here,  
 He of Almighty God obtain'd by earnest pray'r,  
 This tumour by a king might cured be alone:  
 § Which he an heir-loom left unto the English  
 throne. [use,  
 So, our St. Edward here, for England's general  
 § Our country's common laws did faithfully  
 produce,  
 Both from th' old British wit, and from the  
 Saxon tongue. [throng;  
 Of forests, hills and floods, when now a mighty  
 For audience cry'd aloud; because they late had  
 heard, [dar'd  
 That some high Cambrian hills the Wrekin proudly  
 With words that very much had stir'd his rance-  
 rous spleen:  
 Where, though clear Severn set her princely self  
 between  
 The English and the Welsh, yet could not make  
 them cease:  
 Here, Weever, as a flood affecting goodly peace,  
 His place of speech resigns; and to the Muse refers  
 The hearing of the cause, to stickle all these sins



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

Now are you newly out of Wales, returned into England: and for conveniency of situation, insinuating therein the ordinary course of chorography, the first shire eastward (from Denbigh and Flint, both sung by the muse) Cheshire is here surveyed,

*Of our great English blood as careful——*

For, as generally in these northern parts of England, the gentry is from ancient time left preserved in the continuance of name, blood, and place; so most particularly in this Cheshire, and the adjoining Lancashire: which, out of their numerous families, of the same name, with their chief houses and lordships, hath (a) been observed.

*And, of our counties, place of Palatine doth hold.*

We have in England three more of that title. Lancaster, Durham, and Ely; and, until later (b) time, Hexhamshire in the western part of Northumberland, was so reputed. William the Conqueror first created one Hugh Wolfe a Norman, Count Palatine of Chester, and gave the earldom to hold, *as freely as the king held his crown*. By this supremacy of liberty he made to himself Barons, which might assist him in council, and had their courts and consiance of pleas in such sort regarding the earldom, as other barons the crown. *Ego Comes Hugo W' meo barones confirmavimus isto omnia*, is subscribed to a charter, whereby he founded the monastery of St. Werburg there. For the name of Palatine, know, that in ancient time under the emperors of declining Rome, the title of Count Palatine was; but so, that it extended first only to him (c) which had care of the household and imperial revenue; which is now (so saith (d) Weisembeck; I affirm it not) as the Marshal in other courts; but was also communicated by that honorary attribute of *Comitum dignitas*, to many others, which had any thing proportionate, place or desert, as the code teacheth us. In

later times both in Germany (as you see in the Palgrave of Rhine) in France, (which the earldom of Champagne shews long time since in the crown; yet keeping a distinct Palatine government, as Peter Pithou (f) hath at large published) and in this kingdom such were hereditarily honoured with it, as being near the prince in the court (which they, as we, called the Palace) had by their state-carriage, gained full opinion of their worth, and ability in government, by delegate power of territories to them committed, and here after titled *Comites de Palatu*, as our law-annals call them. If you desire more particulars of the power and great state of this Palatine earldom, I had rather (for a special reason) send you to the marriage of Henry III. and Queen Eleanor in Matthew Paris; where John Scot, then Earl of Chester bore, before the king, St. Edward's sword, called *Curten*, which the prince at coronation of Henry IV. is recorded to have done as (g) Duke of Lancaster; and wish you to examine the passages there, with what Bracton (h) hath of Earls, and our year (i) books of the High Constable of England, than here offer it myself. To add the royalties of the earldom, as courts, officers, franchises, forms of proceeding, even as at Westminster, or the diminution of its large liberties by the statute of (k) resumption, were to trouble you with a harsh digression.

*Our Leopards they so long and bravely did advance.*

He well calls the coat of England, Leopards. Neither can you justly object the common blason of it, by name of Lions, or that assertion of Polydore's ignorance, telling us, that the Conqueror bare three *Fleurs de lis*, and three *Lions*, as quartered for one coat, which hath been, and is as all men know, at this present borne in our sovereign's arms for France and England; and so, that the quartering of the *Fleurs* was not at all until Edward III. to publish his title, and gain the Flemish forces (as you have it in Froissart) who bare the

(a) Cantab. in Cortav. & Brigant.

(b) Stat. 14. Elix. c. 13.

(c) C. de Offic. Com. Sac. Palat. vid. Enfeb. de vic. Constantin. 2. & Cod. lib. 12.

(d) In Parat. C. 1. tit. 24.

(e) Livre 1. des Comtes de Champagne & Eric, Palatinorum nostrorum nomine. Scilicet. Policat. 6. cap. 16. & Epist. 263.

(f) Archiv. in Tur. Lond. jam vero & typis commiss. apud Crompt. Jurisdic. Cur.

(g) De acq. rer. dom. cap. 16. §. 3.

(h) 6 Hen. 8. Kelsway, & v. Brook. tit. Prerog. 31.

(i) 27 Hen. 8. cap. 24.



# THE WORKS OF BRAYTON.

French (*s*) arms, being then *Azure semy with Fleurs de lis*, and were afterwards contracted to three in time of Henry V. by Charles VI because he would bear different from the English king, who notwithstanding presently seconded the change, to this hour continuing; nor could that Italian have fallen into any error more palpable, and in a profest antiquary so ridiculous. But to prove them anciently Leopards, (*m*) *Misti ergo* (saith Matthew Paris) *Imperator* (that is, Frederick II) *regi Anglorum tres Leopards in signum republi- cypoi, in quo tres Leopards transcurritur figurantur.* In a MS. of J. Gower's, *Confessio Amantis*, which the printed books have not,

*Ad laudem Christi, quem tu Virgo peperisti,  
Sic laus RICHARDI, quem septem colunt Leopardi.*

And Edward (*n*) IV. granted to Lewis of Bruges Earl of Winchester, that he should bear *d' Azure, a die Moyses enorme d' un canton de nostre propre armis d' Engleterre, c'est assavoir, de Goules ung Leopard passant d' Or, arme d' Azure*, as the pa- rent speaks. And likewise (*s*) Henry VI. to King's College in Cambridge, gave a coat armour, three Roses, and *Summa scuti partium principale de Azuro cum Francorum flore deque rubeo cum pedicante Leopardo*, and calls them *Parcellæ Armamentum, que nunc in regno Anglia & Francia jure dibentur regio.* I know it is otherwise now received, but withal, that princes being supreme judges of honour and nobility, may arbitrarily change their arms in name and nature; as was done (*p*) upon return out of the holy war in Godfrey of Bologne's time; and it seems it hath been taken indifferent- ly, whether you call them the one or the other, both for similitude of delineaments and compo- sition (as in the bearing of Normandy, the county of Zutphen, and such more) being blazoned in Hieron de Bara, and other French heralds, Lion- Leopards; and for that even under this Henry VI a (*q*) great student in heraldry, and a writer of that kind, makes the accession of the lion of Guienne, to the coat of Normandy (which was by Henry II. his marriage with Queen Eleanor divorced from Louis of France) to be the first three lions, born by the English kings.

*Castigation whilst proud Rome her conquests here did hold.*

You have largely in that our most learned anti- quary, the cause of this name from the tents of Roman legions, there, about Vespasian's time, I will only note, that Leland (*r*) hath long since

found fault with William of (*s*) Malmesbury for affirming it so called, *quod ibi Emeriti Legionum Julianarum residere*; whereas it is plain, that Julius Cæsar never came near this territory. Perhaps, by Julius, he meant Agricola (then lieutenant here) so named, and then is the imputation laid on that best of the monks, unjust: to help it with reading *Militarium* for *Julianarum*, as the printed book pretends, I find not sufficiently war- rantable, in respect that my MS. very ancient, as near Malmesbury's time as (it seems) may be, and heretofore belonging to the priory of St. Augustine's in Canterbury, evidently persuades the contrary.

*Abi fortress upon Dee.*

At this day in British she is called (*s*) *Cal- Leon at dour dury.* i. e. *the City of Legion upon the river Dee.* Some vulgar antiquaries have referred the name of Leon to a giant, builder of it. I, nor they, know not who, or when he lived. But indeed ridiculously they took (*u*) *Leon Dour* for king Leon the great; to whom the author al- ludes presently.

*But in himself thereby doth Holiness retain.*

He compares it with Dec's title presently, which hath its reason given before to the VII song. We- ver, by reason of the Salt-pits at Northwich, New- wich, and Middlewich, (all on his banks) hath this attribute, and that of the sea-gods suit to him, and kind entertainment for his skill in phy- sic, and prophesy; justifiable in general, as well as to make Tryphon their surgeon, which our excellent Spenser hath done; and in particular cause, upon the most respected and divinely ho- noured name of salt; of which, if you observe it used in all sacrifices by express commandment of the (*x*) true God, טלחנדים (*a*) is duly writ, the religion of the salt, set first, and last taken away, as a symbol (*b*) of perpetual friend- ship, that in Homer (*c*) Πάρις Ἄλοις ὄμιον, the title of (*d*) Ἀγνείας given it by Lycophron, and (*e*) passages of the ocean's medicinable epithets because of his saltness, you shall see apparent and apt testimony.

*From Woden, by which name they filed Mercury.*

Of the Britons descent from Jove, if you re- member but Æneas son to Anchises, and Venus with her derivation of blood from Jupiter's pa- rents, sufficient declaration will offer itself. For

(*s*) V. Stat. 14. Ed. 3.

(*m*) 19 Hen. 3.

(*n*) Pat. 12. Ed. 4. part. I. memb. 12.

(*o*) Pat. 27 Hen. 6. nom. 46.

(*p*) Pont. Henr. de vet. Belgio. 2.

(*q*) Nichol. Upton. de re militari, l. 3.

(*r*) In Deva ad Cyg. Cant.

(*s*) De Pontificib. lib. 4.

(*t*) Humf. Lhuid in Breviarie.

(*u*) A great legion.

(*x*) Levit. 2. comm. 13. & Num. 18.

(*y*) Salt of the covenant.

(*z*) Cæl. Rhodigin. ant. Lect. 12 c. 1. V. Phocarch. Symposi. 4. cap. 10.

(*a*) Iliad. 1. Vid. Lysip. Saturnal. 1. cap. 2.

(*b*) In Cassandra.

(*c*) Cæl. Ant. Lect. 18. cap. 24.

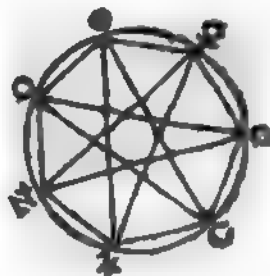


this of Woden, see *Saxones* in the third song. To what you read there, I have now fully add this: Woden, in Saxon genealogies, is accounted to be the chief ancestor of their apostolical progenitors: so you may see in *Monist. Saxon. Ebelward. Elvones of Wercker, in *Antiqua de Regibus Anglorum*, Haddington, and Hoveden; yet in each fact, that in some of them they go beyond him, through Frithwald, Froahf, Frithulf, Fin, Godolph, Geta, and others, to Seth; but with so much uncertainty, that I imagine many of their fictions were just as true as the Theogony in Hesiod, Apollodorus, or that of Profer John's, sometimes deriving (b) himself very near from the loins of Salomon. Of this Woden, beside my authors named, special mention is found in Paul (c) Werdred who makes Frea his wife (others call her Frisco, and by her understand Venus) and Adam (d) of Brema, which describe him as Mars; but in Geoffrey of Monmouth, and Floriberta, in Haggitt's own person, he is affirmed the same with Mercury, who by Tacitus report was their chief deity; and that also is warranted in the denomination of our *Wednesday* (according to the Dutch *Woensdag*) for the fourth day of the week, called by the ancient planetary account with name of Mercury. If that allusion in the *Illustrations* of the third song to *Mars*, allow it him not, then take the other first taught me by (f) Lipsius, fetching *Woden* from *Wan* or *Win*, which is to Gain, and so make his name *Wandon*, supposing in that sense the self name (e) *Apollon* Epithet used by the Greeks. But without this inquiry you understand the author.*

Here put the German names upon the weekly days.

From their *Saxons* for the sun, *Monan* for the moon, *Tufts*, or *Tufts* (of whom see to the fourth song) for *Mars*, *Woden* for *Mercury*, *Thor* for *Jupiter*, *Fri*, *Frie*, or *Frija* for *Venus*, *Saturn* for *Saturn*, they filled their days *Sunnon-day*, *Monon-day*, *Tufts-day*, *Woden-day*, *Thor-day*, *Frie-day*, *Saturn-day*: thence came out names now used *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*, *Wednesday*, *Thursday*, *Friday*, *Saturday*; which planetary account was very ancient among the (e) Egyptians (having much Hebrew discipline) but so superstitious, that being great astronomers and very observant of mysteries produced out of number and quantity, they began on the Jewish Sabbath and imposed the name of Saturn, on the next sun, then the moon, as we now reckon, omitting two places in every nomination, as you easily conceive it. One might seek, yet miss the reasons of that term; but nothing gives satisfaction equal to that, of all-penetrating Joseph Scaliger, (p) whose in-

cluded reason for it is that. In a circle describe an equilateral and equilateral figure; from whose every side shall fall equilateral triangles, and their angles respectively on the corners of the inscribed figure, which are noted with the planets after their not interrupted order. At the right side of any of the halves begin your account, from that to the oppositely noted planet, thence to his opposite, and so shall you find a continued course in that order (grounded perhaps among the ancients upon y-series of number, and interchanged government by those superior bodies over this habitable orb) which some have wasted at, in inquiry of proportions, music distances, and referred it to planetary hours: where.



as they (the very names of hour for a twenty-fourth part of a day, being unusual till about the Peloponnesian war) had their original of later time, than this hebdomadal account, whence the hourly from the morning of every day had his breeding, and not the other from this, as pretending and vulgar astrologers receive in supposition. At last, by Constantine the Great, and Pope Silverius, the name of *Sun-day*, was turned into (g) *Lord's-day*; as it is filled *Dominicus* & *Episcopus*; of *Saturday*, into the *Sabbath*; and the rest not long afterward named according to their numeral order as the first, second, or third *Feria* (that is, Holiday, thereby keeping the remembrance of Easter week, the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, which was kept every day holy) for *Sunday*, *Monday*, *Tuesday*. You may note here that Caesar (r) was deceived in telling us, the Germans worshipped no other gods but *Jove cornum*, & *genuum opibus apertos jervantur*, *Solens*, *Vulcanum* & *Lunam*, *religiosae de sume quidem accepisse*; for you see more than those thus honoured by them, as also they had (s) their *Gator Month* for April, dedicated to some adored power of that name: but blame him not; for the discovery of the northern parts was but in weakest infancy, when he delivered it.

Good Ethelbert of Kent first christ'ned English king.

About the year six hundred Christianity was received among the Saxons; this Ethelbert (being

(b) Domian. 2. Coes de morib. Aethiopum.

(c) De Longobard. 1. c. 8.

(d) Hist. Ecclesiast. lib. 4. cap. 92.

(e) Ad Tacit. Germ. not. 32.

(f) Mercury, president of Gain.

(g) Dion. Hist. Rom. 26.

(p) De Emendat. Temp. 1. Eundem de hac re Prolegom. & lib. 7. Dodonem merito agnoscimus.

(q) Nicephor. Callist. Ecclesiast. Hist. 4. cap. 20.

(r) Polyd. Invent. Rec. 6. cap. 5.

(s) Comment. Gallie. 6.

(t) Bed. lib. de Temp. ribus.



first induced to taste that happiness, by Berta his queen, a Christian, and daughter to Hilperic (or Lothar the II.) king of France) was afterward baptized by Augustine a monk, sent hither, with other workmen, for such a harvest, by Pope Gregory the First, zealously being moved to conversion of the English nation: so that after the first coming of Hengist, they had lived here one hundred and fifty years by the common account without tincture of true religion: nor did the Britons, who had long before (as you see to the eighth song) received it, at all impart it by instruction, which Gildas imputes to them for merit of divine revenge. White of (e) Basingstoke (I must cite his name, you would laugh at me if I affirmed it) refers to Kent's Paganism, and British Christianity before this conversion, the original of our vulgar bye-word *Nor in Christendom Nor in Kent*.

*That abstinence of fast for forty days began.*

Began it here, to understand him; for plainly that Fasting time was long before in other churches, as appears in the decreeing (u) epistle of Pope Telephorus, constituting that the clergy should fast from *Quinquagesima* (that is, Shrove Sunday) to Easter, whereas the laity, and they both were before bound but to six weeks, accounted, as now, from the first Sunday in Lent; so that even from the (y) first of Christianity, for remembrance of our Saviour, it seems, it hath been observed, although I know it hath been referred to Telephorus, as first author. He died in the year 140 of Christ. But if you compare this of him with (x) that of Pope Melchiodes (some 170 years after) taking away the fast upon a Sunday and Thursday, you will lose therein 40 days, and the common name of *Quadragesima*; but again find it thus. St. (a) Gregory (after both these) makes Lent to be so kept, that yet no fasting be upon Sundays; because (among other reasons) he would have it as the tenth of time consecrated to God in prayer and abstinence (and the canonists, (b) how justly I argue not, put it in their division of personal tithes.) Then, in this form, after the exception, calculates out his number. From the first Sunday in Lent to Ester, are six weeks, that is, forty-two days, whence six Sundays subtracted, remain thirty-six, which (fractions avoided) is the quotient of 365, being the number of the common year divided by ten. But seeing that holy number (as he calls it) of forty, which our Saviour honoured with his fasting, is by this reckoning excluded, he adds, to the first week, the four last days of the *Quinquagesima*, that is *Asbwardnesday, Thursday, Fri-*

*day, and Saturday*; so keeping both his conceit of tithing, and also observation of that number, which we remember only (not able to imitate) in our assayed abstinence. For proof of this in Greenbert, both Bede and Malmesbury, beside their other followers, are witnesses. Their Saxon nation ours was (c) *Langten-faþen*, as the other four *faste yudren faþen*.

*So Ella coming in, soon from the Britons' war.*

Near forty years after the Saxons first arrival, Ella (of the same nation) with his sons Pliering, or Pliering, Cincen and Cissa landed at Chichester in the now Suffex; it is supposed (d) to be near the Witterings by Chichester) and having his forces increased by supply, after much bloodshed betwixt him and the Britons, and long siege of the city Andredcester, now in Newenden in Kent (as learned Camden conjectures) got the preme dominion of those southern parts, with the title of king of Suffex, whose son and successor Cissa's name, is yet there left in (e) *Lirre-caster* far Chichester, and in a hill encircled with a deep trench for military defence, called Cissa-bury, by Ollington. The author fitly begins with Ella after the Kentish; for he was the first made the master of the Saxon kings plural; by planting and his reign over the South Saxons: and as he was always in the heptarchy which had this Ethelred chief King of the Angles and Saxons, so this Ella not only was honoured with (f) it, but also the prerogative by priority of state, as first enjoying it before all other princes of his nation: but his dominion afterward was for the most part still under the Kentish and West Saxon kings.

*Saint Wilfrid sent from York into his realm: reciev'd*

This Wilfrid archbishop of York, expelled that see by Egfrid king of Northumberland, was kindly received by Edilwalch (otherways Ethelwalch, being before christened through religious persuasion of his god-father Wulpher king of Mercland) and converted the South-Saxons to the gospel. He endowed this Wilfrid with Selsey a cheroncle in Suffex, and was so founder of a bishopric, afterward translated, under the Norman conqueror, to Cichester, whose cathedral church in public monuments honours the name of Cedwalla (of whom see to the ninth song) king of West-Sex for her first creator: but the reason of that was rather because Cedwalla after death of Edilwalch (whom he slew) so honoured Wilfrid (g) as *Magistrum & Dominum omnis Provincia cum arefact, nihil in tota Provincia sine illius assensu faciendum arbi-*

(u) Hist. 7. not. 24.

(x) Dist. 4. c. 4. statuimus & ibid. D. Ambrosius.

(y) Ita etiam Baronius, sed & vide Eusebii Chronic. in Sixto 1.

(z) Dist. 4. de Consecrat. cap. 14. Jejunium.

(a) In Homil. dist. 5. de Consecrat. cap. 16.

(b) Rebuff. tract. de decim. quest. 3. num. 31.

(c) Canut. leg. 16.

(d) Ex antiq. charta Eccles. Selesens. ap Camden.

(e) So it is called in Florent. Wigorn. p. 331. kingdom of Suffex.

(f) Ethelwerd. hist. 3. cap. 2. Bed. hist. 2. c. 5.

(g) Malmesb. de gest. Pontific. 3.



thereupon it was, as it seems, thought fit (according to course of yielding with sinners of fortune) to forget Eadilwald, and acknowledge Ceolwulf (that a pagan) for first patron of that episcopal dignity. It is reported, that three years before this general receipt there of Christ's apostles, continued without sin; in so much that famine, and her companion pestilence, so vexed the province, that in multitudes of forty or fifty at a time, they used hand in hand, to end their miseries in the swallowing waves of their neighbouring seas; but that all ceased upon Wilfrid's preaching; who taught them also first (if Henry of Huntingdon's teaching deceive me not) to catch all manner of fish, being before skilled only in taking of eels: & know, (b) some make Eadbert abbot of the monastery in Selcy, under king Ine, first bishop there, adding, that before his time the province was subject to Winchester; but that rightly understood discords not; that is, if you refer it to illustration of what was discontinued by Wilfrid's return to his archbishopric.

conspiring for his heir young Edmund.

King of Mercia had slain Sigebert (or Sigebert) and Aethelric, kings of East-Angles, and so in confusion might be said to have possessed that kingdom some time had diverse successors of his blood, of which Eadbert was traitorously slain in a plot contrived by Offa king of Mercia, and this put off the heptarchy confounded in the Mercian empire. Thus did Offa adopt this St. Edmund a Saxon into name of successor in that kingdom: which he had not long enjoyed, but that through barbarous cruelty, chiefly of one Hingaur a Dane (Polydore will needs have his name Agner) he was with miserable torture martyred, upon the 19th of November 870, whither his canonization instructs us for holy memory of him.

And flew a thousand monks, as they devoutly pray'd.

You may add two hundred to the author's number. This Ethelfrid, or Edilfrid, king of Northumberland, aspiring to increase his territories, made war against the bordering Britons. But as he was in the field, by Chester, near the onset, he saw, with wonder, a multitude of monks assembled, in a place by, somewhat secure; demanded the cause, and was soon informed that they were there ready to assist his enemies swords with their devout orisons, and had one called Brocmail, professing their defence from the English forces. The king no sooner heard this, but Ergo (saith he, being a heathen) *si adversus nos, ad Dominum suum clamant, profecto & ipsi quamvis arma non ferant, contra nos pugnant, qui adversus nos imprecationibus persequuntur*; presently commands their spoil: which

so was performed by his soldiers, that 1200 were in their devotions put to the sword. A strange slaughter of religious persons, at one time and place; but not so strange as their whole number in this one monastery, which was 2100; not such idle lubberly fots as later times pestered the world withal, truly pictured in that (A) description of (their character) sloth.

With two flinty eyes  
I must sit said the Sogge, or else I trust needs nap,  
I may not stand ne sleepe, ne without mi sloth sleepe.  
Were I brought a bed (but if my talende it made)  
Should ne ringing do me rife, or I were rife to dine,  
He began Benedicite with a helth, and his brest knoth  
And rashted, and rered, and rut at the last;  
If I should dye by this daie, me lyffe not to loke.  
I can not perfitly my Pater nost, as the Priest it singeth,  
But I can rimes of Robin Hood, and Randalph Chester,  
ter,

But of our Lord or our Lady I lerne nothing at all.  
I am occupied every day, boly day and other,  
With idle tales at the ale, and other while in Chureben.  
God's pains and his passion full felds thinke I shewen,  
I visited never febleman, ne fettered folke in pities,  
I have lever here an Harlotrie, or a somere gentle,  
Or leaping to laugh at an bilye my neighbours,  
Then all that ever Mark made, Math, John, and Luc-  
cas.

And vigiles and fasting daies, all these let I passe,  
And lie in bed in Lent, and mi leman in myt accom-  
I have ben Priest and Parson passing thyrtie winters,  
Yet can I netter Selfe ne sing, ne Saints lints read,  
But I can fode in a feld, or in a furlong an bare  
Better then in Beatus Vir, or in Beati Quines.

Not such were these Bangor monks; but they *Omnes de labore manuum suarum vivere solebant*. Observe here the difference betwixt the more ancient times and our corrupted neighbour ages, which have been so branded, and not unjustly, with dissembled bestial sensualities of monastic profession, that in the universal visitation under Henry VIII every monastery afforded shameful discovery of Sodomites and incontinent fryers; in Canterbury priory of Benedictines, nine Sodomites; in Battel-Abbey, fifteen; and, in many other, like proportion; larger reckoning will not satisfy if you account their wenches, which married and single (for they affect that variety) supplied the wants of their counterfeited solitariness: so that hereupon, after an account of DC. convents of monks and friars, with mendicants, in this kingdom, when time endured them, *Je laisseray, saith (n) one, maintenant au Lecteur calculer combien par le moins devoient estre de fils de putains en Angleterre, je di seulement fils de Moines & de Putaines*. These were they who admired all for Hebrew or Greek which they understood not, and had at least (as many of our now

(b) Matth. Westmonasteriensis.

(c) Rob. de Langland, sive Joannes Malverne  
Puf. 5.

(n) H. Stephen en l'Entroduit. au traite de la  
conformite, &c. I. chap. 21.



professing formalists) Latin enough to make such a speech as Rabelais hath to Gargantua for Paris bells, and call for their *Vinum Cui*; which, in one of them personated, receive thus from a noble (c) poet.

*Has cepit: nihil hoc: contra totum fit apertis,  
Sociis, n. justis atque pri potare jubet Len.  
Vinum laticat, et bonum, præcipui Cui.  
Gratia sit Domino, Vinum Cui, inquit, habemus.*

How my reader tastes this, I know not; therefore I willingly quit him; and add only, that William of Malmesbury grossly errs in affirming that this *Wangow* (p) is turned into a bishopric; but pardon him, for he lived in his cloister, and perhaps was deceived by equivocation of name, there being in Caeruarvon a bishopric of the same title to this day, which some body later (q) hath on the other side ill taken for this.

*Who re-ordained York a bishop's government.*

For in the British times it had a metropolitan see (as is noted to the ninth song) and now by Edwine (converted to Christian discipline, both through means of his wife Ethelburg, daughter to Ethelbert king of Kent, and religious persuasion of God's ministers) was restored to the former dignity, and Paulinus, in it, honoured with name of archbishop, being afterwards banished that province, and made bishop of Rochester, which some have ignorantly made him before.

*Not those that in the poem of Saxon Cride came.*

Most of our chronologers begin the Mercian race royal with Penda; but Henry of Huntingdon (not without his proofs and followers) makes Cride (grandfather to Penda) first in that kingdom.

*Confirm'd in Christ's belief by that sage reverend Chad.*

This Wulpher, son to Penda, restored to his father's kingdom, is (r) reported with his own hands to have slain his two sons Wulphald and Robin, for that they privily withdrew themselves to that famous St. Chad, or Cedda bishop of Litchfield, for instruction in the Christian faith; and all this is supposed to be done where the now

Stone in Staffordshire is seated. However the author relies. But the credit of it is more than suspicious, not only for that in classic authority I find his issue only to be Keared, and St. Werburga (by Ermengild daughter to Erconbert of Kent) but withal that he was both Christian, and a great benefactor to the church. For it appears by consent of all, that Peada, Weda, or Penda (all these names he had) eldest son of the first Penda, first received in Middle Engle (part of Mercland) the faith, and was baptized by Finnan bishop of (s) Lindisfarne: after whose violent death, in spite of Oswy king of Northumberland, Linnæ, Ebba, and Edbert, gentlemen of power in Mercland, saluted Wulpher (brother to Peada) king of all that province, who was then, as it seems, (by Florence of Worcester, and Bede's reporting of four bishops in succession preferred by him) of Christian name; but howsoever he was at that time, it is certain that in the second or third year of his reign, he was godfather to king Edmund of Suffex, and bestowed on him as a gift, in token of that spiritual adoption, the Isle of Wight, with another territory in West Saxony, and gave also to St. Cedda (made by consent of him and king Oswy, bishop of Lindisfarne) fifty hides of land (a hide, (t) a plough land, or a carue, I hold nearly equivalent) towards foundation of a monastery. All this compared, and his life, in our monks observed, hardly endures his note of perfection; which in respect of his foundershup of Farnborough abbey, Robert of Swapham a monk thus reporting it, or those from whom he had it, might better in silence have buried it, or rather not so ungratefully feigned it. I only find one thing notably ill of him; that he, first of the English kings, by simony made a bishop, which was wont of London, as Malmesbury is author.

*(And through his rule) the church from him freely freed.*

Ethelbald king of Mercland, founder of Crowland abbey in Lincolnshire, a great, martial, and religious prince, in a synod held (Cuthbert then archbishop of Canterbury) enlarged ecclesiastical liberty in this form: *Donationem meam, ac monachorum, ut omnia Monasteria & Ecclesie reges ac principes Vestigalibus, Operibus, & Oneribus absolvant, nisi Instructionibus Arrium vel Ponticum, quo aliquam vili possunt relaxari, i. e. he discharged all monasteries and churches of all kind of taxes, works,*

(c) Jan. Douz. Satyr. 3.

(p) In hist. & lib. 4. de Pontificib. in Dorcestrensis.

(q) Aut lib. Academ. per Europ. edit. 1390.

(r) Robert. de Swapham. in Hist. Petroburgens. ap. Camd. in Stafford. & Northampton. & Stouzum.

(s) It is that now called *Holy Island*, by east the utmost parts of *Northumberland*, whence the bishopric, about MCCXCV. was translated to *Durham*.

(t) Ita n. apud Matth. Paris, Huntingdon Th. Walsingham. docemur, licet alii 1000. Acres, & aliter definiunt. Cæterum quod me maxime movet, & absque hæsitacione in hanc sententiam potius ire cogit, est tibi ex Duffiani Charta (Ann 963) qua Terræ partem concedit septem Ararum, quod Anglice dicitur septem Hides. Nec immerito hic te vellem vocavisti illius spem ju. Conf. nostras, *Hids & Taines*; quod Arrium re-bile interpretari hout ignorat Dupendius quipiam



and imposts, excepting such as were for  
g. of forts and bridges; being (as it seems  
was then) not releasable. For, besides  
hority of this statute of Ethelbald, it ap-  
equent in charters of the Saxon times, that,  
adowment and donations to churches, with  
words of exemption, and liberty from all  
charges, the conclusion of the *Habendum*  
) *exceptis istis tribus, expeditione, pontis, arcifve,*  
*ime,* which among common notaries or scri-  
was so well known, that they called it by  
ieral name, *Trinodi necessitas*, as out of Ced-  
charter to Wilfrid, first bishop of Selsey, of  
mor of Pagenham (now Paghām) in Suf-  
we seen transcribed; whereupon in a de-  
ve (concerning papal exactions, and sub-  
of church living) held under Hen. (w) III.  
amination of ancient kings indulgence to  
gy, it was found, that, *Non adeo libertati de-*  
*bujusmodi possessiones, quin tria sibi reservarent*  
*propter publicam regni utilitatem, videlicet, ex-*  
*m, pontis & archi reparationes, vel refectioes,*  
*s vassalorum bellum incursionibus;* although by  
of a statute of Ethelulph King of West-  
in the year 855, made by advice both of  
nd spirituality, the church was quitted also  
: three commonwealth causes of subsidies,  
oyed it not; for even the (x) canons them-  
subject their possessions to these services and  
and upon interpretation of a charter made  
ry Beauclerc, founder of the priory of St.  
in Yorkshire; containing words of immu-  
d liberty of tenure, as general and effectual  
it be, a great lawyer (y) long since affirm-  
t yet the house was not freed of repairing  
and causeways. But all lands, as well in  
of clerks as lay, were subjected to particular

tenures after the conquest: and so these kind of  
charges and discharges being made rather feudal  
(as (x) Bracton calls them) than personal, use of  
them in charters consequently ceased. I note here  
to students of antiquity, that, where the printed  
Ingulph says this was done by Ethelbald in the  
3d year of his reign, they must with correction  
make it the 31d, as is, without scruple, apparent  
in the date of (a) the synod, which was the 745th  
of our Saviour.

*The Britons had interr'd their protomartyr's bones.*

In that universal persecution under Dioclesian  
and Herculius, (b) this isle gave, in St. Alban, tes-  
timony of Christian profession; even to his last  
breath drawn among tormenting enemies of the  
cross. His death (being the first martyr, as the  
author here calls him, that this country had) was  
at Werlamcester; (i. e. the old Verulam) whereby  
the abbey of St. Alban was afterward (b) erected.

*(Extirpating other files) and gave it England's  
(c) name.*

Look back to the last note on the first song.  
Thus, as you see, hath the muse compendiously  
run through the heptarchy, and united it in name  
and empire under Egbert king of West-saxons: af-  
ter whom, none but his successors had absolute  
power in their kingdoms, as course of story shews  
you. Likely enough I imagine, that as yet the  
expectation of the reader is not satisfied in these  
seven kingdoms, their beginnings, territory, and  
first Christianity: therefore as a corollary receive  
this for the eye's more facile instruction.

|                 |                | Began in  | Received the faith in  |
|-----------------|----------------|---|--|
| Comprehended in | I. Kent.       | I. Hengist, 456, from<br>whose son Oisc the<br>succeeding kings<br>were called Oiscings.                                    | I. Ethelbert, 597, of<br>Augustine from Gre-<br>gory I. (d)                                  |
|                 | II. South-sex. | II. In Ælla, about<br>491.  | II. Edilwalch, 661,<br>and the whole coun-<br>try converted by<br>Wilfrid 679.               |
|                 | III. West-sex. | III. Certic, (d) 519,<br>whose grandfather<br>was Gewise, and<br>thence his people<br>and posterity were<br>called Gewises. | III. Kinegils, 635,<br>baptized by Birin,<br>first bishop of Dor-<br>chester in Oxfordshire. |

V. Chartam hujusmodi apud D. Ed. Cok.  
l. ad lib. 6.

Mat. Par. p. 838.

Gregor. decret. tit. de Imm. Eccl. c. Per-

Knivet. 44. Ra. 3. fol. 25. a.

ol. III.

(x) De Acquir. rer. Dom. 2. cap. 16. § 8.

(a) Malmesh. lib. de gest. Pontif. 1.

(b) Ann. 760, aut circiter.

(c) Circa ann. 800.

(d) I follow here the ordinary chronology of  
our monks.



|                 |                     | <i>Began in</i>   | <i>Received the faith in</i>  |  |
|-----------------|---------------------|---|---|--|
| Comprehended in | IV. Northumberland. | Lancaster.<br>York.<br>Durham.<br>Westmoreland.<br>Northumberland, and the neighbouring territory, to Edinburgh Frith; whither, from Tine, was the name of Bernicland, and what lay on this side Tine, called Dierland.   | IV. Ida, 547, taking all Bernicland, as Ælla twelve years after began in Dierland; but both kingdoms soon were confounded in one.     | IV. Edwin, 626, christened by Paulin, first archbishop of (in the Saxon times) of York.  |
|                 | V. East-sax.        | Essex.<br>Middlesex.<br>Part of Hereford.   | V. Sleda after some (others say in Erchwin before) about 580, both uncertain, and their successors.                                   | V. Sebert, 604, dipped in holy tincture by Mellitus, first bishop of London.   |
|                 | VI. East-angl.      | Norfolk.<br>Suffolk.<br>Cambridgeshire.<br>Part of Ely.   | VI. Redwald, about 600: but some talk of one Vuffa (whence these kings were called Vuffings) to be author of it near 30 years before. | VI. Eorpwald, 632, although Redwald were christened, for he soon fell to apostasy, by persuasion of his wife, and in the same chapel made one altar to Christ, another to the Devil. |
|                 | VII. Mercland.      | Glocester.<br>Hereford.<br>Worcester.<br>Warwick.<br>Leicester.<br>Rutland.<br>Northampton.<br>Lincoln.<br>Huntingdon.<br>Bedford.<br>Buckingham.<br>Oxford.<br>Stafford.<br>Derby.<br>Salop.<br>Nottingham.<br>Chester.<br>The northern part of Hereford. But in these the inhabitants of them inlands were called Middle-engles, and the Mercians divided into names of their local quarters. | VII. In Penda 626. Others will in Crida, some forty years before.   | VII. Peada, king of Middle-engle, baptized by Finna, bishop of Lindisfarne, but enlarged the profession of it in Vulpher, next king there.   |

Perhaps as good authority may be given against some of my proposed chronology, as I can justify myself with. But although so, yet I am therefore freed of error, because our old monks exceedingly in this kind corrupted, or deficient, afford nothing

able to rectify. I know the East-angles, by ancient and late authority, began above one hundred years before; but if with synchronism examine it, it will be found most absurd. For ing it is affirmed expressly, that Redwald



by Ethelfrid king of Northumberland, and  
plain by (a) Bede (take his story together,  
rely not upon syllables and false printed co-  
) that it must needs be near 600, (for Edwin  
preceded Ethelfrid) and that Uffa was some 30  
years before: what calculation will cast this into  
than 500 years after Christ? Forget not (if  
desire accurate times) my admonition to the  
h song, of the 22 years error upon the Diony-  
account, especially in the beginning of the  
gdoms, because they are for the most part  
koned in old monks from the coming of the  
ons. Where you find different names from  
se, attribute it to the misreading old copies, by  
h as have published Carpenwald for Eorpen-  
ld, or Earpwald; Penda also perhaps for Wen-  
mistaking the Saxon *w* for our *p*, and other  
h, variably both written and printed. How in  
e they successively came under the West-saxon  
e, I must not tell you, unless I should untimely  
t on the person of an historian. Our common  
nals manifest it. But know here, that although  
ren were, yet but five had any long continuance  
their supremacies:

*The Saxons the in their power the this were so rive  
Bee kingdoms made in Engelande and (o) sutbe  
but vive.*

*The king of Northomberland, and of Eastangle also,  
Of Kent and of Westsex, and of the March therto;*

Robert of Gloucester, according to truth of story  
th it, for Essex and Southsex were not long af-  
r their beginnings (as it were) annexed to their  
ling neighbour princes.

*A nation from their first bent naturally to spoil.*

Indeed so were universally the Germans (out of  
hom our Saxons) as Tacitus relates to us; *Nes  
rare terram aut expectare annum tam facile persu  
ris, quam vocare hostes & vulnera mereri. Pigrum  
uine & iners videtur sudore acquirere quod possis  
guine parare, and more of that nature we read  
him.*

*Of famous Cambridge first*—————

About the year 630, Sigebert (after death of  
orpwald) returning out of France, whither his  
ther Redwald had banished him, and receiving  
the East-angle crown, assisted by Fœlix a Burgo-  
one, and first bishop of Dunwich (then called  
unmoc) in Suffolk: desiring to imitate what he  
ad seen observable in France, for the common  
ood, *instituit scholam* (read it *scholas*, if you will,  
some do) I see no consequence of worth) *in qua  
uri literis eruditentur*, as Bede writeth. Out of  
ese words thus general, Cambridge being in

East-Angle, hath been taken for this school, and  
the school for the university. I will believe it  
(inasmuch as makes it then an university) not  
much sooner than that (I know not what) Gur-  
guntius with Cantaber, some 150 years before  
Christ, founded it; or, those charters of king  
Arthur, bulls of Pope Honorius and Sergius sent  
thither; Anaximander or Anaxagoras their stu-  
dies there, with more such pretended and absurd  
unlikelyhoods; unless every grammar school be an  
university, as this was, where children were  
taught by *Padagogi & magistri juxta morem Cantua-  
riorum*, as Bede hath expressly: which so makes  
Canterbury an university also. But neither is  
there any touch in authentic and ancient story,  
which justifies these schools instituted at Cam-  
bridge, but generally somewhere in Eastangle.  
Reasons of inducement are framed in multitudes  
on both sides. But, for my own part, I never  
saw any sufficiently probable, and therefore most  
of all rely upon what authorities are afforded.  
Among them I ever preferred the Appendix to  
the story of Crowland, supposed done by Peter  
of Blois, affirming that under Henry I. (he lived  
very near the same time: therefore believe him  
in a manner not subject to causes of historians  
temporising) Joffred Abbot of Crowland, with  
one Gilbert his commoigne, and three other  
monks, came to his manor of Cotenham, as they  
used oft-times, to read; and thence daily going  
to Cambridge, *Conducto, quodam borreo publico suas  
scientias palam profitentes, in brevi temporis excursu,  
grandem discipulorum numerum contraxerunt. Anno  
vero secundo adventus illorum, tantum accrevit discipu-  
lorum numerus, tam ex tota patria, quam ex oppido,  
quod qualibet domus maxima, borreum, nec ulla ecclesia  
sufficeret eorum receptaculo*: and so goes on with an  
ensuing frequency of schools. If before his there  
were an university, I imagine that in it was not  
profest Aristotle's Ethics, which tell us, *οὐκ ἔστι  
Ζηνῶν φιλίας*: for then would they not have per-  
mitted learned readers of the sciences (whom all  
that hated not the muses could not but love) to  
be compelled into a barn, instead of schools. Nor  
is it tolerable conceit, that for near five hundred  
years (which interceded betwixt this and Sigebert)  
no fitter place of profession should be erected. To  
this time others have referred the beginning of  
that famous seminary of good literature: and  
if room be left for me, I offer subscription; but  
always under reformation of the most honoured  
tutoress's pupils, which shall (omitting fabulous  
trash) judiciously instruct otherwise. But the au-  
thor here out of Polydore, Leland, and others of  
later time relying upon conjecture, hath his war-  
rant of better credit than Cantilup, another relater  
of that Arcadian original, which some have so  
violently patronized.

(a) Eccles. Hist. 2. cap. 9. ubi legendum sex-  
centesimo vice eū quingentesimo.

(o) Afterward.



*Renowned Oxford built i' Apollo's learned brood.*

So it is affirmed (of that learned king, yet knowing not a letter until he was past twelve) by Polydore, Bale, and others; grounding themselves upon what Alfred's beneficence and most deserving care hath manifested in royal provision for that sacred nurse of learning. But justly it may be doubted, lest they took instauration of what was deficient, for institution: for although you grant he first founded University College, yet it follows not, but there might be common schools and colleges, as at this day in Leyden, Giesse, and other places of High and Low Germany. If you please, fetch hither that of Grecklade (to the third song) which I will not importune you to believe: but without scruple you cannot but credit that of a monk of (p) St. Dewi's (made grammar and rhetoric reader there by king Alfred) in these words of the year 886. *Exhorta est pessima ac teterima Oxonia discordia inter Grimbaldum* (this was a great and devout scholar, whose aid Alfred used in his disposition of lectures) *doctissimoque illos viros secum illuc adduxit, & veteres illos scholasticos quos ibidem invenisset: qui ejus adventu, leges, modos, ac prælegendi formulas ab eodem Grimbardo institutas, omni ex parte amplecti recusabant.* And a little after, *Quintiam probabant & ostendebant, idque indubitato veterum annalium testimonio, illius loci ordines ac instituta, a nonnullis piis & eruditis hominibus fuisse sancita, ut a Gilda* (*Melkino*; he was a great mathematician, and as Gildas also lived between 500 and 600) *Nennio* (the printed book hath falsely *Nemrio*) *Kentigerno* (he lived about 509) *& aliis, qui omnes literis illic confenserunt, omnia ibidem felici pace & concordia administrantes;* and affirmed also that letters had there been happily profest in very ancient time, with frequency of scholars, until irruptions of (q) Pagans (they meant Danes) had brought them to this lately restored deficiency. After this testimony, greater than all exception, what can be more plain than the noble worth and fame of the pillar of the muses long before king Alfred's? Neither make I any great question, but that, where in an old copy of Gildas's life (published lately by a (r) Frenchman) it is printed, that he studied an Iren, which clearly he took for a place in this land, it should be Ichen (and I confess, before n.e. one hath well pulished the conjecture) for *Eydichin* the Welsh name of that city, expressing as much as Oxenford. Yet I would not willingly fall into the extremes of making it Mem-

prikes, as some do; that were but vain affectation to dote on my reverend mother. But because in those remote ages, not only universities and public schools (being (s) for a time prohibited by P. P. Gregory for fear of breeding Pelagians and Arians) but divers monasteries and cloysters were great (t) auditories of learning, as appears in Theodore and Adrian's professing at Canterbury, Maldulph and Aldelm at Madmesbury (this Aldelm first taught the English to write (u) Latin prose and verse) Alcuin at York, Bede at Jarrow, and such other more, I guess that hence came much obscurity to their name, omitted or suppressed by envious monks of those times, the whose traditions descending through many hands of their like, we have no credible authorities. But which soever of these two sisters have prerogative of primogeniture (a matter too much controverted betwixt them) none can give them less tribute, than to be two radiant eyes fixed in this island, as the beauteous face of the earth's body. To what others have by industrious search communicated, I add concerning Oxford out of ancient (x) MS. (but since the Clementines) what I there read: *Apud montem Pessulanum, Parisos, Oxoniam, Colonia, Boloniam, generalia studia ordinamus. Ad que Provincialis quilibet possit mittere duos fratres, qui habeant studentiam libertatem;* and also admonish the reader of an imposture thrust into the world this last autumn mart in a provincial catalogue of bishoprics by a profest antiquary and popish canon of (y) Antwerp, telling us, that the MS. copy of it, found in St Victor's library at Paris, was written 500 years since, and in the number of Canterbury province, it hath Oxford; which being written Oxoniensis, I imagined might have been mistaken for Exoniensis (as Exonia for Oxonia sometimes); until I saw Exoniensis joined also; by which stood Petroburgensis, which bruised all the credit of the monument, but especially of him that published it. For, who knows not that Peterborough was no bishopric till Henry the VIII.? nor indeed was Oxford, which might easily be thought otherwise, by incidence of an ignorant eye on that vainly promising title. I abstain from expatiating in matter of our muses seats, so largely, and too largely treated of by others.

*And into several shires the kingdom did divide.*

To those shires (z) he constituted Justices and Sheriffs, called *gereras* and *rhyrgereras*, the office of those two being before confounded in *Vico-Domini*,

(p) Asser. Menevens. de gest. Alfred.

(q) About Alfred's time, before his instauration a Grammarian was not found in his kingdom to teach him. Florent, Wigorn. p. 309.

(r) Joan, a Boico Paris. in Biblioth. Floriacens. vit. Gild. cap. 6.

(s) Bri. Tuin. Apolog. Ox. 2. § 84.

(t) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant. in Granta.

(u) Camd. in Wiltonia.

(x) Constitutiones Fratrum, cap. de Studiis, & Magist. student.

(y) Aubert Miræus in Notit. Episcopat. edit. Parisiis 1610.

(z) Hister. Crowlandensis.



i. e. Lieutenants; but so, that *Vicedominus*, and *Vicescomes* remained indifferent words for the name of Sheriff, as in a charter of King Edred 950. — *Ego Binguilph Vicedominus consulti* +. *Ego Alfer Vicescomes audi vi* +. I find together subscribed. The Justices were, as I think, no other than those whom they called *dolder mannum*, being the same with *eorles*, now earls, in whose disposition and government upon delegation from the king (the title being officary, not hereditary, except in some particular shire, as Leicester, &c.) the county was; with the bishop of the diocese: the earl (a) sat in the *Syregemote* twice every year, where charge was given touching (b) *Gates ribd: rge fearuld rilde*: But by the (c) Conqueror, this meddling of the bishop in Tournes was prohibited. The Sheriff had then his monthly court also, as the now county court instituted by the Saxon Edward I. as that other of the Tourn by King Edgar. The Sheriff is now immediate officer of the King's court; but it seems that then the earl (having always the third part of the shire's profits, both before and since the Normans) had charge upon him. For this division of counties: how many he made, I know not, but Malmesbury, under Ethelred affirms, there were thirty-two, (Robert of Gloucester thirty-five) about which time Wachelcomb was one, (d) but then joined to Gloucestershire; those thirty-two (e) were

Kent, Suffex, Surrey, Hantshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Somerset, Dorset, Devonshire; these nine were governed by the West Saxon law. Essex, Middlesex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Hertford, Cambridge, Bedford, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Lincoln, York; these fifteen by the Danish law. Oxford, Warwick, Gloucester, Hereford, Shropshire, Stafford, Cheshire, Worcester; these eight by the Mercian law.

Here was none of Cornwall, Cumberland, (stiled also Carlisleshire) Northumberland, Lancaster, Westmoreland, (which was since titled Applebyshire) Durham, Monmouth, nor Rutland, which at this day make our number (besides the twelve in Wales) forty. Cornwall (because of the Britons there planted) until the Conqueror gave the county to his brother Robert of Moreton, continued out of the division. Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham, being all northern, seem to have been then under Scottish or Danish power. But the two first received their division, as it seems, before the conquest: for Cumberland had its particular (f) governors, and Northumberland (g) earls: Westmoreland perhaps began

when King John gave it Robert Vipont, ancestor to the Cliffords, holding by that patent to this day the inheritance of the sheriffdom. Durham religiously was with large (b) immunities given to the bishop since the Norman invasion. Lancaster, until Henry III. created his younger son Edmund Crookback earl of it, I think, was no county: for in one of our old year books a learned (i) judge affirms, that in this Henry's time, was the first sheriff's tourn held there. Nor until Edward (first son to Edmund Langley Duke of York; and afterward Duke of Aumerle) created by Richard II. had Rutland any earls. I know for number and time of those, all authority agrees not with me; but I conjecture only upon selected. As Alured divided the shires first; so to him is owing the constitution of hundreds, tithings, lathes, and wapentakes, to the end that whosoever were not lawfully, upon credit of his Boroughs, i. e. pledges, admitted in some of them for a good subject, should be reckoned as suspicious of life and loyalty. Some steps thereof remain in our ancient and later law books.

*Which be an heirloom left unto the English throne.*

The first healing of the king's evil is referred to this Edward (k) the Confessor: and of a particular example in his curing a young married woman, an old (l) monument is left to posterity. In France such a kind of cure is attributed to their kings also; both of that and this, if you desire particular inquisition, take Dr. Tooker's *Charisma sanationis*.

*Our country's common laws did faithfully produce.*

In Lambard's *Archæonomy* and Roger of Hoveden's *Henry II.* are laws under the name of the Confessor and Conqueror joined and deduced for the most part out of their predecessors; but those of the Confessor seem to be the same, if (m) Malmesbury deceive not, which King Cnut collected, of whom his words are, *Omnes leges ab antiquis regibus & maxime antecessore suo Ethelredo latas, sub interminatione regia multæ, perpetuis temporibus observari præcepit, in quarum custodiam etiam nunc tempore bonorum sub nomine regis Edwardi juratur, non quod ille statuerit, sed quod observaverit*; and under this name have they been humbly desired by the subject, granted with qualification, and controverted, as a main and first part of liberty, in the next age following the Norman conquest.

(a) Edgar leg. Human. cap. 5. Edw. cap. 11. Cant. cap. 17.

(b) Rot. Chart. 2. Rich. 2. pro Decan. & capit. Lincoln, transcriptus in Jano Anglorum, l. 2. § 14. & videas apud Fox. hist. eccles. 4.

(c) God's right and the world's.

(d) Codex Wigorn. ap. Camd. in Dobunia.

(e) Polychronicon lib. 1. cap. de provinciis.

(f) Mat. West. fol. 366.

(g) Ingulph. hist. Crowland.

(b) Thorp. 17. Ed. 3. fol. 56. b.

(i) Bract. lib. 3. tract de Corona cap. 10. Quamplurimi casus in annis Ed. 3 & 5. Jacob. apud Dom. Ed. Cok. lib. 6. fol. 77. maxime vero huc faciunt Itin. illa H. 3. & Ed. 1.

(k) Polydor. hist. 8.

(l) Eilred. Rhivallens. ap. Took. in Charismat. Sanat. c. 6.

(m) De gest. Reg. 2. cap. 11.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## T H E T W E L F T H S O N G .

### *The Argument.*

The muse, that part of Shropshire plies  
Which on the east of Severn lies :  
Where mighty Wrekin from his height,  
In the proud Cambrian mountains spite,  
Sings those great Saxons ruling here,  
Which the most famous warriors were.  
And as she in her course proceeds,  
Relating many glorious deeds  
Of Guy of Warwick's fight, doth strain  
With Colebrond, that renowned Dane,  
And of the famous battles try'd  
'Twixt Knute and Edmond Ironside,  
To the Staffordian fields doth rove,  
Visits the springs of Trent and Dove ;  
Of Moreland, Cank, and Needwood sings;  
An end which to this canto brings.

**T**HE haughty Cambrian hills enamour'd of their  
praise,  
(As they who only sought ambitiously to raise  
The blood of god-like Brute) their heads do  
proudly bear ;  
And having crown'd themselves sole regents of  
the air  
(Another war with heaven as though they meant  
to make)  
Did seem in great disdain the bold affront to take,  
That any petty hill upon the English side,  
Should dare, not (with a crouch) to vail unto  
their pride.

When Wrekin, as a hill his proper worth thus  
knew,  
And understood from whence their insolency grew,  
For all that they appear'd so terrible in fight,  
Yet would not once forego a jot that was his right.  
And when they star'd on him, to them the like he  
gave,  
And answer'd glance for glance, and brave for  
brave :  
That, when some other hills which English dwell-  
lers were,  
The lusty Wrekin saw himself so well to bear



ainst the Cambrian part, respectless of their  
power,  
eminent disgrace expecting every hour,  
the flatterers that before (with many cheerful  
look)  
I grac'd his goodly site, him utterly forlook,  
I muffled them in clouds, like mourners veil'd  
in black, [wrack :  
rich of their utmost hope attend the ruinous  
at those delicious nymphs, fair Tearn and Ro-  
don clear [dear ;  
two brooks of him belov'd, and two that held him  
, having none but them, they having none but he,  
rich to their mutual joy might either's object be)  
thin their secret breasts conceived fundry fears,  
and as they mixt their streams, for him so mixt  
their tears :  
som, in their coming down, when plainly he  
discerns, [yearns :  
them his nobler heart in his strong bosom  
, constantly resolv'd, that (dearer if they were)  
the Britons should not yet all from the English  
bear ;  
therefore, quoth he, brave flood, though forth  
' by (a) Cambrian brought,  
let as fair England's friend, or mine thou  
' would'st be thought,  
O Severn!) let thine ear my just defence par-  
' take : [spake ;  
which said, in the behalf of th' English thus he  
' Wise Weever (I suppose) sufficiently hath said  
if those our princes here, which fasted, watch'd  
' and pray'd, [deeds :  
Whose deep devotion went for other's vent'rous  
but in this song of mine, he seriously that reads,  
shall find, e'er I have done, the Briton, (so extold,  
Whose height each mountain strives so mainly  
' to uphold, [might,  
match'd with as valiant men, and of as clean a  
as skilful to command, and as inur'd to fight.  
Who, when their fortune will'd that after they  
' should scorfe  
blows with the big-bon'd Dane, exchanging  
' force for force  
When first he put from sea to forage on this  
' shore, [equal gore :  
Two hundred (b) years distain'd with either's  
Now this aloft, now that, oft did the English  
' reign,  
And oftentimes again depressed by the Dane)  
The Saxons then, I say, themselves as bravely  
' shew'd, [bestow'd.  
as those on whom the Welsh such glorious praise  
' Nor could his angry sword, who Egbert over-  
threw [subdue)  
Through which he thought at once the Saxons to  
his kingly courage quell : but from his short  
' retire, [fire)  
his reinforced troops (now forg'd with sprightly  
Before them drave the Dane, and made the Bri-  
' ton run (won  
Whom he by liberal wage here to his aid had

a) Out of *Plinlimon* in the confines of Cardigan and  
Montgomery.

b) See to Song I.

' Upon their recreant backs, which both in flight  
' were slain,  
' Till their huge murdered heaps manur'd each  
' neighb'ring plain.  
' As Ethelwolf again, his utmost powers that bent  
' Against those fresh supplies each year from Den-  
' mark sent  
' (Which prowling up and down in their rude Da-  
' nish oars,  
' Here put themselves by stealth upon the pes-  
' ter'd shores) [want  
' In many a doubtful fight much time in England  
' So did the King of Kent, courageous Athelstan,  
' Which here against the Dane got such victorious  
' days. [praise,  
' So we the Wiltshire men as worthily may  
' That buckled with those Danes, by Ceorl and  
' Ofrick brought.  
' And Ethelred, with them nine sundry fields  
' that fought,  
' Recorded in his praise, the conquests of one year.  
' You right-nam'd English then, courageous men  
you were, [lord :  
' When reading ye regain'd, led by that valiant  
' Where Bafrig ye out-brav'd, and Halden, sword  
' to sword ; [address.  
' The most redoubted spirits that Denmark here  
' And Alured, not much inferior to the rest :  
' Who having in his days so many dangers past,  
' In seven brave foughten fields their champion  
' Hubba chas'd,  
' And slew him in the end, at Abington, that day,  
' Whose like the sun ne'er saw in his diurnal way :  
' Where those, that from the field sore wounded  
' sadly fled,  
' Were well near overwhelm'd with mountains of  
the dead : [fear,  
' His force and fortune made the foes so much to  
' As they the land at last did utterly forswear.  
' And when proud (c) Rollo, next, their former  
' powers repair'd [far'd)  
' (Yea, when the worst of all with the English  
' Whose countries near at hand, his force did still  
' supply, [mandy,  
' And Denmark to her drew the strengths of Nor-  
' This prince in many a fight their forces still de-  
' fy'd.  
' The goodly river Lee he wisely did divide,  
' By which the Danes had then their full-fraught  
' navies tew'd :  
' The greatness of whose stream besieged Hart-  
' ford rew'd.  
' This Alfred, whose foresight had politic'ly found  
' Betwixt them and the Thames advantage of the  
' ground,  
' A puissant hand thereto laboriously did put, [cut.  
' And into lesser streams that spacious current  
' Their ships thus set on shore (to frustrate their  
' desire) [fire.  
' Those Danish hulks became the food of English  
' Great Alfred left his life : when Elfrida up-  
' grew,  
' That far beyond the pitch of other women flew :

(c) See to the next song of *Rollo*.

A a iijj



' Who having in her youth of childing felt the woe,  
 ' § Her lord's embraces vow'd she never more  
   ' would know :  
 ' But differing from her sex (as, full of manly fire)  
 ' This most courageous queen, by conquest to af-  
   ' pire,  
 ' The puissant Danish powers victoriously pursu'd,  
 ' And resolutely here through their thick squad-  
   ' rons hew'd [won,  
 ' Her way into the north. Where Derby having  
 ' And things beyond belief upon the enemy done,  
 ' She sav'd besieged York; and in the Danes def-  
   ' pight, [might,  
 ' When most they were upheld with all the eastern  
 ' More towns and cities built out of her wealth  
   ' and power, [vour.  
 ' Than all their hostile flames could any way de-  
 ' And, when the Danish here the country most  
   ' destroy'd, [employ'd;  
 ' Yet all our powers on them not wholly were  
 ' But some we still reserv'd abroad for us to roam,  
 ' To fetch in foreign spoils, to help our loss at  
   ' home. [wan :  
 ' And all the land, from us they never clearly  
 ' But to his endless praise, our English Athelstan,  
 ' In the Northumbrian fields, with most victorious  
   ' might [flight;  
 ' Put Alaff and his powers to more inglorious  
 ' And more than any king of th' English him be-  
   ' fore,  
 ' Each way from North to South, from West to  
   ' th' Eastern shore,  
 ' Made all the isle his own : his seat who firmly  
   ' fixt [twixt,  
 ' The Caledonian hills and Caithness point be-  
 ' § And Constantine their king (a prisoner) hi-  
   ' ther brought; [sought :  
 ' Then over Severn's banks the warlike Britons  
 ' Where he their princes forc'd from that their  
   ' strong retreat,  
 ' In England to appear at his imperial seat.  
   ' But after, when the Danes, who never wea-  
   ' ried were, [here,  
 ' Came with intent to make a general conquest  
 ' They brought with them a man deem'd of so  
   ' wond'rous might,  
 ' As was not to be match'd by any mortal wight :  
 ' For, one could scarcely bear his ax into the field;  
 ' Which as a little wand the Dane would lightly  
   ' wield !  
 ' And (to enforce that strength) of such a daunt-  
   ' less spirit,  
 ' A man (in their conceit) of so exceeding merit,  
 ' That to the English oft they off'ed him (in pride)  
 ' The ending of the war by combat to decide :  
 ' Much scandal which procur'd unto the English  
   ' name.  
 ' When, some out of their love, and some spurr'd  
   ' on with shame,  
 ' By envy some provok'd, some out of courage,  
   ' fain [Dane.  
 ' Would undertake the cause to combat with the  
 ' But Athelstan the while, in settled judgment  
   ' found [wound  
 ' Should the defendant fail, how wide and deep a

' It likely was to leave to his defensive war.  
   ' Thus, whilst with sundry doubts his thoughts  
   ' perplexed are,  
 ' It pleas'd all-powerful heaven, that Warwick's  
   ' famous Guy  
 ' (The knight through all the world renew'd  
   ' for chivalry)  
 ' Arriv'd from foreign parts, where he had held  
   ' him long.  
 ' His honourable arms devoutly having hung  
 ' In a religious house, the off'rings of his praise  
 ' To his redeemer Christ, his help at all assays  
 ' Those arms, by whose strong proof he many a  
   ' Christian freed, [died)  
 ' And bore the perfect marks of many a worthy  
 ' Himself, a Palmer poor, in homely russet clad  
 ' (And only in his hand his hermit's staff he had)  
 ' Tow'rd's Winchester alone (so) sadly took his  
   ' way, [land lay;  
 ' Where Athelstan, that time the King of Eng-  
 ' And where the Danish camp then strongly did  
   ' abide, [the hide.  
 ' Near to a goodly mead, which men there call  
   ' The day that Gay arriv'd (when silent night  
   ' did bring [king  
 ' Sleep both on friend and foe) that most religious  
 ' (Whose strong and constant heart all grievous  
   ' cares suppress)  
 ' His due devotion done, betook himself to rest.  
 ' To whom it seem'd by night an angel did appear,  
 ' Sent to him from that God whom he invoc'd by  
   ' pray'r;  
 ' Commanding him the time not idly to forego,  
 ' But rathe as he could rise, to such a gate to go,  
 ' Whereas he should not fail to find a goodly knight  
 ' In Palmerspoor attire: though very meanly dight,  
 ' Yet by his comely shape, and limbs exceeding  
   ' strong,  
 ' He eas'ly might him know the other folk among;  
 ' And bade him not to fear, but choose him for the  
   ' man. [stan;  
   ' No sooner brake the day, but up rose Athel-  
 ' And as the vision shew'd, he such a Palmer  
   ' found, [ground:  
 ' With others of this sort, there sitting on the  
 ' Where, for some poor repast they only seem'd  
   ' to stay,  
 ' Else ready to depart each one upon his way :  
 ' When secretly the king revealed to the knight  
 ' His comfortable dreams that lately passed night:  
 ' With mild and princely words bespeaking him;  
   ' quoth he,  
 ' Far better you are known to heaven (it seems)  
   ' than me [command  
 ' For this great action fit : by whose most dread  
 ' (Before a world of men) its laid upon your hand.  
 ' Then, stout and valiant knight, here to my court  
   ' repair,  
 ' Refresh you in my baths, and mollify your care  
 ' With comfortable wines and meats what you  
   ' will ask, [talk.  
 ' And choose my richest arms to fit you for this  
   ' The Palmer (gray with age) with counte-  
   ' nance lowting low, [bow,  
 ' His head even to the earth before the king did



' Him softly answering thus; Dread Lord, it fits  
   ' me ill [will :  
 ' (A wretched man) t'oppose high heaven's eternal  
 ' Yet my most sovereign Liege, no more of me  
   ' esteem  
 ' Than this poor habit shews, a Pilgrim as I seem;  
 ' But yet I must confess, have seen in former days,  
 ' The best knights of the world, and scuffled in  
   ' some frays.  
 ' Those times are gone with me; and, being aged  
   ' now, [my vow  
 ' Have off'red up my arms to heav'n, and made  
 ' Ne'er more to bear a shield, nor my declining  
   ' age [tagc)  
 ' (Except some palmer's tent, or homely hermi-  
 ' Shall ever enter roof: but if, by heaven and thee,  
 ' This action be impos'd, great English king, on me,  
 ' Send to the Danish camp, their challenge to ac-  
   ' cept, [kept :  
 ' In some convenient place proclaiming it be  
 ' Where, by th' Almighty's power, for England  
   ' I'll appear.  
 ' The king, much pleas'd in mind, assumes his  
   ' wonted cheer,  
 ' And to the Danish power his choicest herald sent.  
 ' When, both through camp and court, this combat  
   ' quickly went,  
 ' Which suddenly divulg'd, whilst ev'ry list'ning  
   ' ear,  
 ' As thirsting after news, desirous was to hear,  
 ' Who for the English side durst undertake the day.  
 ' The puissant kings accords, that in the middle way  
 ' Betwixt the tent and town, to either's equal fight,  
 ' Within a goodly mead, most fit for such a fight,  
 ' The lists should be prepar'd for this material prize.  
 ' The day prefix'd once com'n, both Dane and  
   ' English rise,  
 And to th' appointed place th' unnumber'd peo-  
   ' ple throng : [young  
 ' The weaker female sex, old men, and children  
 ' Into the windows get, and up on stalls, to see  
 The man on whose brave hand their hope that  
   ' day must be.  
 ' In noting of it well, there might a man behold  
 ' More sundry forms of fear than thought imagine  
   ' could.  
 ' One looks upon his friend with sad and heavy  
   ' cheer, [bear :  
 ' Who seems in this distress a part with him to  
 ' Their passions do express much pity mix'd with  
   ' rage, [suage,  
 ' Whilst one his wife's laments is labouring to as-  
 ' His little infant near, in childish gibberish shews,  
 ' What addeth to his grief who sought to calm her  
   ' woes.  
 ' One having climb'd some roof, the concourse to  
   ' descry, [eye,  
 ' From thence upon the earth dejects his humble  
 ' As since he thither came he suddenly had found  
 ' Some danger them amongst which lurk'd upon  
   ' the ground.  
 ' One stands with fixed eyes, as though he were  
   ' aghast : [past.  
 ' Another sadly comes, as though his hopes were

' This heark'neth with his friend, as though with  
   ' him to break [speak,  
 ' Off some intended act. Whilst they together  
 ' Another standeth near to listen what they say,  
 ' Or what should be the end of this so doubtful day.  
 ' One great and general face the gathered people  
   ' seem : [deem  
 ' So that the perfect'st sight beholding could not  
 ' What looks most sorrow shew'd; their griefs so  
   ' equal were.  
 ' Upon the heads of two, whose cheeks were join'd  
   ' so near  
 ' As if together grown, a third his chin doth rest :  
 ' Another looks o'er his : and others hardly prest,  
 ' Look underneath their arms. Thus, whilst in  
   ' crowds they throng [along ;  
 ' (Led by the king himself) the champion comes  
 ' A man well strook in years, in homely Palmer's  
   ' gray, [stay;  
 ' And in his hand his staff, his reverend steps to  
 ' Holding a comely pace : which at his passing by;  
 ' In every censuring tongue, as every serious eye,  
 ' Compassion mixt with fear, distrust and courage  
   ' bred.  
 ' Then Colebrond for the Danes came forth in  
   ' ireful red ;  
 ' Before him (from the camp) an ensign first dis-  
   ' play'd [array'd  
 ' Amidst a guard of gleaves: then sumptuously  
 ' Were twenty gallant youths, that to the warlike  
   ' sound [bound,  
 ' Of Danish brazen drums, with many a lofty  
 ' Come with their country's march, as they to  
   ' Mars should dance.  
 ' Thus, forward to the fight, both champions  
   ' them advance :  
 ' And each without respect doth resolutely choose  
 ' The weapon that he brought, nor doth his foe's  
   ' refuse. [feel,  
 ' The Dane prepares his ax, that pond'rous was to  
 ' Whose squares were laid with plates, and riveted  
   ' with steel,  
 ' And armed down along with pikes; whose hard-  
   ' ned points  
 ' (Forc'd with the weapon's weight) had power  
   ' to tear the joints  
 ' Of cuirass or of mail, or whatsoever they took,  
 ' Which caus'd him at the knight disdainfully to  
   ' look.  
 ' When our stout palmer soon (unknown for  
   ' valiant Guy) [untie,  
 ' The cord from his straight lines doth presently  
 ' Puts off his palmer's weed, unto his truss, which  
   ' bore [before  
 ' The stains of ancient arms, but shew'd it had  
 ' Been costly cloth of gold; and off his hood he  
   ' threw : [drew  
 ' Out of his hermit's staff his two-hand sword he  
 ' (The unsuspected sheath which long to it had  
   ' been) [seen,  
 ' Which till that instant time the people had not  
 ' A sword so often try'd. Then to himself, quoth  
   ' he, [free;  
 " Arms, let me crave your aid, to set my country



- And never shall my heart your help again re-  
 quire,  
 But only to my God to lift you up in pray'r."  
 Here, Colebrond forward made, and soon the  
 Christian knight  
 Encounters him again with equal power and  
 spight:  
 Whereas, betwixt them two, might eas'ly have  
 been seen  
 Such blows, in public throngs as used had they  
 been,  
 Of many there the least might many men have  
 slain:  
 Which none but they could strike, nor none but  
 they sustain;  
 The most relentless eye that had the power to  
 awe, [saw,  
 And so great wonder bred in those the fight that  
 As verily they thought, that nature until then  
 Had purposely reserv'd the utmost power of men,  
 Where strength still answer'd strength, on cou-  
 rage courage grew.  
 Look how two lions fierce, both hungry, both  
 pursue  
 One sweet and self-same prey, at one another flie,  
 And with their armed paws ingrappled dread-  
 fully,  
 The thunder of their rage, and boist'rous strug-  
 gling, make  
 The neighbouring forests round affrightedly to  
 quake:  
 Their sad encounter such. The mighty Cole-  
 brond struck  
 A cruel blow at Guy: which though he finely  
 broke,  
 Yet (with the weapon's weight) his ancient  
 hilt it split,  
 And (thereby lessened much) the champion  
 lightly hit  
 Upon the reverend brow: immediately from  
 whence  
 The blood dropt softly down, as if the wound  
 had sense  
 Of their much inward woe, that it with grief  
 should see.  
 The Danes, a deadly blow supposing it to be,  
 Sent such an echoing shout, that rent the troubled  
 air.  
 The English, at the noise, wax'd all so wan  
 with fear,  
 As though they lost the blood their aged cham-  
 pion shed:  
 Yet were not these so pale, but th' other were  
 as red:  
 As though the blood that fell, upon their cheeks  
 had staid.  
 Here Guy, his better spirits recalling to his  
 aid,  
 Came fresh upon his foe; when mighty Cole-  
 brond makes  
 Another desperate stroke: which Guy of War-  
 wick takes  
 Undauntedly aloft; and followed with a blow  
 Upon his shorter ribs; that the excessive flow  
 Stream'd up unto his hilts: the wound so gap'd  
 withal,  
 As though it meant to say, Behold your cham-  
 pion's fall  
 By this proud palmer's hand. Such claps again  
 and cries  
 The joyful English gave, as cleft the very firm  
 Which coming on along from those that were  
 without,  
 When those within the town receiv'd this cheer-  
 ful shout,  
 They answer'd them with like; as those their  
 joy that knew.  
 Then with such eager blows each other they  
 pursue,  
 As every offer made should threaten imminent  
 death;  
 Until, through heat and toil both hardly draw-  
 ing breath,  
 They desperately do close. Look how two  
 boars being set  
 Together side to side, their threat'ning tusks do  
 whet,  
 And with their gnashing teeth their angry foam  
 do bite,  
 Whilst still they should'ring seek, each other  
 where to smite:  
 Thus stood those ireful knights; till flying back, [strength,  
 at length  
 The palmer, of the two the first recovering  
 Upon the left arm leant great Colebrond such a  
 wound,  
 That whilst his weapon's point fell well-near to  
 the ground,  
 And slowly he it rais'd, the valiant Guy again  
 Sent through his cloven scalp his blade into his  
 brain.  
 When downward went his head, and up his  
 heels he threw;  
 As wanting hands to bid his countrymen adieu.  
 The English part, which thought an end he  
 would have made,  
 And seeming as they much would in his praise  
 have said,  
 He bid them yet forbear, whilst he pursu'd his  
 fame, [came;  
 That to this passed king next in succession  
 That great and puissant knight (in whose victo-  
 rious days  
 Those knight-like deeds were done, no less de-  
 serving praise)  
 Brave Edmond, Edward's son, that Stafford ha-  
 ving ta'en,  
 With as successful speed won Derby from the  
 Dane.  
 From Lic'ster then again, and Lincoln at the  
 length,  
 Drove out the Dacian powers by his resistless  
 strength:  
 And this his England clear'd beyond that raging  
 (d) flood,  
 Which that proud King of Huns once christ'ned  
 with his blood.



By which, great Edmond's power apparently  
     ' was shewn, [own;  
 The land from Humber south recovering for his  
 That Edgar after him so much disdain'd the  
     ' Dane  
 Unworthy of a war that should disturb his reign,  
 As generally he seem'd regardless of their hate.  
 And studying every way magnificence in state,  
 At Chester whilst he liv'd at more than kingly  
     ' charge,  
 Eight tributary (s) kings there row'd him in his  
     ' barge;  
 His shores from pirates sack the king that strong-  
     ' ly kept:  
 § A Neptune, whose proud sails the British ocean  
     ' swept.  
     ' But after his decease, when his more hopeful  
     ' son,  
 § By cruel stepdame's hate to death was lastly  
     ' done,  
 To set his rightful crown upon a wrongful head  
 (When by thy fatal curse, licentious Etheldred,  
 Through dissoluteness, sloth, and thy abhorred  
     ' life, [rise)  
 As grievous were thy sins, so were thy sorrows  
 The Dane, possessing all, the English forc'd to  
     ' bear [were;  
 A heavier yoke than first these heathen slaveries  
 Subjected, bought, and sold, in that most wretch-  
     ' ed plight,  
 As even their thralldom seem'd their neighbours  
     ' to affright.  
 Yet could not all their plagues the English  
     ' height abate: [state,  
 But even in their low'st ebb, and miserablest  
 Courageously themselves they into action put,  
 § And in one night, the throats of all the Danish  
     ' cut.  
     ' And when in their revenge, the most insatiate  
     ' Dane  
 Unshipt them on our shores, under their puissant  
     ' Swane:  
 And sworn with hate and ire, their huge unwiel-  
     ' dy force  
 Came clust'ring like the Greeks out of the wood-  
     ' en-horls: [cast,  
 And the Norfolkian towns, the near'st unto the  
 With sacrilege and rape did terriblest infest;  
 Those Danes yet from the shores we with such  
     ' violence drove,  
 That from our swords their ships could them but  
     ' hardly save. [when  
 And to renew the war, that year ensuing,  
 With fit supplies for spoil they landed here agen,  
 And all the southern shores from Kent to Corn-  
     ' wal spread,  
 With those disorder'd troops by Alaph hither led,  
 In seconding their Swane, which cry'd to them  
     ' for aid;  
 Their multitudes so much sad Ethelred dismay'd,  
 As from his country forc'd the wretched king to  
     ' fly.  
 An English yet there was, when England seem'd  
     ' to ly

(s) See to Song X.

Under the heaviest yoke that ever kingdom bore;  
 Who wash'd his secret knife in Swane's relentless  
     ' gore,  
 Whilst (swelling in excess) his lavish cups he ply'd.  
 Such mean's t' redeem themselves th' afflicted  
     ' nation try'd.  
 And when courageous Knute, th' late murder'd  
     ' Swanus son, [done,  
 Came in t' revenge that act on his great father  
 He found so rare a spirit that here against him  
     ' rose, [oppose,  
 As though ordain'd by heaven his greatness to  
 Who with him foot to foot, and face to face  
     ' durst stand. [command,  
 When Knute, which here alone affected the  
 The crown upon his head at fair Southampton  
     ' set: [get,  
 And Edmond, loth to lose what Knute desir'd to  
 At London caus'd himself inaugurate to be.  
 King Knute would conquer all, King Edmond  
     ' would be free  
     ' The kingdom is the prize for which they  
     ' both are prest:  
 And with their equal powers both meeting in  
     ' the west,  
 The green Dorsetian fields a deep vermilion dy'd:  
 Where Gillingham gave way to their great hosts  
     ' (in pride)  
 Abundantly their blood that each on other spent.  
 But Edmond, on whose side that day the better  
     ' went  
 (And with like fortune thought the remnant to  
     ' suppress [distress)  
 That Sarum them besieg'd, which was in great  
 With his victorious troops to Salisbury retires:  
 When with fresh bleeding wounds, Knute, as  
     ' with fresh desires,  
 Whose might though somewhat maim'd, his  
     ' mind yet unsubdu'd,  
 His lately conquering foe courageously pursu'd:  
 And finding out a way, sent to his friends with  
     ' speed, [need,  
 Who him supply'd with aid: and being helpt at  
 Tempts Edmond still to fight, still hoping for a  
     ' day.  
 Towards Wor'stershire their powers both well  
     ' upon their way  
 There, falling to the field, in a continual fight,  
 Two days the angry hosts still parted were by  
     ' night:  
 Where twice the rising sun, and twice the set-  
     ' ting, saw  
 Them with their equal wounds their wearied  
     ' breath to draw.  
     ' Great London to surprise, then (next) Canu-  
     ' tus makes: [takes.  
 And thitherward as fast king Edmond Ironside  
 Whilst Knute set down his siege before the east-  
     ' ern gate,  
 King Edmond through the west past in trium-  
     ' phal state.  
 But this courageous king, that scorned, in his  
     ' pride,  
 A town should be besieg'd wherein he did abide,



' Into the fields again the valiant Edmond goes.  
 ' Canutus, yet that hopes to win what he did lose,  
 ' Provokes him still to fight : and falling back  
   ' where they  
 ' Might field-roomth find at large, their ensigns  
   ' to display, [blood  
 ' Together flew again ; that Brentford, with the  
 ' Of Danes and English mixt, discolour'd long  
   ' time flood.  
 ' Yet Edmond, as before, went victor still away.  
   ' When soon that valiant Knute, whom nothing  
   ' could dismay,  
 ' Recall'd his scatter'd troops, and into Essex hies,  
 ' Where (as ill fortune would) the Dane with  
   ' fresh supplies  
 ' Was lately come a-land, to whom brave Ironside  
   ' makes ; [takes :  
 ' But Knute to him again as soon fresh courage  
 ' And fortune (as herself) determining to show  
 ' That she could bring an ebb on valiant Ed-  
   ' mond's flow,  
 ' And eas'ly cast him down from off the top of  
   ' chance,  
 ' By turning of her wheel, Canutus doth advance.  
 ' Where she beheld that prince which she had fa-  
   ' vour'd long  
 ' (Even in her proud despight) his murder'd  
   ' troops among  
 ' With sweat and blood besmear'd (dukes, earls,  
   ' and bishops slain,  
 ' In that most dreadful day, when all went to the  
   ' Dane)  
 ' Through worlds of dangers wade ; and with  
   ' his sword and shield, [field  
 ' Such wonders there to act, as made her in the  
 ' Ashamed of herself, so brave a spirit as he  
 ' By her unconstant hand should so much wrong-  
   ' ed be.  
 ' But, having lost the day, to Gloucester he draws,  
 ' To raise a second power in his slain soldiers cause.  
 ' When late-encourag'd Knute, whilst fortune  
   ' yet doth last,  
 ' Who oft from Ironside fled, now followed him  
   ' as fast.  
 ' Whilst thus in civil arms continually they toil,  
 ' And what th' one strives to make, the other  
   ' seeks to spoil,  
 ' With threat'ning swords still drawn ; and with  
   ' obnoxious hands  
 ' Attending their revenge, whilst either enemy  
   ' stands, [breaks,  
 ' One man amongst the rest from this confusion  
 ' And to the ireful kings with courage boldly  
   ' speaks ;  
 ' Yet cannot all this blood your ravenous out-  
   ' rage fill ?  
 ' Is there no law, no bound, to your ambitious will,  
 ' But what your swords admit ? as nature did or-  
   ' dain  
 ' Our lives for nothing else, but only to maintain  
 ' Your murders, sack, and spoil ? If by this waste-  
   ' ful war  
 ' The land unpeopled ly, some nation shall from  
   ' far,

' By ruin of you both, into the isle be brought,  
 ' Obtaining that for which you twain so long  
   ' have fought.  
 ' Unless then through your thirst of empery you  
   ' mean [clean,  
 ' Both nations in these broils shall be extinguish'd  
 ' Select you champions fit, by them to prove your  
   ' right,  
 ' Or try it man to man yourselves in single fight :  
   ' When as those warlike kings, provok'd with  
   ' courage high,  
 ' It willingly accept in person by and by.  
 ' And whilst they them prepare, the shapeless con-  
   ' course grows  
 ' In little time so great, that their unusual flow  
 ' Surrounded Severn's banks, whose stream amazed  
   ' flood,  
 ' Her Birch to behold, inisled with her flood,  
 ' That with resplendent arms then flamed ; whilst  
   ' the kings,  
 ' Whose rage out of the hate of either's empire  
   ' springs,  
 ' Both armed cap-a-pie, upon their barred horse  
 ' Together fiercely flew ; that in their violent  
   ' course  
 ' (Like thunder when it speaks most horribly  
   ' and loud,  
 ' Tearing the full-stuff pannoch of some congeal-  
   ' ed cloud)  
 ' Their strong hoofs struck the earth : and with  
   ' the fearful shock, [unlock.  
 ' Their spears in splinters flew, their bevers both  
   ' Canutus, of the two that farthest was from  
   ' hope, cope,  
 ' Who found with what a foe his fortune was to  
 ' Cries, noble Edmond, hold ; let us the land divide.  
 ' Here th' English and the Danes, from either  
   ' equal side  
 ' Were echoes to his words, and all aloud do cry  
 ' Courageous kings, divide ; 'twere pity such  
   ' should die.'

When now the neighbouring floods will'd  
 Wrekin to suppress  
 His style, or they were like to surfeit with excess  
 And time had brought about, that now they all  
   ' began  
 To listen to a long-told prophecy, which ran  
 Of Moreland, that she might live prosperously  
   ' to see  
 A river born of her, who well might reckon'd be  
 The third of this large isle : which law did first arise  
 From Arden, in those days delivering prophecies.  
 The Druids (as some say) by her instructed  
   ' were. [here.  
 In many secret skills she had been coun'd her  
 The ledden of the birds most perfectly she knew :  
 And also from their flight strange auguries she  
   ' drew ;  
 Supreme in her place : whose circuit was extent  
 From Avon to the banks of Severn, and so Trent :  
 Where empress like she sat with nature's bom-  
   ' ties blest,  
 And serv'd by many a nymph ; but two, of all  
   ' the rest,



Staffordshire calls hers, there both of high account.

eld'st of which is Cank : though Needwood her surmount

excellence of soil, by being richly plac'd  
ixt Trent and bathing Dove ; and equally im-  
brac'd

their abounding banks, participates their store ;  
Britain's forests all (from th' left unto the  
more)

fineness of her turf surpassing ; and doth bear  
curled head so high, that forests far and near  
gutch at her estate ; her flourishing to see,  
all their stately tyers disrobed when they be.

(as the world goes now) so woful Cank the  
while,

brave a wood-nymph once as any of this isle ;  
at Arden's eldest child : which, in her mother's  
ground

re fair Feck'nham's self, her old age might  
have crown'd ;

en as those fallow deer, and huge hauncht  
stags that graz'd

in her shaggy heaths, the passenger amaz'd  
see their mighty herds, with high palm'd  
heads to threat

: woods of o'ergrown oaks ; as though they  
meant to set

air horns to th' other's heights. But now,  
both those and these

: by vile gain devour'd : so abject are our days !  
now, unlike herself, a neat herd's life doth  
live,

d her dejected mind to country cares doth give.  
but muse, thou seem'st to leave the Morelands  
too too long : [among]

whom report may speak (our mighty wastes  
from her chilly site, as from her barren feed,  
body, horn, and hair, as fair a breast doth  
breed

scarcely this great isle can equal : then of her,  
why should'st thou all this while the prophecy  
defer ? [grew,

so bearing many springs, which pretty rivers  
could not be content, until she fully knew  
such child it was of hers (born under such a  
fate)

should in time be rais'd unto that high estate.  
vain would have you think, that this was long  
ago,

as many a river, now that furiously doth flow,  
d scarcely learn'd to creep) and therefore she  
doth will

le Arden, from the depth of her abundant skill,  
tell her which of these her rills it was she  
meant.

satisfy her will, the wizard answers ; Trent.

, as a skilful seer, the aged forest wist,

more than usual power did in that name consist,  
such thirty doth import ; by which she thus  
divin'd,

ere should be found in her, of fishes thirty kind ;  
d thirty abbeys great, in places fat and rank,  
ould in succeeding time be builded on her bank ;

And thirty several streams from many a sundry  
way,

Unto her greatness should their watry tribute pay.

This, Moreland greatly lik'd : yet in that ten-  
der love,

Which she had ever born unto her darling Dove,  
She could have wisht it his : because the dainty  
grass

That grows upon his bank, all other doth surpass.

But, subject he must be : as Sow, which from her  
spring [bring

At Stafford meeteth Penk, which she along doth  
To Trent by Tixal grac'd, the Astons ancient seat ;

Which oft the Muse hath found her safe and sweet  
retreat.

The noble owners now of which beloved place,  
Good fortunes them and theirs with honour'd ti-  
tles grace :

May heaven still bless that house, till happy floods  
you see

Yourselves more grac'd by it, than it by you can be.

Whose bounty, still my Muse so freely shall con-  
fess, [express.

As when she shall want words, her signs shall it  
So Blyth bears eas'ly down tow'rs her dear  
sovereign Trent : [content

But nothing in the world gives Moreland such  
As her own darling Dove his confluence to behold

Of floods in sundry strains : as, cranking Many-  
fold,

The first that lends him force : of whose mean-  
dred ways, [strays)

And labyrinth like turns (as in the mores she  
She first receiv'd her name, by growing strangely

mad, [lad,

O'ergone with love of Hanse, a dapper Moreland  
Who near their crystal springs as in those wastes  
they play'd,

Bewicht the wanton heart of that delicious maid :  
Which instantly was turn'd so much from being

coy, [boy.

That she might seem to doat upon the morish  
Who closely stole away (perceiving her intent)

With his dear lord the Dove, in quest of princely  
Trent,

With many other floods (as, Churnet, in his train  
That draweth Dunsmore on, with Yendon, then

clear Tain,  
That comes alone to Dove) of which, Hanse one  
would be.

And for himself he fain of Manyfold would free  
(Thinking this amorous nymph by some means  
to beguile)

He closely under earth conveys his head a while.

But, when the river fears some policy of his,  
And her beloved Hanse immediately doth miss,

Distracted in her course, inprovidently rash,  
She oft against the clefs her crystal front doth dash :

Now forward, then again she backward seems to  
bear ; [there.

As, like to lose herself by straggling here and  
Hanse, that this while suppos'd him quite out  
of her sight,

No sooner thrusts his head into the cheerful light,



But Manyfold that still the run-way doth watch,  
Him (e'er he was aware) about the neck doth catch :  
And, as the angry Hanse would fain her hold re-  
move,

They struggling tumble down into their Lord,  
the Dove.

Thus though th' industrious muse hath been  
employ'd so long,  
Yet is she loth to do poor little smelal wrong,

That from her Wilfrune's spring near Hampton  
plies, to pour [Stowr.

The wealth she there receives, into her friendly  
Nor shall the little Bourn have cause the muse to  
blame, [the Taste:

From these Staffordian heaths that strives to catch  
Whom she in her next song shall greet with  
mirthful cheer,

So happily arriv'd now in her native shire.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

TAKING her progress into the land, the muse  
comes southward from Cheshire into adjoining  
Stafford, and that part of Shropshire which lies in  
the English side east from Severn.

*And into lesser streams the spacious current cut.*

In that raging devastation over this kingdom  
by the Danes, they had gotten divers of their  
ships fraught with provision out of Thames into  
the river Ley, (which divides Middlesex and Es-  
sex) some twenty miles from London; Alfred  
holding his tent near that territory, especially to  
prevent their spoil of the instant harvest, observed  
that by dividing the river, then navigable be-  
tween them and Thames, their ships would be  
grounded, and themselves bereft of what confi-  
dence their navy had promised them. He thought  
it, and did it, by parting the water into three  
channels. The Danes betook themselves to flight,  
their ships left as a prey to the Londoners.

*Her Lord's embraces wou'd she never more would  
know.*

This Alured left his son Edward successor, and,  
among other children, this Elfled, or Ethelfled his  
daughter, married to Ethelred Earl of Mercland.  
Of Alfred's worth and troublous reign, because  
here the author leaves him. I offer you these of  
an ancient English wit :

*Nobilitas innata tibi probitatis honorem  
Armipotens Alfrede dedit, probitasque laborem  
Perpetuumque labor nomen. Cui mixta dolgri  
Gaudia semper erant, spes semper mixta timori.*

*Si modo victor eras, ad crastina bella paraberis :  
Si modo victus eras, ad crastina bella paraberis.  
Cui vestes sudore jugi, cui sicca cruore  
Tincta jugi, quantum sit onus regnare probarent.*

Huntingdon cites these as his own; and if he deal  
plainly with us (I doubted it because his MS. epi-  
grams, which make in some copies the eleven and  
twelve of his history, are of most different strain, and  
seem made when Apollo was either angry, or had  
not leisure to overlook them) he shews his muse (as  
also in another written by him upon Edgar, be-  
ginning *Auctor opum, vindex scelerum, largitor bono-  
rum, &c.*) in that still declining time of learning's  
state, worthy of much precedence. Of Ethelfled  
in William of Malmesbury, is the Latin of this  
English: "She was the love of the subject, fear  
" of the enemy, a woman of a mighty heart;  
" having once endured the grievous pains of  
" childbirth, ever afterward denied her husband  
" those sweeter desires; protesting, that yielding  
" indulgence towards a pleasure, having so much  
" consequent pain, was unseemly in a king's  
" daughter." She was buried at St. Peter's in  
Glocester; her name laden by monks with num-  
bers of her excellencies.

*For Constantine their king, an hostage hither brought.*

After he had taken Wales and Scotland (as our  
Historians say) from Howel, Malmesbury calls  
him Ludwal, and Constantine; he restored pre-  
sently their kingdoms, affirming, that it was more  
for his Majesty to make a king than be one. The  
Scottish (a) stories are not agreeing, here, with  
ours; against whom Buchanan storms, for as-



firming what I see not how he is so well able to confute, as they to justify. And for matter of that nature, I rather send you to the collections in Edward the First, by Thomas of Walsingham, and thence for the same and other to Edward Hall's Henry VIII.

*A Neptune, whose proud sails the British Ocean swept.*

That flower and delight of the English world, in whose birth-time St. Dunstan (as is said) at Glastenbury heard this angelical voice;

*To holy Church, and to the Lord pays his ybore and blis  
By thulke Child's time, that nouth ybore is.*

(among his other innumerable benefits, and royal cares) had a navy of (c) 3600 sail; which by tripartite division in the east, west, and northern coasts, both defended what was subject to pirates rapine, and so made strong his own nation against the enemies invasion.

*By civil stepdame's hate to death was lastly done.*

Edgar had by one woman (his greatest stains shewed themselves in this variety and unlawful obtaining of lustful sensuality, as stories will tell you, in that of Earl Ethelwald, the nun Wulfrith, and the young lass of Andover) called Egelfled, surnamed Ened, daughter to Odmer a great nobleman, Edward; and by Queen Elfrith, daughter to Orgar Earl of Devonshire, Ethelred of some seven years age at his death. That, Egelfled was a profest (d) Nun, some have argued, and so make Ethelred the only legitimate heir to the crown: nor do I think that, except Alfrith, he was married to any of the ladies, on whom he got children. Edward was anointed king (for in those days was that use of anointing among the Saxon princes, and began in King Alfred) but not without disliking grudges of his stepmother's faction, which had nevertheless in substance, what his vain name only of king pretended: but her bloody hate, bred out of womanish ambition, straining to every point of sovereignty, not thus satisfied, compelled in her this cruelty. King Edward not suspecting her dissembled purposes, with simple kindness of an open nature, wearied after the chase in Purbeck Isle in Dorsetshire, without guard or attendance, visits her at Corfe Castle; she under sweet words and saluting kisses, palliating her hellish design, entertains him: but while he being very hot and thirsty (without imagination of treason) was in pledging her, she, (e) or one of her appointed servants, stabbed the innocent king. His

corps, within a little space expiring its last breath, was buried at Wareham, thence afterward by Alfer Earl of Mercland translated into Shaftsbury, which (is to the second song I note) was hereby for a time called (f) St. Edward's. Thus did his brother-in-law Ethelred (according to wicked Elfrith's cruel and traitorous project) succeed him. As, of Constantine Copronymus, the Greeks, so, of this Ethelred, is affirmed, that in his holy tincture he abused the font with natural excrements, which made St. Dunstan, then christening him, angrily exclaim, *Per Deum & Matrem ejus, ignavus homo erit.* Some ten years of age was he, when his brother Edward was slain, and, out of childish affection, wept for him bitterly; which his mother extremely disliking, being author of the murder only for his sake, most cruelly beat him herself with (g) a handful of wax

*Candlen long and torwe*

(b) *Neo ne bilewed noght ar be lay at bir (i) vet yfwowe;*

*War thou this child afterward such bey mon as be was*

*Was the worse man be (k) yfey Candlen nor this cas.*

But I have (l) read it affirmed, that Ethelred never would endure any wax candles, because he had seen his mother unmercifully with them whip the good St. Edward. Its not worth one of the candles, which be the truer; I incline to the first. To expiate all, she afterward built two nunneries, one at Werwel, the other at Ambresbury; and by all means of penitence and satisfaction (as the doctrine then directed) endeavoured her freedom out of this horrible offence.

*And in one night the throats of all the Danish cut.*

History, not this place, must inform the reader of more particulars of the Danes; and let him see to the first song. But, for this slaughter, I thus ease his inquisition. Ethelred (after multitudes of miseries, long continued through their exactions and devastations, being so large, that sixteen shires had endured their cruel and even conquering (spoils) in the twenty-third year of his reign, strengthened with provoking hopes, grounded on alliance, which, by marriage with Emma, daughter of Richard I. Duke of Normandy, he had with his neighbour potentate, sent privy letters into every place of note, where the Danes by truce peaceably resided, to the English, commanding them, all as one, on the self-same day and hour appointed (the day was St. Brictius, that is, the thirteenth of November) suddenly to put them, as respective occasion best fitted, to fire or sword; which was performed.

(b) Rob. Glocestrenf. Hist. 6. reg. 85.

(c) Some say c10. c10. c10. c10.

(d) Ex Osberno in Vita Dunstan. Fox. Ecclef. hist. 4.

(e) Vide Malmesb. lib. 2. cap. 9. & Huntingdon hist. 5.

(f) Malmesb. lib. de Pontific. 2.

(g) Rob. Glocestrensis.

(b) Shee.

(i) Feet in woe.

(k) Saw.

(l) Vit. St. Edwardi apud Ranulph. Cest. lib. 6.



## A CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER AND DESCENT OF THE KINGS

HERE INCLUDED IN WREKIN'S SONG.

Year of Christ.

800. Egbert son to Inegild (others call him Alhmund) grandchild to King Ine. After (m) him scarce any, none long, had the name of king in the isle, but governors or earls; the common titles being Duces, Comites, Consules, and such like; which in some writers after the conquest were indifferent names, and William the I. is often called Earl of Normandy.

836. Ethelulph son to Egbert.

855. Ethelbald and Ethelbert, sons to Ethelulph, dividing their kingdom, according to their father's testament.

860. Ethelbert alone, after Ethelbald's death.

866. Ethelred, third son of Ethelulph.

871. Alfred, youngest son to Ethelulph, brought up at Rome; and there, in Ethelred's lifetime, anointed by Pope Leo the IV. as in ominous hope of his future kingdom.

901. Edward the I. surnamed in story, Senior, son to Alfred.

924. Athelstan, eldest son to Edward, by Egwine a shepherd's daughter; but, to whom beauty and noble spirit denied, what base parentage required. She, before the king lay with her, dreamed (you remember that of Olympus, as many such like) that out of her womb did shine a moon, enlightening all England, which in her birth (Athelstan) proved true.

940. Edmund the I. son of (n) Edward by his Queen Edgive.

946. Edred, brother to Edmund.

955. Edwy, first son of Edmund.

Year of Christ.

959. Edgar, (second son of Edmund) *Honor ac Delicia Anglorum.*

975. Edward the II. son to Edgar by Egelfled, murdered by his step-mother Alfrith, and thence called St. Edward.

979. Ethelred the II. son to Edgar, by Queen Alfrith, daughter to Or-gar Earl of Devonshire.

1016. Edmund the II. son to Ethelred by his first wife Elfgive, surnamed Ironside.

Between him and Cnut (or Canutus) the Dane, son to Swane, was that intended single combat; so by their own particular fortunes to end the miseries, which the English soil bore recorded in very great characters, written with streams of her childrens blood. It properly here breaks off; for (the composition being, that Edmund should have his part Westsex, Essex, Eastangle, Middlesex, Surrey, Kent, and Sussex; and the Dane (who durst not fight it out, but first moved for a treaty) Mercland and the northern territories. Edmund died the same year (some report was, that traitorous Edrique Streona Earl of Mercland poisoned him) leaving sons Edmund and Edward: but they were by Danish ambition, and traitorous perjury of the unnatural English state, disinherited and all the kingdom cast under Cnut. After him reigned his son Harold I. Lightfoot, a shoemaker's (o) son (but dissembled, as begotten by him on his Queen Alfgive:) then, with Harold, Hard-cnut, whom he had by his wife Emma, King Ethelred's dowager. So that from Edmund, of Saxon blood (to whose glory Wrekin hath dedicated his endeavour: and therefore should transcend his purpose, if he exceeded their empire) until Edward the Confessor, following Hard-cnut, son to Ethelred, by the same Queen Emma, the kingdom continued under Danish princes.

(m) Sea to the last song before. Because in Westsex all the rest were at last confounded. These are most commonly written kings of Westsex, although in Seigniory (as it were) or, as the Civilians call it, Direct Property, all the other

Provinces (except some Northern, and what the Danes unjustly possess) were theirs.

(n) Male enim & inepte Veremundi sequor Hector ille Boeth. lib. II. qui Ed. & Edredum Athelstano scribit prognatos.

(o) Marian. Scot. & Florent. Wigorn.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE THIRTEENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

This song our shire of Warwick sounds;  
Revives old Arden's ancient bounds.  
Through many shapes the Muse here roves;  
Now sporting in those shady groves,  
The tunes of birds oft stays to hear:  
Then finding herds of lusty deer,  
She huntress-like the hart pursues;  
And like a hermit walks, to choose  
The simples every where that grow;  
Comes Ancor's glory next to shew;  
Tells Guy of Warwick's famous deeds;  
To th' vale of Red-horse then proceeds;  
To play her part the rest among;  
There shutteth up her thirteenth song.

be mid-lands now th' industrious muse  
oth fall;  
re which we the (a) heart of England  
vell may call, [creed)  
herself extends (the midst which is de-  
St. Michael's mount, and Berwick bord-  
ing Tweed,  
arwick; that abroad so long advanc'd  
er (b) bear,  
illustrious earls renowned every where;

wickshire is the middle shire of England,  
ancient coat of that kingdom.

.. III.

Above her neighbouring shires which always bore  
her head. [hast bred,

My native country then, which so brave spirits  
If there be virtues yet remaining in thy earth,  
Or any good of thine thou bred'st into my birth,  
Accept it as thine own, whilst now I sing of thee;  
Of all thy later brood th' unworthiest though I be.

Muse, first of Arden tell, whose footsteps (c)  
yet are found [ground,

In her rough woodlands more than any other

(c) Divers towns expressing her name; as Kienly in Ar-  
den, Hampton in Arden, &c.

B b  
(



That mighty Arden held even in her height of  
 pride; [side.  
 Her one hand touching Trent, the other, Severn's  
 The very sound of these, the wood-nymphs doth  
 awake:  
 When thus of her own self the ancient forest spake;  
 ' My many goodly sites when first I came to  
 ' shew,  
 ' Here opened I the way to mine own overthrow:  
 ' For when the world found out the fitness of my  
 ' foil,  
 ' The gripple wretch began immediately to spoil  
 ' My tall and goodly woods, and did my grounds  
 ' 'inclose': [lose.  
 By which, in little time my bounds I came to  
 ' When Britain first her fields with villages had  
 ' fill'd, [build,  
 ' Her people waxing still, and wanting where to  
 ' They oft dislodg'd the hart, and set their houses,  
 ' where [his leyre.  
 ' He in the broom and brakes had long time made  
 ' Of all the forests here within this mighty isle,  
 ' If those old Britons then me sovereign did in-  
 ' stile, [alone  
 ' I needs must be the great'st; for greatness 'tis  
 ' That gives our kind the place: else were there  
 ' many a one  
 ' For pleasantness of shade that far doth me excel.  
 ' But of our forest's kind the quality to tell,  
 ' We equally partake with wood-land as with  
 ' plain,  
 ' Alike with hill and dale; and every day maintain  
 ' The sundry kinds of beasts upon our copious  
 ' wastes, [chase.  
 ' That men for profit breed, as well as those of  
 Here Arden of herself ceas'd any more to shew;  
 And with her sylvan joys the muse along doth go.  
 When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's  
 wave,  
 No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,  
 At such time as the year brings on the pleasant  
 spring, [sing:  
 But hunts-up to the morn the feath'ed sylvans  
 And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,  
 Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole.  
 Those quirksters are perch't with many a speck-  
 led breast, [cast  
 Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring  
 Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous  
 night  
 Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morn-  
 ing's sight:  
 On which the mirthful quires, with their clear  
 open throats,  
 Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling  
 notes,  
 That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing  
 air [where.  
 Seems all compos'd of sounds, about them every  
 The throstell, with shrill sharps; as purposely he  
 song  
 T'awake the lustless sun; or chiding, that so long  
 He was in coming forth, that should the thickets  
 thrill;  
 The woodcock near at hand, that hath a golden bill;

As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see  
 That from all other birds his tunes should differ-  
 rent be: [May;  
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant  
 Upon his (d) dulcet pipe the merle doth only  
 play. [by,  
 When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard-  
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth  
 ply. [draw  
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would  
 And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)  
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth in-  
 vite, night,  
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the  
 (The more to use their ears) their voices sure  
 would spare,  
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,  
 As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.  
 To philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;  
 And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place  
 we then,  
 The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and  
 the wren.  
 The yellow-pate; which though she hurt the  
 blooming tree,  
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.  
 And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not  
 behind,  
 That hath so many sorts descending from her  
 kind.  
 The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,  
 The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay,  
 The soster with the shrill (some hid among the  
 leaves,  
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower  
 greaves)  
 Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,  
 Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath  
 run, [creep  
 And through the twisted tops of our close covert  
 To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly  
 sleeps.  
 And near to these our thicks, the wild and  
 frightful herds,  
 Not hearing other noise but this of chattering  
 birds, [deer:  
 Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of season'd  
 Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow  
 there:  
 The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals  
 strew'd,  
 As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multi-  
 tude. [name,  
 Of all the beasts which we for our (e) veneral  
 The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest  
 game:  
 Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er  
 report, [sport  
 Or by description touch, t' express that wondrous  
 (Yet might have well besecm'd th' ancients  
 bler songs)  
 To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:

(d) Of all birds, only the blackbird whistleth;  
 (e) Of hunting, or chase.



et shall she not invoke the muses to her aid ;  
 ut thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid :  
 many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady  
 grove,  
 Which oft hast borne thy bow (great huntress,  
 us'd to rove)  
 At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to  
 pierce [fierce ;  
 The lyon, panther, ounce, the bear, and tyger  
 And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty fo-  
 rests queen, [green,  
 With thy dishevel'd nymphs attir'd in youthful  
 About the lawns hast scowr'd, and wastes both  
 far and near,  
 rave huntress ; but no beast shall prove thy  
 quarries here ;  
 ave those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,  
 the stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,  
 set to hunt at force. For whom, when  
 with his hounds  
 The labouring hunter tusts the thick unbarbed  
 grounds  
 Where harbour'd is the hart ; there often from  
 his feed [heed,  
 The dogs of him do find ; or thorough skilful  
 The huntsman by his (f) flot, or breaking earth,  
 perceives,  
 Or cut'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,  
 Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the  
 hart doth hear  
 The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret leir,  
 He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes  
 doth drive,  
 As though up by the roots the bushes he would  
 rive. [makes,  
 And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he  
 He with his branched head the tender saplings  
 shakes,  
 That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for  
 him to weep ; [deep.  
 When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and  
 That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring  
 place :  
 And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.  
 (g) Rechating with his horn, which then the  
 hunter cheers, bears,  
 Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head up-  
 His body showing statè, with unbent knees up-  
 right, [flight.  
 Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his  
 But when th'approaching foes still following he  
 perceives, [leaves :  
 That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he  
 And o'er the champain flies : which when th'  
 assembly find, [wind.  
 Such follows, as his horse were footed with the  
 But being then imboist, the noble stately deer  
 When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast  
 arrear) [ing soil :  
 Both beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refresh-  
 That serving not, then proves if he his scent can  
 foil,

And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of stag-  
 wool'd sheep,  
 Them frightening from the guard of those who  
 had their keep.  
 But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,  
 Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows  
 tries.  
 Whom when the plougman meets, his team he  
 letteth stand [hand,  
 T' assail him with his goad : so with his hook in  
 The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth  
 halow :  
 When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and  
 huntsmen follow ;  
 Until the noble deer through toil bereav'd of  
 strength, [length,  
 His long and sinewy legs then failing him at  
 The villages attempts, enrag'd, not giving way  
 To any thing he meets now at his sad decay.  
 The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters  
 hear, [fear,  
 This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but  
 Some bank or quick-set finds : to which his  
 haunch oppos'd,  
 He turns upon his foes, that soon have him in-  
 clos'd.  
 The churlish-throated hounds then holding him  
 at bay,  
 And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,  
 With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly  
 wounds. [hounds.  
 The hunter, coming in to help his wearied  
 He desperately assails ; until oppress'd by force,  
 He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,  
 Upon the ruthless earth his (b) precious tears lets  
 fall  
 To forests that belongs ; but yet this is not all :  
 With solitude what sorts, that here's not won-  
 d'rous rise ?  
 Whereas the hermit leads a sweet retired life,  
 From villages repleat with ragg'd and sweating  
 clowns,  
 And from the lothsome airs of smoky-citied towns.  
 Suppose 'twixt noon and night, the sun his half-  
 way wrought [brought)  
 (The shadows to be large, by his descending  
 Who with a servent eye looks through the twy-  
 ring glades,  
 And his dispersed rays commixeth with the shades,  
 Exhaling the milch dew, which there had tarried  
 long, [hung :  
 And on the ranker grass till past the noon-sled  
 When as the hermit comes out of his homely (i)  
 cell, [dwell :  
 Where from all rude resort he happily doth  
 Who in the strength of youth, a man at arms  
 hath been ; [seen,  
 Or one who of this world the vileness having  
 Retires him from it quite ; and with a constant  
 mind [kind,  
 Man's beastliness so loathes, that flying human

(b) The hart weepeth at his dying ; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.

(i) Hermits have oft had their abodes by ways that lie through forests.

(f) The track of the foot.

(g) One of the measures in winding the horn.



The black and darksome nights, the bright and  
gladsome days

Indifferent are to him, his hope on God that stays.  
Each little village yields his short and homely  
fare :

To gather wind-fall'n sticks, his great'st and on-  
ly care ;

Which every aged tree still yieldeth to his fire.

This man, that is alone a king in his desire,  
By no proud ignorant lord is basely over-aw'd,  
Nor his false praise affects, who grossly being  
claw'd,

Stands like an itchy moil ; nor of a pin he weighs  
What fools, abused kings, and humorous ladies  
raise. [grace

His free and noble thought, ne'er envies at the  
That often-times is given unto a bawd most base,  
Nor stirs it him to think on the impostor vile,  
Who seeming what he's not, doth sensually be-  
guile

The sottish purblind world ; but absolutely free,  
His happy time he spends the works of God to  
see, [grow :

In those so sundry herbs which there in plenty  
Whose sundry strange effects he only seeks to  
know.

And in a little maund, being made of oziars small,  
Which serveth him to do full many a thing with-  
all,

He very choicely sorts his simples got abroad.

Here finds he on an oak rheum-purging poly-  
pode ;

And in some open place that to the sun doth lie,  
He fumitory gets, and eye-bright for the eye ;  
The yarrow, wherewithall he stops the wound-  
made gore ;

The healing tuttan then, and plantane for a sore ;  
And hard by them again he holy vervain finds,  
Which he about his head that hath the megrim  
binds.

The wonder-working dill he gets not far from  
these,

Which curious women use in many a nice disease.  
For them that are with newts, or snakes, or ad-  
ders stung,

He seeketh out an herb that's called adders-tongue,  
As nature it ordain'd, its own like hurt to cure,  
And sportive did herself to niceties inure.

Valerian then he crops, and purposely doth stamp,  
T' apply unto the place that's haled with the  
cramp ;

As centory, to close the wideness of a wound ;  
The belly hurt by birth, by mugwort to make  
sound. [doth rise :

His chickweed cures the heat that in the face  
For physic, some again he inwardly applies.

For comforting the spleen and liver, gets for juice  
Pale hore-hound, which he holds of most especial  
use.

So saxifrage is good, and harts-tongue for the stone,  
With agrimony, and that herb we call St. John.

To him that hath a flux, of shepherds-purse he  
gives,

And mouse-ear unto him whom some sharp rup-  
ture grieves.

And for the laboring wretch that's troubled with  
a cough,

Or stopping of the breath, by phlegm that's hard  
and tough,

Campana here he crops, approved wondrous good :  
As comfrey unto him that's bruised, spitting  
blood ;

And from the falling-ill, by five-leaf doth restore,  
And melancholy cures by sovereign hellebore.

Of these most helpful herbs yet tell we but a  
few, [grew.

To those unnumbered sorts of simples here that  
Which justly to set down, even (s) Dodon short  
doth fall ; [all.

Nor skilful (s) Gerard, yet, shall ever find them  
But from our hermit here the muse we must  
enforce,

And zealously proceed in our intended course :  
How Arden of her rills and riverets doth dispose ;  
By Alcester how Aln to Arro eas'ly flows ;

And mildly being mixt, to Avon hold their way :  
And likewise tow'rd the north, how lively trip-  
ping Rhea,

T' attend the lustier Tame, is from her fountain  
sent :

So little Cole and Blyth go on with him to Trent.  
His Tamworth at the last, he in his way doth  
win :

There playing him a while, till Ancor should  
come in,

Which trifeth twixt her banks, observing fate,  
so slow,

As though into his arms she scorn'd herself to  
throw :

Yet Arden will'd her Tame to serve (s) her on  
his knee ;

For by that nymph alone, they both should ha-  
mour'd be. [sore,

The forest, so much fall'n from what she was be-  
That to her former height fate could her not re-  
store ;

Though oft in her behalf, the genius of the had  
Importun'd the heavens with an suspicious hand.  
Yet granted at the last (the aged nymph to grace)

They by a lady's birth would more renown that  
place,

Than if her woods their heads above the hills  
should seat ;

And for that purpose, first made Coventry so  
great [all,

(A poor thatcht village then, or scarcely none at  
That could not once have dream'd of her now  
stately wall)

§ And thither wisely brought that goodly virgin  
band, [maid,

Th' eleven thousand maids, chaste Ursula's com-  
Whom then the Britain kings gave her full  
power to press,

For matches to their friends in Britany the less.  
At whose departure thence, each by her just re-  
quest

Some special virtue gave, ordaining it to rest.

(s) The authors of two famous herbals,  
(i) Ancor.



With one of their own sex, that there her birth  
should have, [save

Fill fulness of the time which fate did choicely  
Until the Saxons reign, when Coventry at length,  
From her small, mean regard, recovered state and  
strength,

[ By Leofrick her lord yet in base bondage held,  
The people from her marts by tollage who ex-  
pell'd : [leave,

Whose duchess, which desir'd this tribute to re-  
their freedom often begg'd. The duke, to  
make her cease,

Told her, that if she would his loss so far inforce,  
His will was, she should ride stark nak't upon a  
horse

By day-light through the street : which certain-  
ly he thought, [wrought,

In her heroick breast so deeply would have  
That in her former fate she would have left to  
deal.

But that most princely dame, as one devour'd  
with zeal,

Went on, and by that mean the city clearly freed.

The first part of whose name, Godiva, doth  
fore-reed [sound;

Th' first syllable of hers, and Goodere half doth  
For by agreeing words, great matters have been  
found.

But farther than this place the mystery extends.

What Arden had begun, in Ancor lastly ends :

For in the British tongue, the Britons could not  
find,

Wherefore to her that name of Ancor was assign'd:  
Nor yet the Saxons since, nor times to come had  
known, [shown,

But that her being here was by this name fore-  
As prophesying her. For, as the first did tell

Her fir-name, so again doth Ancor lively spell  
Her christ'ned title Anne. And as those virgins  
there

Did sanctify that place : so holy Edith here  
A recluse long time liv'd, in that fair abbey

plac'd, [grac'd.

Which Alured enricht, and Powlsworth highly  
A princess being born, and abbess, with those  
maids,

All noble like herself, in bidding of their beads  
Their holiness bequeathed upon her to descend

Which there should after live ; in whose dear self  
should end [creed,

Th' intent of Ancor's name, her coming that de-  
As hers (her place of birth) fair Coventry that  
freed.

But whilst about this tale smooth Ancor trif-  
ling stays,

Unto the lustier Tame as loth to come her ways,  
The flood intreats her thus ; ' Dear brook, why

' dost thou wrong [long

' Our mutual love so much, and tediously pro-

' Our mirthful marriage-hour, for which I still  
' prepare ? [care.

' Haste to my broader banks, my joy and only

' For as of all my floods thou art the first in fame;

' When frankly thou shalt yield thine honour to  
' my name,

' I will protect thy state ; then do not wrong thy  
' kind.

' What pleasure hath the world, that here thou  
' may'st not find ?'

Hence, muse, divert thy course to Dunsmore,  
by that (m) cross

Where those two mighty (n) ways, the Watling  
and the Fofs,

Our center seem to cut. (The first doth hold  
her way,

From Dover, to the farth'st of fruitful Anglesey :

The second south and north, from Michael's ut-  
most mount, [account.)

To Cathness, which the farth'st of Scotland we  
And then proceed to show, how Avon from her  
spring,

By (o) Newnham's fount is blest ; and how she,  
blandishing,

By Dunsmore drives along. Whom Sow doth  
first assist,

Which taketh Shirburn in, with Cune, a great  
while mis'd ;

Though (p) Coventry from thence her name at  
first did raise,

Now flourishing with fanes, and proud piramides ;  
Her walls in good repair, her ports so bravely  
built,

Her halls in good estate, her cross so richly gilt,  
As scorning all the towns that stand within her  
view :

Yet must she not be griev'd, that Cune should  
claim her due.

Tow'rds Warwick with this train as Avon  
trips along,

To Guy-cliff being come, her nymphs thus brave-  
ly song ; [owe,

' To thee, renowned knight, continual praise we  
' And at thy hallow'd tomb thy yearly obits shew ;

' Who, thy dear Phillis' name and country to ad-  
vance,

' Left'st Warwick's wealthy seat ; and sailing  
' into France,

' At tilt, from his proud steed, Duke Otton threw'st  
' to ground :

' And with th' invaluable prize of Blanch the  
beauteous crown'd

' (The Almain emperor's heir) high acts didst  
' there atchieve :

' As Lovain thou again didst valiantly relieve.

' Thou in the Soldan's blood thy worthy sword  
' imbru'dst ;

' And then in single fight, great Amerant sub-  
' du'dst. [stroy'd

' 'Twas thy Herculian hand, which happily de-  
' That dragon, which so long Northumberland  
' annoy'd ;

' And slew that cruel boar, which waste our  
' wood-lands laid,

' Whose tusks turn'd up our tilths, and dens in  
' meadows made :

(m) The highcross, supposed to be the midst of England.

(n) See to the xvi. song.

(o) Newnham Wells.

(p) Otherwise, Cune tre ; that is, the town upon Cune.



Whose shoulder-blade remains at Coventry till  
 ' now ;  
 ' And, at our humble site, did quell that mon-  
 ' strous cow [fright.  
 ' The passengers that us'd from Dunsmore to af-  
 ' Of all our English (yet) & most renowned knight,  
 ' That Colebrond overcam't ; at whose amazing  
 ' fall  
 ' The Danes remov'd their camp from Winches-  
 ' ter's sieg'd wall.  
 ' Thy statue Guy-cliff keeps, the gazer's eye to  
 ' please ;  
 ' Warwick, thy mighty arms (thou English Her-  
 ' cules)  
 ' Thy strong and massy sword, that never was  
 ' controll'd ;  
 ' Which, as her ancient right, her castle still shall  
 ' hold.  
 ' Scarcely ended they their song, but Avon's  
 ' winding stream, [Leam :  
 ' By Warwick, entertains the high-complection'd  
 ' And as she thence along to Stratford on doth  
 ' strain,  
 ' Receiveth little Heil the next into her train :  
 ' Then taketh in the Stour, the brook, of all the  
 ' rest [best ;  
 ' Which that most goodly vale of Red-horse loveth  
 ' A valley, that enjoys a very great estate,  
 ' Yet not so famous held as smaller, by her fate :  
 ' Now, for report had been too partial in her  
 ' praise, [wrays ;  
 ' Her just-conceived grief, fair Red-horse thus be-  
 ' Shall every vale be heard to boast her wealth ?  
 ' and I, [supply  
 ' The needy countries near that with my corn  
 ' As bravely as the best, shall only I endure  
 ' The dull and beastly world my glories to ob-  
 ' scure ;  
 ' Near wayless Arden's side, fith my retir'd abode  
 ' Stood quite out of the way from every common  
 ' road ?  
 ' Great Eusham's fertile glebe, what tongue hath  
 ' not extoll'd ? [gold.  
 ' As though to her alone belong'd the (q) garb of  
 ' Of Bever's hateful earth, men seem as though  
 ' to fain,  
 ' Reporting in what store she multiplies her grain :  
 ' And folk such wondrous things of Aylsbury will  
 ' tell,  
 ' As though abundance strove her burden'd womb  
 ' to swell.  
 ' Her room amongst the rest, so White-horse is  
 ' decreed : [steed  
 ' She wants no setting forth ; her brave Pegasus  
 ' (The wonder of the west) exalted to the skies :  
 ' My Red-horse of you all contemned only lies.  
 ' The fault is not in me, but in the wretched  
 ' time :  
 ' On whom, upon good cause, I well may lay the  
 ' crime  
 ' Which as all noble things, so me it doth neglect.  
 ' But when th' industrious muse shall purchas' me  
 ' respect

(r) The Sheaf.

' Of countries near my site, and with me foreign fairs  
 ' (The Eden of you all deservedly that am)  
 ' I shall as much be prais'd for delicacy then,  
 ' As now in small account with vile and barba-  
 ' rous men. [doth lie,  
 ' For, from the lofty (r) Edge that on my side  
 ' Upon my spacious earth who casts a curious eye,  
 ' As many goodly seats shall in my compass see.  
 ' As many sweet delights and rarities in me  
 ' As in the greatest vale ; from where my head I  
 ' couch [heels I touch  
 ' At Cotswold's country's (s) foot, till with my  
 ' The Northamptonian fields, and fast'ning pas-  
 ' tures ; where  
 ' I ravish every eye with my inticing cheer.  
 ' As still the year grows on, that Ceres once doth  
 ' load  
 ' The full earth with her store ; my plentiful  
 ' bosom strow'd [flank  
 ' With all abundant sweets ; my firm and lusty  
 ' Her bravery then displays, with meadows huge-  
 ' ly rank.  
 ' The thick and well-grown fog doth meet my  
 ' smoother shades,  
 ' And on the lower leas, as on the higher hedges  
 ' The dainty clover grows (of grass the only best)  
 ' That makes each udder fruit abundantly with  
 ' milk.  
 ' As an unletter'd man, at the desired sight  
 ' Of some rare beauty mov'd with infinite delight  
 ' Not out of his own spirit, but by that power  
 ' divine, [doth shine,  
 ' Which through a sparkling eye perpetually  
 ' Feels his hard temper yield, that he in passion  
 ' breaks,  
 ' And things beyond his height, transported  
 ' strangely speaks : [tail,  
 ' So those that dwell in me, and live by frugal  
 ' When they in my defence are reasoning of my  
 ' soil, [ed grow,  
 ' As rapt with my wealth and beauties, learn  
 ' And in well-fitting terms, and noble language  
 ' shew [remains  
 ' The lordships in my lands, from Rolright (which  
 ' A witness of that day we won upon the  
 ' Danes) [use to tell  
 ' To Tawcester well-near ; 'twixt which they  
 ' Of places which they say do Rumney's self excel  
 ' Of (t) Dasset they dare boast, and give  
 ' (t) Wormlington prize,  
 ' As of that fertile flat by (u) Bishopton that lies  
 ' For showing of my bounds, if men may right-  
 ' ly guess [picks,  
 ' By my continued form which best doth me ex-  
 ' On either of my sides, and by the rising grounds,  
 ' Which in one fashion hold, as my most certain  
 ' mounds,  
 ' In length near thirty miles I am discern'd to be.  
 ' Thus Red-horse ends her tale ; and I there-  
 ' with agree [ask,  
 ' To finish here my song ; the muse some ease doth  
 ' As wearied with the toil in this her serious task.

(r) Edge h l.

(s) The bounds of the vale of Red-horse.

(t) Wondrous fruitful places in the vale.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

INTO the heart of England and Wales the muse here is entered, that is, Warwickshire her native country; whose territory you might call Middle-Eagle (for here was that part of Mercland, spoken of in story) for equality of distance from the insarming ocean.

*By her illustrious earls renowned every where.*

Permit to yourself credit of those, loaden with antique fables, as Guy (of whom the author in the XII. Song, and here presently) Morind and such like, and no more testimony might be given, to exceed. But, more sure justification hereof is, in those great Princes Henry Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, and *Præcomes Angliæ* (as the record calls him) under (a) Henry VI. and Richard Nevill making it (as it were) his gain to crown and depose kings in that bloody dissension 'twixt the white and red roses.

*That mighty Arden beld*—————

What is now the Woodland in Warwickshire, was heretofore part of a larger wild or forest called Arden. The relics of whose name in Dene of Monmouthshire, and that *Arduenna* or *La Forest d'Ardenne*, by Henault and Luxemburg, shews likelihood of interpretation of the yet-used English name of Woodland. And, whereas, in old ascriptions, (b) *Diana Nemorensis*, with other additions, hath been found among the Latins, the like seems to be express'd in an old marble, now in Italy, (c) graven under Domitian, in part thus:

DIS MANIBVS.  
Q. CAESIVS. Q. F. CLAVD.  
ATILIANVS. SACERDOS.  
DEANAE. ARDVINNAE.

That comprehensive largeness which this Arden once extended (before ruin of her woods) makes the author thus limit her with Severn and Trent. By reason of this her greatness joined with antiquity, he also made choice of this place for description of the chase, the English simples, and hermit, as you read in him.

*And thither wisely brought that goodly Virgin band.*

Sufficient justification of making a poem, may be from tradition, which the author here uses; see to the VIII. Song, where you have this incredible number of virgins shipped at London; nor skills it much on which you bestow your faith, or if neither. Their request (as the Genius's prayer) are the author's own fictions, to come to express the worth of his native soil's city.

*By Leofrique her lord, yet in base bondage beld.*

The ensuing story of this Leofrique and Godiva, was under the Confessor. I find it reported in Matthew of Westminster, that *Nuda, equum ascendans, crines capitis & tricas dissolvens, corpus suum totum, præter crura condidissima, inde velavit*. This Leofrique (buried at Coventry) was Earl of Leicester, not Chester (as some ill took it by turning Legecestre, being indeed sometimes for Chester<sup>a</sup> of old called *urbs legionum*, as to the XI. Song already) which is without scruple shewed in a (d) charter of the manner of Spalding in Lincolnshire, made to Wulgat abbot of Crowland, beginning thus: *Ego Theraldus de Buckenhale coram nobilissimo domino meo Leofrico comite Leicestræ, & nobilissima comitissa sua domina Godiva sorore mea, & cum consensu & bona voluntate domini & cognati mei Comitæ Algarî primogeniti & hæredis eorum, donavi, &c.* This Algar succeeded him; and, as a special title, government, and honour, this earldom was therein among the Saxons so singular, that it was hereditary with a very long pedigree, till the conquest, from King Ethelbald's time, above 300 years. In Malmesbury, he is stiled Earl of Hereford; and indeed, as it seems, had large dominion over most part of Mercland, and was a great protector of good King Edward, from ambitious Godwin's faction. You may note in him, what power the earls of those times had for granting, releasing, or imposing liberties and exactions, which since only the crown hath as inseparably annexed to it, Nay, since the Normans, I find that (e) William Fitz-Osbern Earl of Hereford, made a law in his county, *ut nullus miles pro qualicunque commissio plus septem solidis solvat*, which was observed without

(a) Parl. ret. 23. Hen. 6. ap. Cam.

(b) Hubert. Goltz. Thesaur. in Aris.

(c) Jul. Jacobon. ap. Paul. Merul. Cosmog. Part 2. lib. 3. cap. 11.

(d) Ingulphus Hist. fol. 519.

(e) Malmesb. de gest. reg. 3.



controversy in Malmesbury's time; and I have seen original letters of protection (a perfect and uncommunicable power royal) by that great prince Richard Earl of Poitiers and Cornwall, brother to Henry III. sent to the sheriff of Rutland, for and in behalf of a nunnery about Stanford: and it, is well known, that his successor Edmund left no small tokens of such supremacy in constitutions, liberties, and imposed subsidies in the stannaries of Cornwall; with more such like extant in monuments. But whatsoever their power heretofore was, I think it ceased with that (f) custom of their having the third part of the king's profit in the county, which was also in the Saxon times usual, as appears in that; (g) *In Ipswich regina Adva duas partes habuit & comes Guert tertiam; Norwich reddebat XX. libras regi, & comiti X. libras; of the borough of Lewes, its profits erant duas partes regis, tertia comitis; & Oxford reddebat regi XX. libras, & sex sextarios mellis, comiti vero Algaro X. libras.* And under King John, Geoffrey Fitz-Peter Earl of Essex, and William le Marshall Earl of Strigill, (b) *Administrationem suorum comitatuum habebant*, saith Hoveden. But time hath, with other parts of government, altered all this to what we now use.

*A witness of that day we was upon the Danes.*

He means Rollritch-stones in the confines of Warwick and Oxfordshire, of which the vulgar there have a fabulous tradition, that they are an army of men, and I know not what great general amongst them, converted into stones: a tale not having his superior in the rank of untruths. But (upon the conceit of a most learned man) the muse refers it to some battle of the Danes, about the time of Rollo's piracy and incursion, and for her country takes the better side (as justifiable as the contrary) in affirming the day to the English. But, to suppose this a monument of that battle fought at Hochnorton, seems to me in matter of certainty not very probable: I mean, being drawn from Rollo's name, of whose story, both for a passage in the last Song and here, permit a short examination. The Norman (i) tradition is, that he, with divers other Danes transplanting themselves, as well for dissension betwixt him and his king, as for new seat of habitation, arrived here, had some skirmishes with the English, defending their territories; and soon afterward being admonished in a dream, aided and advised by King Athelstan, entered Seine in France, wasted and won part of it about Paris, Baieux, elsewhere; return-

ed upon request by embassy to assist the English king against rebels; and afterward in the year 911 or 12, received his dukedom of Normandy, and Christianity, his name of Robert, with Egidia or Gilla (for wife) daughter to Charles, surnamed the Simple; as to the IV. Song I have, according to the credit of the story, touched it. But how came such habitude betwixt Athelstan and him, before this 912, when, as it is plain, that Athelstan was not king till 924, or near that point? Neither is my concordance betwixt Athelstan and this Charles, whose kingdom was taken from him by Rodolph Duke of Burgundy, two years before our King Edward I. (of the Saxons) died. In the 9th year of whose reign, falling under 906, was that battle of Hochnorton; so that unless the name of Athelstan be mistook for this Edward, or be wanting to the dominical year of those 22 of the Dionysian calculation (whereof to the IV. Song) I see no means to make this story stand with itself, nor our monks; in whom (most of them writing about the Norman times) more mention would have been made of Rollo, ancestor to the Conqueror, and his acts here, had they known any certainty of his name or wars: which I rather guess to have been in our maritime parts, than inland, (unless when (if that were at all) he assisted King Athelstan. Read Frodoard, and the old annals of France, written nearer the supposed times, and you will scarce find him to have been, or else there under (k) some other name; as Godfrey, which some have conjectured to be the same with Rollo. You may see in Æmilius what uncertainties, if not contrarieties, were in Norman traditions of this matter; and I make no question, but of that unknown nation no such mistaking hath been of names and times, that scarce any undoubted truth therein now can justify itself. For observe but what is here delivered, and compare it with (l) them which say in 898 Rollo was overthrown at Chartres by Richard Duke of Burgundy, and Ebal Earl of Poitiers, assisting Walzelin bishop of that city; and, my question is, Where have you hope of reconciliation? except only in equivocation of name; for plainly Hastings, Godfrey, Hroruc, and others, (if none of these were the same) all Danes, had to do, and that with dominion in France, about this age; wherein it is further reported, that (m) Robert Earl of Paris, and in some sort a king betwixt Charles and Rodolph, gave to certain Normans that had entered the land at Loire (they first (n) entered there in 853) all Little Bretagne and Nants; and this in 922

(f) Lib. vetust. Monast. de Bello ap. Camd.

(g) Lib. *Domesday* in Scaccario.

(b) Job. Carnotens. Epist. 263. Nichol. Vicecomiti Essexiæ.

(i) Guil. Gemeticens. de Ducib. Norm. 2. cap. 4. & seq. Tho. de Walsingham in Hypodig. Neust. secundum quos, in quantum ad Chronologicam rationem spectat, plerique alii.

(k) Ita quidam apud P. Emil. hist. Franc. 3 quem de hac re vide, & Polydor. ejusdem sequentem hist. 5.

(l) Floren. Wigorn. p. 335. & Roger. Hoveden. part. 1. fol. 241.

(m) Frodoard. Presbyt. Annal. Franc.

(n) Reicherspergens.



which agrees with that gift of the same tract to Rollo by Charles, little better than haribest discords. And so doth that of Rollo's being aided by the English king, and in league with him against the French, with another received truth : which is, that Charles was (by marriage with (o) Edgith of the English king's loins) son-in-law to Edward, and brother-in-law to Athelstan, in whose (p) protection here Lewis (afterward the IV.) was, while Rodolph of Burgundy held the crown. For that unmannerly homage also, spoken of to the IV. Song by one of Rollo's knights, it is reported by Mahnesbury and others, to be done by Rollo himself; and touching that Egidia wife to Rollo, the judicious French Histeriographer, P. Emilius (from whom the Italian Poly-

dore had many odd pieces of his best context) tells clearly, that she was daughter to Lothar King of Romans, and given by his cousin Charles the Gros, to Godfrey King of the Normans, with *Wesfrich* (that is, Neustria) about 886, and imagines that the Norman historians were deceived by equivocation of name, mistaking Charles the Simple for Charles the Gros, living near one time; as also, that they finding Egidia a king's daughter (being indeed Lothar's) supposed her Charles the Simple's. This makes me think also that of Godfrey and Rollo hath been like confusion of name. But both times, reigns, and persons, are so disturbed in the stories, that being insufficient to rectify the contrarieties, I leave you to the liberty of common report.

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(o) Oginia, dicta P. Emilio.

(p) Membran. vetust. Cœnob. Floriacens. edit. a P. Pithæo.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE FOURTEENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

Her sundry strains the muse to prove,  
Now sings of homely country love ;  
What moan th' old herdsman Clent doth make,  
For his coy wood nymph Feckn'ham's sake ;  
And, how the nymphs each other greet,  
When Avon and brave Severn meet.  
The vale of Eusham then doth tell,  
How far the vales do hills excel.  
Ascending, next, fair Cotswold's plains,  
She revels with the shepherd swains ;  
And sends the dainty nymphs away,  
'Gainst Tame and Isis' wedding day.

At length, attain'd those lands that south of  
Severn lie,

As to the varying earth the muse doth her apply,  
Poor sheep hook and plain goad, she many times  
doth sound : [bound.

Then in a buskin'd stream, she instantly doth  
Smooth as the lowly stream she softly now doth  
glide :

And with the mountains straight contendeth in  
her pride. [take,

Now back again I turn, the land with me to  
From the Staffordian heaths as (a) Stour her course  
doth make.

Which Clent, from his proud top, contentedly  
doth view :

But yet the aged hill, immoderately doth reu

(a) Running by Stourbridge in Worcestershire, towards Se-

His loved Feck'nham's fall, and doth her state be-  
moan ;

To please his amorous eye, whose like the world  
had none.

For, from her very youth, he (then an aged hill)  
Had to that forest nymph a special liking still :

The least regard of him who never seems to take,  
But suff'reth in herself for Salwarp's only sake ;

And on that river doats, as much as Clent on her.

Now when the hill perceiv'd the flood she  
would prefer,

All pleasure he forsakes ; that at the full-bagg'd  
cow, [low,

Or at the curl-fac'd bull, when venting he doth  
Or at th' unhappy wags which let their cattle

fray,

At nine-holes on the heath whilst they together  
play,



never seems to smile; nor ever taketh keep  
hear the harmless swain pipe to his grazing  
sheep:

to the carter's tune in whistling to his team:  
lends his list'ning ear (once) to the ambling  
stream,

in the evening calm against the stones doth  
rush [hush

such a murmuring noise, as it would seem to  
silent meads asleep; but, void of all delight,  
sedilely drown'd in sorrow day and night,

Licky his ally and neighbour doth respect:  
therewith being charg'd, thus answereth in  
effect:

at (b) Lickey to his height seem'd slowly but  
'to rise,

id that in length and breadth he all extended  
'lies,

or doth like other hills to sudden sharpness  
'mount, [account;

at of their kingly kind they scarce can him  
's' by his swelling soil set in so high a place,

at Malvern's mighty self he seemeth to out-  
'face.'

hilst Clent and Licky, thus, do both express  
'their pride,

alwarpe slips along by Feck'nham's shady side,  
s forest him affects in wand'ring to the

(b) Wych:  
he, himself by salts there seeking to enrich,

Feck'nham quite forgets; from all affection  
free. [to be,

ut she, that to the flood most constant means  
e prodigally gives her woods to those strong  
fires

ich boil the source to salts. Which Clent so  
much admires,

t love, and her disdain, to madness him pro-  
voke:

en to the wood nymph thus the jealous moun-  
tain spoke:

Fond nymph, thy twisted curls, on which  
'were all my care, [bare

hou lett'st the furnace waste; that miserably  
hope to see thee left, which so dost me despise;

hose beauties many a morn have blest my  
'longing eyes:

nd, till the weary sun sunk down unto the  
'west, [best.

hou still my object wast, thou once my only  
he time shall quickly come, thy groves and

'pleasant springs,  
here to the mirthful merle the warbling ma-

'vis sings,  
he painful labourer's hand shall stock the

'roots, to burn;  
he branch and body spent, yet could not serve

'his turn.  
hich when, most wilful nymph, thy chance

'shall be to see, [me.'

oo late thou shalt repent thy small regard for  
ut Saltwarpe down from Wych his nimbler

... feet doth ply,  
at Severn to attend along to-Tenkisbury,

With others to partake the joy that there is seen,  
When beauteous Avon comes unto her sovereign  
(c) queen.

Here down from Eufham's vale, their greatness  
to attend,

Comes Swilliat sweeping in, which Cotswold  
down doth send:

And Garra there arrives, the great recourse  
to see. [glee,

Where thus together met, with most delightful  
The cheerful nymphs that haunt the valley rank

and low [flow,

(Where full Pomona seems most plenteously to  
And with her fruitery swells by Pershore, in her

pride)  
Amongst the batful meads on Severn's either side,

To these their confluent floods, full bowls of per-  
ry brought:

Where, to each other's health past merrily a deep-  
fetch'd draught,

And many a sound carouse from friend to friend  
doth go.

Thus whilst the mellowed earth with her own  
juice doth flow,

Inflamed with excess the lusty pamper'd vale,  
In praise of her great self, thus frames her glori-

ous tale;  
'I doubt not but some vale enough for us hath

'said,  
'To answer them that most with baseness us up-  
brate;

'Those high presumptuous hills, which bend  
'their utmost might,

'Us only to deject, in their inveterate spite:  
'But I would have them think, that I (which am

'the queen  
'Of all the British vales, and so have ever been

'Since Gomer's giant brood inhabited this isle,  
'And that of all the rest, myself may so ensile)

'Against the highest hill dare put myself for place,  
'That ever throat'ned heaven with the austere

'face.  
'And for our praise, then thus; What fountain

'send they forth  
'(That finds a river's name, though of the final-

'left worth)  
'But it invales itself, and on its either side

'Doth make those fruitful meads, which with  
'their painted pride

'Imbroider his proud bank? whilst in lascivious  
'gyres

'He swiftly fallieth out, and suddenly retires  
'In sundry works and trials, now shallow, and

'then deep,  
'Searching the spacious shores, as though it

'meant to sweep  
'Their sweets with it away, with which they

'are repleat.  
'And men, first building towns, themselves did

'wisely feat  
'Still in the bounteous vale: whose burden'd pas-

'ture bears  
'The most abundant swathe, whose glebe such

'goodly ears,



\* As to the weighty sheaf with scythe or sickle cut,  
 \* When as his hardened hand the labourer comes  
   to put,  
 \* Sinks him in his own sweat, which it but hard-  
   ly wields :  
 \* And on the corn-strew'd lands, then in the sub-  
   ble fields,  
 \* There feed the herds of neat, by them the  
   flocks of sheep,  
 \* Seeking the scatt' red corn upon the ridges steep :  
 \* And in the furrow by (where Ceres lies much  
   spill'd)  
 \* Th' unwieldy larding swine his maw then hav-  
   ing fill'd,  
 \* Lies wallowing in the mire, thence able scarce  
   to rise.  
 \* When as those monstrous hills so much that  
   us despise  
 \* (The mountain, which forsooth the lowly val-  
   ley mocks)  
 \* Have nothing in the world upon their barren  
   rocks,  
 \* But greedy clamb'ring goats, and conies, ba-  
   nish'd quite  
 \* From every fertile place; as rascals, that delight  
 \* In base and barren plots, and at good earth re-  
   pine. [chune,  
 \* And though in winter we to moisture much in-  
 \* Yet those that be our own, and dwell upon our  
   land,  
 \* When 'twixt their burly stacks and full-stuff'd  
   barns they stand,  
 \* Into the softer clay as easily they do sink,  
 \* Pluck up their heavy feet, with lighter spirits,  
   to think  
 \* That autumn shall produce, to recompence  
   their toil,  
 \* A rich and goodly crop from that unpleasant soil.  
 \* And from that envious foe which seeks us to  
   deprave,  
 \* Though much against his will this good we  
   clearly have,  
 \* We still are highly prais'd, and honour'd by  
   his height. [sight  
 \* For, who will us survey, their clear and judging  
 \* May see us thence at full; which else the  
   searching'st eye,  
 \* By reason that so flat and levelled we lie,  
 \* Could never throughly view ourselves, nor  
   could we shew. [owe,  
 \* Yet more; what lofty hills to humble vallies  
 \* And what high grace they have which near to  
   us are plac'd,  
 \* In (d) Breendon may be seen, being amorously  
   embrac'd [vaunt  
 \* In cincture of my arms. Who though he do not  
 \* His head like those that look as they would  
   heaven supplant :  
 \* Yet let them wisely note, in what excessive pride  
 \* He in my bosom sits; while him on every side  
 \* With my delicious sweets and delicacies I trim.  
 \* And when great Malvern looks most terrible  
   and grim,

(d) A hill environed on every side with the vale of Eufham.

\* He with a pleased brow continually doth smile.  
 Here Breendon, having heard his praises all the  
   while,  
 Grew insolently proud; and doth upon him take  
 Such state, as he would seem but small account to  
   make  
 Of Malvern, or of Mein. So that the wiser vale  
 To his instruction turns the process of her tale.  
 \* T' avoid the greater's wrath, and shun the  
   meaner's hate,  
 \* Quoth she, take my advice, abandon idle state;  
 \* And by that way I go, do thou thy course con-  
   trive : [thrive  
 \* Give others leave to vaunt, and let us closely  
 \* Whilst idly but for place the lofty mountains  
   toil, [soil  
 \* Let us have store of grain, and quantity of  
 \* To what end serve their tops (that seem to  
   threat the sky)  
 \* But to be rent with storms? whilst we in safe-  
   ty lie.  
 \* Their rocks but barren be, and they which  
   rashly climb,  
 \* Stand most in envy's sight, the fairest prey  
   for time.  
 \* And when the lowly vales are clad in summer's  
   green, [scum  
 \* The gristled winter's snow upon their heads a :  
 \* Of all the hills I know, let Mein thy pattern be :  
 \* Who though his site be such as seems to equal  
   thee,  
 \* And destitute of nought that Arden him can  
   yield,  
 \* Nor of th' especial grace of many a goodly field;  
 \* Nor of dear Clifford's seat (the place of health  
   and sport) [port  
 \* Which many a time hath been the muses quest  
 \* Yet brags not he of that, nor of himself effects  
 \* The more for his fair site; but richer than he  
   seems,  
 \* Clad in a gown of grass, so soft and wondrous  
   warm, [harm  
 \* As him the summer's heat, nor winter's cold can  
 \* Of whom I well may say, as I may speak of thee;  
 \* From either of your tops, that who beholdeth me,  
 \* To paradise may think a second he had found,  
 \* If any like the rest were ever on the ground.  
 Her long and zealous speech thus Eufham  
   doth conclude : [h'd  
 When straight the active muse industriously per-  
 This noble country's praise, as matter still did re-  
 For Glo'ster in times past herself did highly prize,  
 When in her pride of strength she nourish'd  
   goodly vines,  
 § And oft her cares repress with her delicious  
   wines.  
 But now, th' all-cheering sun the colder soil de-  
   ceives,  
 § And us (here towards the pole) still falling  
   southward leaves :  
 So that the sullen earth th' effect thereof doth  
   prove;  
 According to their books, who hold that he  
   doth move



from his first zenith's point; the cause we feel  
his want. [plant  
but of her vines depriv'd, now Glo'ster learns to  
the pear tree every where: whose fruit she  
strains for juice, [produce  
That her pur't perry is, which first she did  
from Wor'stershire, and there is common as the  
fields;  
Which naturally that soil in most abundance yields.  
But the laborious muse, which still new work  
affays,  
Here fallieth through the flades, where beauteous  
Severn plays  
Until that river gets her Glo'ster's wished sight:  
Where she her stream divides, that with the more  
delight  
he might behold the town, of which she's won-  
d'rous proud:  
Then takes she in the Frome, then Cam, and next  
the Strowd,  
Is thence upon her course she wantonly doth  
strain.  
Supposing then herself a sea god by her train,  
The Neptune like doth float upon the brackish marsh;  
Where, lest she should become too cumbersome  
and harsh,  
Fair Micklewood (a nymph, long honour'd for  
a chase,  
Contending to have stood the high't in Se-  
vern's grace,  
Of any of the Dryads there bord'ring on her shore)  
With her cool amorous shades, and all her sylvan  
store,  
To please the goodly flood employs her utmost  
powers,  
Supposing the proud nymph might like her  
woody bowers.  
But Severn (on her way) so large and head-  
strong grew,  
That she the wood nymph scorns, and Avon  
doth pursue;  
A river with no less than goodly King's-wood  
crown'd,  
A forest and a flood by either's fame renown'd;  
And each with other's pride and beauty much  
bewitch'd; [rich'd.  
Besides, with Bristol's state both wond'rously en-  
Which soon to Severn sent th' report of that fair  
(g) road  
(So burdened still with barks, as it would overload  
Great Neptune with the weight) whose fame so  
far doth ring; [ing  
When as that mighty flood, most bravely flourish-  
Like Thetis' goodly self majestically glides;  
Upon her spacious breast tossing the surgesful tides,  
To have the river see the state to which she grows,  
And how much to her queen the beauteous Avon  
owes.  
But, noble muse, proceed immediately to tell  
How Eufham's fertile vale at first in liking fell  
With Cotswold, that great king of shepherds:  
whose proud site  
When that fair vale first saw, so nourish'd her de-  
light,

(g) King's road]

That him she only lov'd: for wisely she beheld  
The beauties clean throughout that on his surface  
dwell'd':  
Of just and equal height two banks arising, which  
Grew poor (as it should seem) to make some val-  
ley rich:  
Betwixt them thrusting out an elbow of such  
height,  
As throwds the lower soil; which shadowed from  
the light,  
Shoots forth a little grove, that in the summer's  
day, [stray.  
Invites the flocks, for shade that to the covert  
A hill there holds his head, as though it told a tale,  
Or stooped to look down, or whisper with a vale;  
Where little purling winds like wantons seem to  
dally,  
And skip from bank to bank, from valley trip  
to valley, [wise,  
Such sundry shapes of soil where nature doth de-  
That she may rather seem fantastical, than wise.  
T' whom Sarum's plain gives place: though  
famous for her flocks, [locks.  
Yet hardly doth she tythe our Cotswold's wealthy  
Though Lemster him exceed for fineness of her ore,  
Yet quite he puts her down for his abundant store.  
A match so fit as he, contenting to her mind,  
Few vales (as I suppose) like Eufham hapt to find:  
Nor any other wold, like Cotswold ever sped,  
So fair and rich a vale by fortunating to wed.  
He hath the goodly wool, and she the wealthy  
grain:  
Through which they wisely seem their household  
to maintain.  
He hath pure wholesome air, and dainty crystal  
springs.  
To those delights of his, she daily profit brings:  
As to his large expence, she multiplies her heaps:  
Nor can his flocks devour th' abundance that she  
reaps;  
As th' one with what it hath, the other strove  
to grace.  
And now, that every thing may in the pro-  
per place [breed  
Most aptly be contriv'd, the sheep our wold doth  
(The simplest though it seem) shall our descrip-  
tion need,  
And shepherd like, the muse thus of that kind  
doth speak:  
No brown, nor sullied black the face or legs doth  
freak,  
Like those of Moreland, Cank, or of the Cambri-  
an hills,  
That lightly laden are: but Cotswold wisely fills  
Her with the whitest kind: whose brows so  
woolly be,  
As men in her fair sheep no emptiness should see.  
The staple deep and thick, through to the very  
grain,  
Most strongly keepeth out the violentest rain:  
A body long and large, the buttocks equal broad;  
As fit to undergo the full and weighty load.  
And of the fleecy face, the flank doth nothing  
lack,  
But every where is stor'd; the belly, as the back,



The fair and goodly flock, the shepherd's only  
pride,

As white as winter's snow, when from the river's  
side

He drives his new wash'd sheep; or on the shear-  
ing day,

When as the lusty ram, with those rich spoils of  
May

His crooked horns hath crown'd; the bell wedder  
so brave,

As none in all the flock they like themselves  
would have.

But, muse, return to tell how there the shep-  
herd's king,

Whose flock hath chanc'd that year the earliest  
lamb to bring,

In his gay bauldric sits at his low grassy board,  
With flawns, curds, clouted cream, and country  
dainties stor'd:

And whilst the bagpipe plays, each lusty jocund  
swain

Quaffs silabubs in cans, to all upon the plain,  
And to their country girls, whose nosegays they  
do wear.

Some roundelays do sing: the rest, the burden  
bear.

But Cotswold, he this spoke to th' only praise  
of thee,

That thou of all the rest the chosen soil should'st  
{be,  
Fair Isis to bring forth (the mother of great

Tames)

With those delicious brooks, by whose immortal  
streams

Her greatness is begun: so that our rivers king,  
When he his long descent shall from his bell fires  
bring,

Must needs (great pasture's prince) derive his  
stem by thee,

From kingly Cotswold's self, sprung of the third  
degree:

As th' old world's heroes went, that in the times  
of yore,

On Neptune, Jove, and Mars, themselves so high-  
ly bore.

But easily from her source as Isis gently dares;  
Unto her present aid, down through the deeper  
flades,

The nimble footed Churn, by Cissiter doth  
slide;

And first at Grecklade gets pre-eminence to  
guide

Queen Isis on her way, e'er she receive her  
train,

Clear Coin, and lively Leech, so down from Cot-  
swold's plain

At Leechlade linking hands, come likewise to  
support

The mother of great Tames. When, seeking the  
resort,

From Cotswold Windrush seers, and with her  
self doth cast

The train to overtake, and therefore hies her  
fast

Through the Oxfordian fields; when (as the last  
of all

Those floods, that into Tames out of our Cot-  
swold fall,

And farth't unto the north) bright Enlond forth  
doth bear.

For, though it had been long, at length she came  
to hear

That Isis was to Tame in wedlock to be ty'd:  
And therefore she prepar'd t' attend upon the  
bride;

Expecting, at the fest, past ordinary grace.  
And being near of kin to that most springful  
place,

Where out of Blockley's banks so many fountains  
flow,

That clean throughout his soil proud Cotswold  
cannot shew

The like: as though from far, his long and many  
hills

There emptied all their veins, wherewith those  
founts he fills,

Which in the greatest drought so brimful still do  
float,

Sent through the rifted rocks with such an open  
throat,

As though the cleves consum'd in hamour; they  
alone,

So crystalline and cold, as hard'neth suck to  
stone.

But whilst this while we talk, the far divulg'd  
fame

Of this great bridal tower'd, in Phœbus' mighty  
name

Doth bid the muse make haste, and to the bride  
house speed

Of her attendance there lest they should find  
in need.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

returning now near the way you describe the northern parts, then use leads that part of Worcestershire, which is Severn, and the neighbouring Staffg also Cotteswold, and so Gloucester. of this song are not so covert, nor so difficult, but that I presume your the most part, willingly discharges

*cares represent with her delicious wines.*

act of Gloucestershire (where to this ages are stiled Vine-yards was of among other fruits of a fertile soil, great s, and more than in any other place om. Now in many parts of this realm ie : but what comes of them in the press th respect. Long since the emperor (a) *Gallis omnibus & Hispanus ac Britannis vites habere vinumque conficerent.* But before that, speaking of this island, t with *Solum præter oleam vitemque & oribus terris oriri sucta, patiens frugum,* Long since Probus, England had its so and some store of wine, as appears *Domesday, Unus & Parcus & VI. Ar-* (that is, between five and six acres; French signifying a content of ground d rods square, every rod eighteen foot) *C. modios vini, si bene procedit,* being replace (c) by Raleigh in Essex. This William I : and since him in time of much wine was made here in Gloucester that now the isle enjoys not frequency est, as in old time, whether it be : soil's old age, and so like a woman rile (as (c) in another kind Tremellius red years since thought) or by reason 's change of place, as upon difference ical observations Stadius guessed, or art of singular influence, whereon as gs most, of inferior qualities, is altered r course (yet of great power in altera- ren's system) of the eighth sphere (or

precession of the Equinoctial) or by reason of industry wanting in the husbandman, I leave it to others examination.

————— *still falling southward leaves.*

He alludes to the difference of the zodiac's obliquity from what it was of old. For, in Ptolemy's time, about fourteen hundred and sixty years since the utmost declination of the sun in the first of Cancer (where she is nearest to our vertical point) was 23 gr. and about 52 minut. since that Albategni (about Charlemaine's time) observed it some 15 scruples less : after him near 1000 year off Christ) Arzachel found it 23 gr. 34 scr., and in this later age John of Coningsburg and (f) Copernicus brought it to 23 gr. 28 scrup. which concords also with the Prutenique account, and as many as thence traduce their Ephemerides So that (by this calculation) about 24 minutes the sun comes not so near our zenith, as it did in Ptolemy's time. But in truth (for in these things I account that truth, which is warranted by most accurate observation; and those learned mathematicians, by omitting of parallax and refractions, deceived themselves and posterity) the declination in this age is 23 gr. 31½. scrup. as that noble Dane, and most honoured restorer of astronomical motions, Tycho Brahe, had taught us : which, although it be greater than that of Copernicus and his followers, yet is much less than what is in Ptolemy, and by two scruples different from Arzachel's, so justifying the author's conceit, supposing the cause of our climate's not now producing wines, to be the sun's declination from us, which for every scruple answers in earth, about one of our miles; but a far more large distance in the celestial globe. I can as well maintain this high-fetcht cause, being upon difference of so few minutes in one of the slowest motions (and we see that greatest effects are always attributed to them, as upon the old conceit of the Platonic year, abridged into near his half by Copernicus, those consequents foretold upon the change of (g) Eccentrics out of one sign into another, the equinoctial precession, and such

Vopiscus in ejusd. vita.

l. Agricola.

l. in Trinobantibus.

nesb. de Pontificum gestis 4.

Columell, de re Rustic. 2. cap. 1.

ernic. Re. 2. cap. 3.

(g) Cardan. ad 2. Tetrabibl. & de Varietat. Rer. 2. qui prophane nimium, a motibus octavar Sphæræ, iis scilicet, quos circa c10 dcc. contrario velut fieri modo supponit sacrosanctæ Religionis mutationem inepte simul & impie prædixit, & hujus generis sexcenta.



## THE WORKS OF DRAYTON.

like; as others may their conversion of a planet's state into Fortunate, Opprest or Combust, by measuring or missing their 16 scruples of Cassini, their *Orbes mixtes*, and such curiosities. Neither can you salve the effect of this declination, by the sun's much nearer approach to the earth, upon that decrease of his Eccentricity which Copernicus and his followers have published. For, admitting that were true, yet judicial astrology relies more upon aspect and beams falling on us with angles (which are much altered by this change of obli-

quity in the zodiac) than distance of every singular star from the earth. But indeed, upon mistaking the pole's altitude, and other error in observation, (b) Copernicus was deceived, and in this present age the sun's eccentricity (in Ptolemy, being the 24th of the eccentric's semidiameter, divided into 60.) hath been (i) found between the 27 and 28 P. which is far greater than that of Copernicus, erroneously making it but near the 31. But this is too heavenly a language for the common reader; and perhaps too late I leave it.

(a) Cui, hoc nomine, graviter imitatus est Jul. Scalig. exercit. 90. lib. 2.

(i) Tycho Brahe in Progymnasim.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## T H E F I F T E E N T H S O N G .

### *The Argument.*

The guests here to the bride-house hie.  
The goodly vale of Aylsbury  
Sets her son (Tame) forth, brave as May,  
Upon the joyful wedding day :  
Who, deckt up, tow'rd his bride is gone.  
So lovely Isis coming on,  
At Oxford all the muses meet her,  
And with a Prothalamion greet her.  
The nymphs are in the bridal bow'rs,  
Some strowing sweets, some sorting flow'rs ;  
Where lusty Charwel himself raises,  
And sings of rivers, and their praises.  
Then Tames his way tow'rd Windsor tends.  
Thus, with the song, the marriage ends.

me had through this ille divulg'd in  
very ear,  
-expected day of marriage to be near,  
Cotswold's heir, long woo'd was lastly  
on,  
antly should wed with (a) Tame, old  
hiltern's son.  
ow that wood-man's wife, the mother of  
e flood,  
and goodly vale of Aylsbury, that stood

e arises in the vale of Aylsbury, at the foot  
tern.  
III.

So much upon her Tame, was busied in her  
bowers,  
Preparing for her son as many suits of flowers,  
As Cotswold for the bride, his Isis lately made ;  
Who for the lovely Tame, her bridegroom only  
staid.  
Whilst every crystal flood is to this business prest,  
The cause of their great speed and many thus re-  
quest ;  
O ! whither go ye, floods ? what sudden wind  
doth blow,  
Than other of your kind, that you so fast should  
flow,



What business in hand, that spurs you thus away?  
 Fair Windrush, let me hear; I pray thee, Char-  
 wel say. [see  
 They suddenly reply, 'What lets you should not  
 'That for this nuptial feast we all prepared be?  
 'Therefore this idle chat our ears doth but of-  
 'fend:  
 'Our leisure serves not now these trifles to attend.'  
 But whilst things are in hand, old Chiltern  
 (for his life)  
 From prodigal expence can noway keep his wife;  
 Who feeds her Tame with marle, in cordial-wise  
 prepar'd,  
 And thinks all idly spent, that now she only spar'd,  
 In setting forth her son: nor can she think it  
 well,  
 Unless her lavish charge do Cotswolds far excel.  
 For, Aylsbury's a vale that walloweth in her  
 wealth,  
 And (by her wholesome air continually in health)  
 Is lusty, firm, and fat, and holds her youthful  
 strength.  
 Besides her fruitful earth, her mighty breadth and  
 length,  
 Doth Chiltern fitly match; which mountainously  
 high,  
 And being very long, so likewise she doth lie  
 From the Bedfordian fields, where first she doth  
 begin, [doth win  
 To fashion like a vale, to th' place where Tame  
 His Isis' wished bed; her soil throughout so sure,  
 For goodness of her glebe, and for her pasture  
 pure, [breed,  
 That as her grain and grass, so she her sheep doth  
 For burthen and for bone all other that exceed:  
 And she, which thus in wealth abundantly doth  
 flow, [bestow:  
 Now cares not on her child what cost she do  
 Which when wife Chiltern saw (the world who  
 long had try'd,  
 And now at last had laid all garish pomp aside;  
 Whose hoar and chalky head descry'd him to be  
 old, [cold)  
 His beechen woods bereft, that kept him from the  
 Would fain persuade the vale to hold a steady  
 rate; [bate:  
 And with his curious wife, thus wisely doth de-  
 'Quoth he, you might allow what needeth, to  
 the most:  
 'But whereas less will serve, what means this  
 'idle cost?  
 'Too much, a surfeit breeds, and may our child  
 'annoy:  
 'These fat and luscious meats do but our sto-  
 'machs cloy. [wife  
 'The modest comely mean, in all things likes the  
 'Apparel often shews us womanish precise.  
 'And what will Cotswold think when he shall  
 'hear of this?  
 'He'll rather blame your waste, than praise your  
 'cost, I wist. [have;  
 But women wilful be, and she her will must  
 Nor cares how Chiltern chides, so that her Tame  
 be brave.

Alone which tow'rds his love she easily doth  
 convey:  
 For the Oxonian (b) Ouze was lately sent away  
 From Buckingham, where first he finds his nim-  
 bler feet;  
 Tow'rds Whittlewood then takes; where, past the  
 noblest † street,  
 He to the forest gives his farewell, and doth keep  
 His course directly down into the German deep,  
 To publish that great day in mighty Neptune's  
 hall,  
 That all the sea-gods there might keep it festival.  
 As we have told how Tame holds on his even  
 course,  
 Return we to report, how Isis from her source  
 Comes tripping with delight down from her  
 daintier springs; [brings  
 And in her princely train, t' attend her marriage,  
 Clear (c) Churnet, (c) Coln, and (c) Leech,  
 which first she did retain,  
 With (c) Windrush; and with her (all outrage  
 to restrain  
 Which well might off' red be to Isis as she went)  
 Came Yenlood with a guard of satyrs which  
 were sent  
 From (c) Whichwood, to await the bright and  
 god-like dame. [Tame,  
 So, (c) Bernwood did bequeath his satyrs to the  
 For sticklers in those stirs that at the feast should  
 be. [to her,  
 These preparations great, when Charwell comes  
 To Oxford got before, to entertain the flood,  
 Apollo's aid he begs, with all his sacred brood,  
 To that most learned place to welcome her re-  
 pair. [fair,  
 Who in her coming on, was wax'd so wondrous  
 That meeting, strife arose betwixt them, whether  
 they [(d) her.  
 Her beauty should extol, or she admire their  
 On whom their several gifts (to amplify her  
 dow'r) [pow'r  
 The muses there bestow; which ever have the  
 Immortal her to make. And as she pass along,  
 Those modest (e) Thespian maids thus to their  
 Isis sung;  
 'Ye daughters of the hills, come down from  
 'every side,  
 'And due attendance give upon the lovely bride:  
 'Go, strew the paths with flowers, by which she  
 'is to pass.  
 'For be ye thus assur'd, in Albion never was  
 'A beauty (yet) like her's: where have you ever  
 'seen  
 'So absolute a nymph in all things, for a queen?  
 'Give instantly in charge the day be wondrous  
 'fair,  
 'That no disorder'd blast attempt her braided hair.  
 'Go, see her state prepar'd, and every thing be fit.  
 'The bride-chamber adorn'd with all becoming.

(b) Arising near Brackley, running into the German Sea  
 † Watling.

(c) Rivers arising in Cotswold, spoke of in the first  
 Song.

(d) Laurel for learning.

(e) The muses.



the princely groom, who ever yet could  
name

that is so fit for Isis as the Tame?  
So lovely are, that knowledge scarce  
can tell,

sure whether he, or beauty she excel:  
wished with joy each other to behold,  
as your crystal waists you closely do en-  
fold,

[son,  
your beauteous selves you shall beget a  
when your lives shall end, in him shall be  
begun.

[delight,  
asant Surryan shores shall in that flood  
not esteem herself most happy in his sight.  
ere that London loves, shall only him  
prefer,

the full many a gift to hold him near to her.  
) Scheldt, the goodly Meuse, the rich  
and viny Rhine,

come to meet the Thames in Neptune's  
wat'ry plain,

the Belgian streams and neighbouring  
floods of Gaul,

shall stand in awe, his tributaries all.

fair Isis thus the learned virgins spake,  
and sudden bruit this Prothalamion  
ake;

[ally,  
white-horse, for the love she bare to her  
soured sister vale, the bounteous Ailsbury,  
sents to the Tame by Ock her only flood,  
er his mother vale so much on greatness  
nod.

Oxford, Isis hastes more speedily, to see  
er like his birth might entertained be:  
ambitious vale, still striving to command,  
g for her place continually to stand,  
white-horse to persuade, much business  
ere hath been

wledge that great vale of Eufham for her  
een

that Eufham is so opulent and great,  
why she herself holds in the sovereign  
it,

white-horse all the vales of Britain would  
erbear,

lutely sit in the imperial chair;  
as goodly herbs, and numerous flocks  
feed,

as soft a glebe, as good increase of seed;  
and fresh an air upon her face to flow,  
n for her life; and from her steed doth  
ow,

rising downs, as fair a prospect take  
imperious (g) Wold; which her great  
een doth make

ously admir'd, and her so far extend,  
marriage hence, industrious muse, de-  
nd.

diads and the nymphs extremely over-  
'd,

the winding banks all busily employ'd,

all three, rivers of greatest note in Lower  
all themselves into the ocean, in the covert op-  
e mouth of Thames,  
old.

Upon this joyful day, some dainty chaplets twine:  
Some others chosen out, with fingers neat and  
fine,

[do bind:  
Brave (b) anadems do make: some bauldricks up  
Some, garlands; and to some the nosegays were  
assign'd;

As best their skill did serve. But for that Tame  
should be

[he  
Still man-like as himself, therefore they will that  
Should not be drest with flowers to gardens that  
belong

(His bride that better fit) but only such as sprung  
From the replenish'd meads, and fruitful pastures  
near.

To sort which flowers, some sit; some making  
garlands were;

[spring  
The primrose placing first, because that in the  
It is the first appears, then only flourishing;

The azur'd hare-bell next, with them they neatly  
mix'd:

T' allay whose luscious smell, they woodbind  
plac'd betwixt.

Amongst those things of scent, there prick they  
in the lilly:

And near to that again, her sister daffadilly.  
To sort these flowers of show, with th' other  
that were sweet,

[her meet:  
The cowslip then they couch, and th' oxlip, for  
The columbine amongst they sparingly do set,  
The yellow king-cup, wrought in many a curious  
fret,

And now and then among, of eglantine a spray,  
By which again a course of lady-smocks they lay:  
The crow-flower, and thereby the clover-flow'r  
they stick,

The daisy, over all those sundry sweets so thick,  
As nature doth herself; to imitate her right;  
Who seems in that her (i) pearl so greatly to de-  
light,

[hold:  
That every plain therewith she powd'reth to be-  
The crimson darnel flower, the blue-bottle, and  
gold;

Which though esteem'd but weeds; yet for their  
dainty hues,

[chuse.  
And for their scent not ill, they for this purpose  
Thus having told you how the bridegroom  
Tame was drest,

I'll shew you how the bride, fair Isis, they invest;  
Sitting to be attir'd under her bower of state,  
Which scorns a meaner sort, than fits a princely  
rate.

In anadems for whom they curiously dispose  
The red, the dainty white, the goodly damask  
rose,

For the rich ruby, pearl, and amethyst, men place  
In kings imperial crowns, the circle that inchase.  
The brave carnation then, with sweet and sove-  
reign power

(So of his colour call'd, although a July-flower)  
With th' other of his kind, the speckled and the  
pale:

[gale  
Then th' odoriferous pink, that sends forth such a

(b) Crowns of flowers.

(i) Margarita is both a pearl and a daisy.



Of sweetness; yet in scents as various as in forts.  
 The purple violet then, the pansie there supports:  
 The marygold above t' adorn the arched bar:  
 The double daisy, thrift, the button batchelor,  
 Sweet-william, fops-in-wine, the campion: and  
 to these  
 Some lavenders they put, with rosemary and bays:  
 Sweet marjoram, with her like, sweet basil rare  
 for smell,  
 With many a flower, whose name were now too  
 long to tell:  
 And rarely with the rest, the goodly flour-de-lis.  
 Thus for the nuptial hour, all fitted poin-de-  
 vice, [bride,  
 Whilst some still busied are in decking of the  
 Some others were again as seriously employ'd  
 In strewing of those herbs, at bridals us'd that be;  
 Which every where they throw with bounteous  
 hands and free.  
 The healthful balm and mint, from their full  
 laps do fly,  
 The scentful camomile, the ver'rous costmary;  
 They hot muscado oil with milder maudlin cast;  
 Strong tansy, fennel cool, they prodigally waste:  
 Clear hyssop, and therewith the comfortable  
 thyme, [prime;  
 Germander with the rest, each thing then in her  
 As well of wholesome herbs, as every pleasant  
 flower, [hour.  
 Which nature here produc'd, to fit this happy  
 Amongst these strewing kinds, some other wild  
 that grow,  
 As burnet, all abroad, and meadow-wort they  
 throw. [fire,  
 Thus all things falling out to every one's de-  
 The ceremonies done that marriage doth require,  
 The bride and bridegroom set, and serv'd with  
 fundry cates,  
 And every other plac'd, as fitted their estates;  
 Amongst this confluence great, wise Charwell  
 here was thought  
 The fitt'st to cheer the guests; who thoroughly  
 had been taught  
 In all that could pertain to courtship, long ago,  
 As coming from his sire, the fruitful (k) Heli-  
 don, [towns  
 He travelleth to Thames; where passing by those  
 Of that rich country near, whereas the mirthful  
 clowns,  
 With tabor and the pipe, on holidays do use,  
 Upon the may-pole green, to trample out their  
 shoes: [rings,  
 And having in his ears the deep and (l) solemn  
 Which sound him all the way, unto the (o) learned  
 springs, [meet,  
 Where he, his sovereign Ouse most happily doth  
 And him, the thrice-three maids, Apollo's off-  
 spring, greet  
 With all their sacred gifts; thus, expert being  
 grown  
 In music; and besides, a curious maker known;

(k) A hill betwixt Northamptonshire and Warwick.  
 (l) Famous rings of bells in Oxfordshire called, the  
 Croisring.  
 (o) Oxford.

This Charwell (as I said) the first these floods  
 among, [sung:  
 For silence having call'd, thus to th' assembly  
 'Stand fast, ye higher hills; low vallies easily  
 'lie;  
 'And forests, that to both you equally apply  
 '(But for the greater part, both wild and barren  
 'be)  
 'Retire ye to your wasses; and rivers, only we,  
 'Oft meeting let us mix: and with delightful  
 'grace, [embrace,  
 'Let every beauteous nymph her best-lov'd flood  
 'An alien be he born, or near to her own spring,  
 'So from his native fount he bravely flourishing,  
 'Along the flow'ry fields licentious do strain,  
 'Greeting each curled grove, and circling every  
 'plain;  
 'Or hasting to his fall, his shoaly gravel scow'rs,  
 'And with his crystal front then courts the  
 'climbing tow'rs.  
 'Let all the world be judge, what mountain  
 'hath a name,  
 'Like that from whose proud foot there springs  
 'some flood of fame: [let,  
 'And in the earth's survey, what seat like that is  
 'Whose streets some ample stream abundantly  
 'doth wet? [that road,  
 'Where is there haven sound, or harbour, like  
 'Int' which some goodly flood his burden doth  
 'unload?  
 'By whose rank swelling stream the far-secht so-  
 reign freight  
 'May up to inland-towns conveniently be brought.  
 'Of any part of earth, we be the most renown'd;  
 'That countries very oft, nay, empires oft we  
 'bound. [fall,  
 'As Rubicon, much fam'd both for his fount and  
 'The ancient limit held 'twixt Italy and (p) Gaul  
 'Europe and Asia keep on 'Tanaïs' either side  
 'Such honour have we floods, the world (even)  
 'to divide.  
 'Nay, kingdoms thus we prove are christened oft  
 'by us;  
 'Iberia takes her name of crystal Iberus.  
 'Such reverence to our kind the wiser ancients  
 'gave,  
 'As they suppos'd each flood a deity to have.  
 'But with our fame at home return we to pro-  
 'ceed.  
 'In Britain here we find, our Severn, and our  
 'Tweed,  
 'The tripartited isle do generally divide,  
 'To England, Scotland, Wales, as each doth keep  
 'her side.  
 'Trent cuts the land in two so equally, as tho'  
 'Nature it pointed-out, to our great shame to  
 'shew [share;  
 'How to his mighty sons the island he might  
 'A thousand of this kind, and nearer, I will spare;  
 'Where, if the state of floods at large I list to  
 'shew,  
 'I proudly could report how Pactolus doth throw

(p) That which was called Gallia Cisalpina, and is Lom-  
 bardy, Romagna and the western part of Italy.



Up grains of perfect gold ; and of great Ganges  
 tell,  
 Which when full India's showers enforceth him  
 ' to swell,  
 Gilds with his glittering sands the over-pam-  
 ' per'd shore :  
 How wealthy Tagus first, by tumbling down  
 his ore,  
 The rude and slothful Moors of old Iberia  
 ' taught  
 To search into those hills, from which such  
 ' wealth he brought.  
 Beyond these if I pleas'd I to your praise could  
 ' bring,  
 In sacred Tempe, how (about the hoof-plough'd  
 ' spring)  
 The Heliconian maids, upon that hallowed  
 ' ground,  
 ' Recounting heavenly hymns eternally are  
 ' crown'd. [nourish;  
 ' And as the earth doth us in her own bowels  
 ' So every thing that grows by us, doth thrive and  
 ' flourish.  
 ' To godly virtuous men, we wisely liken'd are :  
 ' To be so in themselves, that do not only care ;  
 ' But by a sacred power, which goodness doth  
 ' await,  
 ' Do make those virtuous too, that them associate.'  
 By this, the wedding ends, and brake up all the  
 shew : [flow  
 And Thames, got, born, and bred, immediately doth  
 To Windsor-ward amain (that with a wond'ring  
 eye,  
 The forest might behold his awful empery)  
 And soon becometh great, with waters west so  
 rank,  
 That with his wealth he seems to retch his  
 wid'ned bank :  
 Till happily attain'd his grandfire Chiltern's  
 grounds, [crowns.  
 Who with his beechen wreaths this king of rivers  
 Amongst his holts and hills, as on his way he  
 makes,  
 At Reading once arriv'd, clear Kennet overtakes  
 Her lord the stately Thames, which that great  
 flood again  
 With many signs of joy doth kindly entertain.

Then Loddon next comes in, contributing her  
 store ;  
 As still we see, the much runs ever to the more.  
 Set out with all this pomp, when this imperial  
 stream  
 Himself establish'd sees amidst his watry realm,  
 His much-lov'd Henly leaves, and prouder doth  
 pursue  
 His wood-nymph Windsor's feat, her lovely site  
 to view. [sees,  
 Whose most delightful face when once the river  
 Which shews herself attir'd in tall and stately trees,  
 He in such earnest love with amorous gestures  
 woes,  
 That looking still at her, his way was like to lose ;  
 And wand'ring in and out, so wildly seems to go,  
 As headlong he himself into her lap would  
 throw. [brace,  
 Him with the like desire the forest doth em-  
 And with her presence strives her Thames as much  
 to grace.  
 No forest, of them all, so fit as she doth stand,  
 When princes, for their sports, her pleasures will  
 command ;  
 No wood-nymph as herself such troops hath ever  
 seen, [been ;  
 Nor can such quarries boast as have in Windsor  
 Nor any ever had so many solemn days,  
 So brave assemblies view'd, nor took so rich  
 (q) allays.  
 Then, hand in hand, her Thames the forest soft-  
 ly brings  
 To that supremest place of the great English  
 kings, [vance  
 § The Garter's royal seat, from him who did ad-  
 That princely order first, our first that conquer'd  
 France ; [knights,  
 The temple of St. George, whereas his honour'd  
 Upon his hallowed day, observe their ancient  
 rites : [brood,  
 Where Eaton is at hand to nurse that learned  
 To keep the muses still near, to this princely flood ;  
 That nothing there may want, to beautify that  
 seat,  
 With every pleasure stor'd : and here my song  
 complete.

(q) Breaking up of deer brought into the quarry.

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

I shall here be shorter than in the last before.  
 The muse is so full-in herself, employ'd wholly  
 about the nuptials of Tame and Isis. In the gar-  
 lands of Tame are wreathed most of our English

field-flowers : in them of Isis, our more sweet  
 and those of the garden ; yet upon that,

The Garter's royal seat, from him who did advance.



|   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>I cannot but remember the institution, (toucht to the fourth song) of his most honourable order dedicated to St. George (in 24 Ed. III.) it is yearly at this place celebrated by that noble company of 26. Whether the cause were upon the word of Garter given in the French wars among the English, or upon the queen's, or countess of Salisbury's garter fallen from her leg, or upon different and more ancient original whatsoever, know clearly (without unlimited affectation of our country's glory) that it exceeds in majesty, honour, and fame, all chivalrous orders in the world; and (excepting those of Templars, St.</p> | <p>James, Calatrava, Alcantara, and such like other, which were more religious than military) hath no precedence of antiquity before the eldest rank of honour, of that kind any where established. The anunciada (a) instituted by Amades VI. Earl of Savoy, about 1409, although others have it by Amades IV. and so create it before this of the Garter) and that of the Golden Fleece, by Philip Duke of Burgundy 1429, of St. Michael by Lewis XI. Della Banda, by Alphonso of Spain, and such like, ensued it, as imitating institution, after a regard of the far extended fame, worth, and glory of St. Georg's knights.</p> |
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(a) V. Aubert Mir. Orig. Equest. 2. cap. 4. & Sanfovin. Orig. de Cavalieri.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE SIXTEENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

Old Ver, near to St. Alban's, brings  
Watling to talk of ancient things ;  
What Ver'lam was before she fell,  
And many more sad ruins tell.  
Of the four old imperial ways,  
The course they held, and to what seas ;  
Of those seven Saxon kingdoms here,  
Their sites, and how they bounded were,  
Then Pure-vale vaunts her rich estate :  
And Lea bewrays her wretched fate.  
The muse, led on with much delight,  
Deliver's London's happy site ;  
Shews this loose age's lewd abuse  
And for this time there stays the muse.

al of our 'Tame and princely Isis past :  
eas their son, begot, and waxing fast,  
ystal (a) Coln his wealth on him to lay,  
uties had entic'd his sovereign Tames  
stay,  
t been enforc'd, by his unruly train.  
, a pretty brook, allures him on again,  
idon to salute, whose high-rear'd turrets  
ong  
pon the flood, as he doth pass along,  
ie Tames is great, so most transparent  
In [swoln,  
th excessive joy, her amorous bosom  
iver running by Uxbridge and Colnbrook.

That Ver of long esteem'd a famous ancient flood.  
(Upon whose aged bank old Ver'lamchester stood,  
Before the Roman rule) here glorify'd of yore,  
Unto her clearer banks contributed his store ;  
Enlarging both her stream, and strength'ning his  
renown,  
Where the delicious meads her through her course  
do crown. [brook,  
This (b) Ver (as I have said) Coln's tributary  
' On Ver'lam's ruin'd walls as sadly he doth look.  
Near holy Alban's town, where his rich shrine was  
set,  
Old Watling in his way the flood doth over-get.

(b) The little clear river by St. Alban's.



Where after reverence done, ' Ver, quoth the an-  
 cient street, [meet.  
 ' 'Tis long since thou and I first in this place did  
 ' And so it is, quoth Ver, and we have liv'd to see  
 ' Things in far better state than at this time they be:  
 ' But he that made, amend: for much there goes  
 ' amiss. [it is:  
 ' Quoth Watling, gentle flood, yea, so in truth  
 ' And fith of this thou speak'st; the very sooth to  
 ' say, [way,  
 ' Since Great Mulmutius first made me the noblest  
 ' The soil is alter'd much: the cause I pray thee  
 ' shew.  
 ' The time that thou hast liv'd, hath taught thee  
 ' much to know.  
 ' I fain would understand, why this delightful  
 ' place [grace  
 ' In former time that stood so high in nature's  
 ' (Which bare such store of grain, and so that  
 ' wond'rous great,  
 ' That all the neighbouring coast was call'd the  
 ' (c) soil of wheat)  
 ' Of later time is turn'd a hot and hungry sand,  
 ' Which scarce repays the seed first cast into the  
 ' land.'  
 At which the silent brook shrunk in his silver  
 head, [fled;  
 And feign'd as he away would instantly have  
 Suspecting, present speech might passed grief re-  
 new.  
 Whom Watling thus again doth seriously pursue;  
 ' I pray thee be not coy, but answer my demand:  
 ' The cause of this (dear flood!) I fain would  
 ' understand.  
 ' § Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head  
 ' aloft did bear  
 ' (Which in her cinders now lies sadly buried here)  
 ' With alabaster, tuch, and porphyry adorn'd,  
 ' When (well-near) in her pride Troynovant she  
 ' scorn'd.  
 ' § Thou saw'st great-burden'd ships through  
 ' these thy vallies pass,  
 ' Where now the sharp'd scythe sheers up the  
 ' spiring grass: [play,  
 ' That where the ugly scale and porpoise us'd to  
 ' Tho' grasshopper and ant now lord it all the day:  
 ' Where now St. Alban's stands, was called Holm-  
 ' hurst then; [again,  
 ' Whose sumptuous fane we see neglected now  
 ' This rich and goodly fane which ruin'd thou  
 ' dost see, [me.  
 ' Quoth Ver, the motive is that thou importun'st  
 ' But to another thing thou cunningly dost flie,  
 ' And reason seem'st to urge of her sterility,  
 With that he fetch'd a sigh, and ground his teeth  
 ' in rage; [age.  
 ' Quoth Ver, even for the sin of this accursed  
 ' Behold that goodly fane, which ruin'd now doth  
 ' stand, [land;  
 ' To holy (d) Albion hailt, first martyr of the  
 ' Who in the faith of Christ from Rome to Britain  
 ' came, [name.  
 ' And dying in this place, resign'd his glorious

(c) Where haunted.

(d) Look before to the eleventh Song.

' In memory of whom, (as more than half divine)  
 ' Our English Offa rear'd a rich and sumptuous  
 ' shrine [hips  
 ' And monastery here: which our succeeding  
 ' From time to time endow'd with many goodly  
 ' things. [before  
 ' And many a Christian knight was buried here,  
 ' The Norman set his foot upon this conquer'd  
 ' shore; [shore's  
 ' And after those brave spirits in all these battles  
 ' That with Duke (e) Robert went against the  
 ' Pagan powers,  
 ' And in their country's right at Cressy those the  
 ' flood,  
 ' And that at Poitiers bath'd their billows in  
 ' French blood;  
 ' Their valiant nephews next at Agincourt the  
 ' fought,  
 ' Whereas rebellious France upon her knees was  
 ' brought:  
 ' In this religious house at some of their return,  
 ' When nature claim'd her due, here plac'd the  
 ' hallow'd urns: [with  
 ' Which now devouring time, in his so mighty  
 ' Demolishing those walls, hath utterly defac'd  
 ' So that the earth to feel the ruinous heap of  
 ' stones,  
 ' That with the burd'nous weight now press their  
 ' sacred bones, [in;  
 ' Forbids this wicked brood should by her fruits  
 ' As loathing her own womb, that such bad  
 ' children bred. [ill:  
 Herewith transported quite, to these excursions  
 ' Lives no man, that this world her grievous  
 ' crimes dare tell?  
 ' Where be those noble spirits for ancient things  
 ' that stood? [stood;  
 ' When in my prime of youth I was a gallant  
 ' In those free golden days, it was the satyr's use  
 ' To tax the guilty times, and rail upon abuse:  
 ' But foethers find the way preferment most to  
 ' win;  
 ' Who serving great mens turns, become the  
 ' bawds to sin.  
 When Watling in his words that took but  
 small delight,  
 Hearing the angry brook so cruelly to bite;  
 As one that fain would drive these fancies from  
 his mind,  
 ' Quoth he, I'll tell thee things that sate thy gen-  
 ' ler kind.  
 ' My song is of myself, and my three sister streams,  
 ' Which way each of us run, where each her sh-  
 ' low meets,  
 ' Since us, his kingly ways, Mulmutius first began,  
 ' From sea again to sea, that through the island  
 ' ran  
 ' Which that in mind to keep posterity might have,  
 ' Appointing first our course, this privilege he gave,  
 ' That no man might arrest, or debtors goods  
 ' might seize  
 ' In any of us four his military ways.

(e) With the eldest son of the Conqueror in the Holy Land.



d though the Foss in length exceed me many  
   'a mile, [the isle,  
 at holds from shore to shore the length of all  
 in where rich Cornwall points to the Iberian  
   ' seas,  
 I colder Cathness tells the scattered Orcades,  
 measuring but the breadth, that is not half his  
   ' gact; [state,  
 t, for that I am grac'd with goodly London's  
 id Thames and Severn both since in my course  
   ' I cross,  
 id in much greater trade, am (f) worthier  
   ' far than Foss.  
 t & unhappy chance! through time's disast'-  
   ' rous lot,  
 r other fellow streets lie utterly forgot: [east,  
 lning, that set out from Yarmouth in the  
 the Iceni then being generally possess'd,  
 as of that people first term'd lning in her  
   ' race, [embrace:  
 pon the (g) Chiltern here that did my course  
 to the dropping south and bearing then out-  
   ' right.  
 pon the Solent sea stopt on the Isle of Wight.  
 ' And Rickneld, forth that raught from Cam-  
   ' bria's farther shore,  
 Where South Wales now shoots forth St. Da-  
   ' vid's promontore;  
 lad, on his mid-way near, did me in England  
   ' meet; [street  
 hen in his oblique course the lusty straggling  
 oon overtook the Foss; and toward the fall of  
   ' Time,  
 nto the German sea dissolv'd at his decline.'  
 Here Watling would have ceas'd, his tale as  
   having told:  
 n now this flood, that fain the street in talk  
   would hold,  
 ose ancient things to hear, which well Watling  
   knew, [drew.  
 ith these enticing words, her fairly forward  
 ' Right noble street, quoth he, thou hast liv'd  
   ' long, gone far, [war;  
 Much traffic had in peace, much travailed in  
 And in thy larger course survey'st as sundry  
   ' grounds  
 ' Where I poor flood am lockt within these nar-  
   ' rower bounds,  
 And like my ruin'd self these ruins only see,  
 And there remains not one to pity them or me)  
 On with thy former speech: I pray thee some-  
   ' what say.  
 For, Watling, as thou art a military,  
 Thy story of old streets likes me so wond'rous  
   ' well, [tell.  
 That of the ancient folk I fain would hear thee  
 ' With these persuasive words smooth Ver the  
   ' Watling wan: [began;  
 broking her dusty face, when thus the street  
 When once their sevenfold rule the Saxons came  
   ' to rear,  
 And yet with half this isle sufficed scarcely were,

(f) Watling, chiefest of the four great ways.  
 (g) Not far from Dunstable.

' Though from the inland part the Britons they  
   ' had chac'd,  
 ' Then understand how there themselves the Sax-  
   ' ons plac'd.  
 ' Where in Great Britain's state four people of her  
   ' own [known  
 ' Were by the several names of their abodes well  
 ' (As, in that horn which juts into the sea so far,  
 ' Wherein our Devonshire now, and farthest Corn-  
   ' wal are,  
 ' The old Danmonii dwelt: so hard again at hand,  
 ' The Durotriges sat on the Dorsetian sand:  
 ' And where from sea to sea the Belgæ forth were  
   ' let, [and Somerset,  
 ' Even from Southampton's shore, through Wilt  
 ' The Atrebrates in Bark unto the bank of Thames,  
 ' Betwixt the Celtic sleeve and the Sabrinian streams)  
 ' The Saxons there set down one kingdom, which  
   ' install'd, [dom call'd.  
 ' And being west, they it their (g) western king-  
 ' So eastward where by Thames the Trinobants  
   ' were set,  
 ' To Trinovant their town, for that their name  
   ' in debt, [possess,  
 ' That London now we term, the Saxons did  
 ' And their east kingdom call'd, as (b) Essex  
   ' doth express;  
 ' The greatest part thereof, and still their name  
   ' doth bear;  
 ' Through Middlesex therein, and part of Hert-  
   ' ford were;  
 ' From Coln upon the west, upon the east to \*  
   ' Stour,  
 ' Where mighty Thames himself doth into Nep-  
   ' tune pour.  
 ' As to our farthest rise, where forth those fore-  
   ' lands lean [man main,  
 ' Which bear their chalky brows into the Ger-  
 ' The Angles which arose out of the Saxon  
   ' race,  
 ' Allured with delights and fitness of that place,  
 ' Where the Iceni liv'd did set their kingdom  
   ' down,  
 ' From where the wallowing seas those quenchy  
   ' washes drown  
 ' That Ely do inisle, to martyr'd Edmond's ditch,  
 ' Till those Norfolkian shores vast Neptune doth  
   ' enrich:  
 ' Which (farthest to the east of this divided isle)  
 ' Th' East-Angles kingdom, then, those English  
   ' did instile.  
 ' And Suffex seemeth still, as with an open  
   ' mouth, [south  
 ' Those Saxons rule to shew, that of the utmost  
 ' The name to them assum'd, who rigorously  
   ' expell'd  
 ' The Kentish Britons thence, and those rough  
   ' woodlands held  
 ' From where the goodly Thames the Surryan  
   ' grounds doth sweep,  
 ' Until the smiling downs salute the Celtic deep.

(g) For a more plain division of the English king-  
 doms, see to the XI. song.

(b) So called, of the East Saxons.

\* A river upon the confines of Suffolk and Essex.



Where the Dobun dwell, their neighbourings  
 Cateuchani,  
 Carnarii more remote, and where the Coritani,  
 Where Dee and Mersey shoot into the Irish sea;  
 (Which well-near o'er this part, now called  
 England lay, [plain,  
 From Severn to the ditch that cuts Newmarket  
 And from the banks of Thames to Humber, which  
 contains  
 So many goodly shires of Mersey, Mercia hight)  
 Their mightier empire, there, the middle-English  
 right.  
 Which farthest though it reacht, yet there it did  
 not end:  
 Beyond the bank of Dee; and by a ditch he cut  
 Through Wales from north to south, into wide  
 Mercia put  
 Well near the half thereof, and from three peo-  
 ples there,  
 To whom three special parts divided justly were  
 (The Ordovices, now which North Wales peo-  
 ple be,  
 From Cheshire which of old divided was by Dee  
 And from our Marches now, that were Demetae  
 then; [gens)  
 And those Silures call'd, by us the South Wales  
 Beyond the Severn, much the English Offa took;  
 To that the Britons up within a little nook.  
 From whence, by Mersey's banks, the rest a  
 kingdom made: [ferry'd;  
 Where in the Britons rule (before) the Belgae  
 The powerful English there establish were to  
 stand: [Northumberland;  
 Which, north from Humber set, they term'd  
 Two kingdoms which had been with several  
 thrones infall'd.  
 Bernitia hight the one; Diera th' other call'd.  
 The first from Humber stretcht unto the bank  
 of Tine:  
 Which river and the Frith the other did confine.  
 Diera beareth through the spacious Yorkish  
 bounds, [(4) founds,  
 From Durham down along to the Lancastrian  
 With Mersey and clear Tine continuing to their  
 fall, [wall,  
 To England-ward within the Ficts renowned  
 And did the greater part of (5) Cumberland  
 contain: [remain;  
 With whom the Britons names for ever shall  
 Who there amongst the rocks and mountains  
 lived long,  
 When they Loegria left, inforc'd through pow-  
 erful wrong.  
 Bernitia over Tine into Albania lay, [sea.  
 To where the (m) Frith falls out into the German  
 This said, the aged street lag'd sadly on alone:  
 And ver upon his course, now hasted to be gone  
 To accompany his Cole: which as the gently  
 glides,  
 Doth kindly him embrace: whom soon this hap  
 betides;

(2) Sea-depths near the shores.

(3) The Cymbrian land.

(m) A river running by Eboracur into the sea.

As Cole came on along, and cheer'd to call her  
 eye [to high,  
 Upon that neighbouring hill where Hamow staid  
 She (n) Peryvale perceiv'd prunk'd up with  
 wreaths of wheat, [fest;  
 And with smiling tears, thus, glancing in his  
 Why should not I be coy, and not my beauty  
 nice, [price!  
 Since this my goodly grain is held of ground  
 No manchet can so well the country prices pluck  
 As that made of the meal fetch'd from my fer-  
 tile leave, [what  
 Their fuel of that kind, chanceth with my  
 For whiteness of the bread doth make that more  
 mon cheat.  
 What barley is there found, whose hair and  
 bearded ear [beard  
 Makes smoother English ale, or stronger English  
 The oat, the beam, and pease, which are but pale  
 are; [and rare,  
 The coarse and browner eye, no more than fuel  
 What feed doth any soil in England bring, that  
 Beyond her moist increase yet cannot multiply  
 Besides, my sure abode next goodly London is  
 To vend my fruitful store, that me doth never miss  
 And those poor baser things, they cannot put away  
 Howe'er I let my price, ne'er on my chaperon  
 When presently the hill that maketh betwixt  
 With things he had in hand did interrupt her tale  
 With Hamptford being fall'n and Highgate  
 debate; [fall,  
 As one before them both that would advance his  
 From either for his height to bear away the prize  
 Besides that he alone rich Peryvale forsook  
 But Hamptford pleads, himself in samples to have  
 still,  
 And therefore by desert to be the nobler hill;  
 As one, that on his worth and knowledge doth  
 rely  
 In learned physic's use, and skilful surgery;  
 And challengeth, from them, the worthiest place  
 her own, [have;  
 Since that old Watling once, o'er him to pass  
 Then Highgate boasts his way; which men do  
 most frequent; [defiant;  
 His long-continued fame, his high and great  
 Appointed for a gate of London to have been,  
 When first the mighty Brute that city did begin  
 And that he is the hill, next Endfield with  
 bath place,  
 A forest for her pride, though titled but a chert  
 Her purlieus, and her parks, her circuit full  
 large, [doubt;  
 As some (perhaps) whose state requires a great  
 Whole (w) holds that view the call, do willingly  
 stand to look  
 Upon the winding course of Lee's delightful bank  
 Where Mimer coming in, invites her sister home  
 Amongst the chalky banks to increase their  
 tress's train;  
 Whom by the dainty hand obsequiously they lead  
 (By Hartford gliding on, through many a pleasant  
 mead

(n) Peryvale, or Per-vale, yieldeth the best meal  
 England.

(w) High woody banks,



coming in her course to cross the common  
fare,

kindness she doth kiss that hospitable Ware.)  
scarcely comfort Lee (alas!) so woe begun,  
explaining in her course, thus to herself alone;  
now should my beauty now give Waltham such

'delight, [sight?  
'I, poor silly brook, take pleasure in her  
stiquity (for that it stands so far from view,  
and would her doating dreams should be be-  
'liev'd for true

are loudly lie for Coln, that sometimes ships  
'did pass, [was;

o Ver'lam by her stream, when Ver'lam famous  
it, by the later times, suspected but to feign,  
x planks and anchors shews, her error to main-  
'tain;

Which were, indeed, of boats, for pleasure there  
'to row [shew,

upon her (then a lake) the Roman pomp to  
When Rome her forces here did every year  
'supply,

and at old Ver'lam kept a warlike colony.

at I, distressed Lee, whose course doth plainly  
'tell, [refell,

that what of Coln is said, of me none could  
Whom (s) Alfred but too wise (poor river!)

'I may say  
When he the cruel Danes did cunningly betray,  
Which Hartford then besieg'd, whose navy there  
'abode;

and on my spacious breast before the castle rode)  
by 'vantage of my soil, he did divide my stream;  
that they might ne'er return to Neptune's  
wat'ry realm.

And, since, distressed Lee, I have been left forlorn,  
A bye-word to each brook, and to the world a  
'scorn.'

When Sturt, a nymph of her's, (whose faith  
she oft had prov'd, [lov'd.

at whom, of all her train, Lee most entirely  
of so excessive grief her mistress might invade,  
but (by fair gentle speech) to patience doth per-  
suade:

'Though you be not so great to others as be-  
'fore,

Yet not a jot for that dislike yourself the more.  
Your case is not alone, nor is (at all) so strange;  
For every thing on earth subjects itself to change.  
Where rivers sometime ran, is firm and certain  
'ground!

And where before were hills, now standing lakes  
'are found.

And that which most you urge, your beauty to  
'despoil, [soil,

Doth recompence your bank with quantity of  
And with ranks of swans; that, in their wonted  
'pride, [side.

Do prune their snowy plumes upon your pleasant  
And Waltham woos you still, and smiles with  
'wonted cheer:

And Tames, as at the first, so still doth hold you  
'dear.

(n) See to the 14th Scng.

To much-beloved Lee this scarcely Sturt had  
spoke, [broke:

But goodly London's sight their farther purpose  
When Tames his either banks adorn'd with build-  
ings fair,

The city to salute doth bid the muse prepare.  
Whose turrets, fances, and spires, when wistly she  
beholds,

Her wonder at the site thus strangely she unfolds:  
'At thy great builder's wit, who's he but wonder  
'may? [say;

'Nay, of his wisdom thus ensuing times shall  
'O more than mortal man, that did this town  
'begin! [in.

'Whose knowledge found the plot, so fit to set it  
'What God, or heavenly power was harbour'd in  
'thy breast,

'From whom with such success thy labours should  
'be blest?

'Built on a rising bank, within a vale to stand,  
'And for thy healthful soil, chose gravel mix'd  
'with sand.

'And where fair Tames his course into a crescent-  
'casts

'That, forced by his tides, as still by her he hastes,  
'He might his surging waves into her bosom send)  
'Because too far in length his town should not  
'extend... [reach,

'And to the north and south, upon an equal  
'Two hills their even banks do somewhat seem to  
'stretch,

'Those two extremer winds from hurting it to let;  
'And only level lies upon the rise and set.

'Of all this goodly isle, where breathes most  
'cheerful air,

'And every way thereto the ways most smooth  
'and fair:

'As in the fittest place by man that could be  
'thought, [brought.

'To which by land, or sea, provision might be.  
'And such a road for ships scarce all the world  
'commands,

'As is the goodly Tames, near where Brute's  
'city stands.

'Nor any haven lies to which is more resort,  
'Commodities to bring, as also to transport

'Our kingdom that enrich'd (through which we  
'flourish'd long)

'E'er idle gentry up in such abundance sprung,  
'Now pest'ring all this isle: whose disproportion  
'draws

'The public wealth so dry, and only is the cause  
'Our gold goes out so fast, for foolish foreign  
'things, [brings;

'Which upstart gentry still into our country  
'Who their insatiate pride seek chiefly to maintain

'By that, which only serves to uses vile and vain:  
'Which our plain fathers erst would have account-  
'ed sin, [in;

'Before the costly coach, and silken stock came  
'Before that Indian weed (o) so strongly was  
'embrac'd,

'Wherein such mighty sums we prodigally waste;

(o) Tobacco.



• That merchants long train'd up in gain's deceit-  
 ful school, [fool,  
 • And subtly having learn'd to sooth the humorous  
 • Present their painted toys unto this frantic gull,  
 • Disparaging our tin, our leather, corn, and wool;  
 • When foreigners, with our's them warmly clothe  
 and feed, [need.  
 • Transporting trash to us, of which we ne'er had

But whilst the angry muse, thus on the  
 claims,  
 Sith every thing therein consisteth in extre  
 Left she inforc'd with wrongs, her limits  
 transcend,  
 Here of this present song she briefly makes

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

In wandering passage the muse returns from the wedding, somewhat into the land, and first to Hartford; whence, after matter of description, to London.

*Thou saw'st when Ver'lam once her head aloft did bear.*

For, under Nero, the Britons intolerably loaden with weight of the Roman government, and especially the Iceni (now Norfolk and Suffolk men) provoked by that cruel servitude, into which not themselves only, but the wife also and posterity of their King Prasutagus were, even beyond right of victory, constrained, at length breathing for liberty (and in a farther continuance of war, having for their general R. Boudicca, Bunduica, or as the difference of her name is) rebelled against their foreign conqueror, and in martial opposition committing a slaughter of no less than 80,000 (as Dio hath, although Tacitus miss 10,000 of this number) ransacked and spoiled Maldon (then Camalodunum) and also this Verulam near St Alban's) which were the two (a) chief towns of the isle; the first a colony (whereof the 8th Song) this (b) a municipal city, called expressly in a catalogue at the end of Nennius, Caer-Municip. Out of || Agellius I thus note to you its nature. *Municipes sunt cives Romani ex municipiis suo jure & legibus suis utentes, munera tantum cum pop. Rom. honorari participes, a quo munere capeffendo appellati videntur; nullis aliis necessitatibus neque ulla top. Rom. lege astricti, quum nunquam pop. Rom. eorum fundus factus esset.* It differed from a colony, most of all in that a colony was a progeny of the city, and this of such as were received into state-favour and friendship by the Roman. Personating the Genus of Ver'lam, that ever-famous (c) Spenser sung:

*I was that city, which the garland wore  
 Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me  
 By Roman victors, which it won of yore;  
 Though nought at all but ruins now I be,  
 And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see:  
 Ver'lam I was; what boots it that I was,  
 Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass.*

As under the Romans, so in the Saxon terward it endured a second ruin; and, or corruption, after the abbey erected by Kiu was generated that of St. Alban's; whilst in later times most of the stone-works, an soever fit for building was by the abbots tra So that,

—————(f) *Now remains no memory,  
 Nor any little monument to see,  
 By which the traveller that fares that way,  
 This once was she, may warned be to say.*

The name hath been thought from th there running called Ver, and Humph Lhuid makes it, as if it were *Her-Iban* church upon Ver.

*Thou saw'st great burden'd ships through  
 vallies pass.*

Lay not here unlikelihoods to the charge; he tells you more judicially towards end of the song. But the cause why son thought so, is for that, (b) Gildas, speaking of Alban's martyrdom, and his miraculous through the river at Verlamcestre, calls it *notum trans Thamefis fluvii alveum*: so by co they guest that Thames had then his full

(a) Suet. lib. 6. cap. 39.  
 (b) Municipium Tacit. Annal. 14.  
 [ Neq. Attic. 16. cap. 13.  
 (c) In his ruins of time.

(e) Leland. ad Cyg. Cant.  
 (f) Spens. ubi supra.  
 (g) In Brev. Brit.  
 (b) In Epist. de Excid. Britan.



eing thereto farther moved by anchors  
like are digged up. This conjecture  
followed by that (i) noble muse thus  
in of Verlam;

*the crystal Thames went to slide  
channel down along the Lee,  
ofe flow'ry banks on either side,  
d nymphs, with mirthful jollity,  
at to play from all annoyances free:  
no river's course is to be seen,  
so fens, and marshes ever green.*

*where the winged ships were seen,  
waves to cut their foamy way;  
d fishers number'd to have been  
ide lake looking for plenteous prey  
with baits which they us'd to betray,  
lake, nor any fisher's store,  
ship shall sail there any more.*

this matter of the Thames, those two  
quaries, Leland and Camden, have  
digment against it: and for the an-  
may be supposed of fish-boats in large  
have here been; and yet are left re-  
name.

is kingly ways Mulmutius first began.

years before our Saviour, this king  
(take it upon credit of the British  
stituted divers laws; especially that  
loughs, and highways should have li-  
sanctuary, by no authority violable.  
ces should be free and enjoy liberty  
consenting allowance of most nations  
ed, and in this kingdom (it being af-  
by constitution of (k) King Lucius (a  
very church-yard was a sanctuary,  
of (l) parliament under Henry VIII.  
for protection of offences, being too  
d, was taken away; but, whether now  
the last (m) parliament, wherein all  
cerning abjuration or sanctuary made  
Eliz. are repealed, I examine not.  
and husbandmen have by our (n)  
d especially by (o) civil and (p) Per-  
reat freedoms. Highways being with-  
on necessary, as well for peace as war,  
defended in the (q) Roman laws, and  
ours, to be in that respect (as they  
ication of the name) the king's high-

ways, and (r) *res sacra*: *U' qui aliquid inde occupa-*  
*verit excedendo fines U' terminos terræ suæ, dicitur fecisse*  
*purpresturam super ipsum regem.* According to this  
privelege of Mulmutius in the statute of Marl-  
bridge (s) it is enacted, that none should disfrain  
in the king's highway, or the common street,  
but the king and his ministers, *specialem authorita-*  
*tem ad hoc habentibus*; which I particularly trans-  
cribe, because the printed books are therein so  
generally corrupted by addition of this here cited  
in Latin: you see it alters the law much, and we  
have divers judgments, that in behalf of the king  
by common bailiffs, without special authority,  
*Disfrays* may be (t) taken, as for an americiament  
in the sheriff's torn or leet, or for parliament  
knights fees. But the old rolls of the statute (as I  
have seen in a fair MS. examined by the exem-  
plification, for the record itself is with many  
other lost) had not those words, as the (u) regis-  
ter also specially admonishes, nor is any part of  
that chapter in some MSS. which I marvel at,  
seeing we have a formal writ grounded upon it.  
Not much amiss were it here to remember a worse  
fault, but continually received, in the charter of  
the forest, article VIII where you read *Nullus*  
*forestarius, U'c. aliquam collectam faciat nisi per visum*  
*U' sacramentum XII. regardatorum quando faciunt re-*  
*gardum.* *Tot forestarii, U'c.* the truth of the best  
copies (and so was the record) being in this diges-  
tion *Nullus forestarius, U'c. aliquam collectam faciat.*  
*Et per visum sacramentum XII. Regardatorum, quando*  
*faciunt regardum, tot forestarii ponantur, U'c.* as, be-  
side authentic MSS. it is expressly in the like  
charter, almost word for word, given first by King  
John, and printed in Matthew Paris; betwixt  
which, and that of ours commonly read, he may  
be made a time-deserving comparison. Were it  
not for digression, I would speak of the senseless  
making of Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury  
witness to the grand charter in 9th Henry III.  
When as it is plain that he was not archbishop  
until the 25th. The best copy that ever I saw  
had Simon archbishop of Canterbury; which in-  
deed was worse, there being no such prelate of  
that see in those times; but the mistake was by  
the transcriber's turning the single S. (according  
to the form of writing in that age) into Simon  
for Stephen, who was (Stephen of Langton)  
archbishop at that time. But I forget myself in  
following matter of my more particular study,  
and return to Mulmutius. His constitution being  
general for liberty of highways, controversy grew  
about the course and limits of them; whereupon

er.

legus.

en. 8. cap. 14.

b. Sess. 1. c. 25.

m. 2. c. 20 & 21. Ed. 1. District.

re res pignori oblig. l. 7. Executores

aph. Cyropzd. 1.

(q) ff. de via public.

(r) Bract. lib. 4. tract. Assis. Nov. dis. c. 16.  
§ 8.

(s) 52 Hen. 3. cap. 16. & V. Art. Cler. cap. 9.  
Statutum Marlbridge sibi restitutum.

(t) 34. Ed. 1. *Avourey* 232. 8. Rich. 2. ibid. 194. 12.  
Hen. 4. fol. 1. 19. Ed. 2. *Avourey*, 221 & 225. alibi.

(u) Original. fol. 97. b. Charta de Foresta ad  
MS. emendat.



his son King Belin, to quit the subject of that doubt, caused more especially these four, here presently spoken of, to be made, which might be for interrupted passage, both in war and peace; and hence by the author they are called Military (a name given by the Romans to such highways, as were for their marching armies) and indeed by more polite conceit (\*) and judicious authority these our ways have been thought a work of the Romans also. But their courses are differently reported, and in some part their names also. The author calls them Watling-street, the Fosse, Ikenild, and Rickenseld. This name of Rickenseld is in Randal of Chester, and by him derived from St. Dewy's in Pembroke into Hertford, and so through Worcester, Warwick, Derby, and Yorkshires to Tinnmouth, which (upon the author's credit reporting it to me) is also justifiable by a very ancient deed of lands, bounded near Birmingham in Warwickshire by Rickenseld. To endeavour certainty in them, were but to obtrude unwarrantable conjecture, and abuse time and you. Of Watling (who is here personated, and so much the more proper, because Verulam was called also by the English, (y) Watling-chester) it is said that it went from Dover in Kent, and so by west of London (yet part of the name seems to this day left in the middle of the city) to this place, and thence in a crooked line through Shropshire by Wrekin hill into (z) Cardigan; but (a) others say from Verulam to Chester; and where all is referred to Belin

by Geoffrey ap Arthur, and Polychronicon, neither (b) tells you that the son of (I know not what) king Wethle made, and denominateth it. The Fosse is derived, by one constant out of Cornwall into Devonshire, through Somerset, over Cotswold by Tekebury, along near Coventry, to Leicester, through Lincoln to Berwick, and thence to Caithness the utmost of Scotland. Of restitution of the other you may in desperate; Rickenseld I have told you of; is Henry of Huntingdon, no such name is found, but with the first two, Ikenild and Ermingstun. Ikenild, saith he, goes from east to west; Erming-street, from south to north; another telleth me, that Erming-street begins at St. Dewy, and conveys itself to Southampton; which the author hath attributed to Ikening, begun upon the usual community with Icenus) in the eastern part. It is not in my power to reconcile all these, or chuse the best; I only add, that Erming-street, which being of English idiom, seems to have had its name from *Irminsul* in that signification whereby it (c) interprets an universal pillar worshipped for Mercury, president of ways, is like enough if Huntingdon be in the right, making it from south to north) to have left its part in Stan-Street in Surrey, where a way made with stones and gravel in a soil on both sides very different continues near a mile; and thence towards the eastern part in Sussex are some places seeming as either side of it. But I here determine nothing.

(\*) V. Camden. Roman.

(y) Lhud. Breviar. Brit.

(z) Polychron. lib. 1. cap. de Plat. reg.

(a) Henric. Huntingd. hist. 1.

(b) Roger. Hoveden, part 1. fol. 248.

(c) Adam. Bremens. hist. Eccl. cap. 5. and to the 3d song.



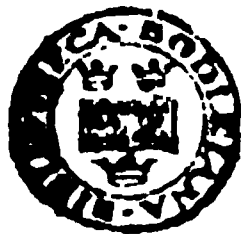
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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE SEVENTEENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*



To Medway, Tames a suter goes ;  
But fancies Mole, as forth he flows.  
Her mother, Homesdale, holds her in :  
She digs through earth, the Tames to win.  
Great Tames, as king of rivers, sings  
The catalogue of th' English kings.  
Thence the light muse, to th' southward soars,  
The Surrian and Suffexian shores ;  
The forests and the downs surveys,  
With rillets running to those seas ;  
This song of hers then cutteth short,  
For things to come, of much import.

gth it came to pass, that Isis and her  
same  
way understood, a nymph of wondrous  
ame ;  
ch desirous were, their princely Tames  
ould prove  
woer) he could win her maiden love ;  
so great descent, and of so large a dower,  
vell ally their house, and much increase  
is power :  
ving to prefer their son, the best they may,  
the lusty flood in rich and brave array,  
with imbroider'd meads, of sundry suits  
f flowers,  
It adorn'd with swans, oft washt with sil-  
cr showers :

A train of gallant floods, at such a costly rate  
As might bescem their care, and fitting his estate.

Attended and attir'd magnificently thus,  
They send him to the court of great Oceanus,  
The world's huge wealth to see ; yet with a full  
intent, [went.  
To woo the lovely nymph, fair Medway, as he  
Who to his dame and sire his duty scarce had done,  
And whilst they sadly wept at parting of their son,  
See what the Tames besel, when 'twas suspect-  
ed least.

As still his goodly train yet every hour increast,  
And from the Surrian shores clear Wey came  
down to meet  
His greatness, whom the Tames so graciously  
doth greet,



That with the (a) fern crown'd flood he mince-  
like doth play :

'Yet is not this the brook, enticeth him to stay.  
But as they thus, in pomp, came sporting on the  
shole,

'Gainst Hampton-court he meets the soft and gen-  
tle Mole.

Whose eyes so pierc'd his breast, that seeming to  
foreflow

The way which he so long intended was to go,  
With trifling up and down, he wand'reth hese  
and there ;

And that he in her sight transparent might appear,  
Applies himself to forge, and setteth his delight  
On that which most might make him gracious in  
her sight.

Then his and the Tame from their conjoined  
bed,

Desires still to learn how Tames their son had  
(For greatly they had hop'd, his time had so been  
spent,

That he e'er this had won the goodly heir of Kent)  
And sending to inquire, had news return'd again  
(By such as they employ'd, on purpose in his train)  
How this their only heir, the life's imperial flood,  
Had lodger thus in love, neglectful of his good.

No marvel (at the news) though (d) Ouda and  
Tame were sad,

More comfort of their son expecting to have had.  
Nor blame them, in their looks such sorrow  
though they show'd :

Who fearing lest he might thus meanly be be-  
slow'd,

And knowing danger still increased by delay,  
Employ their utmost power to hasten him away.  
But Tames would hardly on : oft turning back,  
to show

From his much loved Mole how loth he was to go.

The mother of the Mole, old (c) Homeisdale,  
likewise here

Th' affection of her child, as ill as they do theirs :  
Who nobly though deriv'd, yet could have been  
content

T' have matcht her with a flood of far more mean  
descent,

But Mole respects her words as vain and idle  
dreams,

Compar'd with that high joy to be belov'd of  
Tames :

And headlong holds her course, his company to  
win.

But Homeisdale raised hills, to keep the straggler  
That of her daughter's stay she need no more to  
doubt :

(Yet never was there help, but love could find it  
) Mole digs herself a path, by working day and  
night

(According to her name, to shew her nature right)  
And underneath the earth for three miles space  
doth creep :

Till gotten out of sight, quite from her mother's  
keep,

Her fore intended course the whiten nymph  
doth run ;

As longing to embrace old Tame and his son.

When Tames now understood what pale do  
Mole did take,

How far the loving nymph adventur'd for him,  
Although with Medway matches, yet never could  
remove

The often quick'ning sparks of his mean mist  
love.

So that it comes to pass, when by great nature's  
guide

The ocean doth return, and thrusteth in the tide  
Up tow'rd the place, where first the world began  
Mole was born,

He ever since doth flow beyond delight  
thence (d).

Then Wandel cometh in, the Mole's beloved  
mate,

So amiable, fair, so pure, so delicate,  
So plump, so full, so fresh, her eyes so wondrous  
clear :

And first unto her Lord, at Wandsworth doth ap-  
pear  
That in the goodly court of their great sovereign  
Tames,

There might no other speech be had enough  
the streams,

But only of this nymph, sweet Wandel, what she  
was ;

Of her complexion, grace, and how herself she  
show'd ;

But now this mighty flood, upon his voyage past  
(That found how with his strength, his beauty  
still increas'd,

From where brave Windsor flood on tapers  
behold

The fair and goodly Tames, so far as e'er he could,  
With kingly houses crown'd, of more than earthly  
pride,

Upon his either banks, as he along doth glide  
With wonderful delight doth his long course  
peruse,

Where Otlands, Hampton Court, and Richmond  
he doth view,

Then Westminster the next great Tames doth en-  
tertain ;

That vaunts her palace large, and her most sum-  
ptuous fane :

The land's tribunal seat that challengeth for her  
The crowning of our kings, their famous sym-  
phonsies

Then goes he on along by that more famous  
strand,

Expressing both the wealth and bravery of the  
(So many sumptuous bowers, within so little space,  
The all-beholding sun scarce sees in all his race.)

And on by London leads, which like a great  
lie,

Whose windows seem to mock the star-bellied  
larks ;

Besides her rising spires, so thick themselves  
that show,

As do the brilliant reeds within his banks the

(a) Coming by Fernham, so called of fern there growing.  
(b) i.e. a.

(c) A very woody vale in Surrey.

(d) Tames ebbs and flows beyond Richmond.



There sets his crowded wharfs and people-pep-  
 t'red shores, [oars :  
 His bosom overspread with shoals of labouring  
 With that most costly bridge that doth him most  
 renown,  
 By which he clearly puts all other rivers down.  
 Thus furnished with all that appertain'd to  
 state,  
 Desired by the floods (his greatness which await)  
 That as the rest before, so somewhat he would  
 sing,  
 Both worthy of their praise, and of himself their  
 king,  
 A catalogue of those, the sceptre here that sway'd,  
 The princely Tames recites, and thus his song he  
 laid :  
 ' As bastard William first, by conquest hither  
 ' came, [name :  
 And brought the Norman rule upon the English  
 So with a tedious war, and almost endless toils,  
 Throughout his troubled reign, here held his  
 ' hard-got spoils.  
 Detesting at the last, through his unsettled state,  
 ' Left (with his ill-got crown) unnatural debate.  
 For, dying at his home, his eldest son abroad  
 (Whom in the holy war his person then bestow'd)  
 His second, Rufus, next usurp'd the wronged  
 ' reign :  
 And by a fatal dart in his new forest slain,  
 Whilst in his proper right religious Robert slept,  
 Through craft into the throne, the younger  
 ' Beauclerk crept.  
 From whom his sceptre, then, whilst Robert  
 ' strove to wrest,  
 The other (of his power that amply was possess'd)  
 With him in battle join'd : and in that dreadful  
 ' day  
 (Where Fortune shew'd herself all human pow-  
 ' er to sway)  
 Duke Robert went to wreck ; and taken in the  
 ' flight,  
 ' Was by that cruel king deprived of his sight,  
 And in close prison put ; where miserably he  
 ' dy'd :  
 But Henry's whole intent was by just heav'n  
 ' deny'd.  
 For, as of light and life he that sad lord bereft ;  
 So his, to whom the land he purpos'd to have  
 ' left,  
 The (b) raging seas devour'd, as hitherward  
 ' they sail'd.  
 When in this line direct, the conqueror's is-  
 ' sue fail'd,  
 ' Twixt Henry's daughter Mauld, the Almain  
 ' emperor's bride  
 (Which after to the earl of Anjou was affy'd)  
 And Stephen Earl of Blois, the Conqueror's sis-  
 ' ter's son,  
 A fierce and cruel war immediately begun ;  
 Who with their several powers arriv'd here  
 ' from France,  
 By force of hostile arms their titles to advance.

' But Stephen, what by coin, and what by fo-  
 ' reign strength,  
 ' Through worlds of danger gain'd the glorious  
 ' goal at length.  
 ' But, left without an heir, the empress' issue  
 ' next,  
 ' No title else on foot ; upon so fair pretext,  
 ' The second Henry soon upon the throne was  
 ' set,  
 ' (Which Mauld to Jeffrey bare) the first Plan-  
 ' tagenet.  
 ' Who held strong wars with Wales, that his sub-  
 ' jection spurn'd :  
 ' Which often times he beat, and, beaten oft, re-  
 ' turn'd :  
 ' With his stern children vex'd : who (whilst he  
 ' strove t' advance  
 ' His right within this isle) rais'd war on him in  
 ' France.  
 ' With his high fame in fight, what cold breast  
 ' was not fir'd ?  
 ' Through all the western world, for wisdom  
 most admir'd.  
 ' Then Richard got the rule, his most renown-  
 ' ed son, [won.  
 ' Whose courage, him the name of *Cœur de Lion*  
 ' With those first earthly gods had this brave  
 ' prince been born,  
 ' His daring hand had from Alcides' shoulders torn  
 ' The Nemean lion's hide : who in the Holy  
 ' Land  
 ' So dreadful was, as though from Jove and Nep-  
 ' tune's hand,  
 ' The thund'ring three-fork'd fire, and trident he  
 ' had rest, [left.  
 ' And him to rule their charge they only then had  
 ' Him John again succeeds ; who having put  
 ' away  
 ' Young Arthur (Richard's son) the sceptre took  
 ' to sway.  
 ' Who, of the commonwealth first havoc having  
 ' made,  
 ' His sacrilegious hands upon the churches laid,  
 ' In cruelty and rape continuing out his reign ;  
 ' That his outrageous lust and courses to restrain,  
 ' The baronage were forc'd defensive arms to  
 ' raise,  
 ' Their daughters to redeem, that he by force  
 ' would seize ;  
 ' Which the first civil war in England here begun.  
 ' And for his sake such hate his son young Henry  
 ' won,  
 ' That to depose their prince, th' revengeful peo-  
 ' ple thought ;  
 ' And from the line of France young Lewis to  
 ' have brought  
 ' To take on him our rule : but, Henry got the  
 ' throne,  
 ' By his more forceful friends : who, wise and  
 ' puissant grown,  
 ' The general charter seiz'd : that into slave-  
 ' ry drew  
 ' The freest born English blood. Of which such  
 ' discord grew,

(b) See the last note of the 4th song.



' And in the barons breasts so rough combustions  
   ' rais'd [appeas'd,  
 ' With much expence of blood as long was not  
 ' By strong and tedious gusts held up on either side,  
 ' Betwixt the prince and peers, with equal power  
   ' and pride.  
 ' He knew the worst of war, match'd with the ba-  
   ' rons strong; [long.  
 ' Yet victor liv'd, and reign'd both happily and  
   ' This long-liv'd prince expir'd: the next suc-  
   ' ceded; he,  
 ' Of us, that for a good might well related be.  
 ' Our Longshanks, Scotland's scourge: who to the  
   ' Orcades raught  
 ' His sceptre, and with him from wild Albania  
   ' brought  
 ' The relics of her crown (by him first placed here)  
 ' § The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.  
 ' He tam'd the desperate Welsh, that out so long  
   ' had rood,  
 ' And made them take a (k) prince, sprung of the  
   ' English blood.  
 ' This isle from sea to sea, he generally controul'd,  
 ' And made the other parts of England both to hold.  
   ' This Edward, first of ours, a second then en-  
   ' sues; [abuse:  
 ' Who both his name and birth, by looseness did  
 ' Fair Ganimedes and fools who rais'd to princely  
   ' places; [faces.  
 ' And chose not men for wit, but only for their  
 ' In parasites and knaves, as he repos'd his trust  
 ' Who sooth'd him in his ways apparently unjust;  
 ' For that preposterous sin wherein he did offend,  
 ' In his posterior parts had his preposterous end.  
   ' A third then of that name, amends for this  
   ' did make: [take.  
 ' Who from his idle fire seem'd nought at all to  
 ' But as his grandfire did his empire's verge ad-  
   ' vance: [France.  
 ' So led he forth his powers into the heart of  
 ' And fast'ning on that right he by his mother had,  
 ' Against the Salique law, which utterly forbade  
 ' Their women to inherit; to propagate his cause,  
 ' At Cressley with his sword first cancelled those  
   ' laws:  
 ' Then like a furious storm, through troubled  
   ' France he ran; [wan  
 ' And by the hopeful hand of brave Black Edward  
 ' Proud Poitiers, where King John he valiantly  
   ' subdu'd, [hew'd;  
 ' The miserable French and there in mammoicks  
 ' Then with his battering rams made earthquakes  
   ' in their towers,  
 ' Till trampled in the dust herself she yielded ours.  
   ' As mighty Edward's heir, to a second Richard  
   ' then [of men,  
 ' (Son to that famous Prince Black Edward, man  
 ' Untimely that before his conquering father dy'd)  
 ' Too soon the kingdom fell: who his vain youth  
   ' apply'd  
 ' To wantonness and spoil, and did to favour draw  
 ' Unworthy ignorant lots, with whose dull eyes he  
   ' saw:

(k) See Song ninth.

' Who plac'd their like in court, and made them  
   ' great in state  
 ' (Which wise and virtuous men, beyond all  
   ' plagues, might hate.)  
 ' To whom he blindly gave: who blindly spent  
   ' again,  
 ' And oft oppress'd his land, their riot to maintain.  
 ' He hated his allies, and the deserving starv'd;  
 ' His minions and his will, the gods he only serv'd:  
 ' And finally, depos'd, as he was ever friend  
 ' To ribaulds, so again by villains had his end.  
   ' Henry the son of Gaunt, supplanting Richard  
   ' then  
 ' Ascended to the throne: when discontented men,  
 ' Desirous first of change, which to that height  
   ' him brought,  
 ' Deceived of their ends, into his actions sought;  
 ' And as they set him up, assay'd to pluck him  
   ' down [crown;  
 ' For whom he hardly held his ill-achieved  
 ' That treason to suppress which oft he did disclose,  
 ' And raising public arms against his powerful foes,  
 ' His usurpation still being troubled to maintain,  
 ' His short disquiet days scarce raught a peaceful  
   ' reign. [got  
 ' A fifth succeeds the fourth: but how his father  
 ' The crown, by right or wrong, the son respect-  
   ' eth not.  
 ' Nor farther hopes for that e'er leaveth to pursue;  
 ' But doth his claim to France courageously renew;  
 ' Upon her wealthy shores unlades his warlike  
   ' fraught;  
 ' And shewing us the fields where our brave fa-  
   ' thers fought, [light,  
 ' First drew his sun-bright sword, reflecting such  
 ' As put sad guilty France into so great a fright,  
 ' That her pale genius sunk; which trembling  
   ' seem'd to stand,  
 ' When first he set his foot on her rebellious land.  
 ' That all his grandfire's deeds did over, and there  
   ' to [not do:  
 ' Those high achievements add the former could  
 ' At Agincourt's proud fight, that quite put Poi-  
   ' tiers down; [renown.  
 ' Of all, that time who liv'd, the king of most  
 ' Whose too untimely end the Fates too soon did  
   ' haste:  
 ' Whose nine years noble acts, nine worlds deserve  
   ' to last.  
   ' A sixth in name succeeds, born great, the  
   ' mighty son [had won.  
 ' Of him, in England's right that spacious France  
 ' Who coming young to reign, protected by the  
   ' peers  
 ' Until his non-age out: and grown to riper years,  
 ' Prov'd upright, soft, and meek, in no wise loving  
   ' war;  
 ' But fitter for a cowl, than for a crown by far.  
 ' Whose mildness over-much did his destruction  
   ' bring:  
 ' A wond'rous godly man, but not so good a king.  
 ' Like whom yet never man try'd fortune's change  
   ' so oft;  
 ' So many times thrown down, so many times al-



the utmost power their friends  
 them afford,  
 out their right upon the dint of

and won, in that long bloody war,  
 two factions stil'd, of York and  
 er. [power,  
 inforc'd to yield him to their  
 eign and life both ended in the

d's name the fourth put on the  
 eath:

bloody war (that seem'd a while  
 1,

ook. For Henry's queen and heir  
 essed reign still seeking to repair)  
 with their friends their title to  
 1. [distain,

l Barnet's streets and Tewksbury's  
 to stir. The title then at rest,  
 rian line being utterly suppress'd,  
 ution king to amorous pleasures

[grave.  
 of his right, descended to his  
 infant left: who had he liv'd to

h had been. But justly see again,  
 d prince before had caus'd to die  
 ne Tower, the son at Tewksbury)  
 dren young, being left to be pro-  
 [pected.

so nor God, nor human laws res-  
 most vile devourer of his kind  
 itious ends had struck so grossly

mother's lap them seizing for a  
 [away)

t the next, could they be made  
 y usurp'd, and them in prison

t last he smothered as they slept.  
 l hands were in their blood im-

nsel) with murder he pursu'd  
 nous acts as look'd not fair and  
 [might

ere not his expressly, and had  
 n his course; 'till (as a monster  
 [betroth'd)

ell and death himself that had  
 ither in, to thrust that tyrant

last resign'd both life and crown.  
 nry, then, the imperial seat at-  
 [main'd,

who long in Britain had re-  
 Yorkists sought his life to have

an house there only being left  
 ohn of Gaunt) whom Richmond

ter born to John of Somerset.  
 rk this noble prince affy'd,  
 s strong thereby on either side.

' And grafting of the white and red-rose firm to-  
 ' gether, [of Tether.

' Was first, that to the throne advanc'd the name  
 ' In Bosworth's fatal field, who having Richard  
 ' slain, [reign,

' Then in that prosperous peace of his successful  
 ' Of ail that ever rul'd, was most precise in state.

' And in his life and death a king most fortunate,  
 ' This seventh that was of ours, the eighth suc-  
 ' ceeds in name: [came

' Who by Prince Arthur's death (his elder brother)  
 ' Unto a land with wealth abundantly that flow'd:

' Abundantly again so he the same bestow'd,  
 ' In banquets, masks, and tilts, all pleasures prone

' to try,  
 ' Besides his secret 'scapes who lov'd polygamy.

' The abbeyes he suppress'd; a thousand ling'ring  
 ' year, [to rear.

' Which with revenues large the world had sought  
 ' And through his awful might, for temporal

' ends did save,  
 ' To other uses erst what frank devotion gave;

' And here the papal power, first utterly deny'd,  
 ' *Defender of the Faith* that was instil'd; and dy'd.

' His son the empire had, our Edward sixth  
 ' that made;

' Untimely as he sprang, untimely who did fade.  
 ' A Protestant being bred; and in his infant reign,

' Th' religion then receiv'd, here stoutly did  
 ' maintain: [rest,

' But e'er he raught to man, from his sad people  
 ' His sceptre he again unto his sisters left.

' Of which the eldest of two, Queen Mary,  
 ' mounts the chair:

' The ruin'd Roman state who striving to repair,  
 ' With persecuting hands the Protestants pursu'd;

' Whose martyr'd ashes oft the wond'ring streets  
 ' bestrew'd.

' She match'd herself with Spain, and brought  
 ' King Philip hither, [together.

' Which with an equal hand, the sceptre sway'd  
 ' But issueless she dy'd: and under six years reign,

' To her wise sister gave the kingdom up again.  
 ' Elizabeth, the next, this falling sceptre hent;

' Digressing from her sex, with manlike govern-  
 ' ment [extend

' This island kept in awe, and did her power  
 ' Afflicted France to aid, her own as to defend;

' Against th' Iberian rule, the Flemings sure de-  
 ' fence:

' Rude Ireland's deadly scourge; who sent her  
 ' navies hence

' Unto the either Inde, and to that shore so green,  
 ' Virginia which we call of her, a virgin queen:

' In Portugal 'gainst Spain, her English ensigns  
 ' spread; [fled.

' Took Cales, when from her aid the brav'd Iberia  
 ' Most flourishing in state: that, all our kings

' among [so long.  
 ' Scarce any rul'd so well: but (1) two, that reign'd

Here suddenly he staid: and with his kingly song,  
 ' Whilst yet on every side the city loudly rang,

He with the eddy turn'd, a space to look about:  
 The tide, retiring soon, did strongly thrust him out.

(1) Hen. III. & Ed. III.



And soon the pliant muse, doth her brave wing  
 advance,  
 Tow'rd's those sea-bord'ring shores of ours, that  
 point at France;  
 The harder Surrey heath, and the Suffexian  
 down [not crown,  
 Which with so great increase though nature do  
 As many other shires of this environ'd isle,  
 Yet on the (1) weather's head, when as the sun  
 doth smile, [blow,  
 Nurst by the southern winds, that soft and gently  
 Here doth the lusty sap as soon begin to flow;  
 The earth as soon puts on her gaudy summer's  
 sute; [with fruit.  
 The woods are soon in green, and orchards great  
 To seaward, from the seat where first our song  
 begun,  
 Exhaled to the south by the ascending sun,  
 Four stately wood-nymphs stand on the Suffexian  
 ground,  
 Great (=) Andredsweld's sometime: who, when  
 she did abound  
 In circuit and in growth, all other quite suppress:  
 But in her wane of pride, as she in strength de-  
 creast, [delight.  
 Her nymphs assum'd the names, each one to her  
 As, Water-down, so call'd of her depressed site:  
 And Ash-down, of those trees that most in her do  
 grow,  
 Set higher to the downs, as th' other standeth low.  
 St. Leonard's, of the seat by which she next is  
 plac'd, [grac'd.  
 And Whord, that with the like delighteth to be  
 These forests, as I say, the daughters of the Weald  
 (That in their heavy breasts had long their grief  
 conceal'd)  
 Foreseeing their decay each hour so fast come on,  
 Under the ax's stroke fetcht many a grievous groan,  
 When as the anvil's weight, and hammer's dread-  
 ful sound,  
 Even rent the hollow woods, and shook the  
 queachy ground,  
 So that the trembling nymphs, oppress'd through  
 ghastly fear, [hair.  
 Ran madding to the downs, with loose dishevell'd  
 The Sylvans that about the neighbouring woods  
 did dwell,  
 Both in the tufty frith and in the mossy fell,  
 Forsook their gloomy bow'rs, and wand'ring far  
 abroad,  
 Expell'd their quiet seats, and place of their abode,  
 When labouring carts they saw to hold their daily  
 trade, [shade.  
 Where they in summer wont to sport them in the  
 ' Could we, say they, suppose, that any would us  
 ' cherish, [perish?  
 ' Which suffer (every day) the holiest things to  
 ' Or to our daily want to minister supply?  
 ' These iron times breed none that mind posterity.  
 ' 'Tis but in vain to tell, what we before have been,  
 ' Or changes of the world, that we in time have  
 ' seen;

(1) The sun in Aries.

(=) A forest, containing most part of Kent, and Surrey.

' When, now devising how to spend our wealth  
 ' with waste,  
 ' We to the savage swine let fall our larding mast,  
 ' But now, alas! ourselves we have not to sustain,  
 ' Nor can our tops suffice to shield our roots from  
 ' ruin.  
 ' Jove's oak, the warlike ash, vein'd elm, the silver  
 ' beech, [wych,  
 ' Short hazel, maple plain, light asp, the bending  
 ' Tough holly, and smooth birch, must altogether  
 ' burn: [get's turn:  
 ' What should the builder serve, supplies the foe  
 ' When under public good, base private gain takes  
 ' hold,  
 ' And we poor woful woods to ruin lustily sold.  
 This uttered they with grief: and more they  
 would have spoke, [break:  
 But that the envious downs, in t' open laughter  
 As joying in those wants, which nature them had  
 given,  
 Sith to as great distress the forests should be driven.  
 Like him that long time hath another's shadow'd,  
 And sees a following ebb, unto his former side;  
 The more he is depressed, and bruise'd with fu-  
 ture's might,  
 The larger rein his foe doth give to his delight;  
 So did the envious downs; but that again the  
 floods  
 (Their fountains that derive from these upland  
 woods,  
 And so much grace thy downs, as through their  
 dales they creep,  
 Their glories to convey unto the Celtic deep)  
 It very hardly took, much murmuring at their  
 pride. [sit  
 Clear Lavant, that doth keep the Southampton  
 (Dividing it well near from the Suffexian land  
 That Selsey doth survey, and Solent's troubled  
 sands)  
 To Chichester their wrongs impatiently doth tell:  
 § And Arun (which doth name the beauteous A-  
 rundel)  
 As on her course she came, it to her forest told  
 Which, nettled with the news, had not the power  
 to hold:  
 But breaking into rage, with tempests them might  
 rive;  
 And on their barren scalps, still flint and chalk  
 might thrive,  
 The brave and nobler woods which basely did  
 upbraid.  
 § And Adur coming on, to Shoreham softly hid  
 "The downs did very ill, poor woods so to be  
 "base."  
 But now, the Ouse, a nymph of very scant  
 grace,  
 So touchy waxt therewith, and was so quickly  
 grown,  
 That her old name she scorn'd should publicly be  
 known.  
 Whose haven out of mind when as it almost grew,  
 The lately-passed times debase the new.  
 So Cucmer with the rest, put to her utmost might:  
 As Ashburn undertakes to do the forests right



(At Pemsley, where she pours her soft and gentler flood)  
And Aften, once distain'd with native English blood  
(Whose soil, when yet but wet with any little rain,  
& Doth blush; as put in mind of those there sadly slain,

When Hastings harbour gave unto the Norman powers, [ours)  
Whose name and honours now are denizen'd for  
That boding ominous brook, it through the forests rung:  
Which echoing it again the mighty Weald along,  
Great stir was like to grow; but that the muse did charm  
Their furies, and herself for nobler things did arm.

## I L L U S T R A T I O N S .

ARTER your travels (thus led by the muse) through the inland, out of the Welsh coast maritime, here are you carried into Surrey and Suffex, the southern shires from London to the ocean: and Thames, as king of all our rivers, summarily sings the kings of England, from Norman William to yesterday's age.

*Mole digs herself a path, by working day and night.*

The Mole runs into the earth, about a mile from Dorking in Surrey, and after some two miles sees the light again, which to be certain hath been affirmed by inhabitants thereabout reporting trial made of it. Of the river Deveril near Warminster in Wiltshire is said as much; and more of Alpheus running out of Elis (a part of the now Morea, anciently Peloponnesus in Greece) through the vast Ocean to Arethusa in a little isle (close by Syracuse of Sicily) called Ortygia, and thither thus coming unmixed with the sea, which hath been both tried by a (a) cup, lost in Elis, and other stuff of the Olympian sacrifices there cast up, and is justified also by express assertion of an old (b) oracle to Archias, a Corinthian, advising him he should hither deduce a colony.

Ἰς Ὀλφιν ἑμα ἐλίζον,  
Μεγάμινον πηγὰς Εὐρωπαϊὺς Ἀριθύνας.

Like this, (c) Pausanias reckons more; (d) Erasin in Greece, Lucus (e) that runs into Meander, (f) Tiger, and divers others, some remember for such quality. And Guadiana (the ancient limit of Portugal and the Bastique Spain) is specially fa-

mous for this form of subterranean course: which although hath been thought fabulous, yet by some learned and judicious of that (g) country, is put for an unfeigned truth,

*His ever since doth flow beyond delightful Sbeene.*

Mole's fall into Thames is near the utmost of the flood, which from the German Ocean, is about sixty miles, scarce equalled (I think) by any other river in Europe; whereto you may attribute its continuing so long a course, unless to the diurnal motion of the heavens, or moon, from east to west (which hardly in any other river of note falling into so great a sea, will be found so agreeable, as to this, flowing the same way) and to the easiness of the channel being not over creekly, I cannot guess. I incline to this of the heavens, because such (b) testimony is of the ocean's perpetual motion in that kind; and whether it be for frequency of a winding, and thereby more resisting shore, or for any other reason judicially not yet discovered, it is certain, that our coasts are most famous for the greatest differences by ebbs and floods, before all other whatsoever.

*Left with his ill-got crown unnatural debate.*

See what the matter of descent to the fourth song tells you of his title; yet even out of his own mouth, as part of his last will and testament, these words are reported; (i) "I constitute no heir of the crown of England: but to the universal creator, whose I am, and in whose hand are all things, I recommend it. For I had it not by

(a) Strab. Geograph. 7.

(b) Pausan. Eliac. 1.

(c) There Alpheus springeth again, embracing his Arethusa.

(d) Herodot. hist. 7.

(e) Idem. 2 Palibym.

(f) Justin. hist. 42.

(g) Ludov. Nonius in Fluv. Hispa.

(b) Scalig. de subtilit. exercitat. 52.

(i) Guil. Pictavens. in hist. Cadomens.



" inheritance, but with direful conflict, and much  
 " effusion of blood I took it from that perjured  
 " Harold, and by death of his favourites, have I  
 " subdued it to my empire." And somewhat  
 after: " Therefore I dare not bequeath the sceptre  
 " of this kingdom to any but to God alone, lest  
 " after my death worse troubles happen in it by  
 " my occasion. For my son William (always, as  
 " it became him, obedient to me) I wish that  
 " God may give him his graces, and that, if so  
 " it please the Almighty, he may reign after me "

This William the Second (called Rufus) was his second son, Robert his eldest having upon discontent (taken because the Dukedom of Normandy, then, as it were, by birthright, nearly like the principality of Wales anciently, or duchy of Cornwall at this day, belonging to our kings heirs apparent, was denied him) revolted unnaturally, and moved war against him, aided by Philip First of France, which caused his merited disinheritation. Betwixt this William and Robert, as also betwixt him and Henry I. all brothers (and sons to the Conqueror) were divers oppositions for the kingdom and dukedom, which here the author alludes to. Our stories in every hand inform you: and will discover also the Conqueror's adoption by the Confessor, Harold's oath to him, and such institutions of his lawful title enforced by a case (4) reported of one English, who, deriving his right from Scisin before the conquest, recovered by judgment of King William I. the manor of Sharbon in Nortolk against one Warren a Norman, to whom the king had before granted it: which had been unjust, if he had by right of war only gotten the kingdom; for then had (1) all titles of subjects before, been utterly extinct. But (admit this case as you please, or any cause of right beside his sword) it is plain that his will and imperious affection (moved by their rebellions which had stood for the sworn Harold) disposed all things as a conqueror. Upon observation of his subjection of all lands to tenures, his change of laws, disinheriting the English, and such other reported (which could be but where the profitable dominion, as civilians call it, was universally acquired into the prince's hand) and inreading the disgraceful account then made of the English name, it will be manifest.

*Was by a fatal dart in vast New Forest slain.*

His death by an unfortunate looking at a deer out of one Walter Tirrel's hand in New Forest, his brother Richard being blazed there with infection, and Richard, Duke Robert's son, having his neck broken there in a bough's twist catching him from his horse, have been thought as divine revenges on William I. who destroyed in Hantsire 36 parish churches to make dens for wild beasts; although it is probable enough, that it

was for security of landing new forces there, if the wheel of fortune, or change of Mars, should have dispossessed him of the English crown. Our stories will of these things better instruct you; but if you seek Matthew Paris for it, amend the absurdity of both the London and Figurin prints in an. 1086, and for *Rex magnificus & beatus in his adolescentia*, read *Ri. b. magnificus*, &c. for Richard brother to this Red William

*Was by that cruel king deprived of his fight.*

Thus did the conqueror's posterity unquietly possess their father's inheritance. William had much to do with his brother Robert, justly grudging at his usurping the crown from right of primogeniture: but so much the less, in that Robert with divers other German and French princes left all private respects for the holy war, which after the crois undertaken (as those times used) had most fortunate success in recovery of Palestine. Robert had no more but the duchy of Normandy, nor that without sword often drawn, before his holy expedition; about which (having first offer of, but refusing the kingdom of Jerusalem) after he had some five years been absent, he returned into England, finding his younger brother (Henry I.) exalted into his hereditary throne. For, although it were undoubtedly agreed that Robert was eldest son of the Conqueror; yet the pretence which gave Henry the crown) beside the means of his working favourites) was, that he was the only issue born after his father was a king; upon which point a great question is disputed among (o) civilians. Robert was no sooner returned into Normandy, but presently (first animated by Randal bishop of Durham, a great disturber of the common peace betwixt the prince and subject by intolerable exactions and unlimited injustice under William II. whose (p) chief justice it seems he was, newly escaped out of prison (whither for those state misdemeanors he was committed by Henry) he dispatches and interchanges intelligence with most of the baronage, claiming his primogeniture right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gain'd to him most of the English nobility, he lands with forces at Portsmouth, thence marching towards Winchester: but before any encounter the two brothers were persuaded to a peace; covenant was made and confirmed by oath of 12 barons, on both parts, that Henry should pay him yearly 2000 pounds of silver, and that the survivor of them should inherit, the other dying without issue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, because, at request of Queen Maud, the Duke prodigally released his 2000 pounds the next year after the covenant) was soon broken. The king (to prevent what mischief might follow a second arrival of his bro-

(4) Antiq. Sched. in Ven. Comd.

(1) Acquisitio hanc rem omnium lucidandam, Jure & Gentium & Anglicano, videndi sunt Pictoman. Illust. quæst. 5. Atlantic. Gentil. de

Jure Belli 3 cap. 5. & cas. Calv. in D. Cole l. 7.

(o) Pictoman. Illust. quæst. 2.

(p) Pictator & Exactor totius regni, Hæ. Wig. & Melacherum turba.



er) assisted by the greatest favours of Norman- and Anjou, besieged Duke Robert in one of his stles, took him, brought him home captive, and length using that course (next secure to death) often read of in Choniates, Cantucuzen, and her oriental stories, put out his eyes, being all is time imprisoned in Cardiff Castle in Glorgan, where he miserably breathed his last. It by Polydore added, out of some authority, that ing Henry after a few years imprisonment releas- l him, and commanded that within 40 days and 2 hours (these hours have in them time of two oods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring ngland and Normandy, pass the seas as in per- tual exile, and that in the mean time, upon new easons attempted by him, he was secondly com- itted, and endured his punishment and death, as e common monks relate. I find no warranta- e authority that makes me believe it: Yet, be- use it gives some kind of example of our obso- te law of abjuration (which it seems had its be- nning from one of the statutes published under me of the Confessor) a word or two of the me prescribed here for his passage: which being muned upon Bracton's credit, makes the re- ort therein faulty. For he seems confident that he forty days in abjuration, were afterward in- uced upon the statute of (q) Clarendon, which ave the accused of felony or treason, although ighted by the Ordel (that is, judgment by water- fire, but the statute published, speaks only of ater, being the common trial of meaner (r) per- as) forty days to pass out of the realm with his bstance, which to other felons taking sanctuary id confessing to the coroner, he affirms not rantable; although John le Breton is against im, giving this liberty of time, accounted after ie abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary, for rovision of their voyage necessities, after which omplete, no man, on pain of life and member, is o supply any of their wants. I know it a point ery intricate to determine, observing these op- osite authors and no express resolution. Since hem, the oath of abjuration published among our nual statutes nearly agrees with this of Duke Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In it, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; *I will* (proceeds the oath) *diligently endeavour to pass over at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have passage in that space; if not, I will every day go into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and unless I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; God me help, &c.* So here the 40 days are to be spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary; compare this with other (s) authorities, and you

shall find all so dissonant, that reconciliation is impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (Earl of Kent, and Chief Justice of England under Henry III.) having incurred the king's high displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yet that the sheriffs of Hereford and Essex were com- manded to ward him there, and prevent all suste- nance to be brought him, which they did, *decer- nentes (t) ibi X. . . dierum excubiis observare*: And whether also the same reason (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of em- barkment out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for return? as in case of *disseisin*, the law hath (u) been that the disseisor could not re-enter without action, unless he had as it were made a present and continual claim, yet if he had been out of the kingdom in single pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land) or in the king's service in France, or so, he had allowance of 40 days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and 15 days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been so beyond sea, he might have been essoigned *de ultra Mare*, and for a year and a day, after which he had 40 days, one flood, and one ebb (which is easily understood as the other for two floods) to come into England. This is certain, that the space of 40 days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the assize of Freshforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's quarentine, which seems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of administration, as in another (x) country the reason of the like is given; or else from the 40 days in the essoign of child-birth allowed by the Norman customs. But you mislike the digression. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry asked him what he would give him? *100. pounds of sil- ver* (saith he) *and be contented, my son; for, in time, thou shalt have all which I possess, and be greater than either of thy brethren.*

*His sacrilegious bands upon the Churches laid.*

The great controversy about electing the arch- bishop of Canterbury (the king, as his right bade him, commanding that John Bishop of Norwich should have the prelacy, the Pope, being Innocent III. for his own gain, aided with some disloyal monks of Canterbury, desiring, and at last conse- crating Stephen of Langton a cardinal) was first

(q) Hen. 2. ap. Rog. Hoved fol. 314.

(r) Glanvil. lib. 14. cap. 1. ceterum, si placet, deas Janum nostrum lib. 2. f. 67.

(s) Itin. North. 3 Ed. 3. Coron. 313. Lectur. p. Br. tit. Coron. 181. V. Stamfordum lib. 2. ap. 40. qui de his graviter & modeste, se spaxit.

(t) Math. Par. pag. 507.

(u) Bract. lib. 4. tract. assis. Nov. Diff. cap. 5. & lib. 5. tract. de Esson, cap. 3. Vid. de Consue- tudine in Oxonia 21. Ed. 3. fol. 46. b.

(x) Cust. Generaulx. de Artois art 164.



cause of it. For king John would by no means endure this Stephen, nor permit him the dignity after his unjust election at Rome, but banished the monks, and stoutly menaces the Pope. He presently makes delegation to William Bishop of London, Eustace of Ely, and Malgere of Worcester, that they should, with monitory advice, offer persuasion to the king of conformity to the Roman behest; if he persisted in constancy, they should denounce England under an interdict. The bishops tell king John as much, who suddenly, mov'd with imperious affection and scorn of papal usurpation, swears, *by God's tooth, if they or any other, with unadvised attempt, subject his kingdom to an interdict, he would presently drive every prelate and priest of England to the pope, and confiscate all their substance, and of all the Romans amongst them, he would first pull out their eyes, and cut off their noses, and then send them all packing*, with other like threatening terms, which notwithstanding were not able to cause them to desist; but within little time following in public denunciation they performed their authority: and the king, in some sort, his threatenings; committing all abbeys and priories to laymen's custody, and compelling every priest's concubine to a grievous fine. Thus for a while continued the realm without divine sacraments or exercise, excepted only confession, extreme unction, and baptism; the king being also excommunicated, and burials allowed only in highways and ditches without ecclesiastic ceremony, and (but only by indulgence procur'd by Archbishop Langton, who purchas'd favour that in all the monasteries, excepting of White-friers, might be divine service once a week) had no change for some four or five years, when the Pope in a solemn council of cardinals, according to his pretended plenary power, depos'd king John, and immediately by his legate Pandulph offered to Philip II of France the kingdom of England. Thus, with suspicion of the subjects hearts at home, and another cause then more esteem'd than either of these, that is, the prophecy of one Peter an hermit in Yorkshire, foretelling to his face *that before holy Thursday following he should be no king*, altered his stuff, and resolute, but too disturbed affections; and persuaded him by oath of himself and 16 more of his barons, to make submission to the Church of Rome, and condescended to give for satisfaction, 100. c. s. c. s. c. s. pounds Sterling (that name of Sterling (y) began, as I am instructed, in time of Henry II. and had its original of name from some sterling, making that kind of money, which hath its essence in particular weight and fineness, not of the sterling bird, as some, nor of Sterling in Scotland under Edward I. as others absurdly; for in (z) records much more ancient the express name *Sterlingorum* I have

read) to the clergy, and subject (a) all his dominions to the Pope; and so had absolution, and after more than four years, release of the interdict (b). I was the willingest to insert it all, because you might see what injurious opposition, by papal usurpation, he endured, and then conjecture that his violent dealings against the church were not without intolerable provocation, which mov'd rather than amended his troubled spirit. Easily you shall not find a prince more benchual to the holy cause than he, if you take his former part of reign, before this ambitious Stephen of Langton's election exasperated desire of revenge. Most kind habitude then was betwixt him and the Pope, and for alms toward Jerusalem's aid he gave the fortieth part of his revenue, and caused his baronage to second his example. Although therefore he be noways excusable of many of those faults, both in government and religion which are laid on him, yet it much extenuates the ill of his action, that he was so besieg'd with continual and undigestible incentives of the clergy with traiterous confidence striking at his crown, and in such sort, as humanity must have exceeded itself, to have endured it with any mixture of patience. Nor ever shall I impute that his wicked attempt of sending ambassadors, Thomas Hardington, Ralph Fitz-Nicholas, and Robert of London, to Amiramully, king of Morocco, for the Mahometan religion, so much to his own will and nature, as to the persecuting bulls, interdicts, excommunications, deposing, and such like, published and acted by them, which counterfeiting the vain name of pastors, shearing, and not feeding their sheep, made this poor king (for they brought him so poor, that he was call'd (c) *Johannes pauper*) even as a phrenetique, commit what policy receives now among the worst actions (and in themselves they are so) of princes.

*His Barons were forc'd despoil'd arms to raise.*

No sooner had Pandulph transacted with the king and Stephen of Langton was quietly possessor of his archbishoprick, but he presently, in a council of both orders at Paul's stirs up the hearts of the barons against John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an illustration of St Edward's laws, as they were amended by the conqueror, and provoking them to challenge observation thereof as an absolute duty to subjects of free state. He was easily heard, and his thoughts seconded with rebellious designs, and after denial of this propos'd request, armies were mustered to erect these liberties. But at length by treaty in Rungmede near Stanes, he gave them two charters

(y) Jo. Sten. in Notit. Londini pag. 52. Vid. Camd. in Scot. Buchan. alioq.

(z) Polydor. hist. 16.

(a) North. 6. Rub. 1. fin. rot. 13. & in ubi

eisdem Archivis V.

(b) Ante. alios de his consulendus sit Math. Paris.

(c) John Hadland.



the one, of liberties general, the other of the forest; both which were not very different from our Grand Charter and that of the Forest. The Pope at his request confirmed all; but the same year, discontentment (through too much favour and respect given by the king to divers strangers, whom since the composition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high esteem entertained) renewing among the barons, ambassadors were sent to advertise the Pope what injury the see of Rome had by this late exaction of such liberties out of a kingdom, in which it had such great interest (for king John had been very prodigal to it, of his best and most majestical titles) and with what commotion the barons had rebelled against him, soon obtain'd a bull cursing in thunder all such as stood for any longer maintenance of those granted charters: This (as how could it be otherwise?) bred new, but almost incurable broils in the state betwixt king and subject: but in whom more, than in the Pope and his Archbishop, was cause of this dissention? Both, as wicked bountesmen, applying themselves to both parts; sometimes animating the subject by censorious exaundering the prince, then assisting and moving forward his proneness to faithless abrogation, by pretence of an interceding universal authority.

*The general charter seiz'd—*

The last note somewhat instructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the grand charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by King John; his son Henry III. of some nine years age (under protection first of William Marshal Earl of Pembroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches Bishop of Winchester) in the ninth year of his reign, in a parliament held at Westminster desired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Burch proposing it) a fifteenth: whereto upon deliberation, they gave answer, *quod legis petitionibus gratanter acquiescerent, si illis diu petitis Libertates concedere voluisset.* The king agreed to the condition, and presently under the great seal delivered charters of them into every county of England, speaking as those of king John (saith Paris) *ita quod Charta utrorumque Regum in nullo inveniuntur dissimiles.* Yet those, which we have, published want of that which is in king John's, wherein you have a special chapter that, if a Jew's debtor die, and leave his heir within age subject to payment, the usury during the nonage should cease, which explains the meaning of the statute of Merton chap. V. otherwise but ill interpreted in some of our year (*f*) books: after this, follows further, that no aid, except to redeem the king's person out of captivity (example of that was in Richard I. whose ransom out of the hands of Leopold Duke of Austria, was near

ccclxxx. pounds of silver, collected from the subject) make his eldest son knight, or marry his eldest daughter, should be levied of the subject, but by Parliament. Yet, reason why these are omitted in Henry III. his charter, it seems, easily may be given; seeing ten years before time of Edward Longshank's exemplification (which is that whereon we now rely, and only have) all Jews were banished the kingdom: and among the petitions and grievances of the commons at time of his instauration of this charter to them, one was thus consented to (*g*) *Nullum tallagium vel auxilium, per nos vel heredes nostros de cetero in regno nostro imponatur seu levetur sine voluntate et consensu communi Archiepiscoporum, Episcoporum, Abbatum et aliorum Prelatorum, Comitum, Baronum, Militum, Burgensium, et aliorum liberorum hominum;* which although compar'd with that of aids by tenure, be no law, yet I conjecture that upon this article was that chapter of aids omitted. But I return to Henry; he, within some three years, summons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his Protection; but taking all upon his personal government, by pretence of past nonage, caused all the charters of the forest to be cancell'd, and repeal'd the rest, (for so I take it, although my author speak chiefly of that of the forest) and made the subject with price of great sums, rated by his chief Justice Hugh de Burch, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore so defeasible: which, with its like (in disinheriting and seizing on his subjects possessions, without judicial course, beginning with those two great potentates Richard Earl of Cornwall his brother, and William le Marshal Earl of Pembroke) bred most intestine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguish'd even till his declining days of enthroned felicity. Observe among this, that where our historians and chronologers, talk of a desire by the baronage, to have the constitutions of Oxford restored, you must understand those charters cancelled at Oxford; where after many rebellious, but provoked oppositions, the king at last, by oath of himself and his son Edward, in full parliament (*b*) (having nevertheless oft times before made show of as much) granted again their desired freedoms, which in his spacious reign was not so much impeach'd by himself, as through ill counsel of alien caterpillars crawling about him, being as scourges then sent over into this kingdom. But Robert of Gloucester shall summarily tell you this, and give your palate variety.

*The mesle wo that bere vel bi king Henry's day*

*In this lond, icbelle beginne to tell yuf icb may.*

*He adde (i) thre brethren that is medre's sons were,*

(*f*) 35 Hen. 6. fol. 61. & 3. Eliz. Plowd. 1 fol. 236. atqui vid, Bract. lib. 2. cap. 26. § 2.

(*g*) Thom. de Walsingham in 26. Ed. 1. Polyd. hist. 17.

(*b*) 42. Hen. 3.

(*i*) Guy of Lusignan, William of Valence, and Athelmar, his half brothers, sons of Isabel king John's dowager, daughter to Aimar Earl of Engolisme, married to Hugh Brown Earl of March in Poitiers.



*And the (h) king of Almaine the verthe that to beie  
them bere.*

*At Sir William de Valance and Sir (l) Eimer  
thereto.*

*Glit of Wincetre and Sir Guy de Liferwi also  
Thoru bom and thoru the (m) quene was so much  
Frensh felt ibrought*

*That of Englisshmen me told as right nought,  
And the king bom let her will that each was as king  
And none poure men God, and ne paided nothing.*

*To eni of this brethren yuf ther pleinde eny twight  
Hii sede, yuf we doth on wrong, wo shall ou do right:  
As wo seith we betb kings, ur wille we moue do,  
And many Englisb alas bulde mid bom also.*

*So that thorou Godes grace the erls at last,  
And the bishops of the lond, and barons bespeake waste,  
That the kind Englisshmen of Londe bii wolde out caste,  
And that long bring adoun, yuf her peer laste.*

*Thereof (n) bii nome conseil, and to the king bii send,  
To (o) abbe pite of his lond and suiche manners  
amend.*

*So ther at laste bii brought him thereto  
To make a purveiance amendment to do,  
And made it was at Oxenford, that lond vor to septe,  
Twelf bundred as in yer of grace and fifty and  
eygbte,*

*Right aboute missomer fourtene night it laste  
The erles and the barons were well stude (p) waste  
Nor to amendi that lond as the erle of Gloucetre,  
Sir Richard, and Sir Simond erle of Leicetre.*

*And Sir John le Fiz-Geffry and other barons inowe,  
So that at last the king thereto bii drowe,  
To remue the Frensh men to (q) libbe beyonde se  
Bi bor londs her and ther and ne come noght (r) age.  
And to granti (s) god lawes and the Old Charter  
also*

*That so ofte was igranted er, and so ofte undo.  
Hereof was the chartre imade and esled vast there  
Of the king and of other beye men that there were,  
Tho nome (t) tende tapers the bishops in bor bond  
And the king himself and other beye men of the lond,  
The bishops (u) amansed all that there agon were  
And ever est undude the larves that loked were there,  
Mid burninge tapers; and such as laste,  
The king and others seid Amen and the tapers adoun  
caste.*

If particulars of the story, with precedents and consequents be desired, above all I send you to Matthew Paris, and William Rishanger, and end in adding, that these so controverted charters had not their settled surety until Ed. 1. since whom they have been more than thirty times in parliament confirmed.

*The seat on which her kings inaugurated were.*

Which is the chair and stone at Westminster, whereon our sovereigns are inaugurated. The (w) Scottish stories (on whose credit, in the first part hereof I importune you not to rely) affirm that the stone was first in Galicia of Spain at Brigantia (whether that he Compostella, as Francis Tarapha wills, or Corunna, as Florian del Campo conjectures, or Betansoa, according to Mariana, I cannot determine) where Gathel, king of Scotland sat on it as his throne: Thence was it brought into Ireland by Simon Brech, 1st king of Scots, transplanted into that isle about 700 years before Christ; out of Ireland, king Ferguze (in him, by some, is the beginning of the now continuing Scottish reign) about 300 years afterwards, brought it into Scotland; king Kenneth, some 850 of the incarnation, placed it at the abbey of Scone (in the sheriffdom of Perth) where the coronation of his successors was usual, as of our monarchs now at Westminster, and in the Saxon times at Kingston upon Thames. This Kenneth, some say, caused that distich to be engraven on it.

*Ni fallat fatum, Scoti, quocunque locatum  
Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.*

—(Whereupon it is called *fatule marmor* in Hecst. Boetius) and inclosed it in a wooden chair. It is now at Westminster, and on it are the coronations of our sovereigns; thither first † brought (as the author here speaks) among infinite other spoils, by Edward Longshanks after his wars and victories against king John Balliol.

*Their women to inherit——*

So they commonly affirm: but that denial of sovereignty to their women cost the lives of many thousands of their men, both under this victorious Edward, and his son the Black Prince, and others of his successors. His case stood briefly thus: Philip IV. surnamed the Fair, had issue three sons, Lewis the (x) Contentious, Philip the Long, and Charles the Fair, (all these successively reigned after him, and died without issue inheritable:) he had likewise a daughter Isabel (I purposely omit the other, being out of the present matter,) married to Edward II. and so was mother to Edward III. The issue male of Philip the Fair thus failing, Philip son and heir of Charles earl of Valois, Beaumont, Alençon, &c. (which was brother to Philip the Fair,) challenged the crown of France

(h) Richard Earl of Cornwall, son to king John.

(l) Athelmarus.

(m) Elianor daughter to Raymund Earl of Provence.

(n) They took.

(o) Have.

(p) Stedfast.

(q) Live:

(r) Again.

(s) Good.

(t) Kindled tapers.

(u) Cursed.

(w) Hecst. Boeth. hist. 1. 10. & 14. Buchanan. Scotie. 6. & 8.

† 1297. 24 Ed. 1.

(x) Hunting.



as next heir male against this Edward, who answered to the objections of the Salique law, that (admitting it as their assertion was, yet) he was heir male, although descended of a daughter: and in a public assembly of the states first about protectorship of the womb, (for queen Joan dowager of the Fair Charles, was left with child, but afterward delivered of a daughter, Blanch, afterwards duchess of Orleans) was this had in a solemn disputation by lawyers on both sides, and applied at length also to the direct point of inheriting the crown. What followed upon judgment given against his right, the valiant and famous deeds of him and his English, recorded in Walsingham, Froissart, Æmilius, and the multitude of later collected stories make manifest. But for the law itself, every mouth speaks of it; few, I think, understand at all why they name it. The opinions are, that it being part of the ancient laws made among the Salians (the same with Franks) under king Pharamond, about 1200 years since, hath thence denomination; and Goropius (that fetches all out of Dutch, and more tolerably perhaps this than many other of his etymologies) deriving the Salians name from *Sal*, which in contraction he makes from *Sadel* (y) \* (inventors whereof the Franks, saith he, were) interprets them as it were horsemen, a name fitly applied to the warlike and most noble of any nation, as (x) *chivalers* in French, and *equites* in Latin allows likewise. So that, upon collection, the Salique law by him is as much as a chivalrous law, and Salique land, *que ad equestris or. inis dignitatem & in capite summo, & in ceteris membris conservandum pertinebat*: which very well agrees with a (a) sentence given in the parliament at Bourdeaux upon an ancient testament devising all the testator's Salique lands, which was, in point of judgment interpreted (b) Fief. And who knows not that Fiefs were originally military gifts. But then, if so, how comes Salique to extend to the crown, which is merely without tenure? Therefore (c) *Ego scio* (saith a later lawyer) *legem privato salicam agere de patrimonio tantum*. It was composed (not this alone, but with others, as they say) by Wisogast, Bodogast, Salogast, and Windogast, wise counsellors about that Pharamond's reign. The text of it in this part is offered us by Claude de Seissell bishop of Marseilles, Bodin, and divers others of the French, as it were as ancient as the origin of the name, and in these words, *De terra salica nulla portio hereditatis mulieri veniat, sed ad virilem sexum tota terra hereditas perveniat*; and in substance, as referred to the person of the king's heir female; so much is remembered by that great civilian (d) Baldus, and divers others,

but rather as custom than any particular law, as one (f) of that kingdom also hath expressly and newly written; *Ce n'est point une loi écrite, mais née avec nous, que nous n'avons point inventée, mais l'avons puisee de la nature même, qui le nous a ainsi appris & donne cet instinct*: But why the same author dares affirm that king Edward yielded upon this point to the French Philip de Valois, I wonder, seeing all story and carriage of state in those times is so manifestly opposite. Becanus undertakes a conjecture of the first cause, which excluded Gynæcocracy among them, guessing it to be upon their observation of the misfortune in war, which their neighbours the Bructerans (a people about the now Over-Yssel in the Netherlands, from near whom he, as many other, first derive the Franks) endured in time of Vespasian, under the conduct and empire of one (g) Velleda, a lady even of divine esteem amongst them. But howsoever the law be in truth, or interpretable, (for it might ill bescem me to offer determination in matter of this kind) it is certain, that to this day, they have an use of ancient (b) time which commits to the care of some of the greatest peers, that they, when the queen is in childbirth, be present, and warily observe lest the ladies privily should counterfeit the inheritable sex, by supposing some other made when the true birth is female, or, by any such means, wrong their ancient custom royal, as of the birth of this present Lewis the XIII. on the last of September in 1601, is after other such remembered.

*Of these two factions still'd, of York and Lancaster.*

Briefly their beginning was thus: Edward the III. had seven sons, Edward the Black Prince, † William of Hatfield, Lionel Duke of Clarence, John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster, Edmund of Langley Duke of York, Thomas of Woodstock, and William of Windsor; in prerogative of birth as I name them. The Black Prince died in life of his father, leaving Richard of Bourdeaux (afterward the II) William of Hatfield died without issue; Henry Duke of Lancaster (son to John of Gaunt the fourth brother) deposed Richard the II. and to the Vth and VIth of his name left the kingdom, descending in right line of the family of Lancaster. On the other side Lionel Duke of Clarence, the 3d brother, had only issue Philip a daughter, married to Edmund Mortimer Earl of March, (who upon this title was designed heir apparent to Richard II.) Edmund, by her had Roger; to Roger was issue two sons and two daughters; but all died without posterity, excepting

(y) Francic. lib. 2.

\* As our word saddle.

(x) Knights.

(a) Bodin. de Repub. 6. cap. 5. vid. Barth. Chassan. Conf. Burgund. Rubric. 3. § 5. num. 70

(b) Knights fees, or lands held.

(c) Paul. Merul. Cosmog. part 2. l. 3. cap. 17.

(d) Ad l. ff. de Senatorib.

(f) Hierome Bignon. de l'excel. des Rois, Livre 3.

(g) V. Tacit. hist. 4.

(b) Redulph. Boter. Commentar. 8.

† Ex Archiv. Parl. 1. Ed. 4. in lucem edit. 9. Ed. 4. fol. 9.



It is called by Ethelwerd expressly *Immanis sylva*, *quæ vulgo Andredsuuda nuncupatur*, and was (s) 120 miles long, and 30 broad. The author's conceit of these forests being nymphs of this great Andredsuuda, and their complaint for loss of woods in Suffex, so decayed, is plain enough to every reader.

*As Arun which doth name the beauteous Arundel.*

So it is conjectured, and is without controversy justifiable, if that be the name of the river. Some fable it from Arundel, the name of Bevis' horse: it were so as tolerable as (t) Bucephalon, from Alexander's horse, (u) Tymenna in Lycia from a goat of that name. and such like, if time would endure it: But Bevis was about the Conquest, and this town is by name of Erundele, known in time of King Alfred, (w) who gave it with others to his nephew Athelm. Of all men (x) Goropius had somewhat a violent conjecture, when he derived Harondell, from a people called Charudes (in Ptolomey, towards the utmost of the now Jutland) port of whom he imagines (about the Sax-

on and Danish irruptions) planted themselves here, and by difference of dialect, left this as a branch sprung of their country title.

*And Adur coming on to Shoreham.*

This river, that here falls into the ocean, might well be understood in that (y) port of Adur, about this coast, the reliques whereof, learned Camden takes to be Edrington, or Adrington, a little from Shoreham. And the author here so calls it Adur.

*Doth blusht, as put in mind of those there sadly slain.*

In the plain near Hastings, where the Norman William after his victory found King Harold slain, he built Battle-abbey, which at last (as divers other monasteries) grew to a town enough populous. Thereabout is a place which after rain always looks red, which some (z) have (by that authority the muse also) attributed to a very bloody sweat of the earth, as crying to heaven for revenge of so great a slaughter.

(s) Hen. Huntingd. hist. 5. in Alfredo.

(t) Plutarch in Alex. & Q. Curt. lib. 9.

(u) Steph. *ὑμὲν ὠνλ*.

(w) Testament Alfred. ubi etiam. Ritheramfeild, Diccalingum, Armeringum, Feltham, & alia

in hoc agro villæ legantur Osertho ejusdem cognat.

(x) Gothodanic. lib. 7.

(y) Portus Adurni innotit. provinc.

(z) Guil. Parvus hist. 1. cap. 1.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE EIGHTEENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The Rother through the Weald doth rove,  
Till he with Oxney fall in Love :  
Rumney, would with her wealth beguile,  
And win the river from the isle.  
Medway, with her attending streams,  
Goes forth to meet her Lord great Thames :  
And where in breadth she her disperses,  
Our famous captains she rehearſes,  
With many of their valiant deeds,  
Then with Kent's praise the muſe proceeds,  
And tells when Albion o'er ſea rode,  
How he his daughter-iſles beſtow'd ;  
And how grim Goodwin foams and frets :  
Where to this Song an end ſhe ſets,

gus ſcarcely yet delivered of her ſon,  
the river down, through Andredſweald  
oth run :  
the aged hill have comfort of her child.  
ig in the woods, her Rother waxed wild ;  
s with aged oaks, and buſhes overgrown,  
m the Sylva's kind he hardly could be  
nown :  
ny a time the nymphs, which hapt this  
ood to ſee,  
n him, whom they ſure a ſatyr thought  
> be ;  
like he held all pleaſures in diſdain,  
ld not once vouchſafe, to look upon a  
lain ;  
icing in his courſe to view a goodly plot,  
lbion in his youth upon a ſea-nymph got,

For Oxney's love he pines : who being wildly  
chaſte, [brac'd,  
And never woo'd before, was coy'd to be em-  
But, what obdurate heart was ever ſo perverſe,  
Whom yet a lover's plaints, with patience could  
not pierce ?  
For, in this conflict ſhe being laſtly overthrown,  
In-iſled in his arms, he clips her for his own.  
Who being groſs and black, ſhe lik'd the river well.  
Of Rother's happy match, when Rumney mark'd  
heard tell,  
Whiſt in his youthful courſe himſelf he doth apply,  
And falleth in her ſight into the ſea at Rye,  
She thinketh with herſelf how ſhe a way might  
find  
To put the homely iſle quite out of Rother's  
mind ;



Appearing to the flood, most bravely like a queen,  
 Clad all from head to foot, in gaudy summer's  
 green;  
 Her mantle richly wrought, with sundry flowers  
 and weeds;  
 Her moistful temples bound, with wreaths of  
 quivering reeds:  
 Which loosely flowing down, upon her lusty  
 thighs, [eyes.  
 Most strongly seem to tempt the river's amorous  
 And on her loins a frock, with many a swelling  
 plait;  
 Imboss'd with well-spread horse, large sheep, and  
 full-fed neat.  
 Some wallowing in the grass, there lie a while to  
 batten; [fatten;  
 Some sent away to kill; some thither brought to  
 With villages amongst, oft powthered here and  
 there; [appear)  
 And (that the same more like to landskip should  
 With lakes and lesser fords, to mitigate the heat  
 (In summer when the fly doth prick the gadding  
 neat,  
 Forc'd from the brakes, where late they brows'd  
 the velvet buds)  
 In which, they lick their hides, and chew their  
 savoury cuds.

Of these her amorous toys, when Oxney came  
 to know,  
 Suspecting lest in time her rival she might grow,  
 Th' allurements of the marsh the jealous isle doth  
 move, [love:  
 That to a constant course, she thus persuades her  
 ' With Rumney though for dower I stand in no  
 ' degree;  
 ' In this, to be belov'd yet liker far than she:  
 ' Though I be brown, in me there doth no favour  
 ' lack, [black.  
 ' The soul is said deform'd: and she, extremely  
 ' And though her rich attire, so curious be and  
 ' rare, [air:  
 ' From her there yet proceeds unwholesome putrid  
 ' Where my complexion more suits with the high-  
 ' er ground,  
 ' Upon the lusty Weald, where strength doth still  
 ' abound.  
 ' The wood-gods I refus'd, that su'd to me for  
 ' grace,  
 ' Me in thy wat'ry arms, thee suff'ring to embrace;  
 ' Where, to great Neptune she may one day be a  
 ' prey:  
 ' The sea-gods in her lap lie wallowing every day.  
 ' And what, though of her strength she seem to  
 ' make no doubt? [out,  
 ' Yet put unto the proof she'll hardly hold him  
 With this persuasive speech which Oxney lately  
 us'd;  
 With strange and sundry doubts, whilst Rother  
 stood confus'd,  
 Old (a) Andredswald at length doth take her  
 time to tell  
 The changes of the world, that since her youth  
 besel,

(a) See Song 17.

When yet upon her soil, scarce human  
 trod;  
 A place where only then the Sylvans made  
 Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart secur'd  
 And every where walk'd free, a burges's  
 wood;  
 Until those Danish routs, whom hunger-struck  
 home,  
 (Like wolves pursuing prey) about the wo  
 And stemming the rude stream dividing u  
 France,  
 Into the spacious mouth of Rother fell (by c  
 ) That Lymen then was nam'd, when (wit  
 irksome care)  
 The heavy Danish yoke, the servile English  
 And when at last she found, there was no  
 leave [re  
 Those, whom she had at first been for  
 And by her great resort, she was throug  
 need,  
 Constrained to provide her peopled towns  
 She learn'd the churlish ax and twybill to ge  
 The steel the coulter's edge, and sharp the fi  
 ing share:  
 And more industrious still, and only hating  
 A housewife she became, most skill'd in a  
 cloth.  
 That now the draper comes from London  
 year,  
 And of the Kentish sorts makes his provision  
 Whose skirts ('tis said) at first that fifty sa  
 went,  
 Have lost their ancient bounds, now (b) line  
 Which strongly to improve, the Medway  
 did bring, [c  
 From Sussex who ('tis known) receives her  
 Who tow'rs the lordly Thames, as she  
 doth strain,  
 Where Teise, clear Beule, and Len bear u  
 limber train  
 As she removes in state: so for her more re  
 Her only name she leaves, t' her only (c) ch  
 ed town;  
 And Rochester doth reach, in ent'ring t  
 bower [re  
 Of that most matchless Thames, her prince  
 Whose bosom doth so please her sovereign  
 her pride)  
 Whereas the royal fleet continually doth rid  
 That where she told her Thames, she did i  
 to sing  
 What to the English name immortal praise  
 bring;  
 To grace his goodly queen, Thames present  
 claims, [a  
 That all the Kentish floods, resigning him  
 Should presently repair unto his mighty hall  
 And by the posting tides, towards London  
 to call  
 Clear Ravensburn (though small, remem  
 them among) [a  
 At Deptford ent'ring. Whence as down she

(b) The Weald of Kent.

(c) Maidstone, i. e. Medway's town.



s Darent thither warns: who calls her sister  
 Cray, [may.  
 hich hasten to the court with all the speed they  
 ad but that Medway then of 'Thames obtain'd  
 such grace,  
 cept her country nymphs, that none should be  
 in place,  
 one rivers from each part, had instantly been  
 there,  
 an at their marriage, first, by (d) Spenser  
 numb'red were.  
 This Medway still had nurs'd those navies in  
 her road,  
 r armies that had oft to conquest borne abroad;  
 d not a man of ours, for arms hath famous been,  
 om she not going out, or coming in hath seen:  
 by some passing ship, hath news to her been  
 brought,  
 hat brave exploits they did; as where, and how  
 they fought.  
 herefore, for audience now, she to th' assembly  
 calls,  
 e captains to recite when seriously she falls.  
 ' Of noble warriors now, faith she, shall be my  
 ' song; [sprung.  
 If these renowned spirits, that from the conquest  
 Of th' English Norman blood: which, matchless  
 ' for their might,  
 few with their flaming swords, in many a  
 ' dreadful fight,  
 illustrated this isle, and bore her fame so far;  
 her heroes, which the first wan, in that holy war,  
 such fear from every foe, and made the east  
 ' more red,  
 With splendour of their arms, than when from  
 ' Tithon's bed  
 The blushing dawn doth break; towards which  
 ' our fame begun,  
 By Robert (Curt-hose call'd) the Conqueror's  
 ' eldest son,  
 Who with great Godfrey and that holy hermit  
 ' went  
 The sepulchre to free, with most devout intent.  
 ' And to that title which the Norman William got,  
 When in our conquest here, he strove t' include  
 ' the Scot,  
 The general of our power, that stout and war-  
 ' like earl, [merle;  
 Who English being born, was stil'd of Aube-  
 These Lacys then no less courageous, which  
 ' had there [were.  
 The leading of the day, all brave commanders  
 ' Sir Walter Especk, matcht with Peverel,  
 ' which as far [war,  
 Adventur'd for our fame: who in that bishops  
 immortal honour got to Stephen's troubled reign:  
 That day ten thousand Scots upon the field were  
 ' slain.  
 ' The Earl of Strigule then our Strongbow, first  
 ' that won  
 Wild Ireland with the sword (which, to the glo-  
 ' rious sun,

(d) In the Fairy Queen.

Vol. III.

' Lifts up his nobler name) amongst the rest may  
 ' stand.  
 ' In Cœur de Lyon's charge unto the holy land,  
 ' Our Earl of Le'ster, next, to rank with them we  
 ' bring:  
 ' And Turnham, he that took th' impost'rous Cy-  
 ' prian king.  
 ' Strong Tuchet chose to wield the English stan-  
 ' dard there;  
 ' Pole, Gourney, Nevil, Gray, Lyle, Ferres, Mor-  
 ' timer:  
 ' And more, for want of pens whose deeds not  
 ' brought to light, [right.  
 ' It grieves my zealous soul, I cannot do them  
 ' The noble Pembroke then, who, Strongbow  
 ' did succeed,  
 ' Like his brave grandfire, made th' revolting  
 ' Irish bleed,  
 ' When yielding oft, they oft their due subjection  
 ' broke; [lish yoke,  
 ' And when the Britons scorn'd to bear the Eng-  
 ' Lewellin Prince of Wales in battle overthrew,  
 ' Nine thousand valiant Welsh and either took or  
 ' flew.  
 ' Earl Richard, his brave son, of Strongbow's  
 ' matchless strain,  
 ' As he a Marshal was, did in himself retain  
 ' The nature of that word, being martial, like his  
 ' name:  
 ' Who, as his valiant sire, the Irish oft did tame.  
 ' With him we may compare Marisco (king of  
 ' men [then  
 ' That Lord Chief Justice was of Ireland, whereas  
 ' Those two brave Burrowes, John, and Richard,  
 ' had their place,  
 ' Which through the bloodied bogs, those Irish  
 ' oft did chase;  
 ' Whose deeds may with the rest deservedly be read.  
 ' As those two Lacys then, our English powers  
 ' that led:  
 ' Which twenty thousand, there, did in one battle  
 ' quell,  
 ' Amongst whom (trodden down) the King of  
 ' Conaught fell.  
 ' Then Richard, that lov'd Earl of Cornwal,  
 ' here we set:  
 ' Who, rightly of the race of Great Plantagenet,  
 ' Our English armies shipt, to gain that hallowed  
 ' ground,  
 ' With Long-sword the brave son of beauteous  
 ' Rosamond:  
 ' The Pagans through the beasts, like thunder-  
 ' bolts that shot;  
 ' And in the utmost east such admiration got,  
 ' That the shril-sounding blast, and terror of our  
 ' fame [came:  
 ' Hath often conquered, where our swords yet never  
 ' As Gifford, not forgot, their stout associate there.  
 ' So in the wars with Wales, of ours as famous  
 here,  
 ' Guy Beauchamp, that great Earl of Warwick,  
 ' place shall have:  
 ' From whom the Cambrian hills the Welchmen  
 ' could not save;

E e



' Whom he, their general plague, impetuously  
   ' pursu'd, [imbru'd.  
 ' And in the British gore his slaughtering sword  
   ' In order as they rise (next Beauchamp) we  
   ' prefer [Mortimer;  
 ' The Lord John Gifford, match'd with Edmond  
 ' Men rightly moulded up, for high advent'rous  
   ' deeds.  
   ' In this renowned rank of warriors then suc-  
   ' ceeds [guide;  
 ' Walwin, who with such skill our armies oft did  
 ' In many a dangerous straight, that had his  
   ' knowledge try'd,  
 ' And in that fierce assault, which caus'd the fatal  
   ' flight, [right,  
 ' Where the distressed Welsh resign'd their ancient  
 ' Stout Frampton: by whose hand, their Prince  
   ' Le wellin fell.  
   ' Then followeth (as the first who have deserv'd  
   ' as well)  
 ' Great St. John; from the French, which twice  
   ' recovered Guyn: [shine,  
 ' And he, all him before that clearly did out-  
 ' Warren, the puissant Earl of Surrey, which led  
   ' forth  
 ' Our English armies oft into our utmost north;  
 ' And oft of his approach made Scotland quake to  
   ' hear,  
 ' When Tweed hath sunk down flat, within her  
   ' banks for fear.  
 ' On him there shall attend, that most adventu-  
   ' rous Twhing, [bring  
 ' That at Scambekin fight, the English off did  
 ' Before the furious Scot, that else were like to fall.  
   ' As Basset, last of these, yet not the least of all  
 ' Those most renowned spirits that Fowkerk  
   ' bravely fought; [brought.  
 ' Where Longshanks, to our hore, Albania lastly  
   ' As, when our Edward first his title did ad-  
   ' vance, [France,  
 ' And led his English hence, to win his right in  
 ' That most deserving Earl of Derby we prefer,  
 ' Henry's third valiant son, the Earl of Lancaster,  
 ' That only Mars of men; who (as a general  
   ' scourge,  
 ' Sent by just-judging heaven, outrageous France  
   ' to purge)  
 ' At Cagant plagu'd the power of Flemings that  
   ' she rais'd, [seas'd,  
 ' Against the English force: which as a handfell  
 ' Into her very heart he marcht in warlike wise;  
 ' Took Bergera, Langobek, Mountdurant, and  
   ' Mountguyse;  
 ' Leau, Pohdra, and Punach, Mount-Segre, Forfa  
   ' won;  
 ' Mountpelians, and Beaumont, the Ryal, Aiguil-  
   ' lon,  
 ' Rochmillon, Mauleon, Franch, and Angolisme  
   ' surpris'd;  
 ' With castles, cities, forts, nor provinces suffic'd.  
 ' Then took the Earl of Leyle: to conduct whom  
   ' there came  
 ' Nine viscounts, lords, and earls, astonish'd at his  
   ' name.

' To Gascoyne then he goes (to plague her, being  
   ' prest)  
 ' And manfully himself of Mirabel posselt;  
 ' Surgeres, and Alnoy, Benoon, and Mortain  
   ' struck:  
 ' And with a fearful siege, he Taleburg lastly took;  
 ' With prosperous success, in lesser time did win  
 ' Maximien, Lusingham, Mount-forrel, and Bo-  
   ' vin; [treasure hold;  
 ' Sackt Poictiers: which did, then, that country's  
 ' That not a man of ours would touch what was  
   ' not gold.  
   ' With whom our (e) Maney here deservedly  
   ' doth stand,  
 ' Which first inventor was of that courageous  
   ' band, [freed,  
 ' Who clos'd their left eyes up; as, never to be  
 ' Till there they had atchiev'd some high adven-  
   ' t'rous deed.  
 ' He first into the press at Cagant conflict flew;  
 ' And from amidst a grove of glaives, and hal-  
   ' berds drew  
 ' Great Derby beaten down; t' amaze the men of  
   ' war, [Lancaster:  
 ' When he for England cry'd, St. George, and  
 ' And as mine author tells (in his high courage  
   ' proud)  
 ' Before his going forth, unto his mistress vow'd,  
 ' He would begin the war: and, to make good the  
   ' same,  
 ' Then setting foot in France, there first with ho-  
   ' stile flame  
 ' Forc'd Mortain, from her towers, the neigh-  
   ' bouring towns to light;  
 ' That suddenly they caught a fever with the  
   ' fright. [made;  
 ' Thin castle (near the town of Cambray) ours he  
 ' And when the Spanish powers came (f) Britain  
   ' to invade,  
 ' Both of their aids and spoils, them utterly bereft.  
 ' This English Lion, there, the Spaniards never left,  
 ' Till from all air of France, he made their Lewis  
   ' fly.  
 ' And fame herself, to him, so amply did apply,  
 ' That when the most unjust Calicians had for-  
   ' thought,  
 ' Into that town (then ours) the Frenchmen to  
   ' have brought,  
 ' The (g) king of England's self, and his renown-  
   ' son [done)  
 ' By those perfidious French to see what would be  
 ' Under his guydon march, as private soldiers  
   ' there. [were;  
   ' So had we still of ours, in France that famous  
 ' Warwick, of England then high-countable that  
   ' was,  
 ' As other of that race, here well I cannot pass;  
 ' That brave and godlike brood of Beauchamp,  
   ' which so long  
 ' Them Earls of Warwick held; so hardy, great,  
   ' and strong,

(e) Sir Walter Maney.

(f) Little Britain in France.

(g) Edward III. and the Black Prince.



' That after of that name it to an adage grew,  
 ' If any man himself advent'rous hapt to shew,  
 ' (b) Bold Beauchamp men him term'd, if none  
   ' so bold as he.  
 ' With those our Beauchamps, may our Bour-  
   ' chers reck'ned be,  
 ' Of which, that valiant lord, most famous in  
   ' those days, [frays :  
 ' That hazarded in France so many dangerous  
 ' Whose blade in all the fights betwixt the French  
   ' and us,  
 ' Like to a blazing star was ever ominous ;  
 ' A man, as if by Mars upon Bellona got.  
 ' Next him, stout Cobham comes, that with as  
   ' prosp'rous lot  
 ' Th' Englishmen hath led ; by whose auspicious  
   ' hand,  
 ' We often have been known the Frenchmen to  
   ' command.  
 ' And Harcourt, though by birth an alien ; yet,  
   ' ours won,  
 ' By England after held her dear adopted son :  
 ' Which oft upon our part was bravely prov'd to  
   ' do,  
 ' Who with the hard'st attempts fame earnestly  
   ' did woo : [stealth  
 ' To Paris-ward, that when the Amyens fled by  
 ' (Within her mighty walls to have inclos'd their  
   ' wealth) [took ;  
 ' Before her bulwark'd gates the burgeses he  
 ' Whilst the Parisians, thence that sadly stood to  
   ' look, [stead,  
 ' And saw their faithful friends so woefully be-  
 ' Not once durst issue out to help them, for their  
   ' head.  
 ' And our John Copland ; here courageously  
   ' at home  
 ' (Whilst every where in France, those far abroad  
   ' do roam)  
 ' That at Newcastle fight (the battle of the queen,  
 ' Where most the English hearts were to their so-  
   ' vereign seen)  
 ' Took David king of Scots, his prisoner in the  
   ' fight, [might :  
 ' Nor could these wars employ our only men of  
 ' But as the queen by these did mighty things  
   ' achieve ;  
 ' So those, to Britain sent the countess to relieve,  
 ' As any yet of ours, two knights as much that  
   ' dar'd,  
 ' Stout Danghorn, and with him strong Hartwel  
   ' honour shar'd ;  
 ' The dreaded Charles de Bloys, that at Rochdar-  
   ' ren beat, [set.  
 ' And on the royal seat, the countess Mountfort  
 ' In each place where they came so fortunate  
   ' were ours,  
 ' Then, Audly, most renowned amongst those  
   ' valiant powers,  
 ' That with the Prince of Wales at conquer'd  
   ' Poitiers fought ;  
 ' Such wonders that in arms before both armies  
   ' wrought ;

' The first that charg'd the French ; and, all tha  
   ' dreadful day,  
 ' Through still renewing worlds of danger made  
   ' his way ;  
 ' The man that scorn'd to take a prisoner (through  
   ' his pride)  
 ' But by plain down-right death the title to de-  
   ' cide.  
 ' And after the retreat that famous battle done,  
 ' Wherein rich spacious France was by the English  
   ' won, [bestow'd  
 ' Five hundred marks in fee, that noblest prince  
 ' For his so brave attempts, through his high  
   ' courage show'd.  
 ' Which to his four Esquires (i) he freely gave,  
   ' who there  
 ' Vy'd valour with their lord ; and in despite  
   ' of fear,  
 ' Oft fetcht that day from death, where wounds  
   ' gap'd wide as hell ;  
 ' And cries, and parting groans, whereas the  
   ' Frenchmen fell, [were,  
 ' Even made the victors grieve, so horrible they  
   ' Our Dabridgcourt the next shall be remem-  
   ' bred here, [horse,  
 ' At Poitiers who brake in upon the Alman  
 ' Through his too forward speed : but, taken by  
   ' their force,  
 ' And after, by the turn of that so doubtful fight,  
 ' Being rescu'd by his friends in Poitiers' fearful  
   ' fight,  
 ' Then like a lion rang'd about th' enemy's host :  
 ' And where he might suppose the danger to be  
   ' most, [dismay,  
 ' Like lightning entred there, to his French foes  
 ' To gratify his friends which rescued him that  
   ' day.  
 ' Then Chandos : whose great deeds sound'd  
   ' fame so much to do,  
 ' That she was lastly forc'd, him for her ease to  
   ' woo ; [shone  
 ' That minion of dread Mars, which almost over-  
 ' All thoe before him were, and for him none  
   ' scarce known, [won ;  
 ' At Cambray's scaled wall his credit first that  
 ' And by the high exploits in France by him were  
   ' done,  
 ' Had all so over-aw'd, that by his very name  
 ' He could remove a siege ; and cities where he  
   ' came  
 ' Would at his summons yield. That man, the  
   ' most belov'd,  
 ' In all the ways of war so skilful and approv'd,  
 ' The (4) Prince at Poitiers chose his person to  
   ' assist.  
 ' This stout Herculean stem, this noble martialist,  
 ' In battle 'twixt brave Bloys and noble Mount-  
   ' fort, try'd  
 ' At Array, then the right of Britain to decide,  
 ' Rag'd like a furious storm beyond the power of  
   ' man, [English wat  
 ' Where valiant Charles was slain, and the stern

(b) Bold Beau-champ ; a proverb.

(i) The honourable bounty of the Lord Audley.

(4) The Black Prince.



- ' The royal British rule to Mountfort's nobler  
   ' name.  
 ' He took strong Tarryers in, and Anjou oft did  
   ' tame.  
 ' Gavaches he regain'd, and us Rochmador got.  
 ' Where-ever lay'd he siege that he invested not ?  
   ' As this brave warrior was, so no less dear to  
   ' us,  
 ' The rival in his fame, his only æmulus,  
 ' Renown'd Sir Robert Knowles, that in his glo-  
   ' ries shar'd,  
 ' His chivalry and oft in present perils dar'd ;  
 ' As nature should with time, at once by these  
   ' consent [spent.  
 ' To show, that all their store they idly had not  
 ' He Vermandoise o'er-ran with skill and courage  
   ' high ;  
 ' Notoriously he plagu'd revolting Picardy :  
 ' That up to Paris walls did all before him win,  
 ' And dar'd her at her gates (the king that time  
   ' within)  
 ' A man that all his deeds did dedicate to fame.  
 ' Then those stout Percyes, John, and Thomas,  
   ' men of name.  
 ' The valiant Gourney, next, deservedly we grace,  
 ' And Howet, that with him assumes as high a  
   ' place.  
 ' Strong Trivet, all whose ends at great adven-  
   ' tures shot : [lot,  
 ' That conquer'd us Mount Pin, and castle Carci-  
 ' As famous in the French, as in the Belgic war ;  
 ' Who took the Lord Brimewe; and with the  
   ' great Navarre,  
 ' In Papaloon, attain'd an everlasting praise.  
   ' Courageous Carill next, than whom those glo-  
   ' rious days  
 ' Produc'd not any spirit that through more dan-  
   ' gers swam.  
   ' That princely Thomas next, the Earl of Buck-  
   ' ingham,  
 ' To Brittany through France that our stout En-  
   ' glish brought,  
 ' Which under his command with such high for-  
   ' tune fought  
 ' As put the world in fear Rome from her cin-  
   ' ders rose.  
 ' And of this earth again meant only to dispose.  
   ' Thrice valiant Hackwood then, out-shining all  
   ' the rest,  
 ' From London at the first a poor mean soldier  
   ' prest  
 ' (That time but very young) to those great wars  
   ' in France,  
 ' By his brave service there himself did so ad-  
   ' vance, [done  
 ' That afterward, the heat of those great battles  
 ' (In which he to his name immortal glory won)  
 ' Leading six thousand horse, let his brave guy-  
   ' don fly.  
 ' So, passing through east France, and ent'ring  
   ' Lombardy,  
 ' By th' greatness of his fame, attain'd so high  
   ' command,  
 ' That to his charge he got the white Italian  
   ' hand,  
 ' With (l) Mountferato then in all his wars he  
   ' went :  
 ' Whose clear report abroad by fames shrill trum-  
   ' pet sent,  
 ' Wrought, that with rich rewards him Milan  
   ' after won, [gun ;  
 ' To aid her, in her wars with Mantua then be-  
 ' By (m) Barnaby, there made the Milanese  
   ' guide :  
 ' His daughter, who, to him, fair Domina, affy'd.  
 ' For Gregory then the twelfth, he dangerous  
   ' battles stroke,  
 ' And with a noble siege revolted Pavia took.  
 ' And there, as fortune rose, or as she did decline,  
 ' Now with the Pisan serv'd, then with the Flo-  
   ' rentine :  
 ' The use of th' English bows to Italy that  
   ' brought ;  
 ' By which he, in those wars, seem'd wonders to  
   ' have wrought.  
   ' Our Henry Hotspur next, for high achieve-  
   ' ment meet,  
 ' Who with the thundering noise of his swift  
   ' coursers feet,  
 ' Aston'd the earth, that day, that he in Holm-  
   ' don's strife  
 ' Took Douglas, with the Earls of Angus, and of  
   ' Fyfe.  
 ' And whilst those hardy Scots, upon the firm  
   ' earth bled,  
 ' With his revengeful sword swicht after them  
   ' that fled.  
   ' Then Calverly, which keeps us Calais with  
   ' such skill, [fill :  
 ' His honour'd room shall have our catalogue to  
 ' Who, when th' rebellious French, their liberty  
   ' to gain,  
 ' From us our ancient right unjustly did detain  
 ' (T' let Bullen understand our just conceived ire)  
 ' Her suburbs, and her ships, sent up to heaven in  
   ' fire ;  
 ' Estaples then toke in that day she held her fair,  
 ' Whose merchandise he let his soldiers freely  
   ' share ;  
 ' And got us back Saint Marks, which loosely we  
   ' had lost. [most.  
   ' Amongst these famous men, of us deserving  
 ' In these of great'st report, we gloriously prefer,  
 ' For that his naval fight, John Duke of Exeter ;  
 ' The puissant fleet of Jean (which France to her  
   ' did call)  
 ' Who mercilessly sunk, and slew her admiral.  
   ' And one, for single fight, amongst our mar-  
   ' tial men,  
 ' Deserves remembrance here as worthily again ;  
 ' Our Clifford, that brave, young, and most cou-  
   ' rageous squire :  
 ' Who thoroughly provok'd, and in a great desire  
 ' Unto the English name a high report to win,  
 ' Slew Bockmel hand to hand at castle Jocelin,  
 ' Suppos'd the noblest spirit that France could  
   ' then produce. [musk.  
   ' Now, forward to thy task proceed, industrious

(l) The Marquis of Montferato.

(m) Brother to Galeazzo, Viscount of Milan.



' To him, above them all, our power that did ad-  
   ' vance ;  
 ' John Duke of Bedford, styl'd the fire-brand to  
   ' sad France : [sent,  
 ' Who to remove the foe from sieged Harflew,  
 ' Affrighted them like death ; and as at sea he  
   ' went,  
 ' The huge French navy fir'd, when horrid Nep-  
   ' tune roar'd,  
 ' The whilst those mighty ships out of their scup-  
   ' pers pour'd [face.  
 ' Their trayterous cluttred gore upon his wrinkled  
 ' He took strong Ivery in : and like his kingly  
   ' race,  
 ' There down before Vernoyle the English stand-  
   ' ard stuck : [luck,  
 ' And having on his helm his conquering brother's  
 ' Alanson on the field and doughty Douglass laid,  
 ' Which brought the Scottish power unto the  
   ' Dauphin's aid ;  
 ' And with his fatal sword, gave France her fill  
   ' of death,  
 ' Till wearied with her wounds, she gasping lay  
   ' for breath. [abet,  
 ' Then, as if powerful heaven our part did there  
 ' Still did one noble spirit, a noble spirit beget.  
 ' So, Salisbury arose ; from whom, as from a  
   ' source [force.  
 ' All valour seem'd to flow, and to maintain her  
 ' From whom not all their forts could hold our  
   ' treacherous foes. [lose.  
 ' Pontmelance he regain'd, which ours before did  
 ' Against the envious French, at Cravant then  
   ' came on ;  
 ' As sometime at the siege of high-rear'd Ilion,  
 ' The gods descending, mix'd with mortals in the  
   ' fight : [might,  
 ' And in his leading, show'd such valour and such  
 ' As though his hand had held a more than earth-  
   ' ly power ;  
 ' Took Stuart in the field, and general Vantadour,  
 ' The French and Scottish force that day, which  
   ' bravely led ; [fled.  
 ' Where few at all escap'd, and yet the wounded  
 ' Mount Aguilon, and Mouns, great Salisbury  
   ' surpris'd :  
 ' ¶ What time (I think in hell) that (p) instru-  
   ' ment devis'd,  
 ' The first appeared in France, as a prodigious  
   ' birth  
 ' To plague the wretched world, sent from the  
   ' envious earth ;  
 ' Whose very roaring seem'd the mighty round  
   ' to shake,  
 ' As though of all again it would a chaos make.  
 ' This famous general then got Gwerland to our  
   ' use,  
 ' And Malicorne made our's, with Loupland, and  
   ' La Suise, [Lyle,  
 ' St. Bernard's Fort, St. Kales, St. Susan, Mayou,  
 ' The Hermitage, Mountseure, Baugency, and  
   ' Yanvile.

¶) Great ordnance.

' Then he (in all her shapes that dreadful war  
   ' had seen,  
 ' And that with danger oft so conversant had been,  
 ' As for her threats at last he seem'd not once to  
   ' care,  
 ' And fortune to her face advent'rously durst dare)  
 ' The Earl of Suffolk, Poole, the marshal that  
   ' great day  
 ' At Agincourt, where France before us prostrate  
   ' lay  
 ' (Our battles every where that Hector-like sup-  
   ' ply'd,  
 ' And march'd o'er murder'd piles of French-  
   ' men as they dy'd)  
 ' Invested Aubemerle, rich Cowcy making our's,  
 ' And at the Bishop's Park o'erthrew the dau-  
   ' phin's powers.  
 ' Through whose long time in war, his credit so  
   ' increas'd,  
 ' That he supply'd the room of Salisbury deceas'd.  
   ' In this our warlike rank, the two stout Af-  
   ' tons then,  
 ' Sir Richard and Sir John, so truly valiant men,  
 ' That ages yet to come shall hardly over-top 'em,  
 ' Umfrevil, Peachy, Franch, Montgomery, Felton,  
   ' Popham.  
 ' All men of great command, and highly that de-  
   ' serv'd :  
 ' Courageous Ramston next, so faithfully that  
   ' serv'd  
 ' At Paris, and St. James de Beneon, where we  
   ' gave,  
 ' The French those deadly foils, that ages since  
   ' deprave  
 ' The credit of those times, with these so won-  
   ' d'rous things,  
   ' The memory of which, great Warwick for-  
   ' ward brings.  
 ' Who (as though in his blood he conquest did  
   ' inherit,  
 ' Or in the very name there were some secret spirit)  
 ' Being chosen for these wars in our great re-  
   ' gent's place  
 ' (A deadly foe to France, like his brave Ro-  
   ' man race)  
 ' The castilets of Loyre, of Maiet, and of Lund,  
 ' Mountdublian, and the strong Pountorson beat  
   ' to ground.  
 ' Then he, above them all, himself that fought  
   ' to raise,  
 ' Upon some mountain top, like a Piramides ;  
 ' Our Talbot, to the French so terrible in war,  
 ' That with his very name their babes they us'd  
   ' to fear,  
 ' Took in the strong Lavall, and Main all over ran,  
 ' As the betrayed Mons he from the marshal wan,  
 ' And from the treacherous foe our valiant suf-  
   ' folk freed.  
 ' His sharp and dreadful sword made France so  
   ' oft to bleed,  
 ' Till fainting with her wounds, she on her wreck  
   ' did fall ;  
 ' Took Ioling, where he hung her traitors on the  
   ' wall ;



And with as fair success won Beaumont upon  
 ' Oyse,  
 ' The new town in Esmoy, and Crispin in Valloies:  
 ' Creile, with St. Maxine's-Bridge; and at Au-  
 ' ranche's aid,  
 ' Before whose batter'd walls the foe was strong-  
 ' ly laid,  
 ' March'd in, as of the siege at all he had not  
 ' known;  
 ' And happily reliev'd the hardly-gotten Roan:  
 ' Who at the very hint came with auspicious feet,  
 ' Whereas the traiterous French he miserably beat.  
 ' And having overspread all Picardy with war,  
 ' Proud Burgaine to the field he lastly sent to dare,  
 ' Which with his English friends so oft his faith  
 ' had broke:  
 ' Whose countries he made mourn in clouds of  
 ' smouldring smoak:  
 ' Then Guyfors he again, then did St. Denis raze:  
 ' His parallel, with him, the valiant Scales we  
 ' praise;  
 ' Which oft put sword to sword, and foot to foot  
 ' did set:  
 ' And that the first alone the garland might not get,  
 ' With him hath hand in hand leap'd into dan-  
 ' ger's jaws;  
 ' And oft would forward put, where Talbot stood  
 ' to pause;  
 ' Equality in fame, which with an equal lot,  
 ' Both at St. Denis' siege, and batter'd Guyfors got.  
 ' Before Pont-Orson's walls, who, when great  
 ' Warwick lay  
 ' (And he with soldiers sent a foraging for prey)  
 ' Six thousand French o'erthrew with half their  
 ' numbred powers,  
 ' And absolutely made both Main and Anjou ours.  
 ' To Willoughby the next, the place by turn  
 ' doth fall; [all:  
 ' Whose courage likely was to bear it from them  
 ' With admiration oft on whom they stood to  
 ' look,  
 ' St. Vallery's proud gates that off the hinges  
 ' shook:  
 ' In Burgundy that forc'd the recreant French to  
 ' fly, [dy:  
 ' And beat the rebels down disordering Norman-  
 ' That Amiens near laid waste (whose strengths  
 ' her could not save)  
 ' And the perfidious French out of the country  
 ' drave.  
 ' With these, another troop of noble spirits  
 ' there sprung,  
 ' That with the foremost prest into the warlike  
 ' throng.  
 ' The first of whom we place that stout Sir Phi-  
 ' lip Hall,  
 ' So famous in the fight against the Count St. Paul,  
 ' That Crotoy us regain'd: and in the conflict  
 ' 'twixt  
 ' The English and the French, that with the Scot  
 ' were mix'd,  
 ' On proud Charles Clermont won that admira-  
 ' ble day.  
 ' Strong Fastolph with this man compare we  
 ' justly may,

' By Salisbury who oft being seriously employ'd  
 ' In many a brave attempt, the general foe an-  
 ' noy'd:  
 ' With excellent success in Main and Anjou fought:  
 ' And many a bulwark there into our keeping  
 ' brought;  
 ' And chosen to go forth with Vadamont in war,  
 ' Most resolutely took proud Renate duke of Barre.  
 ' The valiant Draytons then, Sir Richard and  
 ' Sir John,  
 ' By any English spirits yet hardly overgone;  
 ' The fame they got in France, with costly wounds  
 ' that bought: [fought.  
 ' In Gascony and Guyne, who oft and stoutly  
 ' Then, valiant Matthew Gough: for whom  
 ' the English were  
 ' Much bound to noble Wales in all our battles  
 ' there,  
 ' Or sieging or besieg'd that never fail'd our force,  
 ' Oft hazarding his blood in many a desperate  
 ' course.  
 ' He beat the Bastard Balmew with his selected band,  
 ' And at his castle-gate surpriz'd him hand to  
 ' hand,  
 ' And spight of all his power away him prisoner  
 ' bare.  
 ' Our hardy Burdet then with him we will  
 ' compare,  
 ' Besieg'd within St. James de Beneon, issuing out,  
 ' Crying Salisbury, St. George, with such a horrid  
 ' shout,  
 ' That cleft the wand'ring clouds; and with his  
 ' valiant crew  
 ' Upon the envied French like hungry lions flew,  
 ' And Arthur Earl of Eure and Richmond took  
 ' in fight:  
 ' Then following them (in heat) the army put  
 ' to flight:  
 ' The Briton, French, and Scot, receiv'd a gene-  
 ' ral sack,  
 ' As, flying, one fell still upon another's back;  
 ' Where our six hundred slew so many thousands  
 ' more.  
 ' At our so good success, that once a Frenchman  
 ' swore [side,  
 ' That God was wholly turn'd unto the English  
 ' And to assist the French the Devil had deny'd.  
 ' Then here our Kerril claims his room amongst  
 ' the rest, [best.  
 ' Who justly, if compar'd, might match our very  
 ' He in our wars in France with our great Tal-  
 ' bot oft,  
 ' With Willoughby and Scales, now down, and  
 ' then aloft,  
 ' Endur'd the sundry turns of often varying fate;  
 ' At Clermont seiz'd the earl before his city gate,  
 ' Eight hundred faithless French who took or put  
 ' to sword;  
 ' And, by his valour, twice to Artois us restor'd.  
 ' In this our service then great Arondel doth  
 ' ensue,  
 ' The marshal Boufack who in Beauvoys overthrew;  
 ' And in despite of France and all her power,  
 ' did win [his;  
 ' The castles Darle, Nellay, St. Lawrence, Bome-



• Took Silly, and Count Lore at Sellerin subdu'd,  
 • Where with her owner's blood, her buildings he  
   ' imbru'd :  
 • Revolted Loveers sack'd, and manfully suppress'd  
 • Those rebels that so oft did Normandy molest.  
   • As Poyninge, such high praise in Guelder-  
   ' land that got,  
 • On the Savoyan side, that with our English shot  
 • Struck warlike Aisk, and Straule, when Flanders  
   ' shook with fear.  
   • As Howard, by whose hand we so renowned  
   ' were :  
 • Whose great success at sea, much fam'd our  
   ' English fleet :  
 • That in a naval fight the Scottish Barton beat;  
 • And setting foot in France, her horribly did  
   ' fright :  
 • (As if great Chandos' ghost, or scared Talbot's  
   ' sp'rit  
 • Had come to be their scourge, their fame again  
   ' to earn)  
 • Who having stoutly sack'd both Narbin and De-  
   ' verne,  
 • The castles of De Boyes, of Fringes, took us there,  
 • Of Columburge, of Rew, of Dorlans, and Da-  
   ' veere ;  
 • In Scotland, and again the marches east to west,  
 • Did with invasive war most terribly infect.  
   • A nobler of that name, the Earl of Surry then,  
 • That famous heroe fit both for the spear and pen  
 • (From Flodden's doubtful fight, that forward  
   ' Scottish king  
 • In his victorious troop who home with him  
   ' did bring)  
 • Rebellious Ireland scourg'd, in Britany and wan  
 • Us Morles. Happy time that breed't so brave  
   ' a man !  
   • To Cobham, next, the place deservedly doth  
   ' fall : [miral,  
 • In France who then employed with our great ad-  
 • In his successful road blew Sellois up in fire,  
 • Took Bottingham and Bruce, with Samkerke  
   ' and Mansier.  
 • Our Peachy, nor our Carre, nor Thomas, shall  
   ' be hid,  
 • That at the field of Spurres by Tirwyn stoutly  
   ' did.  
 • Sands, Guyldford, Palmer, Lyle, Fitzwilliams  
   ' and with them,  
 • Brave Dacres, Musgrave, Bray, Coc, Wharton,  
   ' Jerningham,  
 • Great martialists, and men that were renowned far  
 • At sea ; some in the French, some in the Scot-  
   ' tish war.  
   • Courageous Randolph then, that serv'd with  
   great command,  
 • Before Newhaven first, and then in Ireland.  
 • The long-renown'd Lord Gray, whose spirit we  
   ' oft did try ;  
 • A man that with dread Mars stood in account  
   ' most high.  
 • Sir Thomas Morgan then, much fame to us  
   ' that wan, [gan :  
 • When in our midde reign the Belgic war be-

• Who with our friends the Dutch, for England  
   ' stoutly stood,  
 • When Netherland first learn'd to lavish gold  
   ' and blood.  
 • Sir Roger Williams next (of both which Wales  
   ' might vaunt)  
 • His martial compeer then, and brave commili-  
   ' tant :  
 • Whose conflicts, with the French and Spanish  
   ' manly fought,  
 • Much honour to their names, and to the Britons  
   ' brought.  
   • Th' Lord Willoughby may well be reckon'd  
   ' with the rest,  
 • Inferior not a whit to any of our best ;  
 • A man so made for war, as though from Pal-  
   ' las sprung.  
 • Sir Richard Bingham then our valiant men among,  
 • Himself in Belgia well, and Ireland, who did  
   ' bear ;  
 • Our only schools of war this later time that were.  
 • As Stanly, whose brave act at Zurphen's service  
   ' done, [won.  
 • Much glory to the day, and him his knighthood  
   ' Our noblest Norris next, whose fame shall ne-  
   ' ver die [tany :  
 • Whilst Belgia shall be known ; or there's a Bri-  
 • In whose brave height of spirit, time seem'd as  
   ' to restore  
 • These, who to th' English name such honour  
   ' gain'd of yore.  
   • Great Essex of our peers the last that e'er we  
   ' knew ; [new ;  
 • Th' old world's heroes lives who likeli'st did re-  
 • The soldier's only hope, who stoutly serv'd in  
   ' France ; [vance  
 • And on the towers of Calais as proudly did ad-  
 • Our English ensigns then, and made Iberia quake.  
 • When as our warlike fleet rode on the surging  
   ' lake,  
 • T' receive that city's spoil, which set her bat-  
   ' ter'd gate  
 • Wide ope, t' affrighted Spain to see her wretch-  
   ' ed state.  
   • Next, Charles, Lord Mountjoy, sent to Ire-  
   ' land to suppress  
 • The envious rebel there ; by whose most fair  
   ' success,  
 • The trowzed Irish led by their unjust Tyrone,  
 • And the proud Spanish force were justly over-  
   ' thrown.  
 • That still Kingsale shall keep and faithful record  
   ' bear,  
 • What by the English prowess was executed there.  
   • Then liv'd those valiant Veres, both men of  
   ' great command  
 • In our employments long : whose either martial  
   ' hand  
 • Reach'd at the highest wreath, it from the top  
   ' to get. [set.  
 • Which on the proudest head, same yet had ever  
   ' Our Dokwray, Morgan next, Sir Samuel Bag-  
   ' nall, then [pen ;  
 • Stout Lambert, such as well deserve a living



' True martialists, and knights, of noble spirit  
 ' and wit. [fit,  
 ' The valiant Cecil last, for great employment  
 ' Deservedly in war the lat'st of ours that rose :  
 ' Whose honour every hour, and same still great-  
 ' er grows. [her song,  
 When now the Kentish nymphs do interrupt  
 By letting Medway know she tarried had too long  
 Upon this warlike troop, and all upon them laid,  
 Yet for their nobler Kent she nought or little said.  
 When as the pliant muse, straight turning her  
 about,  
 And coming to the land as Medway goeth out,  
 Saluting the dear soil, ' O famous Kent, quoth she,  
 ' What country hath this isle that can compare  
 ' with thee, [wish ?  
 ' Which hast within thyself as much as thou canst  
 ' Thy conies, ven'son, fruit, thy sorts of fowl and  
 ' fish :  
 ' As what with strength comports, thy hay, thy  
 ' corn, thy wood :  
 ' Nor any thing doth want, that any where is good.  
 ' Where Thames-ward to the shore, which shoots  
 ' upon the rise,  
 ' Rich Tenham undertakes thy closets to suffice  
 ' With cherries, which we say, the summer in  
 ' doth bring,  
 ' Where with Pomona crowns the plump and  
 ' lustful spring ;  
 ' From whose deep ruddy cheek, sweet Zephyr  
 ' kisses steals,  
 ' With their delicious touch his love-sick heart  
 ' that heals.  
 ' Whose golden gardens seem th' Hesperides to  
 ' mock : [cock,  
 ' Nor there the damson wants, nor dainty apr-  
 ' Nor pippin, which we hold of kernel-fruits the  
 ' king,  
 ' The apple-orange ; then the savoury ruffettan :  
 ' The pear-main, which to France long e'er to us  
 ' was known, [own.  
 ' Which careful fruit'ers now have denizen'd our  
 ' The renat : which though first it from the pip-  
 ' pin came,  
 ' Grown through his pureness nice, assumes that  
 ' curious name,  
 ' Upon the pippin stock, the pippin being set ;  
 ' As on the gentle, when the gentle doth beget  
 ' (Both by the sire and dame being anciently de-  
 ' scended [amended.  
 ' The issue born of them, his blood hath much  
 ' The sweeting, for whose sake the plowboys oft  
 ' make war : [water,  
 ' The wilding, costard, then the well-known pom-  
 ' And sundry other fruits, of good, yet several  
 ' taste,  
 ' That have their sundry names in sundry coun-  
 ' tries plac'd :  
 ' Unto whose dear increase the gardner spends  
 ' his life,  
 ' With piercer, wimble, saw ; his mallet, and his  
 ' knife ; [root,  
 ' Oft covereth, oft doth bare the dry and moist'ned  
 ' As faintly they mislike, or as they kindly sute :

' And their selected plants doth workman-like  
 ' bestow,  
 ' That in true order they conveniently may grow.  
 ' And kills the slimy snail, the worm, and labour.  
 ' ing ant, [plant :  
 ' Which many times annoy the graft and tender  
 ' Or else maintains the plot much starved with  
 ' the wet,  
 ' Wherein his daintiest fruits in kernels he doth set :  
 ' Or scrapeth off the moss, the trees that oft annoy.  
 But with these trifling things why idly do I toy,  
 Who any way the time intend not to prolong ?  
 To those Thamisian isles now nimbly turns my  
 song,  
 Fair Shepey and the Greane sufficiently supply'd,  
 To beautify the place where Medway shews her  
 pride.  
 But Greane seems most of all the Medway to  
 adore, [shore,  
 And Tenet standing forth to the (g) Rhutupian  
 shore,  
 By mighty Albion plac'd till his return again  
 From Gaul ; where after he by Hercules was slain.  
 For earth-born Albion then, then Great Neptune's  
 eldest son,  
 Ambitious of the fame by stern Alcides won,  
 Would over (needs) to Gaul, with him to hazard  
 fight, [might ;  
 Twelve labours which before accomplish'd by his  
 His daughters then but young (on whom was all  
 his care)  
 Which Doris, Thetis' nymph, unto the giant bare :  
 With whom those isles he left ; and will'd her for  
 his sake,  
 That in their grandfire's court she much of them  
 would make :  
 But Tenet, th' eld'st of three, when Albion was  
 to go,  
 Which lov'd her father best, and loth to leave  
 him so,  
 There at the giant raught : which was perceiv'd  
 by chance : [France ;  
 This loving isle would else have followed him to  
 To make the channel wide that then he forced  
 was, [pass  
 } Whereas (some say) before he us'd on foot to  
 Thus Tenet being stay'd, and surely settled  
 there, [bear,  
 Who nothing less than want and idleness could  
 Doth only give herself to tillage of the ground.  
 With sundry sorts of grain whilst thus she doth  
 abound,  
 She falls in love with Stour, which coming down  
 ' by Wye, [ply.  
 And towards the goodly isle, his feet doth nimbly  
 To Canterbury then as kindly he resorts,  
 His famous country thus he gloriously reports ;  
 ' O noble Kent, quoth he, this praise doth thee  
 ' belong, [wrong.  
 ' The hard'st to be controul'd, impatientest of  
 ' Who, when the Norman first with pride and  
 ' horror sway'd, [laid ;  
 ' Threw'st off the servile yoke upon the English

(g) Near Sandwich.



And with a high resolve, most bravely didst  
 ' restore  
 That liberty so long enjoy'd by thee before.  
 § Not suff'ring foreign laws should thy free cus-  
 ' toms bind, [kind.  
 Then only shew'd'st thyself of th' ancient Saxon  
 Of all th' English shires be thou surnam'd the  
 ' Free,  
 § And foremost ever plac'd, when they shall  
 ' reck'ned be.  
 And let this town, which chief of thy rich coun-  
 ' try is,  
 Of all the British sees be still Metropoli.  
 Which having said, the Stour to Tenet him  
 doth hie,  
 Her in his loving arms embracing by and by,  
 Into the mouth of Thames one arm that forth doth  
 lay,  
 The other thrusting out into the Celtic sea.  
 § Grim Goodwin all this while seems grievously  
 to lowre,  
 Nor cares he of a straw for Tenet, nor her Stour;  
 Still bearing in his mind a mortal hate to France  
 Since mighty Albion's fall by war's uncertain  
 chance.  
 Who, since his wish'd revenge not all this while  
 is had,  
 'Twixt very grief and rage is fall'n extremely mad;  
 That when the rolling tide doth stir him with  
 her waves,  
 Straight foaming at the mouth, impatiently he  
 raves,

And strives to swallow up the sea-marks in his  
 deep, [keep.  
 That warn the wand'ring ships out of his jaws to  
 The surgeons of the sea do all their skill apply,  
 If possibly, to cure his grievous malady:  
 As Amphitrite's nymphs their very utmost prove,  
 By all the means they could, his madness to re-  
 move.  
 From Greenwich to these sands, some scurvy-  
 grafs do bring, [thing.  
 That inwardly apply'd's a wond'rous sovereign  
 From Shepey, sea-moss some, to cool his boiling  
 blood;  
 Some, his ill-season'd mouth that wisely understood,  
 Rob Dover's neighbouring cleaves of sampyre, to  
 excite  
 His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite.  
 Now, Shepey, when she found she could no  
 farther wade  
 After her mighty fire, betakes her to his trade,  
 With sheep-hook in her hand, her goodly flocks to  
 heed,  
 And cherisheth the kind of those choice Kentish  
 breed.  
 Of villages she holds as husbandly a port,  
 As any British isle that neighboureth Neptune's  
 court.  
 But Greane, as much as she her father that did  
 love [move)  
 (And, then the inner land, no farther could re-  
 In such continual grief for Albion doth abide,  
 That almost understood she weepeth every tide,

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

Out of Suffex, into its eastern neighbour, Kent,  
 this canto leads you. It begins with Rother,  
 whose running through the woods, in insliding  
 Ousey, and such like; poetically here described is  
 plain enough to any apprehending conceit; and  
 upon Medway's song of our martial and heroic  
 spirits, because a large volume might be written to  
 explain their glory in particular action, and in less  
 comprehension, without wrong to many worthies  
 it is not performable, I have omitted all illustration  
 of that kind, and left you to the muse herself.

That Limen then was named.—

So the author conjectures; that Rother's mouth  
 was the place called Limen, at which the Danes  
 in the time of King Alfred made irruption;  
 which he must (I think) maintain by adding like-

lihood that Rother then fell into the ocean about  
 Hith; where (as the relics of the name in Lime,  
 and the distance from Canterbury in Antoninus,  
 making (a) Portus Lemani, which is misprinted  
 in Surata's edition, Pontem Lemani, sixteen miles  
 off) it seems Limen, then also, there was it dis-  
 charged out of the land. But for the author's  
 words read this; *Equestris Paganorum exercitus cum*  
*suis equis CCL. navibus Cantiam transvectus in Ostio*  
*Amnis Limen qui de sylva magna Andred nominatus*  
*decurrit, applicuit, à cujus ostio llll. milliariis in eandem*  
*sylvam naves suas sursum traxit, ubi quandam arcem*  
*semistructam, quam pauci inhabitabant villani, diruerunt,*  
*aliamque sibi firmiorem in loco qui dicitur Apultrea con-*  
*struxerunt,* which are the syllables of Florence of  
 Worcester; and with him in substance fully agrees  
 Matthew of Westminster; nor can I think but

(a) Lemani in novt. utr. provinc.



that they imagined Rye (where now Rother hath its mouth) to be this port of Limen, as the muse here; if you respect her direct terms. Henry of Huntingdom names no river at all, but lands them *ad portum Limene cum 250 navibus qui portus est in Orientali parte Cnet juxta magnum nemus Andredsaige*. How Rother's mouth can be properly said in the east (but rather in the south part) of Kent, I conceive not, and am of the adverse part, thinking clearly that Hith must be Portus Lemanis, which is that coast, as also learned Camden teaches, whose authority cited out of Huntingdon, being near the same time with Florence might be perhaps thought but as of equal credit; therefore I call another witness that (b) lived not much past L. years after his arrival) in these words: *In Limno portu constituent puppes, Apoldre*, (so I read, for the print is corrupted) *lwo condito Orientali Cantie parte, destruuntque ibi prisco opere castrum propter quod rustica manus exigua quippe intrinsecus erat, illisque biberna castra confirmant*. Out of which you note both that no river, but a port only, is spoken of, and that the ships were left in the shore at the haven, and thence the Danes conveyed their companies to Appledore. The words of this Ethelred I respect much more than the later stories, and I would advise my reader to incline so with me.

*What time I think in bell that instrument devised.*

He means a gun; wherewith that most noble and right martial Thomas Montague Earl of Salisbury at the siege of Orleans in the time of Henry VI. was slain. The first inventor of them (I guess you dislike not the addition) was one (c) Berthold Swartz (others say Constantius Anklitzen a Dutch monk and chymist) who having in a mortar, sulphurous powder for medicine, covered with a stone, a spark of fire by chance falling into it, fired it, and the flame removed the stone; which he observing, made use afterwards of the like in little pipes of iron, and shewed the use to the Venetians in their war with the Genoese at Chioggia about 1380. Thus is the common assertion: but I see as good (d) authority, that it was used above twenty years before in the Danish seas. I will not dispute the conveniency of it in the world, compare it with Salmonius's imitation of thunder, Archimedes's engines, and such like; nor tell you that the Chinese had it, and printing, so many ages before us, as Mendoza Maffey and others deliver; but not with persuading credit to all their readers.

*Whereas some say before he used on foot to pass.*

The allusion is to Britain's being heretofore joined to Gaul in this straight betwixt Dover and

Calais (some thirty miles over) as some have conjectured. That learned anti Twine is very confident in it, and derives name from *Britb*, signifying (as he says) as *Duib*, i. e. a separation in Welsh, w (e) Isle of Wight was so called; Guith as being soon made of each other. Of this is the late Verstegan, as you may read and for examination of it, our great light quity Camden hath proposed divers conjectures, in which, experience of particular direct. Howsoever this was in truth, likely, for ought I see, as that Cyprus joined to Syria, Eubœa (now Negropontotia, Atalante to Eubœa, Belbicum to Leucosia to Thrace, as is (f) affirmed; a (whose like our island is) was certainly broken from the continent of Italy, as both Vopresly, Strabo and Pliny deliver; and names of Rhegium, (g) *wrâpa* vè "Peyon of the self Sicily; which rather than from I derive from (b) *Sicilire*, which is of the signification and nearer in analogy: it calls the isle

———— *Diducta Britannia Munda;*

and Virgil hath

———— *Toto divisas orbe Britannas.*

Where Servius is of opinion, that, for purpose, the learned poet used that phrase. deserves inquisition, how beasts of rapine, and such like, came first into this island England and Wales, as now Scotland and had store of wolves, until some three years since) if it were not joined to a firm that either by like conjunction, or narrow of swimming, might receive them from the continent where the ark rested, which is A That men desired to transport them, is not and a learned (i) Jesuit hath conjectured, West-Indies are therefore, or have been with firm land, because they have lions, panthers, and such like, which in the Br Cuba, Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and c mote isles, are not found. But no place dispute the question.

*Not suffering foreign laws should thy friends bind.*

To explain it, I thus English you a f of an old (k) monk: "When the Norm queror had the day, he came to Dover " that he might with the same subdue Ki " wherefore, Stigand archbishop, and Eg

(b) Ethelwerd. lib. 4. cap. 4.

(c) v. Polyd. de Invent. rer. 7. cap. 3. & Salmonuth. ad G. Panciroll. 2. tit. 18.

(d) Achilles Gassar. ap. Munst. Cosmog. 3.

(e) Sam. Beulan. ad Nennium.

(f) Plin. hist. Nat. 2. cap. 88.

(g) From breaking off. Trog. hist. 4. &

(b) Varr. de re rustic 1. cap. 49.

(i) Joseph. Acost. de natur. novi orbi 20 & 21.

(k) Tho. Spotus ap. Lamb. in explic. 1



is the chief of that shire, observing that whereas heretofore no villains" (*the Latin : fuerat serous, and applying it to our law- ! translate it*) " had been in England, they l be now all in bondage to the Nor- they assembled all the county, and shew- : imminent dangers, the insolence of the ana, and the hard condition of Villainage : , resolving all rather to die than lose their um, purpose to encounter with the duke eir country's liberty. Their captains are chbishop and abbot. Upon an appointed ey meet all at Swanescomb, and harbour- themselves in the woods, with boughs in man's hand, they incompass his way. ext day, the duke coming by Swanescomb, d to see with amazement, as it were, a approaching towards him; the Kentish t the sound of a trumpet, take themselves is, when presently the archbishop and ab- re sent to the duke, and saluted him with words : Behold, sir duke, the Kentish ome to meet you, willing to receive you ir liege lord, upon that condition, that nay for ever enjoy their ancient liberties ws used among their ancestors; other- resently offering war; being ready rather ; than undergo a yoke of bondage, and eir ancient laws. The Norman in this v pinch, not so willingly, as wisely, granted fire; and hostages given on both sides, the h men direct the Normans to Rochester, liver them the county and the castle of ." Hither is commonly referred the re- f ancient liberties in Kent. Indeed it is that special customs they have in their id (although now many of their gentle- fessions (*l*) are altered in that part) *suf- felony, without forfeiture* of estate, and , as in particular, with many other dili- tions you have in Lambard's perambu- ret the report of Thomas Spot, is not, , of clear credit, as well by reason that ut of the historians about the conquest t (and this monk lived under Ed. I.) as is commixture of a fauxete about vil- saying it was not in England before that ick is apparently false by divers testi-

monies. (*m*) *Gif weorn* (says King Ines's laws) *xyrce on Sunnan dag. be his Hlofordes bæst sy befreo;* and, under Edward the Confessor, *Thorold of Beau- chenale* grants to the abbey of Crowland his man- nor of Spalding, with all the apurtenances, *scilicet Colgrinum prepositum meum, & totam sequelam suam, cum omnibus bonis & catallis, quæ habet in dicta villa, &c. Item Hardingum fabrum & totam sequelam suam;* and the young wench of Andover, that Edgar was in love with, was a Nief. But for Kent, perhaps it might be true, that no villains were in it, seeing since that time it hath been adjudged in our (*n*) law, that one born there could not, with- out consians of record, be a villain.

*And foremost ever plac'd when they shall reckon'd be.*

For this honour of the Kentish, hear one (*o*) that wrote it about Henry II. *Enodus* (as some copies are, but others, *Cinidus*; and perhaps it should be so, or rather *Cnodus*, for King Cnut; or else I cannot conjecture what) *quantà virtute Anglorum, Dacos Danosque fregerit motusque compefecerit Noricorum, vel ex eo perspicuum est, quod ob egregiæ virtutis meritum quam ibidem potentur & patenter exercuit, Cantia nostra, primæ cohortis honorem & primus congressus hostium usque in bodiurnum diem in omnibus praliis obtinet. Provincia quoque Severiana, quæ moderno usu & nomine ab incolis Wiltesira vocatur, eadem jure sibi vendicat Cohortem subsidiariam, adjectâ sibi Devoniam & Cornubiam.* Briefly, it had the first English king, in it was the first Christianity among the English, and Canterbury then honour- ed with the metropolitick see; all which give note of honourable prerogative.

*Grim Goodwin but the while seems grievously to lounge.*

That is, Goodwin sands, which is reported to have been the patrimony (*p*) of that Goodwin Earl of Kent, under Edward the Confessor, swal- lowed into the ocean by a strange tempest some- what after the conquest, and is now as a floating isle or quicksand, very dangerous to sailors, some- times as fixt, sometimes moving, as the muse describes.

st. 31. Hen. 8. cap. 3.

a villain work on Sunday by his Lord's d, he shall be free.

in. Cornub. 30. Ed. 1. *Dillenage* 46.

& Mich. 5. Ed. 2. MS. in Bibliothec. Int. Templ. cal. John de Garton.

(*o*) Joh. Sarisbur. de Nugis curial. 6. cap. 18.

(*p*) Hect. Boeth. hist. Scotic. 12. & Jo. Twin. Albion. 1.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE NINETEENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The muse, now over Thames makes forth,  
Upon her progress to the north,  
From Cauncey with a full carrer,  
She up against the stream doth bear ;  
Where Waltham Forest's pride exprest,  
She points directly to the East.  
And shews how all those rivers strain  
Through Essex to the German main ;  
When Stour, with Orwel's aid prefers,  
Our British brave sea-voyagers ;  
Half Suffolk in with them she takes,  
Where of this song an end she makes,

BEAR bravely up my muse, the way thou went'st  
before, [shore,  
And cross the kingly Thames to the Essexian  
Stem up his tideful stream, upon that side to rise,  
Where (s) Cauncey, Albion's child in-isled richly  
lies,  
Which, though her lower scite doth make her  
seem but mean,  
Of him as dearly lov'd as Shepey is or Greane,  
And him as dearly lov'd ; for when he would  
depart,  
With Hercules to fight, she took it so to heart,

(s) An Island lying in the Thames, on Essex side.

That falling low and flat, her blabber'd  
hide,  
By Thames she well near is furrounded even  
And since of wordly state, she never maked  
But only gives herself, to tend and milk her  
But muse, from her so low, divert thy  
song  
To London-wards, and bring from Lea with  
The forests, and the floods, and most exactly  
How these in order stand, how those  
flow ;  
For in that happy soil, doth pleasure ever  
Through forests, where clear rills in wild  
ders run ;



re dainty summer Bowers, and arborets are  
made,  
out of bushy thicks, for coolness of the shade.  
gaze at painted courts, to th' country let  
me go, [low;  
climb the easy hill, then walk the valley  
gold-embossed roofs, to me are like the  
woods;  
ed like to the grass, no liquor like the floods:  
ry's but a sink, gay houses gawdy graves,  
muses have free leave, to starve or live in  
caves. [estate,  
at (b) Waltham forest still in prosperous  
standing to this day (so strangely fortunate)  
re her neighbour nymphs, and holds her  
head aloft;  
rf beyond them all, so sleek and wondrous  
soft,  
n her setting side, by goodly London grac'd,  
n the north by Lea, her south by Thames  
embrac'd.  
n her rising point, she chanced to espy,  
sinty forest nymph of her society.  
(c) Hatfield, which in height all other did  
surmount,  
d of the Dryades held in very high account;  
in respect of her stood far out of the way,  
no doubting of herself, by others late decay,  
' sister's glory view'd with an astonish'd eye,  
om Waltham wisely thus reproveth by and by.  
Dear sister rest content, nor our declining rue,  
hat thing is in this world, that we can say is  
' new;  
re ridge and furrow shews, that once the  
' crooked plough,  
urn'd up the grassy turf, where oaks are root-  
ed now: [tear  
ed at this hour we see, the share and coulter  
re full corn-bearing glebe, where sometimes  
' forests were;  
ed those but caitiffs are, which most do seek  
' our spoil, [soil;  
ho having sold our woods, do lastly sell our  
' virtue to give place to these ungodly times,  
hen as the fostred ill proceeds from others  
' crimes;  
sint lunatics, and fools, what wise folk spend  
' their force; [course:  
r folly headlong falls, when it hath had the  
ed when God gives men up, to ways abhor'd  
' and vile, [while  
' understanding he deprives them quite, the  
ey into error run, confounded in their sin,  
' simple fowls in lime, or in the fowler's gin.  
ed for those pretty birds, that wont in us to  
' sing, [spring,  
ey shall at last forbear to welcome in the  
hen wanting where to perch, they sit upon  
' the ground,  
ed curse them in their notes, who first did  
' woods confound.

The situation of Waltham forest.  
Hatfield forest lying lower towards the east, be-  
tween Stortford and Dunmow.

' Dear sister Hatfield, then hold up thy drooping  
' head,  
' We feel no such decay, nor is all succour fled:  
' For Essex is our dower, which greatly doth  
' abound  
' With every simple good, that in the isle is found;  
' And though we go to wreck in this so general  
' waste,  
' This hope to us remains, we yet may may be  
' the last.'

When Hatfield taking heart, where late she  
sadly stood,  
Sends little Roding forth, her best beloved flood;  
Which from her chrystal font, as to enlarge her  
fame,  
To many a village lends her clear and noble name,  
Which as she wandreth on, through Waltham  
holds her way,  
With goodly oaken wreaths, which makes her  
wond'rous gay;  
But making at the last into the watry marsh,  
Where though the blady grass unwholesome be  
and harsh,  
Those wreaths away she casts, which bounteous  
Waltham gave,  
With bulrush, flags, and reed, to make her won-  
d'rous brave,  
And herself's strength divides, to sundry lesser  
streams,  
So wantoning she falls into her sovereign Thames.  
From whose vast beechy banks a rumour  
straight resounds,  
Which quickly ran itself through the Essexian  
grounds,  
That Crouch amongst the rest, a river's name  
should seek,  
As scorning any more the nickname of a creek,  
Well furnish'd with a stream, that from the fill to  
fall, [withal.  
Wants nothing that a flood should be adorn'd  
On (d) Benge's batful side, and at her going out,  
With Walnot, Foulness fair, near watred round  
about. [stand  
Two isles for greater state to stay her up that  
Thrust far into the sea, yet fixed to the land;  
As nature in that sort them purposely had plac'd,  
That she by sea and land, should every way be  
grac'd.  
Some sea-nymphs and besides, her part, (there  
were) that took,  
As angry that their Crouch should not be call'd a  
brook; [wrong.  
And bade her to complain to Neptune of her  
But whilst these grievous stirs thus hap'ned  
them among,  
Choice Chelmer comes along, a nymph most  
neatly clear,  
Which well near through the midst doth cut the  
wealthy shire,  
By Dunmow gliding down to Chelmsford holds  
her chafe,  
To which she gives the name, which as she doth  
embrace

(d) The fruitfulest hundred of Essex.



Clear Can comes tripping in, and doth with  
 Chelmer close :  
 With whose supply (though small as yet) she  
 greater grows. {by,  
 She for old Maldon makes, where in her passing  
 She to remembrance calls that Roman colony,  
 And all those ominous signs her fall that did  
 forego, [throw;  
 As that which most express'd their fatal over-  
 Crown'd victory revers'd, fell down whereas she  
 stood, [blood.  
 And the vast greenish sea, discolour'd like to  
 Shrieks heard like people's cries, that see their  
 deaths at hand,  
 The pourtraictures of men imprinted in the sand.  
 When Chelmer scarce arrives in her most wished  
 bay,  
 But Blackwater comes in, through many a crook-  
 ed way [exil'd,  
 Which Pant was call'd of yore; but that, by time  
 She Froshell after hight, then Blackwater instil'd,  
 But few such titles have the British floods among.  
 When Northey near at hand, and th' isle of Ousey  
 rung [arrive,  
 With shouts the sea-nymphs gave, for joy of their  
 As either of those isles in courtesy do strive,  
 'To Tethis' darlings, which should greatest ho-  
 nour do  
 And what the former did, the latter adds thereto.  
 But Colne, which frankly lends fair Colchester  
 her name, [fame)  
 (On all th' Essexian shore, the town of greatest  
 Perceiving how they still in courtship did con-  
 tend,  
 Quoth she, 'Wherefore the time thus idly do  
 you spend? [worth,  
 'What is there nothing here, that you esteem of  
 'That our big-bellied sea, or our rich land brings  
 'forth? [praise?  
 'Think you our oysters here, unworthy of your  
 'Pure (e) Walfleet, which do still the daintiest  
 'palates please,  
 'As excellent as those, which are esteemed most.  
 '(f) Cyzic shells, or those on the Lucrinian  
 'coast; [sends;  
 'Or cheese, which our fat soil to every quarter  
 'Whose tack the hungry clown, and ploughman  
 'so commends. [ground,  
 'If you esteem not these, as things above the  
 'Look under, where the urns of ancient times  
 'are found; [dust,  
 'The Roman emp'rors coins, oft dig'd out of the  
 'And warlike weapons, now consum'd with  
 'cankering rust; [ful men,  
 'The huge and massy (g) bones, of mighty fear-  
 'To tell the world's full strength, what creatures  
 'lived then; [earth  
 'When in her height of youth, the lusty fruitful  
 'Brought forth her big-limb'd brood, even giants  
 'in their birth.'

(e) Walfleet oysters.

(f) Cyzicum is a city of Bythynia. Lucrinia is a city of Apulia upon the Adriatic sea; the oysters of which places were reckoned for great delicacies with the Ro-  
 mans.

(g) The bones of giant-like people found in these parts.

Thus spoke she, when<sup>e</sup> from sea they  
 do hear  
 A strong and horrid noise, which struck  
 with fear;  
 For with their crooked trumps, his Triton  
 tune sent,  
 To warn the wanton nymphs, that they  
 Should straight repair to Stour, in Orwe-  
 lant road;  
 For it had been divulg'd the ocean all ab-  
 That Orwell and this Stour, by meeting  
 bay,  
 Two, that each other's good, intended ev-  
 Prepar'd to sing a song, that should  
 shew,  
 That (b) Medway for her life, their sh-  
 not out-go;  
 For Stour, a dainty flood, that duly doth  
 Fair Suffolk from this shire, upon her othe  
 By Clare first coming in, to Sudbury doth  
 The even course she keeps; when far  
 not flow,  
 But Breton a bright nymph, fresh succor  
 Yet is she not so proud of her superfluities  
 But Orwell coming in from Ipswich thinks  
 Should stand for it with Stour, and la-  
 agree,  
 That since the Britons hence their first  
 ries made,  
 And that into the east they first were  
 Besides, of all the roads, and havens of the  
 This harbour where they meet, is reckon'd  
 the best.  
 Our voyages by sea, and brave discoveries  
 Their argument they make, and thus th-  
 their own;  
 In (i) Severn's late tun'd lay, that en-  
 the west, [the  
 In which great Arthur's acts are to the  
 His conquests to the North, who Norway  
 vade,  
 Who Greenland, Iceland next, then Lap-  
 ly made [the  
 His awful empire's bounds, the Brit-  
 This god-like hero's deeds exactly have be-  
 His valiant people then, who to those  
 brought,  
 Which many an age since that, our great  
 veries thought.  
 This worthiest then of ours, our (k) Ar-  
 shall lead.  
 Next Malgo, who again that conqueror  
 to tread,  
 Succeeding him in reign, in conquests for  
 Plough'd up the frozen sea, and with as  
 cels.  
 By that great conqueror's claim, first  
 over-ran;  
 Proud Denmark then subdu'd, and spacious  
 way won,

(b) Medway in the 18th song, recited the catalogue of the English warriors.

(i) See the 4th song.

(k) Sea voyages.



'd Iceland for his own, and Gothland to each shore,  
 ere Arthur's full-sail'd fleet had ever touch'd before. [cline,  
 and when the Britons reign came after to de-  
 cl to the Cambrian hills their fate did them  
 confine, [reign,  
 Saxon swaying all, in Alfred's powerful  
 English Oster put a fleet to sea again,  
 th' huge Norwegian hills, and news did hi-  
 ther bring, [travelling.  
 ose tops are hardly wrought in twelve days  
 leaving Norway then a starboard, forward  
 kept, [swept,  
 with our English sails that mighty ocean  
 ere those stern people won, whom hope of  
 gain doth call,  
 bulks with grappling hooks, to hunt the  
 dreadful whale;  
 great (1) Duina down from her first spring-  
 ing place,  
 h roll her swalling waves in churlish Nep-  
 tune's face. [found,  
 then Woolstan after him discovering Dantzic  
 here (2) Wexel's mighty mouth is pour'd in-  
 to the found,  
 d towing up his stream, first taught the En-  
 glish oars, [shores.  
 useful way of trade to these most gainful  
 and when the Norman stem here strong and  
 potent grew,  
 their successful sons did glorious acts pursue,  
 Nicholas nam'd of Lyn, where first he  
 breath'd the air,  
 wgh Oxford taught him art, and well may  
 hold him dear;  
 mathematics learn'd (although a friar pro-  
 fess'd) [possess'd,  
 see those northern climes, with great desire  
 nself he thither ship'd, and skilful in the globe,  
 k every several height with his true astrolabe;  
 (3) whirlpools of the seas, and came to un-  
 derstand,  
 in the four card'nal winds, four indraughts  
 that command;  
 any of whose falls, if th' wandering bark  
 doth light,  
 erried is away with such tempestuous flight,  
 that swallowing gulph, which seems as it  
 would draw  
 every earth itself into th' infernal maw.  
 r such immeasur'd pools, philosophers agree,  
 r four parts of the world undoubtedly to be;  
 in which they have supposed, nature the winds  
 doth raise,  
 from them to proceed the flowing of the seas.  
 and when our civil wars began at last to cease,  
 these late calmer times of olive-bearing peace,  
 e leisure to great minds, far regions to descry;  
 t brave advent'rous knight, our Sir Hugh  
 Willoughby,

The great river of Russia.  
 The greatest river of Dantzick.  
 The greatest wonder of nature.

Ship'd for the northern seas, 'mongst those con-  
 gealed piles.  
 Fashion'd by lasting frosts, like mountains, and  
 like isles,  
 (In all her fearful'st shapes saw horror, whose  
 great mind,  
 In lesser bounds than these, that could not be  
 confin'd; [keep;  
 Adventur'd on those parts, where winter still doth  
 When most the icy cold had chain'd up all the deep)  
 In bleak Arzina's road his death near Lapland took,  
 Where Keger from her scite, on those grim seas  
 doth look.  
 Two others follow then, eternal fame that won,  
 Our Chancellor, and with him, compare we Jen-  
 kinson;  
 For Russia both embark'd, the first arriving there,  
 Ent'ring Duina's mouth, up her proud stream did  
 steer,  
 To Volga, to behold her pomp, the Russian state,  
 Muscovia measuring then; the other with like fate;  
 Both those vast realms survey'd, then into Bactria-  
 past, [waste,  
 To Boghar's bulwark walls, then to the liquid  
 Where Oxus rolleth down 'twixt his far-distant  
 shores, [oars,  
 And o'er the Caspian main, with strong untired  
 Adventured to view rich Persia's wealth and pride,  
 Whose true report thereof the English since have  
 tried. [is,  
 With Fitch, our Eldred next, deserv'dly placed  
 Both travelling to see the Syrian Tripolis.  
 The first of which (in this whose noble spirit was  
 shewn)  
 To view those parts, to us that were the most  
 unknown,  
 On thence to Ormus set, Goa, Cambaya, then  
 To vast Zelabdim, thence to Echubar, again  
 Cross'd Ganges' mighty stream, and his large  
 banks did view,  
 To Bacola went on, to Bengola, Pegu;  
 And for Mallaccan then, Zeiten, and Cochin cast,  
 Measuring with many a step, the great East-Indi-  
 an waste.  
 The other from that place, the first before had  
 gone,  
 Determining to see the broad-wall'd Babylon,  
 Cross'd Euphrates, and row'd against his mighty  
 stream;  
 Licia, and Gaya saw, with great Hierusalem,  
 And our dear Saviour's seat, bless'd Bethlehem did  
 behold, [told.  
 And Jordan, of whose waves much is in scripture  
 Then Macham, who (through love to long ad-  
 ventures led  
 Madera's wealthy isles, the first discovered,  
 Who having stole a maid, to whom he was affy'd,  
 Yet her rich parents still her marriage rites deny'd,  
 Put with her forth to sea, where many a danger  
 pass'd,  
 Upon an isle of those, at length by tempest cast;  
 And putting in, to give his tender love some ease,  
 Which very ill had brook'd the rough and boist'-  
 rous seas;



And ling'ring for her health, within quiet bay,  
The mariners most false, fled with the ship away,  
When as it was not long, but she gave up her  
breath;

When he whose tears in vain bewail'd her time-  
less death; [have,

That their deserved rites her funeral could not  
A homely altar built upon her honoured grave.

When with his folk but few, not passing two or  
three, [tree,

(s) There making them a boat, but rudely of one  
Put forth again to sea, where after many a flaw,  
Such as before themselves, scarce mortal ever saw;  
Nor miserable men could possibly sustain,

Now swallowed with the waves, and then spew'd  
up again;

At length were on the coast of sun-burnt Afric  
thrown. [own.

T' amaze that further world, and to amuse our  
Then Windham who new ways, for us and  
ours to cry,

For great Morocco made, discovering Barbary.

Lock, Towerfon, Fenner next, vast Guinea  
forth that sought,

And of her ivory home in great abundance  
brought. [caster,

Th' East-Indian voy'ger then, the valiant Lan-  
To Buona Esperance, Comara, Zanziber,

To Nicuba, as he to Gomerpole went,  
Till his strong bottom struck Mollucco's continent;

And failing to Brazil another time he took  
Olynda's chiefest town, and harbour Farnambuke,

And with their precious wood, sugar and cotton  
fraught,

It by his safe return into his country brought.

Then Forbisher, whose fame flew all the ocean  
o'er,

Who to the north-west sought huge China's  
wealthy shore,

When nearer to the north, that wand'ring sea-  
man set [met

Where he in our hot't months of June and July  
With snow, frost, hail, and fleet, and found stern

winter strong, [long.

With mighty isles of ice, and mountains huge and  
Where as it comes and goes, the great eternal

Light [night.

Makes half the year still day, and half continual  
Then for those bounds unknown, he bravely set

again,

As he a sea-god were, familiar with the main.

The noble Fenton next, and Jackman we prefer,  
Both voyagers, that were with famous Frobisher.

And Davies, three times forth that for the  
north-west made;

Still striving by that course, t' enrich the English  
trade;

As he well deserv'd to his eternal fame,

There by a mighty sea, immortaliz'd his name.

With noble Gilbert next, comes Hoard who  
took in hand,

To clear the course scarce known into the New-  
foundland,

(s) The wonderful adventure of Machan.

And view'd the plenteous seas, and fill  
vens, where

Our neighbouring nations since have stor  
every year.

Then globe-ingirdling Drake, the nav  
that won,

Who strove in his long course to emulate

Of whom the Spaniard us'd a prophesy to

That from the British isles should rise a dra

That with his armed wings, should strike

rian main,

And bring in after time much horror upon

This more than man (or what) this dem

sea,

Leaving behind his back, the great Ameri

Upon the surging main his well-stretch

lings flew'd,

To forty-three degrees of north'ly latitud

Unto that land before to th' Christian w

known,

Which in his country's right he nam'd

And in the western inde, spight of the p

Spain,

He Saint Iago took, Domingo, Carthagen

And leaving of his prowess, a mark in ev

Saint Augustine surpriz'd, in Terra Flori

Then those that forth for sea, industrio

leigh wrought,

And them with every thing, fit for d

fraught;

That Amadas, (whose name doth scarcely

found)

With Barlow, who the first Virginia tho

As Greenville, whom he got to undertake

Three sundry times from hence, who

Virginia.

(In his so rare a choice, it well approv'd

That with so brave a spirit, his turn so w

fit.

O Greenville, thy great name for ever be re

And borne by Neptune still, about this

round;

Whose naval conflict won thy nation so mu

And in th' Iberians bread fear of the Englis

Nor should fame speak her loud'st, of L

could not lie,

Who in Virginia left, with th' English cok

Himself so bravely bare, amongst our peop

That him they only lov'd, when others t

fear.

And from those barbarous, brute, and wil

ans wan

Such reverence, as in him there had be

than man.

Then he which favoured still such high a

as these,

Rawleigh, whose reading made him skill'

the seas,

Embark'd his worthy self, and his adve

crew,

And with a prosperous sail to those fair c

Where Oronoque, as he on in his course d

Seems as his greatness meant, grim Nep

controul;



Like to a puissant king, whose realms extend so far,

That many a potent prince his tributaries are.  
So are his branches seas, and in the rich Guiana,  
A flood as proud as he, the broad-brim'd Orellana :

And on the spacious firm Manoa's mighty seat,  
The land (by nature's power) with wonders most replete.

So Leigh, Cape Breton saw, and Ramea's isles again ;

As Thompson undertook the voyage to New-Spain :

And Hawkins not behind the best of these before,  
Who hoisting sail, to seek the most remotest shore,  
Upon that new-nam'd Spain, and Guiney fought his prize,

As one whose mighty mind small things could not suffice,

The son of this brave sire, who with his furrowing keel,

Long e'er that time had touch'd the goodly rich Brazil.

Courageous Ca'ndish then, a second Neptune here,

Whose fame fill'd every mouth, and took up every ear.

What man could in his time discourse of any seas,  
But of brave Ca'ndish talk'd, and of his voyages ;  
Who through the south seas pass'd, about this earthly ball,

And saw those stars, to them that only rise and fall,

And with his silken sails, stain'd with the richest ore,

Dar'd any one to pass where he had been before.

Count Cumberland, so hence to seek th' Azores sent,

And to the Western-Indies, to Porto-Rico went,  
And with the English power it bravely did sur-  
prize.

Sir Robert Dudley then, by sea that sought to rise,

Hoist'd sails with happy winds to the isles of Tri-  
nidado :

Paria then he pass'd, the islands of Granado ;  
As those of Santa Cruz, and Porto Rico : then  
Amongst the famous rank of our sea-searching men,

Is Preston sent to sea, with Summers forth to find,  
Adventures in the parts upon the Western-Inde ;

Vol. III.

Porto Santo who surpriz'd, and Coches, with the fort

Of Coro, and the town, when in submissive fort,  
Cumana ransom crav'd, St. James of Leon sack'd,  
Jamaica went not free, but as the rest they wreck'd.

Then Sherley, (since whose name such high renown hath won)

That voyage undertook, as they before had done :

He St. Iago saw, Domingo, Margarita,  
By Terra-firma sail'd to th' islands of Jamaica,  
Up Rio Dolce row'd, and with a prosperous hand,  
Returning to his home, touch'd at the New-  
foundland,

Where at Jamaica's isles, courageous Parker met  
With Sherley, and along up Rio Dolce set,  
Where bidding him adieu, on his own course he ran,

And took Campeche's town, the chief'st of Juca-  
tan.

A frigate, and from thence did home to Britain bring,

With most strange tribute fraught, due to that In-  
dian king.

At mighty Neptune's beck, thus ended they their song,

When as from Harwich all to Loving-land along,  
Great claps and shouts were heard resounding to the shore,

Wherewith th' Essexian nymphs applaud their loved Stour,

From the Suffolcean side yet those which Stour prefer

Their princely Orwell praise, as much as th' other her :

For though clear Briton be rich Suffolk's from her spring,

Which Stour upon her way to Harwich down doth bring,

Yet Deben of herself a stout and stedfast friend,  
Her succour to that sea, near Orwell's road doth send.

When Wauaney to the north, rich Suffolk's only meere,

As Stour upon the north, from Essex parts this shire ;

Lest Stour and Orwell thus might steal her nymphs away,

In Neptune's name commands, that here their force should stay :

For that herself and Yar in honour of the deep,  
Were purposed a feast in Loving-land to keep.

F f



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE TWENTIETH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The muse that part of Suffolk sings,  
That lyes to Norfolk, and then brings  
The bright Norfolcean nymphs, to guest  
To Loving-land, to Neptune's feast;  
To Ouze the less then down she takes,  
Where she a flight at river makes:  
And thence to Marsh-land she descends,  
With whose free praise this song she ends.

From Suffolk rose a sound, through the Norfol-  
cean shore

That ran itself, the like had not been heard before:  
For he that doth of sea the powerful trident wield,  
His Tritons made proclaim, a nymphal to be held  
In honour of himself, in Loving-land, where he  
The most selected nymphs appointed had to be.

Those sea-maids that about his secret walks do  
dwell, [fell,

Which tend his mighty herds of whales, and fishes  
As of the rivers those, amongst the meadows rank,  
That play in every ford, and sport on every bank,  
Were summon'd to be there, on pain of Nep-  
tune's hate

For he would have his feast observ'd with god-  
like state.

When those Suffolcean floods that sided not  
with Stour, [pour,  
Their streame but of themselves into the ocean

As Or, through all the coast a flood of wond'rous  
fame, [name

Whose honoured fall begets a (a) haven of her  
And Blyth a dainty brook, their speedy course  
do cast, [haste:

For Neptune with the rest, to Loving-land to  
When Waucney in her way, on this Septentrional  
side,

That these two eastern shires doth equally divide,  
From Laphamford leads on, her stream into the  
east,

By Bungey, then along by Beckles, when posselt  
Of Loving-land, 'bout which her limber arms she  
throws, [inclose.

With Neptune taking hands, betwixt them who  
And her an island make, fam'd for her scite so far.  
But leave her muse a while, and let us on with  
Yar,

(a) Orford-haven.



rich Gariena some, some Hier, some Yar do  
name;  
to rising from her spring not far from Wal-  
tingham,  
rough the Norfolkian fields seems wantonly  
to play,  
Norwich comes at length, towards Yarmouth  
on her way,  
ere Wentsum from the south, and Bariden  
do bear  
with her, by whose wealth she much is ho-  
noured there,  
entertain her Yar, that in her state doth  
stand  
th towns of high'st account the fourth of all  
the land:  
it hospitable place to the industrious Dutch,  
ose skill in making stuffs, and workmanship is  
such,  
r refuge hither come) as they our aid deserve,  
labour sore that live, whilst oft the English  
starve;  
roots and pulse that feed, on beef and mutton  
spare,  
irugally they live, not gluttons as we are.  
but from my former theme, since thus I have  
digress'd  
borrow more of time, until my nymphs be  
dress'd:  
I since these floods fall out so fitly in my way,  
ittle while to them I will convert my lay.  
The colewort, colliflower, and cabbage in their  
season,  
: rouncefall, great beans, and early ripening  
peason;  
: onion, scallion, leek, which housewives high-  
ly rate;  
: ir kinsman garlic then, the poor man's Mith-  
ridate;  
: savoury parsnip next, and carrot, pleasing food;  
: skirret (which some say) in fallads stirs the  
blood;  
: turnip, tasting well to clowns in winter  
weather:  
as in our verse we put, roots, herbs, and fruits  
together.  
: great moist pumpkin then, that on the ground  
doth lie,  
urer of this kind, the sweet musk-mellon by;  
ich dainty palates now, because they would  
not want,  
e kindly learnt to set, as yearly to transplant:  
: radish somewhat hot, yet urine doth pro-  
voke;  
: cucumber as cold, the heating artichoke;  
: citrons, which our soil not eas'ly doth af-  
ford;  
: rampion rare as that, the hardly gotten gourd.  
ut in these trivial things, muse, wander not  
too long,  
now to nimble Yar, turn we our active song,  
ich in her winding course, from Norwich to  
the main,  
many a stately seat lasciviously doth strain,

To Yarmouth till she come, her only christ'ned  
town,  
Whose fishing through the realm doth her so much  
renown,  
Where those that with their nets still haunt the  
boundless lake,  
Her such a sumptuous feast of salted herrings  
make,  
As they had robb'd the sea of all his former store,  
And past that very hour, it could produce no more.  
Her own selves harbour here, when Yar doth  
hardly win,  
But kindly she again, saluted is by Thrin,  
A fair Norfolkian nymph, which gratifies her fall.  
Now are the Tritons heard, to Loving-land to  
call,  
Which Neptune's great commands, before them  
bravely bear,  
Commanding all the nymphs of high account that  
were,  
Which in fat Holland lurk among the queachy  
plashes,  
Or play them on the sands, upon the foamy washes,  
As all the wat'ry brood; which haunt the Ger-  
man deeps,  
Upon whose briny curls, the dewy morning weeps,  
To Loving-land to come, and in their best attires,  
That meeting to observe, as now the time requires.  
When Erix, Neptune's son by Venus, to the  
shore:  
To see them safely brought, their herald came be-  
fore,  
And for a mace he held in his huge hand, the horn  
Of that so much esteem'd, sea honouring unicorn.  
Next (A) Proto wond'rous swift, led all the rest  
the way,  
Then she which makes the calms, the mild  
(A) Cymodice,  
With god-like (A) Dorida, and (A) Galatea fair,  
With dainty nets of pearl, cast o'er their braided  
hair:  
(A) Analiis which the sea doth salt, and seasoned  
keep;  
And (A) Batheas, most supreme and sovereign in  
the deep,  
Brings (A) Cyane, to the waves which that green  
colour gives;  
Then (A) Atmis, which in fogs and misty vapours  
lives:  
(A) Phrinax, the billows rough, and surges that  
bestrides, [rides;  
And (A) Rothion, that by her on the wild waters  
With (A) Iethias, that of frye the keeping doth  
retain,  
As (A) Pholoë, most that rules the monsters of the  
main:  
Which brought to bear them out, if any need  
should fall,  
The dolphin, sea-horse, gramp, the wherlpoole,  
and the whale.

(A) The virtual properties incident to waters, as well  
seas, as rivers, expressed by their names in the persons of  
nymphs, as hath been used by the ancients.



An hundred more besides, I readily could name,  
With these as Neptune will'd, to Loving-land  
that came.

These nymphs trick'd up in tyers, the sea-gods  
to delight : [white ;  
Of coral of each kind, the black, the red, the  
With many sundry shells, the scallop large and fair ;  
'The cockle small and round, the periwinkle spare,  
'The oyster, wherein oft the pearl is found to  
breed,  
'The mussel, which retains that dainty orient seed :  
In chains and bracelets made, with links of sundry  
twists,  
Some worn about their waists, their necks, some  
on the wrists.  
Great store of amber there, and jet they did not  
miss ;  
'Their lips they sweet'ned had with costly amber-  
grease.

Scarcely the Nereids thus arrived from the seas,  
But from the fresher streams the brighter Naiades,  
'The Loving-land make haste with all the speed  
they may,  
For fear their fellow-nymphs should for their com-  
ing stay.

Glicio the running streams in sweetness still that  
keeps,  
And Clymene which rules, when they surround  
their deeps.

Spio, in hollow banks, the waters that doth hide :  
With Opis that doth bear them backward with the  
tide.

Semaia that for sights doth keep the water clear :  
Zanthe their yellow sands, that maketh to appear,  
'Then Drymo for the oaks that shadow every bank,  
Phylodice, the boughs for garlands fresh and rank.  
Which the clear Naiades make them Anadems  
withal,

When they are call'd to dance in Neptune's migh-  
ty hall.

Then Ligea, which maintains the birds harmoni-  
ous lays,

Which sing on rivers banks amongst the slender  
sprays,

With Rhodia, which for them doth nurse the  
reseat sets,

Iolida, which preserves the azure violets.

Anthea, of the flowers, that hath the general  
charge,

And Syrinx of the reeds, that grow upon the  
marge.

Some of these lovely nymphs wore on their flax-  
en hair [were :

Fine chaplets made of flags, that fully flower'd  
With water-cans again, some wantonly them dight,  
Whose larger leaf and flower, gave wonderful de-  
light

To those that wistly view'd their beauties: some  
again,

'That sovereign places held among the wat'ry train,  
Of cat-tails made them crowns, which from the  
sedge doth grow,

Which neatly woven were, and some to grace  
the show,

Of lady-smocks most white, do rob each neigh-  
bouring mead,

Wherewith their looser locks most curiously they  
braid.

Now thus together come, they friendly do devise,  
Some of light toys, and some of matters grave and  
wise.

But to break off their speech, her reed when Sy-  
rinx sounds,

Some cast themselves in rings, and fell to horn-  
pipe rounds :

They ceasing, as again to others turns it falls,  
The lusty galiards tread, some others jigga, and  
braules.

This done, upon the bank together being set,  
Proceeding in the cause, for which they thus were  
met,

In mighty Neptune's praise, these sea-born vi-  
gins sing :

' Let earth, and air, say they, with the high  
praises ring,

' Of Saturn by his Ops, the most renowned son,

' From all the gods but Jove, the diadem that won,

' Whose offspring wise and strong, dear nymphs,  
' let us relate,

' On mountains of vast waves, know he that sits in  
' state,

' And with his trident rules the universal stream,  
' To be the only sire of mighty Polypheme.

' On fair Thoosa got old Phorcus loved child,

' Who in a feigned shape that god of sea beguil'd.

' Three thousand princely sons, and lovely nymphs  
' as we, [be :

' Were to great Neptune born, of which we sparing

' Some by his goodly queen, some in his lemmans  
' bed ;

' Chrysaer grim begot, on stern Medusa's head.

' Swart Brontes, for his own so mighty Neptune  
' takes,

' One of the Cyclops strong, Jove's thunderbolts  
' that makes.

' Great Neptune, Nelius got (if you for wisdom  
' seek)

' Who was old Nestor's sire, the grav'st and wisest  
' Greek.

' Or from this king of waves, of such thou lov'st  
' to hear, [were ;

' Of famous nations first, that mighty sounders

' Then Cadmus, who the plot of ancient Thebes  
' contriv'd,

' From Neptune god of sea, his pedigree deriv'd,

' By Agenor his old sire, who rul'd Phœnicia long:

' So Inachus, the chief of Argives great and strong

' Claim'd kindred of his king, and by some beau-  
' teous niece,

' So did Pelasgus too, who peopled ancient Greece.

' A world of mighty kings and princes I could  
' name,

' From our god Neptune sprung ; let this suffice,  
' his fame [rise,

' Incompasseth the world ; those stars which never

' Above the lower south, are never from his eyes :

' As those again to him do every day appear,

' Continually that keep the northern hemisphere :



' Who like a mighty king, doth cast his watched  
   ' robe. [globe.  
 ' Far wider than the land, quite round about the  
 ' Where is there one to him that may compared  
   ' be, [see ;  
 ' That both the poles at once continually doth  
 ' And giant-like with heaven as often maketh  
   ' wars ;  
 ' The islands in his power as numberless as stars,  
 ' He washeth at his will, and with his mighty  
   ' hands,  
 ' He makes the even shores, oft mountainous with  
   ' sands :  
 ' Whose creatures, which observe his wide impe-  
   ' rial seat,  
 ' Like his immeasured self, are infinite and great.'  
 Thus ended they their song, and off th' assem-  
 bly brake,  
 When quickly towards the west, the muse her  
 way doth take ;  
 Whereas the swelling soil, as from one bank doth  
 bring  
 This (1) Waucney sung before and (1) Ouse-the-  
 less, whose spring  
 Towards Ouse-the-greater points, and down by  
 Thetford glides, [divides,  
 Where the clear Thet receives, her glory that  
 With her new-named town, as wond'rous glad  
   that she, [be :  
 For frequency of late, so much esteem'd should  
 Where since these confluent floods, so fit for hawk-  
   ing lie, [lie.  
 And store of fowl entice skill'd falconers there to  
 Now of a flight at Brooke shall my description  
   be : [me.  
 What subject can be found, that lies not fair for  
 Of simple shepherds now, my muse exactly sings,  
 And then of courtly loves, and the affairs of kings.  
 Then in a buskin'd strain, the warlike spear and  
   shield,  
 And instantly again of the disports of field ;  
 What can this isle produce, that lies from my re-  
   port, [sport.  
 Industrious muse, proceed then to my hawking  
 When making for the brook, the falconer doth  
   espy, [doth lie,  
 One river, plash, or mere, where store of fowl  
 Whence forced over land, by skilful falconer's  
   trade,  
 A fair convenient flight, may easily be made.  
 He whistleth of his hawks, whose nimble pinions  
   streight,  
 Do work themselves by turns, into a stately height :  
 And if that after check, the one or both do go,  
 Sometimes he them the lure, sometimes doth wa-  
   ter shew ;  
 The trembling fowl that hear the jiggling hawk-  
   bells ring,  
 And find it is too late, to trust them to their wing,  
 Lie flat upon the flood, whilst the high-mounted  
   hawks,  
 Then being lords alone, in their etherial walks,

Aloft so bravely stir, their bells so thick that shake,  
 Which when the falconer sees, that scarce one  
   plane they make ;  
 The gallant'st birds, said he, that ever flew on  
   wing, [king.  
 And swears there is a flight, were worthy of a  
   Then making to the flood, to force the fowls to  
   rise,  
 The fierce and eager hawks, down thrilling from  
   the skies, [reach,  
 Make sundry cancleers e'er they the fowl can  
 Which then to save their lives, their wings do  
   lively stretch.  
 But when the whizzing bells the silent air do  
   cleave, [deceive ;  
 And that their greatest speed, them vainly do  
 And the sharp cruel hawks, they at their backs do  
   view,  
 Themselves for very fear they instantly (m) incaw.  
 The hawks get up again into their former  
   place, [race :  
 And ranging here and there, in that their airy  
 Still as the fearful fowl attempt to 'scape away,  
 With many a stouping brave, them in again they  
   lay.  
 But when the falconers take their hawking-poles  
   in hand,  
 And crossing of the brook, do put it over land ;  
 The hawk gives it a souse, that makes it to re-  
   bound,  
 Well near the height of man, sometimes above  
   the ground ;  
 Oft takes a leg, or wing, oft takes away the head,  
 And oft from neck to nail, the back in two  
   doth shread.  
 With many a wo ho ho, and jocund lure again,  
 When he his quarry makes upon the grassy plane.  
 But to my floods again ; when as this Ouse-the-  
   less, [cess,  
 Hath taken in clear Thet, with far more free ac-  
 To Ouse-the-great she goes, her queen that cometh  
   crown'd,  
 As such a river sits, so many miles renown'd ;  
 And pointing to the north, her crystal front she  
   dashes,  
 Against the swelling sands of the surrounded  
   washes ;  
 And Neptune in her arms, so amply doth embrace,  
 As she would rob his queen, fair Thetis, of her  
   place.  
 Which when rich Marshland sees, lest she should  
   lose her state,  
 With that fair river thus, she gently doth debate.  
 ' Disdain me not, dear flood, in thy excessive  
   pride,  
 ' There's scarcely any soil that sitteth by thy side,  
 ' Whose turf so batful is, or bears so deep a swath ;  
 ' Nor is there any Mark in all Great Britain, hath  
 ' So many goodly seats, or that can truly shew,  
 ' Such rareties as I, so that all Marshes owe  
 ' Much honour to my name, for that exceeding  
   ' grace, [place,  
 ' Which they receive by me, so sovereign in my  
   (m) Lay the fowls again in water.

(1) The fountains of these rivers, not far a'under, yet one  
 running northward, the other to the east.



' Though Rumney, as some say, for fineness of her  
   ' grass,  
 ' And for her dainty scite, all others doth surpass;  
 ' Yet are those seas but poor, and rivers that con-  
   ' fine,  
 ' Her greatness but mean rills, be they compar'd  
   ' with mine.  
 ' Nor hardly doth she tythe th' abundant fowl  
   ' and fish,  
 ' Which nature gives to me, as I myself can wish.  
 ' As Amphitrite oft, calls me her sweet and fair,  
 ' And sends the northern winds to curl my braid-  
   ' ed hair,  
 ' And makes the Washes stand, to watch and ward  
   ' me still,  
 ' Lest that rough god of sea, on me should work  
   ' his will.  
 ' Old Wisbitch to my grace, my circuit sits within,  
 ' And near my banks I have the neighbourhood  
   ' of Lynn.

' Both towns of strength and state, my profits still  
   ' shall vent, [tinent.]  
 ' No Marsh hath more of sea, none more of con-  
 Thus Marshland ends her speech, as one that  
   thoroughly knew, [due.]  
 What was her proper praise, and what was Onse's  
   With that the zealous muse, in her poetic rage,  
 To Walsingham would needs have gone a pilgrim-  
   age,  
 To view those farthest shores, whence little Niger  
   ' flows, [grows,  
 Into the northern main, and see the globe where  
 That saffron (which men say) this land hath not  
   the like, [strike.  
 All Europe that excels; but here she sail doth  
 For that Apollo pluck'd her easily by the ear;  
 And told her in that part of Norfolk, if there were  
 Ought worthy of respect, it was not in her way,  
 When for the greater Onse, her wing she doth  
   display.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE TWENTY-FIRST SONG.

### *The Argument.*

Now from Newmarket comes the muse,  
Whose spacious heath, she wistly views,  
Those ancient ditches and surveys,  
Which our first Saxons here did raise;  
To Gogmagog then turns her tale,  
And shews you Ring-tail's pleasant vale  
And to do Cambridge all her rites,  
The muses to her town invites.  
And lastly, Ely's praise she sings,  
An end which to this canto brings.

his our little rest, thus having gotten breath,  
fairly in our way, upon Newmarket heath;  
great and ancient (a) ditch, which us ex-  
pected long,  
ed by the muse, at her arrival song;  
me, what earthly thing with thee itself can  
' trust, [unjust!  
on thou in thine own course art to thyself  
thou contract with death, and to oblivion  
' give [live?  
glories after them, yet shamefully dar'st  
me, had'st thou preserv'd, what labouring  
' man hath done,  
u long before this day, might'st to thyself  
' have won  
city with the gods, and in thy temple plac'd,  
sacrilegious thou, hast all great works defac'd;

(a) The Devil's Ditch.

' For though the things themselves have suffer'd  
' by thy theft, [left,  
' Yet with thy ruins, thou, to ages might'st have  
' Those monuments who rear'd, and not have suf-  
' fer'd thus  
' Posterity so much, t' abuse both thee and us.  
' I, by th' East Angles first, who from this heath  
' arose,  
' The long'st and largest ditch, to check their  
' Mercian foes;  
' Because my depth, and breadth, so strangely  
' doth exceed,  
' Men's low and wretched thoughts, they con-  
' stantly decreed,  
' That by the Devil's help, I needs must raised  
' be,  
' Wherefore the Devil's Ditch they basely named  
' me;



' When ages long before, I bare St. Edmond's  
   ' name, [came  
 ' Because up to my side, (some have supposed)  
 ' The liberties bequeath'd to his most sacred shrine.  
 ' Therefore my fellow Dykes, ye ancient friends  
   ' of mine,  
 ' That out of earth were rais'd, by men whose  
   ' minds were great,  
 ' It is no marvel, though oblivion do you treat.  
 ' First, Flemditch next myself, that art of greatest  
   ' strength,  
 ' That do'st extend thy course full seven large  
   ' miles in length;  
 ' And thou the Fivemile call'd, yet not less dear  
   ' to me,  
 ' With Brenditch, that again is shortest of the three,  
 ' Can you suppose yourselves at all to be respected,  
 ' When you may see my truth's bely'd, and so ne-  
   ' glected; [estate,  
 ' Therefore dear Heath, live still in prosperous  
 ' And let thy well-fleec'd flocks, from morn to  
   ' evening late,  
 ' (By careful shepherds kept) rejoice thee with  
   ' their praise,  
 ' And let the merry lark, with her delicious lays,  
 ' Give comfort to thy plains, and let me only lie,  
 ' Though of the world contem'd) yet gracious in  
   ' thine eye.'

Thus said, these ancient Dykes neglected in  
   their ground, [sound,  
 Through the sad aged earth, sent out a hollow  
 To gratulate her speech; when as we met again,  
 With one whose constant heart, with cruel love  
   was slain;

Old Gogmagog, a hill of long and great renown,  
 Which near to Cambridge set, o'erlooks that  
   ' learn'd town.

Of Balsam's pleasant hills, that by the name was  
   known,

But with the monstrous times, he rude and bar-  
   barous grown,

A giant was become; for man he cared not,  
 And so the fearful name of Gogmagog had got:  
 Who long had borne good-will to most delicious  
   Grant, [supplant.

But doubting lest some god his greatness might  
 For as the dainty flood by Cambridge keeps her  
   course,

He found their muses left their old Boeotian source;  
 Resorting to her banks, and every little space,  
 He saw bright Phœbus gaze upon her crystal face,  
 And through th' exhaled fogs, with anger looked  
   red, [to bed.

To leave his loved nymph, when he went down  
 Wherefore this hill with love, being foully over-  
   gone;

And one day as he found the lovely nymph alone,  
 Thus woos her; ' Sweeting mine, if thou mine  
   ' own wilt be,

' I've many a pretty gaud, I keep in store for  
   ' thee,

' A nest of broad-fac'd owls, and goodly urchins  
   ' too, [wooe:

' Nay, nymph, take heed of me, when I begin to

' And better yet than this, a bulchin two years  
   ' old, [fold;

' A curl'd-pate calf it is, and oft could have been

' And yet beside all this, I've goodly bear-whelps  
   ' twa, [play,

' Full dainty for my joy, when she's dispos'd to

' And twenty sowes of lead, to make our wedding  
   ' ring; [thing:

' Besides, at Sturbridge fair, I'll buy thee many a

' I'll smouch thee every morn, before the sun can  
   ' rise, [eyes:

' And look my manly face, in thy sweet glaring  
 Thus said, he smug'd his beard, and strook  
   up his hair,

As one that for her love he thought had offered  
   fair:

Which to the muses, Grant did presently report,  
 Wherewith they many a year shall make them  
   wond'rous sport. [dick,

When Ringdale in herself, a most delicious  
 Who having heard too long the barbarous moun-  
   tain's tale,

Thus thinketh in herself, ' Shall I be silenc'd, when

' Rude hills and ditches, digg'd by discontented  
   ' men,

' Are aided by the muse; their minds at large to  
   ' speak,

' Besides my sister vales, supposing me but weak,

' Judge meanly of my state, when she no longer  
   ' staid,

' But in her own behalf, thus to the other said.

' What though betwixt two (b) shires, I be  
   ' by fortune thrown, [own;

' That neither of them both can challenge me her

' Yet am I not the less, nor less my fame shall be;

' Your figures are but base, when they are set by me;

' For nature in your shapes, notoriously did err,

' But skilful was in me, cast pure orbicular.

' Nor can I be compar'd so like to any thing,

' By him that would express my shape, as to a  
   ' ring:

' For nature bent to sport, and various in her  
   ' trade,

' Of all the British vales, of me a circle made:

' For in my very midst, there is a swelling ground

' About which Ceres nymphs dance many a war-  
   ' ton round.

' The frisking fairy there, as on the light air borne,

' Oft run at barley-break upon the ears of corn;

' And catching drops of dew in their lascivious  
   ' chaces,

' Do cast the liquid pearl in one another's faces.

' What they in largeness have, that bear them-  
   ' selves so high,

' In my most perfect form, and delicacy, I,

' For greatness of my grain, and fineness of my  
   ' grass; [surpass:

' This isle scarce hath a vale, that Ringdale does

When more she would have said, but suddenly  
   there sprung,

A confident report, that through the country  
   rung,

(b) This vale standeth part in Hertfordshire, part in  
 Cambridgeshire.



That Cam her daintiest flood, long since entitled  
Grant,  
Whose fountain Ashwell crown'd, with many an  
upright plant.  
In fallying on for Ouse, determin'd by the way,  
To entertain her friends the muses with a lay.  
Wherefore to shew herself e'er she to Cambridge  
came,  
Most worthy of that town to which she gives the  
name,  
Takes in her second head, from Linton coming in,  
By Shelford having slid, which straightway she  
doth win :  
Than which, a purer stream, a delicates brook,  
Bright Phœbus in his course, doth scarcely over-  
look.  
Thus furnishing her banks ; as sweetly she doth  
glide  
Towards Cambridge, with rich meads laid forth  
on either side ;  
And with the muses oft, did by the way con-  
verse :  
Wherefore it her behoves, that something she re-  
hearse,  
The sisters that concern'd, who whisper'd in her  
ear,  
Such things as only she, and they themselves  
should hear,  
A wond'rous learned flood ; and she that had  
been long  
(Though silent, in herself, yet) vexed at the  
wrong  
Done to Apollo's priests, with heavenly fire infus'd,  
Oft by the worthless world, unworthily abus'd :  
With whom, in their behalf, hap ill, or happen  
well,  
She meant to have a bout, even in despite of  
hell,  
When humbly lowting low, her due obedience  
done,  
Thus like a satyr she, deliberately begun.  
' My invective, thus quoth she, I only aim at  
' you,  
' Of what degree soe'er) ye wretched worldly  
' crew,  
' In all your brainless talk, that still direct your  
' drifts  
' Against the muses sons, and their most sacred  
' gifts,  
' That hate a poet's name, your vileness to ad-  
' vance,  
' For ever be you damn'd in your dull ignorance.  
' Slave, he whom thou dost think, so mean and  
' poor to be,  
' Is more than half divine, when he is set by thee.  
' Nay more, I will avow, and justify him then,  
' He is a god, compar'd with ordinary men.  
' His brave and noble heart, here in a heaven doth  
' dwell  
' Above those worldly cares, that sink such sots to  
hell ;  
' A caitif if there be yet viler than thyself,  
' If he through baseness light upon this wordly  
' pelf,

' The chimney-sweep, or he that in the dead of  
' night,  
' Doth empty loathsome vaults, nay purchase all  
' your right ;  
' When not the greatest king, should he his trea-  
' sure rain,  
' The muses sacred gifts, can possibly obtain ;  
' No, were the monarch of the universal earth,  
' Except that gift from heav'n, he breath'd into  
' his birth.  
' How transitory be those heaps of rotting mud,  
' Which only to obtain, ye make your chiefest  
' good ?  
' Perhaps to your fond sons, your ill-got goods  
' you leave,  
' You scarcely buried are, but they your hopes  
' deceive.  
' Have I not known a wretch, the purchase of  
' whose ground,  
' Was valued to be sold, at threescore thousand  
' pound ;  
' That in a little time, in a poor threadbare coat,  
' Hath walk'd from place to place, to beg a silly  
' groat !  
' When nothing hath of yours, or your base broods  
' been left,  
' Except poor widows cries, to memorize your  
' theft.  
' That curse the serpent got in paradise for hire,  
' Descend upon you all, from him your devilish  
' fire,  
' Groveling upon the earth, to creep upon your  
' breast,  
' And lick the loathsome dust, like that abhorred  
' beast.  
' But leave these hateful herds, and let me now  
' declare,  
' I th' Heliconian font, who rightly christ'ned  
' are ;  
' Not such as basely sooth the humour of the  
' time,  
' And slubberingly patch up some flight and shal-  
' low rhyme,  
' Upon Parnassus' top, that strive to be install'd,  
' Yet never to that place were by the muses  
' call'd.  
' Nor yet our mimic apes, out of their bragging  
' pride,  
' That fain would seem to be, what nature them  
' deny'd ;  
' Whose verses hobling run, as with disjointed  
' bones,  
' And make a viler noise, than carts upon the  
' stones ;  
' And these forsooth must be, the muses only  
' heirs.  
' When they but standards are, and foundlings  
' none of theirs,  
' Inforcing things in verse for poetry unfit,  
' Mere filthy stuff, that breaks out of the sores of  
' wit ;  
' What poet recks the praise upon such antics  
' heap'd,  
' Or envies that their lines, in cabinets are kept ?



' Though some fantastic fool promote their rag-  
   ' ged rhymes,  
 ' And do transcribe them o'er a hundred several  
   ' times,  
 ' And some fond women wins, to think them  
   ' wond'rous rare,  
 ' When they lewd beggary trash, nay very gib-  
   ' berish are.  
 ' Give me those lines (whose touch the skilful ear  
   ' to please)  
 ' That gilding flow in state, like swelling Eu-  
   ' phrates,  
 ' In which things natural be, and not in falsely  
   ' wrong;  
 ' The sounds are fine and smooth, the sense is full  
   ' and strong;  
 ' Not bombasted with words, vain ticklish ears to  
   ' feed,  
 ' But such as may content the perfect man to read.  
 ' What is of painters said, is of true poets rife,  
 ' That he which doth express things nearest to the  
   ' life,  
 ' Doth touch the very point, nor needs he add  
   ' thereto,  
 ' For that the utmost is, that art doth strive to do.  
   ' Had Orpheus, whose sweet harp (so musically  
   ' strung)  
 ' Enticed trees, and rocks, to follow him along;  
 ' Th' morality of which, is, that his knowledge  
   ' drew, [ness knew,  
 ' The stony, blockish rout, that nought but rude-  
 ' T' embrace a civil life, by his enticing lays.  
 ' Had he compos'd his lines, like many of these  
   ' days,  
 ' Which to be understood, to take it in disdain,  
 ' Nay Oedipus may fail, to know what they would  
   ' mean.  
 ' If Orpheus had so play'd, not to be understood,  
 ' Well might those men have thought the harper  
   ' had been wood;  
 ' Who might have sit him down, the trees and  
   ' rocks among,  
 ' And been a verier block than those to whom he  
   ' sung. [town,  
   ' O noble Cambridge then, my most beloved  
 ' In glory flourish still, to heighten thy renown;  
 ' In woman's perfect shape, still be thy emblem  
   ' right, [light.  
 ' Whose one hand holds a cup, the other bears a  
 ' Phocis bedew'd with drops, that from Parnassus  
   ' fall,  
 ' Let Cirtha seek to her, nor be you least of all,  
 ' Ye fair Boeotian Thebes, and Thespia still to  
   ' pay [way.  
 ' My Cambridge all her rites; Cirrhea send this  
 ' O let the thrice-three maids, their dew upon  
   ' the rain,  
 ' From Aganippa's font, and hoof-plow'd Hip-  
   ' pocrene. [place  
 ' Mount Pindus, thou that art the muses sacred  
 ' In Thessaly; and thou, O Pimpla, that in Thrace  
 ' They chose for their own hill, then thou Par-  
   ' nassus high,  
 ' Upon whose by-clift top, the sacred company

' About Apollo sit; and thou, O flood, with thee  
 ' Pure Helicon, belov'd of the Pierides.  
 ' With Tempe, let thy walks, and shades, be  
   ' brought to her,  
 ' And all your glorious gifts upon my town con-  
   ' fer.'  
 This said, the lovely Grant glides easily on  
 along,  
 To meet the mighty Ouse, which with her wat'ry  
 throng,  
 The Cantabrigian fields had entered, taking in  
 Th' insl'd Ely's earth, which strongly she doth  
 win  
 From Grant's soft-neighbouring grounds, when  
 as the fruitful isle,  
 Much wondering at herself, thought surely all  
 this while,  
 That by her silence she had suffered too much  
 wrong,  
 ' Wherefore in her self-praise, lo thus the island  
 sung.  
   ' Of all the Marshland isles, I Ely am the  
   ' Queen,  
 ' For winter each where sad, in me looks fresh  
   ' and green.  
 ' The horse, or other beast, o'erweigh'd with his  
   ' own mass,  
 ' Lies wallowing in my fens, hid over head in  
   ' grafs;  
 ' And in the place where grows rank fodder for  
   ' my neat,  
 ' The turf which bears the hay, is wood'rous  
   ' needful peat:  
 ' My full and bat'ning earth, needs not the plow-  
   ' man's pains,  
 ' The rills which run in me, are like the branched  
   ' veins [hand  
 ' In human bodies seen; those ditches cut by  
 ' From the surrounding Meres, to win the mea-  
   ' sur'd land,  
 ' To those choice waters, I most fitly may com-  
   ' pare,  
 ' Wherewith nice women use to blanch their  
   ' beauties rare.  
 ' Hath there a man been born in me, that never  
   ' knew  
 ' Of Watersey the Lame, or th' other call'd the  
   ' New.  
 ' The Frithdike near'st my midst, and of ano-  
   ' ther sort,  
 ' Whoever fish'd, or fowl'd, that cannot make  
   ' report  
 ' Of sundry Meres at hand, upon my western  
   ' way,  
 ' As Ramsey-mere, and Ug, with the great Whit-  
   ' telsey;  
 ' Of the abundant store of fish and fowl that  
   ' bred,  
 ' Which whilst of Europe's isles Great Britain is  
   ' the head.  
 ' No Meres shall truly tell, in them, than at one  
   ' draught,  
 ' More store of either kinds hath with the net  
   ' been caught;



Which though some petty isles do challenge  
 ' them to be

Their own, yet must those isles likewise ac-  
 ' knowledge me.

Their sovereign. Nor yet let that islet Ramsey  
 ' shame,

Although to Ramsey-mere she only gives the  
 ' name;

(c) Nor Huntingdon, to me though she extend  
 ' her grounds,

'Twit me that I at all usurp upon her bounds.

(c) Though Ely be in part of Cambridgeshire, yet are  
 the Meres for the most part in Huntingdonshire.

' Those Meres may well be proud, that I will  
 ' take them in,

' Which otherwise perhaps forgotten might have  
 ' been.

' Besides my tow'red (d) Phane, and my rich ci-  
 ' ty'd seat,

' With villages, and dorps, to make me most  
 ' compleat.'

Thus broke she off her speech, when as the  
 muse a while,

Desirous to repose, and rest her with the isle,  
 Here consummates her song, and doth fresh cou-  
 rage take,

With war in the next book, the muses to awake'

(d) The town and church of Ely.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE TWENTY-SECOND SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The muse, Ouse from her fountain brings  
Along by Buckingham, and sings :  
The earth that turned wood to stone,  
And th' holy wells of Harlwellton :  
Then shews wherefore the fates do grant,  
That she the civil wars should chant :  
By Huntingdon she Waybridge meets,  
And thence the German ocean greets.

INVENTION as before, thy high-pitch'd pinions  
rouze,  
Exactly to set down how the far-wandering Ouse,  
Through the Bedfordian fields deliciously doth  
strain,  
As holding on her course, by Huntingdon again,  
How bravely she herself betwixt her banks doth  
bear,  
Ere Ely she inisle, a goddess honoured there ;  
From Brackley breaking forth, through soils most  
heavenly sweet,  
By Buckingham makes on, and crossing Watling-  
street, [twin,  
She with her lesser Ouse, at Newport next doth  
Which from proud Chiltern near, comes eas'ly  
ambling in.  
The brook which on her bank doth boast that  
earth alone : [stone.  
(Which noted) of this isle, converteth wood to

That little Asply's earth we anciently inisle,  
'Mongst sundry other things, a wonder of the isle:  
Of which the lesser Ouse oft boasteth in her way,  
As she herself with flowers doth gorgeously ar-  
ray.  
Ouse having Oulney past, as she were waxed  
mad, [gad;  
From her first stayder course immediately doth  
And in meandred gyres doth whirl herself about,  
That, this way, here and there, back, forward, on,  
and out,  
And like a wanton girl, oft doubling in her gate,  
In labyrinth-like turns, and twinings intricate,  
Through those rich fields doth run, till lastly in  
her pride, [vide,  
The shire's hospitious town, she in her course doth  
Where she her spacious breast in glorious breadth  
displays [ways,  
And varying her clear form a thousand sundry



ks through the verdant meads; but far she  
 hath not gone, [on,  
 n Ivel a clear nymph from Shefford fallying  
 as deftly dancing in through many a dainty  
 flade, [swade,  
 en'd with a goodly bridge, arriv'd at Bickle-  
 uraged the more her mistress to pursue,  
 hose clear face the sun delights himself to  
 view: [make,  
 nix herself with Ouse, as on she thus doth  
 lovingly at last hath apt to overtake;  
 in her chrystal arms her sovereign Ouse doth  
 cling,  
 ch flood in her ally, as highly glorying,  
 its forward to St. Neot's, into those nether  
 grounds,  
 rards Huntingdon, and leaves the lov'd Bed-  
 fordian bounds.  
 ce is she ent'ed yet upon this second shire,  
 which she sovereign is, but that two fountains  
 clear, [sweet,  
 Harlweston near hand, th' one salt, the other  
 her first entrance, thus her greatness gently  
 greet.  
 'Once were we two fair nymphs, who fortu-  
 'nately prov'd,  
 The pleasures of the woods, and faithfully be-  
 'lov'd [here;  
 If two such Sylvan gods, by hap that found us  
 or then their Sylvan kind most highly honour-  
 'ed were,  
 When this whole country's face was foresty,  
 'and we  
 liv'd loosely in the weilda, which now thus  
 'peopled be. [sent,  
 If interchang'd we sighs, oft amorous looks we  
 If whispering our dear loves, our thoughts oft  
 'did we vent [play,  
 Amongst the secret shades, oft in the groves did  
 and in our sports our joys, and sorrows did be-  
 'wray.  
 If cunningly we met, yet coyly then embrac'd,  
 till languish'd in desire, yet liv'd we ever chaste.  
 And quoth the saltish spring, as one day mine  
 'and I, [eye  
 let to recount our loves, from his more tender  
 The brinish tears drop'd down, on mine im-  
 'pierced breast,  
 And instantly therein so deeply were imprest,  
 That brackish I became; he finding me de-  
 'priv'd  
 Of former freshness quite, the cause from him  
 'deriv'd, [quite,  
 On me bestow'd this gift, my sweetness to re-  
 That I should ever cure the dimness of the sight.  
 And, quoth the fresher spring, the wood-god  
 'me that woo'd,  
 As one day by my brim, surpris'd with love he  
 'stood,  
 On me bestow'd this gift, that ever after I  
 should cure the painful itch, and lothsome le-  
 'prosy.' [run,  
 Held on with this discourse, she on not far hath  
 it that she is arriv'd at goodly Huntingdon;

Where she no sooner views her darling and de-  
 light,  
 Proud (a) Portholme, but became so ravish'd  
 with the sight,  
 That she her limber arms lasciviously doth throw  
 About the islets waist, who being embraced so,  
 Her flowry bosom shows to the enamour'd  
 brook;  
 On which when as the Ouse amazedly doth look  
 On her brave damask'd breast, bedeck'd with ma-  
 ny a flow'r  
 (That grace this godly mead) as though the  
 spring did pour  
 Her full abundance down, whose various dyes so  
 thick,  
 Are intermix'd as they by one another stick,  
 That to the gazing eye that standeth far, they  
 show  
 Like those made by the sun in the celestial bow.  
 But now t' advance this flood, the fates had  
 brought to pass,  
 As she of all the rest the only river was:  
 That but a little while before that fatal war,  
 'Twixt that divided blood of York and Lancaster,  
 Near Harleswood, above in her Bedfordian trace,  
 By keeping back her stream, for near three fur-  
 longs space,  
 Laying her bosom bare unto the public view;  
 Apparently was prov'd by that which did ensue,  
 In her prophetic self, those troubles to foresee:  
 Wherefore (even as her due) the destinies agree,  
 She should the glory have our civil fights to sing,  
 When swelling in her banks, from her abundant  
 spring,  
 Her sober silence she now resolutely breaks,  
 In language fitting war, and thus to purpose  
 speaks.  
 'With that most fatal field, I will not here be-  
 'gin,  
 'Where Norman William first the Conqueror,  
 'did win  
 'The day at (b) Hastings, where the valiant Ha-  
 'rold slain [retain,  
 Resign'd his crown, whose soil the colour doth,  
 Of th' English blood there shed, as th' earth still,  
 'kept the scar:  
 'Which since not our's begot, but an invasive war,  
 'Amongst our home-fought fields, hath no de-  
 'scription here. [year,  
 'In Normandy nor that, that same day forty  
 'That bastard William brought a conquest on this  
 'isle,  
 'Twixt Robert his eld'st son, and Henry, who  
 'the while [pight,  
 'His brother's warlike tents in Palestine were  
 'In England here usurp'd his eld'st-born brother's  
 'right;  
 'Which since it foreign was, not struck within  
 'this land,  
 'Amongst our civil fights here number'd shall  
 'not stand.

(a) A little island made by this river, lying near Hun-  
 tingdon.

(b) In Sussex, near the sea.



' But Lincoln battle now we as our first will  
 ' lay,  
 ' Where Maud the empress stood to try the  
 ' doubtful day,  
 ' With Stephen, when he here had well-near  
 ' three years reign'd,  
 ' Where both of them their right courageously  
 ' maintain'd, [put,  
 ' And marshaling their troops, the king his person  
 ' Into his well-arm'd main, of strong and va-  
 ' liant foot :  
 ' The wings that were his horse, in th' one of  
 ' them he plac'd  
 ' Young Alan that brave Duke of Britain whom  
 ' he grac'd  
 ' With th' Earls of Norfolk, and Northampton,  
 ' and with those, [pose.  
 ' He Mellent in that wing, and Warren did di-  
 ' The other no whit less, that this great day might  
 ' fled ;  
 ' The Earl of Aubemerle, and valiant spres led.  
 ' The Empress' powers again, but in two squa-  
 ' drons were : [rear ;  
 ' The vaward Chester 'had, and Gloucester the  
 ' Then were there valiant Welsh, and desperate  
 ' men of our's,  
 ' That when supplies should want, might rein-  
 ' force their powers. [dash'd  
 ' The battles join, as when two adverse seas are  
 ' Against each other's waves, that all the plains  
 ' were wash'd  
 ' With showers of sweltring blood, that down  
 ' the furrows ran, [won.  
 ' Ere it could be discern'd which either lost or  
 ' Earl Baldwin, and Fitzurse those valiant knights,  
 ' were seen  
 ' To charge the Empress' horse, as though dread  
 ' Mars had been  
 ' There in two sundry shapes : the day that  
 ' beauteous was, [glafs,  
 ' Twinkled as when you see the sun-beams in a  
 ' That nimbly being stir'd, flings up the tremb-  
 ' ling flame  
 ' At once, and on the earth reflects the very same.  
 ' With their resplendent swords, that glister'd  
 ' gainst the sun ; [won.  
 ' The honour of the day, at length the Empress  
 ' King Stephen prisoner was, and with him ma-  
 ' ny a lord,  
 ' The common soldiers put together to the sword,  
 ' 'The next, the battle near St Edmundsbury  
 ' fought,  
 ' By our Fitz-empress' force, and Flemings hi-  
 ' ther brought [strife.  
 ' By th' Earl of Le'ister, bent to move intestine  
 ' For young king (c) Heney's cause, crown'd in  
 ' his father's life ;  
 ' Which to his kingly fire much care and sorrow  
 ' bred, [spread,  
 ' In whose defiance then that earl his ensigns  
 ' Back'd by Hugh Bigot's power, the Earl of  
 ' Norfolk then,  
 ' By bringing to his aid the valiant Norfolk men.

(c) Henry II,

' 'Gainst Bohun, England's great high  
 ' that sway'd  
 ' The royal forces, join'd with Lucy for  
 ' Chief justice, and with them the  
 ' powers, t'expel  
 ' The Earls of Cornwall came, Glo'ster, an  
 ' From Bury, that with them St. Edmund  
 ' ner bring,  
 ' Their battles in array ; both wisely order  
 ' The armies chanc'd to meet upon the  
 ' ground,  
 ' Betwixt St. Edmund's town, and Fornham  
 ' found)  
 ' The bellowing drums beat up a thunder  
 ' The trumpets rend the air, the ensigs  
 ' large,  
 ' Like waving flames far off, to either host  
 ' The bristling pikes do shake, to the  
 ' coming near ;  
 ' All clouded in a mist they hardly cou  
 ' So shadow'd with the shafts from either  
 ' flew.  
 ' The wings came wheeling in, at joi  
 ' whose forces,  
 ' The either part were seen to tumble fr  
 ' horses,  
 ' Which empty put to rout, are pannel  
 ' gleaves and piles,  
 ' Lest else by running loose, they might  
 ' their files.  
 ' The bill-men come to blows, that with t  
 ' thacks,  
 ' The ground lay stray'd with male, and f  
 ' tatter'd jacks :  
 ' The plains like to a shop, look'd each w  
 ' behold,  
 ' Where limbs of mangled men on heaps  
 ' be sold ;  
 ' Stern discontented war did never yet ap  
 ' With a more threatening brow, than  
 ' time did there.  
 ' O Leicester (alas) in ill time wast tho  
 ' To aid this graceful youth, the most un  
 ' son  
 ' Against his natural fire, who crown'd his  
 ' Whose ill-requited love did him much  
 ' raise, [  
 ' At Le'ister by this war against King  
 ' Upon so bad a cause, O courage ill bestow  
 ' Who had thy quarrel been, as thou thy  
 ' skill'd  
 ' In brave and martial feats, thou everm  
 ' This isle with thy high deeds, done  
 ' bloody field :  
 ' But Bigot and this lord, enforc'd at le  
 ' Them to the other part, when on the  
 ' plain,  
 ' Of th' English and the Dutch, ten th  
 ' men lay slain.  
 ' As for the second fight at Lincoln,  
 ' Who sided with the French, by seeking  
 ' pose,  
 ' Henry the son of John, then young, an  
 ' The Dauphin Lewis, son to Philip F  
 ' France,



Which Lincoln castle, then most straitly did  
 'besiege; [liege.  
 And William Marshal Earl of Pembroke for his  
 (Who led the faithful lords) although so many  
 'there,  
 'Or in the conflict slain, or taken prisoners were;  
 'Yet but for a surprise, no field appointed fight  
 'Mongst our set battles here, may no way claim  
 'a right. [fought  
 'The field at Lewes then, by our third Henry  
 'Who Edward his brave son unto that conflict  
 'brought; [son  
 'With Richard then the King of Almain, and his  
 'Young Henry, with such lords as to his part he  
 'won,  
 'With him their sovereign liege, their lives that  
 'durst engage.  
 'And the rebellious league of the proud baronage,  
 'By Simon Mountford Earl of Le'ster their chief  
 'head,  
 'And th' Earl of Glo'ster, 'Clare, against King  
 'Henry led;  
 'Forth' ancient freedoms here that bound their  
 'lives to stand,  
 'The aliens to expulse, who troubled all the land,  
 'Whilst for this dreadful day, their great designs  
 'were meant; [sent  
 'From Edward the young prince, defiance were  
 'To Mountford's valiant sons, Lord Henry, Sim,  
 'and Guy,  
 'And calling unto him a herald, quoth he, fly  
 'To th' earl of Le'ster's tents, and publicly pro-  
 'claim [name,  
 'Defiance to his face, and to the Mountford's  
 'And say to his proud sons, say boldly thus from  
 'me;  
 'That if they be the same, that they would seem  
 'to be, [known,  
 'Now let them in the field be by their band-rouls  
 'Where as I make no doubt, their valour shall be  
 'shown: [pride,  
 'Which if they dare to do, and still uphold their  
 'There will we vent our spleens, where swords  
 'shall it decide.  
 'To whom they thus reply'd, tell that brave  
 'man of hope,  
 'He shall the Mountfords find in th' head of all  
 'their troop, [good  
 'To answer his proud braves; our bilboes be as  
 'As his, our arms as strong; and he shall find  
 'our blood.  
 'Hold at as dear a rate as his; and if we fall,  
 'Tell him we'll hold so fast, his crown shall go  
 'withal. [vide,  
 'The king into three fights his forces doth di-  
 'Of which his princely (d) son the vaward had  
 'to guide:  
 'The second to the King of Almain, and his son,  
 'Young Henry he betook, in the third legion  
 'of knights, and men of arms, in person he ap-  
 'pears.  
 'Into four several fights, the desperate barons  
 'theirs.

(d) Prince Edward, after called Edward I.

'I th' first those valiant youths, the sons of  
 'Le'ster came, [name:  
 'Of leading of the which, lord Henry had the  
 'The Earl of Glo'ster brought the second battle  
 'on,  
 'And with him the lords Mountchency, and  
 'Fitz-John: [plac'd,  
 'The third wherein alone the Londoners were  
 'The stout lord Segrave led; the greatest, and  
 'the last, [took.  
 'Brave Leicester himself, with courage under-  
 'The day upon the host affrightedly doth look,  
 'To see the dreadful shock, their first encounter  
 'gave,  
 'As though it with the roar, the thunder would  
 'out-brave. [been:  
 'Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had  
 'The Mountfords all in plumes, like ostriches  
 'were seen,  
 'To beard him to his teeth, to th' work of death  
 'they go; [fro.  
 'The crowds like to a sea seem'd waving to and  
 'Friend falling by his friend, together they ex-  
 'pire:  
 'He breath'd, doth charge afresh; he wounded,  
 'doth retire.  
 'The Mountfords with the prince vye valour all  
 'the day,  
 'Which should for knightly deeds excel, or he,  
 'or they, [throws,  
 'To them about his head, his glist'ring blade he  
 'They wast him with their swords, as long with  
 'equal shows: [Guy,  
 'Now Henry, Simon then, and then the youngest  
 'Kept by his brothers back, thus stoutly doth re-  
 'ply,  
 "What though I be but young, let death me  
 "overwhelm,  
 "But I will break my sword upon his plumed  
 "helm."  
 'The younger Bohun there, to high achieve-  
 'ments bent, [went,  
 'With whom two other lords, Lucy and Hastings  
 'Which charging but too home, all sorely wound-  
 'ed were, [to bear,  
 'Whom living from the field, the barons strove  
 'Being on their party fix'd; whilst still Prince  
 'Edward spurs,  
 'To bring his forces up to charge the Londoners,  
 'T' whom cruel hate he bare, and joining with  
 'their force, [horse,  
 'Of heavy-armed foot, with his light northern  
 'He putting them to flight, four miles in chase  
 'them flew: [drew  
 'But ere he could return, the conquest wholly  
 'To the stout Barons side: his father fled the  
 'field, [yield.  
 'Into the abbey there, constrained thence to  
 'The lords Fitz-warren slain, and Wilton that  
 'was then  
 'Chief Justice (as some say) with them five  
 'thousand men;  
 'And Bohun that great Earl of Her'ford over-  
 'thrown, [known.  
 'With Bardolfe, Somery, Patshul, and Percie



' By their coat-armours they, for barons, prison-  
   ' ers ta'en;  
 ' Though Henry wore the crown, great Le'ster  
   ' yet did reign,  
   ' Now for the conflict next, at Chesterfield that  
   ' chanc'd [advanc'd  
 ' 'Gainst Robert that proud Earl of Derby, who  
 ' His ensigns 'gainst the king, (contrary to his  
   ' oath)  
 ' Upon the barons part, with the lord Deuell, both  
 ' Surpris'd by Henry Prince of Almain with his  
   ' power,  
 ' By coming at so strange an unexpected hour :  
 ' And taking them unarm'd; since merely a  
   ' defeat, [repeat.  
 ' With our well-ordered fights, we will not here  
   ' The fatal battle then at fertile Eusham struck,  
 ' Though with the self-same hands, not with the  
   ' self-same luck :  
 ' For both the king and prince at Lewes prisoners  
   ' taken,  
 ' By fortune were not yet so utterly forsaken :  
 ' But that the prince was got from Le'ster, and  
   ' doth gather  
 ' His friends, by force of arms yet to redeem his  
   ' father;  
 ' And th' Earl of Glo'ster won, who through the  
   ' Mountfords' pride [side.  
 ' Disgrac'd, came with his power to the imperial  
 ' When now those lords, which late at Lewes won  
   ' the day, [lay,  
 ' The sacrament receiv'd, their arms not down to  
 ' Until the king should yield th' old charter to  
   ' maintain. [again,  
 ' King Henry and his son prince Edward swore  
 ' They would repeal those laws that were at Ox-  
   ' ford made, [wade.  
 ' Or through this bloody war to their destruction  
 ' But since the king remain'd in puissant Le'ster's  
   ' power,  
 ' The remnant of, his friends whom death did  
   ' not devour  
 ' At Lewes' battle late, and durst his part partake.  
 ' The prince excites again, an army up to make,  
 ' Whom Roger Bigot, Earl of Norfolk, doth as-  
   ' sist, [martialist,  
 ' England's high marshal then, and that great  
 ' Old Henry Bohun, Earl of Her'ford, in this  
   ' war, [timer,  
 ' Gray, Basset, and Saint-John, Lisle, Percie, La-  
 ' All barons, which to him their utmost strengths  
   ' do lay,  
 ' With many a knight for power their equal  
   ' every way;  
 ' And William Valencè, Earl of Pembroke, who  
   ' had fled  
 ' From Lewes' field, to France, then with fresh  
   ' succour sped.  
 ' Young Humphry Bohun still, doth with great  
   ' Le'ster go, [foe.  
 ' Who for his country's cause becomes his father's  
 ' Fitz-John, Gray, Spencer, Strange, Rosse, Se-  
   ' grave, Vessey, Gifford.  
 ' Wake, Lucy, Vipount, Vaux, Clare, Marmion,  
   ' Hastings, Clifford.

' In that black night before this sad and  
   ' day, [  
 ' Were apparitions strange, as dread heaven  
 ' The horrors to ensue, O most amazing fi  
 ' Two armies in the air, discerned were to  
 ' Which came so near to earth, that in th  
   ' they found  
 ' The prints of horses feet remaining  
   ' ground,  
 ' Which came but as a shew, the time to en  
 ' 'Till th' angry armies join'd, to act the  
   ' scene.  
 ' Shrill shouts, and deadly cries, each  
   ' air do fill,  
 ' And not a word was heard from either  
 ' The father, 'gainst the son, the brothe  
   ' the brother,  
 ' With gleaves, swords, bills, and pike  
   ' murdering one another.  
 ' The full luxurious earth, seems surfeit  
 ' Whilst in his uncle's gore th' unnatural  
   ' stood;  
 ' Whilst with their charged staves, the  
   ' horsemen meet,  
 ' They hear their kinsmen groan under th  
   ' ses feet. [  
 ' Dead men, and weapons broke, do on  
 ' The drums bedash'd with brains, do g  
   ' mal sound.  
 ' Great Le'ster there expir'd, with He  
   ' brave son,  
 ' When many a high exploit they in that  
 ' Scarce was there noble house, of whi  
   ' times could tell,  
 ' But that some one thereof, on this, or  
 ' Amongst the slaughter'd men, that  
   ' heap'd on piles :  
 ' Bohuns, and Beauchamps were, Bassets, an  
   ' deviles :  
 ' Segraves, and Saint-Johns seek, upon th  
 ' To give those of their names their chri  
   ' rial.  
 ' Ten thousand on both sides were ta'en :  
   ' that day :  
 ' Prince Edward gets the goal, and bears  
   ' All Edward Longshank's time, her c  
   ' did cease, [  
 ' Who strove his country's bounds by con  
 ' But in th' ensuing reign of his most riot  
 ' As in his father's days, a second war be  
 ' When as the stubborn heirs of the stou  
   ' dead, [Eush  
 ' Who for their country's cause, their  
 ' Not able to endure the Spencers hateful  
 ' The father and the son, whose counsels  
   ' guide  
 ' Th' inconsiderate king, conferring all hi  
 ' On them who got all gifts, and bought  
   ' all places,  
 ' Them raising to debase the baronage the  
 ' For Gaveston, whom they had put to  
   ' fore.  
 ' Which urg'd too far, at length to o  
   ' they brake,  
 ' And for a speedy war they up their po



' Upon King Edward's part, for this great ac-  
 ' tion bent, [Kent,  
 ' His brother Edmund came, the valiant Earl of  
 ' With Richmond, Arundel, and Pembroke, who  
 ' engage,  
 ' Their powers, (three powerful earls) against the  
 ' baronage.  
 ' And on the barons side, great master of the  
 ' war, [ter,  
 ' Was Thomas (of the blood) the Earl of Lancas-  
 ' With Henry Bohun, Earl of Hereford, his peer,  
 ' With whom (of great command and martialists)  
 ' there were  
 ' Lyle, Darcy, Denville, Teis, Beach, Bradburne,  
 ' Bernvile, Knovile,  
 ' With Badlesmer, and Bercks, Fitz-William, Ley-  
 ' Burne, Lovell,  
 ' Tachet, and Talbot stout, do for the barons stand,  
 ' Mandute, and Mowbray, with great Clifford  
 ' that command  
 ' Their tenants to take arms, that with their land-  
 ' lords run; [ton;  
 ' With these went also Hugh, and Henry Willing-  
 ' Redoubted Damory, as Audley, Elmesbridge,  
 ' Wither,  
 ' Earls, barons, knights, esquires, embodied all  
 ' together,  
 ' At Burton-upon Trent who having gather'd head,  
 ' Tow'rd's them with all his power the king in  
 ' person sped;  
 ' Who at his near approach (upon his march) de-  
 ' scry'd,  
 ' That they against his power the bridge had for-  
 ' tify'd:  
 ' Which he by strong assault, assays from them to  
 ' win,  
 ' Where as a bloody fight doth instantly begin,  
 ' When he to beat them off, assays them first by  
 ' shot;  
 ' And they to make that good, which they before  
 ' had got,  
 ' Defend them with the like, like hailstones from  
 ' the sky,  
 ' From cross-bows, and the long, the light-wing'd  
 ' arrows fly:  
 ' Befriended with the flood, the barons hold  
 ' their strength,  
 ' Forcing the king by boats, and piles of wood  
 ' at length,  
 ' To attempt to land his force upon the other side.  
 ' The barons, that the more his stratagems defy'd,  
 ' Withstand them in the stream, when as the  
 ' troubled flood,  
 ' (Within a little time) was turned all to blood;  
 ' And from the boats and bridge, the mangled  
 ' bodies fell'd, [expell'd.  
 ' The poor affrighted fish, their wat'ry walks  
 ' While at the bridge the fight still strongly doth  
 ' abide, [guide,  
 ' The king had learn'd to know, that by a skilful  
 ' He by a ford not far might pass his power of  
 ' horse,  
 ' Which quickly he performs, which drave the ba-  
 ' rons force

' From the defended bridge, t' affront th' ap-  
 ' proaching foe, [go,  
 ' Imbattelling themselves, when to the shock they  
 ' (On both sides so assail'd) till th' water, and the  
 ' shore [gore.  
 ' Of one complexion were, distain'd with equal  
 ' Oft forc'd to change their fights, being driven  
 ' from their ground,  
 ' That when by their much loss, too weak them-  
 ' selves they found,  
 ' Th' afflicted barons fly, yet still together keep.  
 ' The king his good success, not suff'ring so to  
 ' sleep,  
 ' Pursues them with his power, which northward  
 ' still do bear;  
 ' And seldom 'scapes a day, but he doth charge  
 ' their rear:  
 ' 'Till come to Burrough-bridge, where they too  
 ' soon were staid  
 ' By Andrew Herckley, Earl of Carlisle, with  
 ' fresh aid  
 ' Being lately thither come, King Edward's part  
 ' to take.  
 ' The barons range their fights, still good their  
 ' ground to make;  
 ' But with long marches tir'd, their wearied breath  
 ' they draw,  
 ' After the desp'rat'st fight the sun yet ever saw,  
 ' Brave Bohun there was slain, and Lancaster for-  
 ' faken  
 ' Of Fortune, is surpriz'd; the barons prisoners  
 ' taken.  
 ' For these rebellions, fires, commotions, up-  
 ' roars, here  
 ' In (e) Richard Bourdeaux reign, that long so  
 ' usual were;  
 ' As that the first by Straw, and Tyler, with their  
 ' rout [stout,  
 ' Of rebels brought from Kent, most insolent and  
 ' By ent'ring London, thought the island to sub-  
 ' due: [slew;  
 ' The first of which the mayor of London bravely  
 ' Walworth, which won his name much honour  
 ' by the deed: [ceed,  
 ' As they of Suffolk next, those rascals that suc-  
 ' By (f) Litster led about, their captain who en-  
 ' stil'd  
 ' Himself the commons' king, in hope to have  
 ' exil'd  
 ' The gentry from those parts, by those that were  
 ' his own,  
 ' By that brave bishop (then) of Norwich over-  
 ' thrown.  
 ' By such unruly slaves, and that in Essex rais'd  
 ' By Thomas that stout Duke of Glo'ster strongly  
 ' ceas'd,  
 ' As that at Kadcot-bridge, where the last named  
 ' peer,  
 ' With four brave (g) earls his friends, encount'ed  
 ' Robert Vere

(e) Richard II. born at Bourdeaux.

(f) John Litster, a dyer of Norwich.

(g) Warwick, Derby, Arundel, and Nottingham.



- ' Then Duke of Ireland call'd, by Richard so cre-  
 ' ated,  
 ' And 'gainst those lords maintain'd, whom they  
 ' most deadly hated;  
 ' Since they but garboyles were, in a deformed  
 ' mass,  
 ' Not ordered fitting war, we lightly overpass.  
 ' I choose the battle next of Shrewsbury to chant,  
 ' Betwixt Henry the Fourth, the son of John of  
 ' Gaunt,  
 ' And the stout Percies, Henry Hotspur and his  
 ' Eame  
 ' The Earl of Wor'ster, who the rightful diadem  
 ' Had from King Richard rest, and heav'd up to  
 ' his seat  
 ' This Henry, whom (too soon) they found to be  
 ' too great,  
 ' Him seeking to depose, and to the rule prefer  
 ' Richard's proclaimed hei', their cousin Mortimer,  
 ' Whom Owen Glendour then in Wales a priso-  
 ' ner staid,  
 ' Whom to their part they won, and thus their  
 ' plot they laid,  
 ' That Glendour should have Wales, along as Se-  
 ' vern went,  
 ' The Piercies all the north, that lay beyond the  
 ' Trent;  
 ' And Mortimer from thence the south to be his  
 ' share;  
 ' Which Henry having heard, doth for the war  
 ' prepare,  
 ' And down to Cheshire makes (where gathering  
 ' powers they were)  
 ' At Shrewsbury to meet, and doth affront them  
 ' there:  
 ' With him his peerless son, the princely Henry  
 ' came, [name,  
 ' With th' Earl of Stafford, and of gentlemen of  
 ' Blunt, Shyrley, Clifton, men that very powerful  
 ' were,  
 ' With Cockayne, Calverly, Mafsy, and Mortimer,  
 ' Gausell, and Wendley, all in friends and tenants  
 ' strong,  
 ' Resorting to the king still as he past along;  
 ' Which in the open field before the ranged fights,  
 ' He with his warlike son, there dub'd his maiden  
 ' knights.  
 ' Th' Earl Douglas for this day doth with the  
 ' Percies stand,  
 ' To whom they Berwick gave, and in Northum-  
 ' berland  
 ' Some feignories and holds, if they the battle got,  
 ' Who brought with him to field full many an an-  
 ' gry Scot,  
 ' At Holmdon battle ~~that~~ that being overthrown,  
 ' Now on the king and prince hop'd to regain  
 ' their own;  
 ' With almost all the power of Cheshire got to-  
 ' gether,  
 ' By Venables, (there great) and Vernon mus-  
 ' ter'd thither.  
 ' The vaward of the king, great Stafford took to  
 ' guide.  
 ' The vaward of the lords upon the other side,  
 ' Consisted most of Scots, which joining, made  
 ' such spoil,  
 ' As at the first constrain'd the English to recoil,  
 ' And almost broke their ranks, which when King  
 ' Henry found,  
 ' Bringing his battle up, to reinforce the ground,  
 ' The Percies bring up theirs, again to make it  
 ' good.  
 ' Thus whilst the either host in opposition stood,  
 ' Brave (b) Douglafs with his spurs, his furious  
 ' courser strake,  
 ' His lance set in his rest, when desperately he  
 ' brake  
 ' In, where his eye beheld th' imperial ensign fight,  
 ' Where soon it was his chance, upon the king to  
 ' light,  
 ' Which in his full career he from his courser  
 ' threw;  
 ' The next Sir Walter Blunt, he with three other  
 ' slew,  
 ' All armed like the king, which he dead sure  
 ' accounted;  
 ' But after when he saw the king himself re-  
 ' mounted:  
 ' "This hand of mine (quoth he) four kings this  
 ' "day hath slain,"  
 ' And swore out of the earth he thought they  
 ' sprang again,  
 ' Or fate did him defend, at whom he only aim'd.  
 ' When Henry Hotspur, so with his high deeds  
 ' inflam'd,  
 ' Doth second him again, and through such dan-  
 ' gers press,  
 ' That Douglafs' valiant deeds he made to seem  
 ' the less,  
 ' As still the people cried, A Percy Espirance.  
 ' The king which saw then time, or never to ad-  
 ' vance  
 ' His battle in the field, which near from him was  
 ' won, [son,  
 ' Aided by that brave prince, his most courageous  
 ' Who bravely coming on, in hope to give them  
 ' chase, [face;  
 ' It chanc'd he with a shaft was wounded in the  
 ' Whom, when out of the fight, his friends would  
 ' bear away,  
 ' He strongly it refus'd, and thus was heard to say:  
 ' "Time never shall report, prince Henry left the  
 ' "field,  
 ' "When Harry Piercy staid, his trait'rous sword  
 ' "to wield."  
 ' Now rage and equal wounds, alike inflame their  
 ' bloods, [bloods  
 ' And the main battles join, as do two adverse  
 ' Met in some narrow arm, should'ring as they  
 ' would shove  
 ' Each other from their path, or would their banks  
 ' remove.  
 ' The king his trait'rous foes, before him down  
 ' doth hew,  
 ' And with his hands that day, near forty persons  
 ' slew:  
 (b) The high courage of Douglafs won him that addition  
 of Doughty Douglafs, which after grew to a proverb.



' When conquest wholly turns to his victorious  
   ' side, [tide;  
 ' His power surrounding all, like to a furious  
 ' That Henry Hotspur dead upon the cold earth  
   ' lies,  
 ' Stout Wor'ster taken was, and Doughty Dou-  
   ' glass flies.  
 ' Five thousand from both parts left dead upon  
   ' the ground,  
 ' 'Mongst whom the king's fast friend, great Staf-  
   ' ford's corse was found;  
 ' And all the knights there dub'd the morning  
   ' but before, [gore.  
 ' The evening's sun beheld there swelter'd in their  
   ' Here I at Bramham-moor the battle in should  
   ' bring,  
 ' Of which Earl Piercie had the greatest managing,  
 ' With the Lord Bardolfe there, against the coun-  
   ' ty's power,  
 ' Fast cleaving to his friend, even to his utmost  
   ' hour:  
 ' In Flanders, France, and Wales, who having  
   ' been abroad [road  
 ' To raise them present powers, intending for a  
 ' On England, for the hate he to king Henry bore;  
 ' His son and brother's blood augmenting it the  
   ' more,  
 ' Which in his mighty spirit still rooted did re-  
   ' main,  
 ' By his too much default, whom he imputed slain  
 ' At Shrewsbury before, to whom if he had brought  
 ' Supply, (that bloody field, when they so brave-  
   ' ly fought),  
 ' They surely it had won; for which to make  
   ' amends,  
 ' Being furnished with men, amongst his foreign  
   ' friends,  
 ' By Scotland enter'd here, and with a violent hand  
 ' Upon those castles seiz'd within Northumberland  
 ' His earldom, which the king, (who much his  
   ' truth did doubt,  
 ' Had taken to himself, and put his people out)  
 ' Toward Yorkshire coming on, where (soon re-  
   ' paid his own)  
 ' At Bramham's fatal moor, was foully over-  
   ' thrown:  
 ' Which though it were indeed, a long and mor-  
   ' tal fight,  
 ' Where many men were main'd, and many slain  
   ' outright:  
 ' Where that courageous earl, all hopes there see-  
   ' ing past,  
 ' Amongst his murder'd troops (even) fought it  
   ' to the last:  
 ' Yet for it was achiev'd by multitudes of men,  
 ' Which with Ralph Rokby rose, the sh'rif of  
   ' Yorkshire then,  
 ' No well proportion'd fight, we of description  
   ' quit,  
 ' Amongst our famous fields; nor will we here  
   ' admit  
 ' That of that rakehell Cades, and his rebellious  
   ' crew, [few  
 ' In Kent and Suffex rais'd, at Se'e'neak fight that

' The Staffords with their power, that thither him  
   ' pursu'd,  
 ' Who twice upon Black-heath, back'd with the  
   ' commons rude,  
 ' Encamp'd against the king: then goodly Lon-  
   ' don took,  
 ' There ransoming some rich, and up the prison  
   ' broke,  
 ' His sensual beastly will, for law that did prefer,  
 ' Beheaded the Lord Say then England's treasurer,  
 ' And forc'd the king to flight, his person to secure,  
 ' The muse admits not here, a rabble so impure.  
   ' But brings that battle on of that long dread-  
   ' ful war,  
 ' Of those two houses nam'd of York and Lan-  
   ' caster,  
 ' In fair Saint Albans fought, most fatally betwixt  
 ' Richard then Duke of York, and Henry call'd  
   ' the Sixth,  
 ' For that ill gotten crown, which him his  
   ' (f) grandfire left,  
 ' That likewise with his life, he from King Rich-  
   ' ard rest,  
 ' When underhand the duke doth but promote  
   ' his claim, [came,  
 ' Who from the elder son, the Duke of Clarence  
 ' For which he rais'd arms yet seem'd but to abet  
 ' The people, to pluck down the Earl of Somerset,  
 ' By whom (as they gave out) we Normandy had  
   ' lost,  
 ' And yet he was the man that only rul'd the roast.  
   ' With Richard Duke of York, (into his fac-  
   ' tion won)  
 ' Salisbury and Warwick came, the father and  
   ' the son;  
 ' The Nevils nobler name, that have renown'd so  
   ' far.  
 ' So likewise with the king in this great action are,  
 ' The Dukes of Somerset, and Buckingham, with  
   ' these [plices,  
 ' Were thrice so many earls, their stout accom-  
 ' As Pembroke great in power, and Stafford with  
   ' them stand,  
 ' With Devonshire, Dorset, Wilt, and fierce Nor-  
   ' thumberland,  
 ' With Sidley, Beres, and Ros, three barons with  
   ' the rest.  
 ' When Richard Duke of York, then marching  
   ' from the west;  
 ' Towards whom, whilst with his power King  
   ' Henry forward set,  
 ' Unluckily as't hapt, they at Saint Albans met;  
 ' Where taking up the street, the buildings them  
   ' inclose,  
 ' Where front doth answer front, and strength  
   ' doth strength oppose;  
 ' Whilst like two mighty walls, they each to other  
   ' stand,  
 ' And as one sinketh down under his enemy's hand,  
 ' Another thrusting in, his place doth still supply.  
 ' Betwixt them whilst on heaps the mangled bo-  
   ' dies lie:

(f) Henry the Fifth.



- ' The stalls are overthrow'n with the unwieldy  
   ' thrust,  
 ' The windows with the shot, are shiver'd all to  
   ' dust.  
 ' The winter's fleet or hail was never seen so thick,  
 ' As on the houses sides the bearded arrows stick,  
 ' Where Warwick's courage first most comet-like  
   ' appear'd,  
 ' Who with words full of spirit, his fighting sol-  
   ' diers cheer'd;  
 ' And ever as he saw the slaughter of his men,  
 ' He with fresh forces fill'd the places up again.  
 ' The valiant (t) Marchmen thus the battle still  
   ' maintain,  
 ' That when King Henry found on heaps his sol-  
   ' diers slain,  
 ' His great commanders calls, who when they  
   ' sadly saw,  
 ' The honour of the day would to the Yorkists  
   ' draw,  
 ' Their persons they put in, as for the last to  
   ' stand; [land,  
 ' The Duke of Somerset, Henry Northumber-  
 ' Of those brave warlike earls, the second of that  
   ' name, [ham,  
 ' The Earl of Stafford, son to th' Duke of Bucking-  
 ' And John Lord Clifford then, which shed their  
   ' noble gore  
 ' Under the castle's sign, (t f which not long before,  
 ' A prophet bad the Duke of Somerset beware)  
 ' With many a valiant knight, in death that had  
   ' his share:  
 ' So much great English blood, for others lawless  
   ' guilt,  
 ' Upon so little ground before was never spilt.  
 ' Proud York hath got the goal, the king of all  
   ' forsaken.  
 ' Into a cottage got, a woful prisoner taken.  
   ' The battle of Blore-heath, the place doth next  
   ' supply, [bury,  
 ' Twixt Richard Nevil, that great Earl of Salis-  
 ' Who with the Duke of York, had at Saint Al-  
   ' bans late,  
 ' That glorious battle got with uncontroled fate:  
 ' And James Lord Audley stir'd by that revenge-  
   ' ful queen,  
 ' To stop him on his way, for the inveterate spleen  
 ' She bare him, for that still he with the Yorkists  
   ' held,  
 ' Who coming from the north (by sundry wrongs  
   ' compell'd  
 ' To parley with the king), the queen that time  
   ' who lay  
 ' In Staffordshire, and thought to stop him on  
   ' his way,  
 ' That valiant Tuchet stir'd, in Cheshire powerful  
   ' then,  
 ' T' affront him in the field, where Cheshire gen-  
   ' tlemen  
 ' Divided were, th' one part made valiant Tuchet  
   ' strong,  
 ' The other with the earl rose as he came along,  
 ' Encamping both their powers, divided by a brook,  
 ' Whereby the prudent Earl, this strong advan-  
   ' tage took:  
 ' For putting in the field his army in array,  
 ' Then making as (with speed) he meant to march  
   ' away,  
 ' He caus'd a flight of shafts to be discharged first.  
 ' The enemy, who thought that he had done his  
   ' worst,  
 ' And cowardly had fled in a disorder'd rout,  
 ' Attempt to wade the brook, he wheeling (soon)  
   ' about,  
 ' Set fiercely on that part, which then were pass'd  
   ' over;  
 ' Their friends then in the rear, not able to recover  
 ' The other rising bank, to lend the vaward aid.  
 ' The earl who found the plot take right that he  
   ' had laid,  
 ' On those that forward prest, as those that did  
   ' recoil,  
 ' As hungry in revenge, there made a ravenous  
   ' spoil:  
 ' There Dutton Dutton kills; a Done doth kill a  
   ' Done;  
 ' A Booth, a Booth; and Leigh by Leigh is over-  
   ' thrown;  
 ' A Venables, against a Venables doth stand;  
 ' A Troutbeck fighteth with a Troutbeck hand to  
   ' hand;  
 ' There Molineux doth make a Molineux to die,  
 ' And Egerton, the strength of Egerton doth try.  
 ' O! Cheshire wert thou mad, of thine own mire  
   ' gore  
 ' So much until this day thou never shed'st before!  
 ' Above two thousand men upon the earth were  
   ' thrown, [own.  
 ' Of which the greatest part were naturally thine  
 ' The stout Lord Audley slain, with many a cap-  
   ' tain there;  
 ' To Salisbury it sorts the palm away to bear.  
   ' Then fair Northampton next, thy battle place  
   ' shall take,  
 ' Which of the imperial war, the third fought fell  
   ' doth make,  
 ' Twixt Henry call'd our Sixth, upon whose per-  
   ' ty came [him,  
 ' His near and dear allies, the Dukes of Bucking-  
 ' And Somerset, the Earl of Shrewsbury of a-  
   ' count,  
 ' Stout Viscount Beaumont, and the young Lord  
   ' Egremount,  
 ' 'Gainst Edward Earl of March, son to the Duke  
   ' of York,  
 ' With Warwick, in that war, who set them all at  
   ' work,  
 ' And Falconbridge with him, not much unlike  
   ' the other;  
 ' A Nevil nobly born, his puissant father's brother.  
 ' Who to the Yorkists claim, had evermore be-  
   ' true,  
 ' And valiant Bourcher, Earl of Essex, and of Essex.  
   ' The king from out the town, who drew 1-  
   ' foot and horse,  
 ' As willingly to give full field-room to his foes.



• Doth pass the river Nen, near where it down  
   doth run  
 • From his first fountain's head, is near to Harling-  
   ton,  
 • Advised of a place, by nature strongly wrought,  
 • Doth there encamp his power: the Earl of March  
   who fought  
 • To prove by dint of sword, who should obtain  
   the day,  
 • From Towcester train'd on his powers in good  
   array.  
 • The vaward Warwick led, (whom no attempt  
   could fear;)   
 • The middle March himself, and Falconbridge  
   the rear.  
 • Now July enter'd was, and e'er the restless sun  
 • Three hours ascent had got, the dreadful fight  
   begun  
 • By Warwick, who a straight from Viscount  
   Beaumont took,  
 • Defeating him at first, by which he quickly broke  
 • In, on th' imperial host, which with a furious  
   charge,  
 • He forc'd upon the field, it self more to enlarge.  
 • Now English bows, and bills, and battle-axes  
   walk,  
 • Dash up and down the field in ghastly sort  
   doth stalk.  
 • March in the flower of youth, like Mars him-  
   self doth bear;  
 • But Warwick as the man, whom fortune seem'd  
   to fear,  
 • Did for him what he would, that wheresoe'er he  
   goes,  
 • Down like a furious storm, before him all he  
   throws:  
 • So Shrewsbury again of Talbot's valiant strain,  
 • (That fatal scourge of France) as stoutly doth  
   maintain  
 • The party of the king, so princely Somerset,  
 • Whom th' other's knightly deeds, more eagerly  
   doth whet,  
 • Bears up with them again: by Somerset oppos'd  
 • At last King Henry's host being on three parts  
   enclos'd,  
 • And aids still coming in upon the Yorkists side,  
 • The summer being then at height of all her pride,  
 • The husbandman, then hard upon his harvest was:  
 • But yet the cocks of hay, nor swaths of new-  
   shorn grass,  
 • Strew'd not the meads so thick, as mangled bo-  
   dies there,  
 • When nothing could be seen, but horror every  
   where:  
 • So that upon the banks, and in the stream of  
   (1) Nen,  
 • Ten thousand well resolv'd, stout native English-  
   men  
 • Left breathless, with the rest great Buckingham  
   is slain,  
 • And Shrewsbury, whose loss those times did  
   much complain,

(1) The river running by Northampton.

• Egremont, and Beaumont, both found dead up-  
   on the field,  
 • The miserable king, enforc'd again to yield.  
   Then Wakefield battle next, we in our bed-  
   roul bring,  
 • Fought by Prince Edward, son to that oft-con-  
   quer'd king,  
 • And Richard Duke of York, still struggling for  
   the crown,  
 • Whom Salisbury assists, the man with whose re-  
   nown  
 • The mouth of fame seem'd fill'd, there having  
   with them then  
 • Some few selected Welsh, and southern gentle-  
   men:  
 • A handful to those powers, with which Prince  
   Edward came;  
 • Of which amongst the rest, the men of noblest  
   name,  
 • Were those two great-born dukes, which still  
   his right prefer,  
 • His cousin Somerset, and princely Exeter,  
 • The Earl of Wiltshire still, that on his part stuck  
   close:  
 • With those two valiant peers, Lord Clifford, and  
   Lord Ross,  
 • Who made their march from York to Wakefield,  
   on their way  
 • To meet the duke, who then at Sandal Castle lay,  
 • Whom at his (very) gate, into the field they  
   dar'd,  
 • Whose long expected powers not fully then pre-  
   par'd,  
 • That March his valiant son, should to his suc-  
   cours bring.  
 • Wherefore that puissant lord, by speedy must-  
   tering  
 • His tenants and such friends, as he that time  
   could get,  
 • Five thousand in five days, in his battalion set  
 • 'Gainst their twice doubled strength; nor could  
   the duke be stay'd, [aid;  
 • Till he might from the south be seconded with  
 • As in his martial pride, disdain'd his poor foes,  
 • So often us'd to win, he never thought to lose.  
   The prince, which still provok'd th' incens'd  
   duke to fight,  
 • His main battalion rang'd in Sandal's lofty fight,  
 • In which he, and the duke's, were seen in all  
   their pride:  
 • And as York's powers should pass, he had on  
   either side  
 • Two wings in ambush laid, which at the place  
   align'd  
 • His rearward should enclose, which as a thing di-  
   vin'd,  
 • Just caught as he forecast; for scarce his army  
   comes  
 • From the descending banks, and that his rat-  
   tling drums  
 • Excites his men to charge; but Wiltshire with  
   his force,  
 • Which were of light-arm'd foot, and Ross with  
   his light-horse,



' Came in upon their backs, as from a mountain  
   ' thrown,  
 ' In number to the dukes, by being four to one.  
 ' Even as a rout of wolves, when they by chance  
   ' have caught  
 ' A beast out of the herd, which long time they  
   ' have fought;  
 ' Upon him all at once courageously do set,  
 ' Him by the dewlaps some, some by the flank do  
   get:  
 ' Some climbing to his ears, do never leave their  
   hold, [would,  
 ' Till falling on the ground, they have him as they  
 ' With many of his kind, which, when he us'd to  
   ' wend,  
 ' What with their horns and hoofs, could then  
   ' themselves defend.  
 Thus on their foes they fell, and down the York-  
   ' ists fall;  
 ' Red slaughter in her arms encompasseth them all.  
 ' The first of all the fights in this unnatural war,  
 ' In which blind fortune smil'd on woful Lancaster.  
   ' Here Richard Duke of York, down beaten,  
   ' breath'd his last,  
 ' And Salisbury so long with conquest still that past,  
 ' Enforced was to yield; Rutland a younger son  
 ' To the deceased duke, as he away would run,  
 ' (A child scarce twelve years old) by Clifford  
   ' there surpris'd,  
 ' Who whilst he thought with tears his rage to  
   ' have suffic'd,  
 ' By him was answer'd thus, thy father hath slain  
   ' mine,  
 ' And for his blood (young boy) I'll have this  
   ' blood of thine,  
 ' And stabb'd him to the heart: thus the Lan-  
   ' castrians reign,  
 ' The Yorkists in the field on heaps together slain.  
   ' The battle at that cross, which to this day doth  
   ' bear  
 ' The great and ancient name of th' English Mor-  
   ' timer,  
 ' The next shall here have place, betwixt that  
   ' Edward fought,  
 ' Entitled Earl of March, (revengefully that fought  
 ' To wreak his father's blood, at Wakefield lately  
   ' shed,  
 ' But then he Duke of York, his father being dead)  
 ' And Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, in this war,  
 ' That stood to underprop the house of Lancaster,  
 ' Half brother to the king, that strove to hold his  
   ' crown,  
 ' With Wiltshire, whose high prowess had bravely  
   ' beaten down  
 ' The Yorkists' swelling pride in that successful  
   ' war  
 ' At Wakefield, whose great'st power of Welsh and  
   ' Irish are.  
 ' The dukes were Marchers most, which still  
   ' stuck to him close,  
 ' And meeting on the plain, by that forenamed  
   ' cross;  
 ' As either general there for his advantage found,  
 ' For wisely they survey'd the fashion of the ground)

' They into one main fight their either forces make,  
 ' When to the Duke of York (his spirits asto awake)  
 ' Three suns at once appear'd, all severally that  
   ' shone,  
 ' Which in a little space were joined all in one,  
 ' Auspicious to the duke, as after it fell out,  
 ' Who with the weaker power, (of which he  
   ' seem'd to doubt)  
 ' The proud Lancastrian part had quickly put to  
   ' chase, [place,  
 ' Where plainly it should seem, the genius of the  
 ' The very name of March should greatly favour  
   ' there,  
 ' A title to this prince deriv'd from Mortimer:  
 ' To whom this trophy rear'd much honour'd had  
   ' the soil. [spoil,  
 ' The Yorkists here enrich'd with the Lancastrian  
 ' Are masters of the day; four thousand being slain,  
 ' The most of which were those, there standing to  
   ' maintain  
 ' The title of the king. Where Owen Tudor's lot  
 ' Was to be taken then; who this young earl begot  
 ' On Katherine the bright queen, the fifth King  
   ' Henry's bride,  
 ' Who too untimely dead, this Owen had affy'd.  
 ' But he a prisoner then, his son and Ormond fled,  
 ' At Hereford was made the shorter by the head;  
 ' When this most warlike duke, in honour of that  
   ' sign,  
 ' Which of his good success so rightly did divine,  
 ' And thankful to high Heaven, which of his cause  
   ' had care,  
 ' Three suns for his devise still in his ensign bare.  
   ' Thy second battle now, St. Albans, I record,  
 ' Struck 'twixt Queen Marg'ret's power, to ran-  
   ' som back her lord,  
 ' Ta'en prisoner at that town, when there those  
   ' factions fought,  
 ' Whom now the part of York had thither with  
   ' them brought,  
 ' Whose force consisted most of southern men, be-  
   ' ing led [head  
 ' By Thomas Howard Duke of Norfolk, and the  
 ' Of that proud faction then, stout Warwick still  
   ' that sway'd,  
 ' In every bloody field (the Yorkists only aid)  
 ' When either's power approach'd, and they them-  
   ' selves had fix'd,  
 ' Upon the south and north, the town them both  
   ' betwixt,  
 ' Which first of all to take, the Yorkists had fore-  
   ' cast, [plac'd  
 ' Putting their vaward on, and their best archers  
 ' The market-sted about, and them so fitly laid,  
 ' That when the foe came up, they with such ter-  
   ' ror play'd  
 ' Upon them in the front, as forc'd them to retreat.  
 ' The northern mad with rage upon the first defeat,  
 ' Yet put for it again, to enter from the north,  
 ' Which when Great Warwick heard, he sent his  
   ' vaward forth,  
 ' To oppose them in what place so'er they made  
   ' their stand, [hand,  
 ' Where in too fit a ground, a heath too near a:



' Adjoining to the town, unluckily they light,  
 ' Where presently began a fierce and deadly fight.  
 ' But those of Warwick's part, which scarce four  
   ' thousand were,  
 ' To th' vaward of the queen's, that stood so stout-  
   ' ly there,  
 ' Though still with fresh supplies from her main  
   ' battle fed; [stead,  
 ' When they their courage saw so little them to  
 ' Deluded by the long expectance of their aid,  
 ' By passages too straight, and close ambushments  
   ' staid:  
 ' Their succours that forflow'd, to flight them-  
   ' selves betake,  
 ' When after them again, such speed the northern  
   ' make,  
 ' Being follow'd with the force of their main battle  
   ' strong, [among,  
 ' That this disorder'd route, these breathless men  
 ' They enter'd Warwick's host, which with such  
   ' horror struck  
 ' The southern, that each man began about to look  
 ' A way how to escape, that when Great Norfolk  
   ' cry'd,  
 ' Now as you favour York, and his just cause, abide.  
 ' And Warwick in the front even offer'd to have  
   ' stood  
 ' Yet neither of them both, should they have spent  
   ' their blood,  
 ' Could make a man to stay, or look upon a foe:  
 ' Where fortune, it should seem, to Warwick  
   ' meant to shew,  
 ' That she this tide of his could turn when e'er  
   ' she would. [fold;  
 ' Thus when they saw the day was for so little  
 ' The king, which (for their ends) they to the  
   ' field had brought,  
 ' Behind them there they leave, but as a thing of  
   ' nought,  
 ' Which serv'd them to no use: who when his queen  
   ' and son  
 ' There found in Norfolk's tent, the battle being  
   ' done,  
 ' With many a joyful tear, each other they em-  
   ' brace;  
 ' And whilst blind fortune look'd with so well  
   ' pleas'd a face:  
 ' Their swords with the warm blood of Yorkists  
   ' so imbru'd  
 ' Their foes but lately fled, courageously pursu'd.  
   ' Now followeth that black scene, born up so  
   ' wond'rous high  
 ' That but a poor dumb shew before a tragedy,  
 ' The former battles fought have seem'd to this to  
   ' be; [thee,  
 ' O Towton, let the blood Palm-Sunday spent on  
 ' Affright the future times, when they the muse  
   ' shall hear,  
 ' Deliver it so to them; and let the ashes there  
 ' Of forty thousand men, in that long quarrel slain,  
 ' Arise out of the earth, as they would live again,  
 ' To tell the manlike deeds, that bloody day were  
   ' wrought [fought)  
 ' In that most fatal field, (with various fortunes

' 'Twixt Edward Duke of York, then late pro-  
   ' claimed king, [panying,  
 ' Fourth of that royal name, and him accom-  
 ' The Nevils, (of that war maintaining still the  
   ' stream)  
 ' Great Warwick, and with him his most coura-  
   ' geous Eame,  
 ' Stout Falconbridge; the third a firebrand like  
   ' the other,  
 ' Of Salisbury surnam'd, that Warwick's bastard  
   ' brother.  
 ' Lord Fitzwalter, who still the Yorkists power  
   ' assists, [martialists,  
 ' Blount, Wenlock, Dinham, knights approved  
 ' And Henry the late king, to whom they still  
   ' durst stand,  
 ' His true as powerful friend, the Great Northum-  
   ' berland, [prefer  
 ' With Westmoreland, his claim who ever did  
 ' His kinsman Somerset, his chosen Exeter,  
 ' Dukes of the royal line, his faithful friends that  
   ' were,  
 ' And little less than those, the Earl of Devonshire,  
 ' Th' Lord Dacres, and Lord Wells, both wise  
   ' and warlike wights,  
 ' With him of great command, Nevil, and Tro-  
   ' lop, knights.  
   ' Both armies then on foot, and on their way  
   ' set forth,  
 ' King Edward from the south, King Henry from  
   ' the north.  
 ' The latter crowned king doth preparation make,  
 ' From Pomfret (where he lay) the passage first to  
   ' take  
 ' O'er Aier at Ferrybridge, and for that service  
   ' sends  
 ' A most selected troop of his well-chosen friends,  
 ' To make that passage good, when instantly began  
 ' The dire and om'nous signs, the slaughter that  
   ' foreran.  
 ' For valiant Clifford there, himself so bravely quit,  
 ' That coming to the bridge (e'er they could  
   ' strengthen it)  
 ' From the Lancastrian power, with his light troop  
   ' of horse,  
 ' And early in the morn defeating of their force;  
 ' The Lord Fitzwalter flew, and that brave bastard  
   ' son  
 ' Of Salishury, themselves who into danger run:  
 ' For being in their beds, suspecting nought at all;  
 ' But hearing sudden noise, suppos'd some broil to  
   ' fall  
 ' 'Mongst their misgovern'd troops, unarmed rush-  
   ' ing out  
 ' By Clifford's soldiers soon encompassed about,  
 ' Were miserably slain: which when Great War-  
   ' wick hears, [ears,  
 ' As he had felt his heart transperfed through his  
 ' To Edward, mad with rage, immediately he goes,  
 ' And with distracted eyes, in most stern manner  
   ' shews  
 ' The slaughter of those lords. This day alone,  
   ' quoth he,  
 ' Our utter ruin shall, or our sure rising be.



- ' When soon before the host, his glittering sword  
   ' he drew, [flew.  
 ' And with relentless hands his sprightly courser  
 ' Then stand to me (quoth he) who meaneth not  
   ' to fly;  
 ' This day shall Edward win, or here shall War-  
   ' wick die.  
   ' Which words by Warwick spoke, so deeply  
   ' seem'd to sting [king,  
 ' The much distemper'd breast of that courageous  
 ' That straight he made proclaim'd, that every  
   ' fainting heart  
 ' From his resolved host had licence to depart :  
 ' And those that would abide the hazard of the  
   ' fight,  
 ' Rewards and titles due to their deserved right :  
 ' And that no man, that day, a prisoner there  
   ' should take ;  
 ' For this the upshot was, that all must mar or  
   ' make.  
 ' A hundred thousand men in both the armies  
   ' stood, [blood,  
 ' That native English were : O, worthy of your  
 ' What conquest had there been? but ensigns fly  
   ' at large, [charge.  
 ' And trumpets every way sound to the dreadful  
 ' Upon the Yorkists part, there flew the ireful  
   ' bear : [there.  
 ' On the Lancastrian side, the cressent waving  
 ' The southern on this side, for York a Warwick  
   ' cry,  
 ' A Percy for the right, the northern men reply.  
 ' The two main battles join, the four large wings  
   ' do meet ;  
 ' What with the shouts of men, and noise of  
   ' horses feet,  
 ' Hell through the troubled earth, her horror  
   ' seem'd to breath ; [neath :  
 ' A thunder heard above, an earthquake felt be-  
 ' As when the evening is with darkness over-  
   ' spread,  
 ' Her star-befreckled face with clouds enveloped,  
 ' You oftentimes behold the trembling lightning  
   ' fly,  
 ' Which suddenly again, but turning of your eye,  
 ' Is vanished away, or doth so swiftly glide,  
 ' That with a trice it touch th' horizon's either  
   ' side.  
 ' So through the smoke of dust, from ways, and  
   ' falks rais'd,  
 ' And breath of horse and men, that both together  
   ' ceas'd  
 ' The air on every part, sent by the glimmering  
   ' sun, [run :  
 ' The splendour of their arms doth by reflection  
 ' Till heaps of dying men and those already dead,  
 ' Much hinder'd them would charge, and letted  
   ' them that fled. [tends,  
 ' Beyond all wonted bounds, their rage so far ex-  
 ' That fullen night begins, before their fury ends.  
 ' Ten hours this fight endur'd, whilst still with  
   ' murdering hands,  
 ' Expecting the next morn, the weak'st uncon-  
   ' quer'd stands ;
- ' Which was no sooner come, but both begin again  
 ' To wreck their friends dear blood the former  
   ' evening slain.  
 ' New battles are begun, new fights that newly  
   ' wound,  
 ' Till the Lancastrian part, by their much less-  
   ' ing found  
 ' Their long-expected hopes were utterly forlorn,  
 ' When lastly to their foe their recreant backs they  
   ' turn.  
 ' Thy channel then, O (!) Cock, was fill'd up  
   ' with the dead  
 ' Of the Lancastrian side, that from the Yorkists  
   ' fled,  
 ' That those of Edward's part, that had the rear  
   ' in chase, [pass.  
 ' As though upon a bridge, did on their bodies  
 ' That Wharfe to whose large banks thou contri-  
   ' but'st thy store,  
 ' Had her more crystal face discolour'd with the  
   ' gore  
 ' Of forty thousand men, that up the number made,  
 ' Northumberland the Great, and Westmoreland  
   ' there laid  
 ' Their bodies : valiant Wells, and Dacres there  
   ' do leave [deceive.)  
 ' Their carcases, (whose hope too long did them  
 ' Trolop and Nevil found massacred in the field,  
 ' The Earl of Wiltshire forc'd to the stern foe to  
   ' yield.  
 ' King Henry from fair York, upon this sad mis-  
   ' chance [France,  
 ' To Scotland fled, the queen sail'd over into  
 ' The Duke of Somerset, and Exeter do fly,  
 ' The rest upon the earth together breathless lie.  
   ' Muse turn thee now to tell the field at Hexam  
   ' struck, [luck  
 ' Upon the Yorkists' part, with the most prosp'rous  
 ' Of any yet before, where to themselves they  
   ' gain'd [sustain'd,  
 ' Most safety, yet their powers least damage there  
 ' 'Twixt John Lord Montacute, that Nevil, who  
   ' to stand [and  
 ' For Edward, gather'd had out of Northumber-  
 ' A sort of valiant men, consisting most of horse,  
 ' Which were again supply'd with a most puissant  
   ' force,  
 ' Sent thither from the south, and by King Ed-  
   ' ward brought  
 ' In person down to York, to aid if that in ought  
 ' His general should have need, for that he durst  
   ' not trust  
 ' The northern, which so oft to him had been  
   ' unjust :  
 ' Whilst he himself at York, a second power doth  
   ' hold, [would.  
 ' To hear in this rough war, what the Lancastrian  
   ' And Henry with his queen, who to their pow-  
   ' ers had got, [saw,  
 ' The lively daring French, and the light harry  
 ' To enter with them here, and to their part do  
   ' get,  
 ' Their faithful lov'd ally, the Duke of Somerset,  
 ' (!) A little rivulet near to Towton, running into Wharfe



d Sir Ralph Percie, then most powerful in  
 ' those parts, [hearts  
 had been reconcil'd to Edward, but their  
 with King Henry staid, to him and ever  
 ' true, [drew :  
 whom by this revolt, they many northern  
 William Taylboys, (call'd of most) the Earl  
 ' of Kime,  
 ith Hungerford, and Rosse, and Mullins, of  
 ' that time  
 sons of high account, with Nevil, Tunstall,  
 ' Gray, [sway.  
 ffy, and Findern, knights, bearing mighty  
 As forward with his force, brave Montacute  
 ' wayset,  
 hap'd upon his way at Hegly-moor he met  
 ith Hungerford, and Rosse, and Sir Ralph  
 ' Percie, where  
 sign of good success (as certainly it were)  
 spread their utmost force were quickly put to  
 ' flight;  
 as he was a most courageous knight,  
 er badg'd till his last breath, but in the field  
 ' was slain. [again,  
 of this first defeat, then marching forth  
 Livells, a large waste, which other  
 ' plains outbraves,  
 those verge fresh (m) Dowell still is wat'ring  
 ' with her waves,  
 whereas his posting scouts, King Henry's power  
 ' descry'd,  
 ow'rds whom with speedy march, this valiant  
 ' general hy'd,  
 those haste there likewise had such prosperous  
 ' event,  
 but luckless Henry yet, had scarcely clear'd his  
 ' tent,  
 his captains hardly set his battles, nor enlarg'd  
 his squadrons on the field, but this Great Ne-  
 ' vil charg'd :  
 was this doubtful fight on either side  
 ' maintain'd,  
 hat rising whilst this falls, this losing whilst  
 ' that gain'd :  
 he ground which this part got, and there as  
 ' conquerors stood,  
 he other quickly gain, and firmly make it good,  
 whether as blind chance her favours will dispose :  
 to this part it ebb'd, and to that side it flows.  
 at last, 'till whether 'twere that sad and horrid  
 ' fight,  
 a Saxton that yet did their fainting spirits af-  
 ' fright,  
 ith doubt of second loss, and slaughter, or the  
 ' aid  
 hat Montacute receiv'd ; King Henry's power  
 ' dismay'd  
 ad giving up the day, dishonourably fled,  
 whom with so violent speed the Yorkists fol-  
 ' lowed, [swift,  
 hat had not Henry spurr'd, and had a courser  
 sides a skilful guide, through woods and hills  
 ' to shift,

(m) A little river near Hexam.

' He sure had been surpris'd, as they his hench-  
 ' men took,  
 ' With whom they found his helm ; with most  
 ' disastrous luck,  
 ' To save themselves by flight, ne'er more did any  
 ' strive,  
 ' And yet so many men ne'er taken were alive,  
 ' Now Banbury we come thy battle to report,  
 ' And shew th' efficient cause, as in what wond'-  
 ' rous fort  
 ' Great Warwick was wrought in to the Lanca-  
 ' trian part,  
 ' When as that wanton king so vex'd his mighty  
 ' heart :  
 ' Whilst in the court of France, that warrior he  
 ' bestow'd,  
 ' (As potent here at home, as powerful else abroad)  
 ' A marriage to entreat with Bona bright and sheen,  
 ' Of the Savoyan blood, and sister to the queen,  
 ' Which whilst this noble earl negotiated there,  
 ' The widow Lady Gray, the king espoused here.  
 ' By which the noble earl in France who was dis-  
 ' grac'd, [haste)  
 ' (In England his revenge doth but too quickly  
 ' T' excite the northern men doth secretly begin,  
 ' (With whom he powerful was) to rise, that co-  
 ' ming in,  
 ' He might put in his hand, (which only he desir'd)  
 ' Which rising before York, were likely to have  
 ' fir'd  
 ' The city, but repuls'd, and Holdorn them that  
 ' led [head.  
 ' Being taken, for the cause made shorter by the  
 ' Yet would not they desist, but to their captains  
 ' drew  
 ' Henry the valiant son of John the Lord Fitz-  
 ' Hugh,  
 ' With Coniers that brave knight, whose valour  
 ' they prefer,  
 ' With Henry Nevil, son to the Lord Latimer,  
 ' By whose allies and friends, they every day grew  
 ' strong, [along.  
 ' And so in proud array tow'rds London march  
 ' Which when King Edward saw the world began  
 ' to side  
 ' With Warwick, till himself he might of power  
 ' provide, [stand.  
 ' To noble Pembroke sends, those rebels to with-  
 ' Six thousand valiant Welsh, who must'ring out  
 ' of hand,  
 ' By Richard Herbert's aid, his brother doth them  
 ' bring, [king)  
 ' And for their greater strength (appointed by the  
 ' Th' Lord Stafford (of his house) of Powick  
 ' named then, [men  
 ' Eight hundred archers brought, the most selected  
 ' The Marchers could make out : these having  
 ' Severn crost,  
 ' And up to Cotswold come, they heard the nor-  
 ' thern host,  
 ' Being at Northampton then, itself tow'rds War-  
 ' wick wayd,  
 ' When with a speedy march, the Herberts that  
 ' forlay'd



- ' Their passage, charg'd their rear with near two  
   ' thousand horse,  
 ' That the Lancastrian part suspecting all their force,  
 ' Had followed them again, their army bring about,  
 ' Both with such speed and skill, that e'er the  
   ' Welsh got out,  
 ' By having charg'd too far, some of their vaward  
   ' lost,  
 ' Beat to their army back; thus as these legions  
   ' coast,  
 ' On Danemore they are met, indifferent for this  
   ' war,  
 ' Whereas three easy hills that stand triangular,  
 ' Small Edgcoat overlook; on that upon the west  
 ' The Welsh encamp themselves; the northern  
   ' them possess  
 ' Of that upon the south, whilst (by war's strange  
   ' event)  
 ' Young Nevil, who would brave the Herberts in  
   ' their tent,  
 ' Leading a troop of youth, (upon that fatal plain)  
 ' Was taken by the Welsh, and miserably slain,  
 ' Of whose untimely death, his friends the next  
   ' day took  
 ' A terrible revenge, when Stafford there forsook  
 ' The army of the Welsh, and with his archers had  
 ' Them fight that would for him; for that proud  
   ' Pembroke had  
 ' Displac'd him of his inn, in Banbury, where he  
 ' His paramour had lodg'd; where since he might  
   ' not be,  
 ' He backward shapes his course, and leaves the  
   ' Herberts there,  
 ' T' abide the brunt of all: with outcries every  
   ' where  
 ' The clamorous drums and fifes to the rough  
   ' charge do sound,  
 ' Together horse and man come tumbling to the  
   ' ground:  
 ' Then limbs like boughs were lopp'd, from shoul-  
   ' ders arms do fly;  
 ' They fight as none could 'scape, yet 'scape as  
   ' none could die.  
 ' The ruffling northern lads, and the stout Welsh-  
   ' man try'd it;  
 ' Then head-pieces hold out, or brains must fore  
   ' abide it.  
 ' The northern men St. George for Lancaster do  
   ' cry:  
 ' A Pembroke for the king, the lusty Welsh reply;  
 ' When many a gallant youth doth desperately  
   ' assay,  
 ' To do something that might be worthy of the  
   ' day:  
 ' Where Richard Herbert bears into the northern  
   ' press,  
 ' And with his pole-ax makes his way with such  
   ' success,  
 ' That breaking through the ranks, he their main  
   ' battle pass,  
 ' And quit it so again, that many stood aghast,  
 ' That from the higher ground beheld him wade  
   ' the crowd,  
 ' As often ye behold in tempests rough and proud,  
 ' O'ertaken with a storm, some shell or lit  
 ' Hard labouring for the land, on the high  
   ' ing sea,  
 ' Seems now as swallow'd up, then floati  
   ' and free  
 ' O' th' top of some high wave; then th  
   ' you it see  
 ' Quite sunk beneath that waste of wa  
   ' doth clear  
 ' The main, and safely gets some creek or  
 ' So Herbert clear'd their host; but see t  
   ' of war,  
 ' Some spials on the hill discerned had fr  
 ' Another army come to aid the northern  
 ' When they which Clapham's craft, so qui  
   ' espy'd,  
 ' Who with five hundred men about Nortl  
   ' rais'd  
 ' All discontented spirits, with Edward's  
 ' Displaying in the field Great Warwick's  
   ' bear:  
 ' The Welsh who thought the earl in per  
   ' been there,  
 ' Leading a greater power (dishearten'd)  
   ' back  
 ' Before the northern host, that quickl  
 ' Five thousand valiant Welsh are in t  
   ' o'erthrown,  
 ' Which but an hour before had thought  
   ' their own.  
 ' Their leaders (in the flight) the high-be  
   ' berts ta'en,  
 ' At Banbury must pay for Henry Nevil  
   ' Now Stamford in due course, the m  
   ' come to tell,  
 ' Of thine own named field, what in the fig  
 ' Betwixt brave youthful Wells, from Linc  
   ' that led  
 ' Near twenty thousand men, tow'rd Lon  
   ' king head,  
 ' Against the Yorkists' power, great War  
 ' Who with a puissant force prepared fort  
 ' To join with him in arms, and jointly ta  
   ' chance.  
 ' And Edward with his friends, who like  
   ' advance  
 ' His forces, to refel that desp'rate daring  
 ' Who for he durst himself in open arms t  
 ' Nor at his dread command them dow  
   ' would lay.  
 ' His father the Lord Wells, who he suppos  
 ' His so outrageous son, with his lov'd la  
   ' brother,  
 ' Sir Thomas Dymock, thought too much  
   ' the other,  
 ' He strangely did to die, which so ince  
   ' the spleen  
 ' Of this courageous youth, that he to w  
 ' Upon the cruel king, doth every way ex  
 ' Him to an equal field, that come wh  
   ' might smite  
 ' The battle: on this plain it chanc'd thei  
 ' They rang'd their several fights, which  
   ' order set,



the loudly-brawling drums, which seemed to  
 ' have fear'd [heard,  
 the trembling air at first, soon after were not  
 but outcries, shrieks, and shouts, whilst noise doth  
 ' noise confound.

accents touch the ear, but such as death do  
 ' found [guide:  
 thirsting for revenge, whilst fury them doth  
 slaughter seems by turns to seize on either side.  
 the southern expert were, in all to war belong,  
 and exercise their skill, the Marchmen stout and  
 ' strong, [retreat,

thick to the battle stick, and if they make  
 it coming on again, the foe they back do get,  
 and Wells-for Warwick cry, and for the rightful  
 ' crown;

neither call a York to beat the rebels down:  
 the worst that war could do, on either side she  
 ' shews, [bows;

by the force of bills, or by the strength of  
 skill by fresh supplies, the Yorkists' power  
 ' increase: [press,

and Wells, who sees his troops so overborn with  
 hurrying too far into the boisterous throng,  
 scourging his men the adverse troops among,  
 the safety a mortal wound, his wearied breath  
 ' expir'd:

which sooner known to his, than his first hopes  
 ' desir'd,

a thousand on the earth before them lying slain,  
 hope left to repair their ruin'd state again,  
 it off their country's coats, to haste their speed  
 ' away,

of them) which Loose-coat field is call'd (even)  
 ' to this day.

Since need'lly I must stick upon my former  
 ' text, [next,

the bloody battle fought at Barnet followeth  
 with Edward, who before he settled was to  
 ' reign, [again,

Warwick hence expuls'd; but here arriv'd  
 from Burgundy brought in munition, men and  
 ' pay,

and all things fit for war, expecting yet a day.  
 whose brother (f) George came in, with War-  
 ' wick that had stood,

whom nature wrought at length t' adhere to his  
 ' own blood: [friend

his brother Richard Duke of Glo'ster, and his  
 Lord Hastings, who to him their utmost powers  
 ' extend;

And Warwick, whose great heart so mortal  
 ' hatred bore

to Edward, that by all the sacraments he swore  
 not to lay down his arms, until his sword had  
 ' raz'd [disgrac'd;

but proud king from his seat, that so had him  
 and Marquis Mountacute, his brother, that  
 ' brave stem

his noble stock, who joined had to them  
 — dukes of Somerset, and Exeter, and take  
 the Earl of Oxford in; the armies forward  
 ' make,

(f) George Duke of Clarence.

' And meeting on the plain, to Barnet very near,  
 ' That to this very day, is called Gladmore there.

' Duke Richard to the field, doth Edward's va-  
 ' ward bring; [king,

' And in the middle came that most courageous  
 ' With Clarence his reclaim'd, and brother then  
 ' most dear;

' His friend Lord Hastings had the guiding of  
 ' the rear, [pute.)

' A man of whom the king most highly did re-  
 ' On puissant Warwick's part, the Marquis  
 ' Mountacute

' His brother and his friend the Earl of Oxford led  
 ' The right wing; and the left which most that  
 ' day might sted,

' The Duke of Exeter; and he himself do guide  
 ' The middle fight (which was the army's only  
 ' pride)

' Of archers most approv'd, the best that he could  
 ' get,

' Directed by his friend the Duke of Somerset.  
 ' O Sabbath ill-bestow'd, O dreary Easter-day,

' In which (as some suppose) the sun doth use to  
 ' play,

' In honour of that God for sinful man that dy'd,  
 ' And rose on that third day, that sun which now  
 ' doth hide

' His face in foggy mists; nor was that morning  
 ' seen,

' So that the space of ground those angry hosts  
 ' between,

' Was overshadow'd quite with darkness, which  
 ' so cast [past,

' The armies on both sides, that they each other  
 ' Before they could perceive advantage where to  
 ' fight; [fight,

' Besides the envious mist so much deceiv'd their  
 ' That where eight hundred men, which valiant  
 ' Oxford brought,

' Wore comets on their coats: Great Warrick's  
 ' force which thought

' They had King Edward's been, which so with  
 ' suns were drest,

' First made their shot at them, who by their  
 ' friends distressed,

' Constrained were to fly, being scatter'd here and  
 ' there.

' But when this direful day at last began to clear,  
 ' King Edward then beholds that height of his  
 ' first hopes,

' Whose presence gave fresh life to his oft-fainting  
 ' troops,

' Prepar'd to scourge his pride, there daring to  
 ' defy

' His merey, to the host proclaiming publicly  
 ' His hateful breach of faith, his perjury, and shame,

' And what might make him vile; so Warwick  
 ' heard that name

' Of York, which in the field he had so oft advanc'd.  
 ' And to that glorious height, and greatness had  
 ' inhand,

' Then cry'd against his power, by those which  
 ' oft had fled,

' Their swift pursuing foe, by him not bravely led,



- ' Upon the enemy's back, their swords bath'd in  
   ' the gore  
 ' Of those from whom they ran, like heartless  
   ' men before,  
 ' Which Warwick's nobler name injuriously defy'd,  
 ' Even as the ireful host then joined side to side.  
   ' Where cruel Richard charg'd the earl's main  
   ' battle, when  
 ' Proud Somerset therein, with his approved men  
 ' Stood stoutly to the shock, and flang out such a  
   ' flight  
 ' Of shafts, as well-near seem'd t' eclipse the  
   ' welcom'd light,  
 ' Which forc'd them to fall off, on whose retreat  
   ' again,  
 ' That great battalion next approacheth the fair  
   ' plain,  
 ' Wherein the king himself in person was to try,  
 ' Proud Warwick's utmost strength : when War-  
   ' wick by and by  
 ' With his left wing came up, and charg'd so  
   ' home and round,  
 ' That had not his light horse by disadvantageous  
   ' ground  
 ' Been hinder'd, he had struck the heart of Ed-  
   ' ward's host :  
 ' But finding his defeat, his enterprize so lost,  
 ' He his swift couriers sends, to will his valiant  
   ' brother, [other,  
 ' And Oxford, in command being equal to the  
 ' To charge with the right wing, who bravely up  
   ' do bear;  
 ' But Hastings that before raught thither with  
   ' his rear,  
 ' And with king Edward join'd, the host too  
   ' strongly arm'd.  
 ' When every part with spoil, with rape, with  
   ' fury charm'd, [swill  
 ' Are prodigal of blood, that slaughter seems to  
 ' Itself in human gore, and every one cries kill.  
 ' So doubtful and so long the battle doth abide,  
 ' That those, which to and fro, 'twixt that and  
   ' London ride,  
 ' That Warwick wins the day for certain news  
   ' do bring, [king,  
 ' Those following them again, said certainly the  
 ' Until great Warwick found his army had the  
   ' worse, [horse,  
 ' And sore began to faint, alighting from his  
 ' In with the foremost puts, and wades into the  
   ' throng;  
 ' And where he saw death stern'st, the murder'd  
   ' troops among,  
 ' He ventures; as the sun in a tempestuous day,  
 ' With darkness threaten'd long, yet sometimes  
   ' doth display  
 ' His cheerful beams, which scarce appear to the  
   ' clear eye, [do fly,  
 ' But suddenly the clouds, which on the winds  
 ' Do muffle him again within them, till at length  
 ' The storm (prevailing still with an unusual  
   ' strength)  
 ' His clearness quite doth close, and shut him up  
   ' in night :  
 ' So mighty-Warwick fares in this outrageous fight.
- ' The cruel lions thus enclose the drea  
 ' Whilst Mountacute, who strives (if  
   ' there were)  
 ' To rescue his belov'd and valiant brot  
 ' The loss of two such spirits at once,  
   ' not tell;  
 ' The Duke of Somerset, and th' earl  
 ' And Exeter being left for one amongst  
 ' At length recovering life, by night esca  
 ' York never safely sat, 'till this victorie  
   ' Thus fortune to his end this mighty  
   ' brings,  
 ' This puissant setter-up, and plucker  
   ' kings.  
 ' He who those battles won, which  
   ' blood had cost,  
 ' At Barnet's fatal fight, both life an  
   ' Now Tewksbury it rests, thy story  
 ' Thy sad and dreadful fight, and that  
   ' ful fate  
 ' Of the Lancastrian line, which happen  
 ' Fourth of that fatal month, that fi  
   ' ber'd May :  
 ' 'Twixt Edmund that brave Duke of  
   ' who fled  
 ' From Barnes's bloody field, (again the  
   ' ing head)  
 ' And Marquis Dorset bound in blood t  
   ' there,  
 ' With Thomas Courtney Earl of pow  
   ' vonshire :  
 ' With whom king Henry's son, young  
   ' there was seen,  
 ' To claim his doubtless right, with that  
   ' ed queen  
 ' His mother, who from France with  
   ' came on land  
 ' That day when Warwick fell at Barne  
   ' now stand,  
 ' Their fortune yet to try upon a second  
 ' And Edward who employ'd the utmo  
   ' might,  
 ' The poor Lancastrian part (which he do  
 ' By Warwick's mighty fall, already faint  
 ' By battle to subvert, and to extirp the li  
 ' And for the present act, his army doth a  
 ' To those at Barnet field so luckily that  
 ' As Richard late did there, he here the  
   ' led,  
 ' The main the king himself, and Clare  
   ' to guide;  
 ' The rearward as before by Hastings  
   ' The army of the queen, into three bat  
 ' The first of which the Duke of Somer  
   ' (fast  
 ' To him) his brother John do happily dis  
 ' The second, which the prince for his ow  
   ' chose  
 ' The barons of St. John, and Wenlock;  
 ' To Courtney that brave Earl of Devon  
   ' fer'd.  
 ' Where in a spacious field they set their  
   ' down;  
 ' Behind, hard at their back, the abbey  
   ' town,



whom their foe must come, by often banks  
 ' and steep,  
 rough quickset narrow lanes, cut out with  
 ' ditches deep,  
 pulsing Edward's power, constraining him  
 ' to prove ' move  
 thund'ring cannon-shot, and culverin, to re-  
 'em from that chosen ground, so tedious to af-  
 ' fail;  
 'd with the shot came shafts, like stormy  
 ' showers of hail: [fore,  
 'e like they sent again, which beat the other  
 'ho with the ordnance strove the Yorkists to  
 ' out-roar,  
 'd still make good their ground, that whilst  
 ' the pieces play, [say  
 'e Yorkists hasting still to hand-blows, do af-  
 ' strong and boist'rous crowds to scale the  
 ' cumb'rous dikes; ' pikes,  
 't beaten down with bills, with pole-axes, and  
 'e forced to fall off; when Richard there that  
 ' led [sted,  
 'e vaward, saw their strength so little them to  
 'his captain was, both politic and good,  
 's stratagems of war that rightly understood,  
 'th stem as from the field his forces to with-  
 ' draw. [saw,  
 's sudden, strange retire, proud Somerset that  
 ' man of haughty spirit, in honour most pre-  
 ' cise;  
 'ction yet far more adventurous than wise)  
 'posing from the field for safety he had fled,  
 'ight giving him the chase; when Richard  
 ' turning head,  
 'his encounter let the desperate duke to know,  
 'was done to train him out, when soon began  
 ' the show  
 'slaughter every where; for scarce their equal  
 ' forces  
 'gan the doubtful fight, but that three hun-  
 ' dred horses,  
 'at out of fight this while on Edward's part  
 ' had staid,  
 'see that near at hand no ambushes were laid,  
 'on charg'd them on the side, disord'ring quite  
 ' their ranks,  
 'hilt this most warlike king had won the clim-  
 ' bing banks,  
 'on the equal earth, and coming bravely in  
 'on the adverse power, there likewise doth be-  
 ' gin [side,  
 ' fierce and deadly fight, that the Lancastrian  
 'e first and furious shock not able to abide  
 'e utmost of their strength, were forced to be-  
 ' stow, [low,  
 ' hold what they had got; that Somerset be-  
 'ho from the second force had still expected  
 ' aid,  
 't frustrated thereof, even as a man dismay'd,  
 'ce shifts to save himself, his battle over-  
 ' thrown; [grown  
 'e faring as a man that frantic had been  
 'th Wenlock hap'd to meet (preparing for his  
 ' flight) [spight,  
 'braiding him with terms of baseness and de-

' That cow'rdly he had fail'd to succour him with  
 ' men: [again,  
 ' Whilst Wenlock with like words requiteth him  
 ' The duke (to his stern rage, as yielding up the  
 ' reins)  
 ' With his too pond'rous axe dash'd out the ba-  
 ' ron's brains.  
 ' The party of the queen in every place are  
 ' kill'd,  
 ' The ditches with the dead, confusedly are fill'd,  
 ' And many in the flight, i'th' neighbouring rivers  
 ' drown'd,  
 ' Which with victorious wreaths, the conquering  
 ' Yorkists crown'd.  
 ' Three thousand of those men, on Henry's part  
 ' that stood, [blood,  
 ' For their presumption paid the forfeit of their  
 ' John Marquis Dorset dead, and Devonshire  
 ' that day [fray,  
 ' Drew his last vital breath, as in that bloody  
 ' Delves, Hamden, Whittingham, and Leuknor,  
 ' who had there,  
 ' Their several brave commands, all valiant men  
 ' that were,  
 ' Found dead upon the earth. Now all is Ed-  
 ' ward's own,  
 ' And through his enemies tents he march'd into  
 ' the town,  
 ' Where quickly he proclaims, to him that forth  
 ' could bring  
 ' Young Edward, a large fee, and as he was a king,  
 ' His person to be safe. Sir Richard Crofts who  
 ' thought  
 ' His prisoner to disclose, before the king then  
 ' brought  
 ' That fair and goodly youth; whom when proud  
 ' York demands,  
 ' Why thus he had presum'd by help of trai-  
 ' t'rous hands  
 ' His kingdom to disturb, and impiously display'd,  
 ' His ensigns: the stout prince as not a jot dis-  
 ' may'd [right,  
 ' With confidence replies, To claim his ancient  
 ' Him from his grandfathers left; by tyranny and  
 ' might, [reply,  
 ' By him his foe usurp'd: with whose so bold  
 ' Whilst Edward thoroughly vex'd, doth seem to  
 ' thrust him by;  
 ' His second brother George, and Richard near  
 ' that stood,  
 ' With many a cruel stab let out his princely  
 ' blood;  
 ' In whom the line direct of Lancaster doth cease,  
 ' And Somerset himself surprised in the press;  
 ' With many a worthy man, to Glo'ster prisoners  
 ' led,  
 ' There forfeited their lives: Queen Margaret  
 ' being fled  
 ' To a religious cell, (to Tewksbury too near)  
 ' Discover'd to the king, with sad and heavy  
 ' cheer,  
 ' A prisoner was convey'd to London, woeful  
 ' queen,  
 ' The last of all her hopes, that buried now had  
 ' seen.



- ' But of that outrage here, by that bold bas-  
 ' tard son  
 ' Of Thomas Nevil, nam'd Lord Falconbridge,  
 ' which won  
 ' A rude rebellious rout in Kent and Essex rais'd,  
 ' Who London here besieg'd, and Southwark  
 ' having seiz'd,  
 ' Set fire upon the bridge; but when he not  
 ' prevail'd;  
 ' The suburb's on the east he furiously assai'd;  
 ' But by the city's power was lastly put to flight:  
 ' Which being no set field, nor yet well order'd  
 ' fight, [be.  
 ' Amongst our battles here, may no way reckon'd  
 ' Then, Bosworth, here the muse now lastly  
 ' bids for thee,  
 ' Thy battle to describe, the last of that long war,  
 ' Entitled by the name of York and Lancaster;  
 ' 'Twixt Hedry Tudor Earl of Richmond only left  
 ' Of the Lancastrian line, who by the Yorkists  
 ' rest  
 ' Of liberty at home, a banish'd man abroad,  
 ' In Britany had liv'd; but late at Milford road,  
 ' Being prosperously arriv'd, though scarce two  
 ' thousand strong,  
 ' Made out his way through Wales, where as he  
 ' came along,  
 ' First Griffith great in blood, then Morgan next  
 ' doth meet  
 ' Him, with their several powers, as offering at  
 ' his feet  
 ' To lay their lands, and lives; Sir Rice ap Tho-  
 ' mas then,  
 ' With his brave band of Welsh, most choice and  
 ' expert men,  
 ' Comes lastly to his aid; at Shrewsbury arriv'd,  
 ' (His hopes so faint before, so happily reviv'd)  
 ' He on for England makes, and near to Newport  
 ' town,  
 ' The next ensuing night setting his army down,  
 ' Sir Gilbert Talbot still for Lancaster that stood,  
 ' (To Henry near ally'd in friendship as in blood)  
 ' From th' Earl of Shrewsbury his nephew (under  
 ' age) [page,  
 ' Came with two thousand men, in warlike equi-  
 ' Which much his power increas'd; when easily  
 ' setting on,  
 ' From Litchfield, as the way leads forth to A-  
 ' therston,  
 ' Brave Bourcher and his friend stout Hunger-  
 ' ford, whose hopes  
 ' On Henry long had lain, stealing from Richard's  
 ' troops, [appear,  
 ' (Wherewith they had been mix'd) to Henry do  
 ' Which with a high resolve, most strangely  
 ' seem'd to cheer [most  
 ' His oft-appalled heart, but yet the man which  
 ' Gave sail to Henry's self, and fresh life to his  
 ' host, [fy'd  
 ' The stout lord Stanley was, who for he had as-  
 ' The mother of the earl, to him so near ally'd:  
 ' The king who fear'd his truth, (which he to  
 ' have compell'd)  
 ' The young lord Strange his son, in hostage  
 ' strongly held,  
 ' Which forc'd him to fall off, till he  
 ' could find,  
 ' His son-in-law to meet; yet he with him  
 ' Sir William Stanley, know to be a valiant  
 ' T' assure him of his aid. 'Thus growing  
 ' his height,  
 ' A most selected band of Cheshire bow-me  
 ' By Sir John Savage led, besides two  
 ' name:  
 ' Sir Brian Sanford, and Sir Simon Digby  
 ' Leaving the tyrant king, themselves  
 ' show  
 ' Fast friends to Henry's part, which  
 ' power increas'd:  
 ' Both armies well prepar'd, towards B  
 ' strongly prest,  
 ' And on a spacious moor, lying southwa  
 ' the town,  
 ' Indifferent to them both, they set their  
 ' down  
 ' Their soldiers to refresh, preparing for th  
 ' Where to the guilty king, that black fi  
 ' ning night,  
 ' Appear the dreadful ghosts of Henry and  
 ' Of his own brother George, and his  
 ' phews done  
 ' Most cruelly to death; and of his w  
 ' Lord Hastings, with pale hands prepar'd  
 ' would rend  
 ' Him piece-meal; at which oft he rove  
 ' sleep.  
 ' No sooner 'gan the dawn out of the  
 ' But drums and trumpets chide the sold  
 ' their arms,  
 ' And all the neighbouring fields are cover  
 ' the swarms  
 ' Of those that came to fight, as those tha  
 ' to see,  
 ' (Contending for a crown) whose that gr  
 ' should be.  
 ' First, Richmond rang'd his fights, on  
 ' and bestows  
 ' The leading, with a band of strong and  
 ' Out of the army pick'd; the front of  
 ' field,  
 ' Sir Gilbert Talbot next, he wisely took to  
 ' The right wing, with his strengths, ma  
 ' thern men that were;  
 ' And Sir John Savage, with the power of  
 ' shire,  
 ' And Cheshire (chief of men) was for t  
 ' wing plac'd:  
 ' The middle battle he in his fair person g  
 ' With him the noble Earl of Pembroke  
 ' commands  
 ' Their countrymen the Welsh, (of whom it  
 ' ly stands,  
 ' For their great numbers found to be of g  
 ' Which but his guard of gleaves, consist  
 ' horse.  
 ' Into two several fights the king contri  
 ' strength,  
 ' And his first battle cast into a wondrous  
 ' In fashion of a wedge, in point of which  
 ' His archery, thereof and to the guidance



John the noble Duke of Norfolk, and his son  
 ve Surrey; he himself the second bringing on,  
 which was a perfect square; and on the other  
 ' side,  
 ' horsemen had for wings, which by extend-  
 ' ing wide,  
 ' adverse seem'd to threat, with an unequal  
 ' power.  
 ' At utmost point arriv'd of this expected hour,  
 ' to lord Stanley sends, to bring away his aid;  
 ' and threats him by an oath, if longer he de-  
 ' lay'd [die,  
 ' eldest son young Strange immediately should  
 ' whom stout Stanley thus doth carelessly re-  
 ' ply:  
 ' I thou the king I'll come, when I fit time  
 ' shall see,  
 ' love the boy, but yet I have more sons than he.  
 ' The 'angry armies meet, when the thin air  
 ' was rent, [sent,  
 ' such re-echoing shouts, from either soldiers  
 ' at flying o'er the field the birds down tremb-  
 ' ling dropt. [propt,  
 ' some old building long that hath been under-  
 ' men as the timber fails, by the unweildy fall,  
 ' into powder beats, the roof, and rotten  
 ' wall,  
 ' and with confused clouds of smouldring dust  
 ' doth choak  
 ' the streets and places near; so through the mis-  
 ' ty smoke,  
 ' shot and ordnance made, a thundring noise  
 ' was heard.  
 ' Then Stanly that this while his succours had  
 ' defer'd,  
 ' with to the cruel king, and to the earl his son,  
 ' then once he doth perceive the battle was be-  
 ' gun,  
 ' rings on his valiant troops, three thousand ful-  
 ' ly strong,  
 ' which like a cloud far off, that tempest threat-  
 ' en'd long,  
 ' all on the tyrant's host, which him with ter-  
 ' ror struck,  
 ' as also when he sees, he doth but vainly look  
 ' for succours from the great Northumberland,  
 ' this while, [mile,  
 ' hat from the battle scarce three quarters of a  
 ' ood with his power of horse, nor once was  
 ' seen to stir:  
 ' Then Richard (that th' event no longer would  
 ' defer)  
 ' he two main battles mix'd, and that with  
 ' weary'd breath,  
 ' some labour'd to their life, some labour'd to  
 ' their death,  
 ' there for the better fought) even with a spirit  
 ' elate, [fate  
 ' as one that inly scorn'd the very worst that  
 ' could possibly impose, his lance set in his rest,  
 ' to the thick'ft of death, through threat'ning  
 ' peril prest, [drew,  
 ' o where he had perceiv'd the earl in person  
 ' those standard-bearer he, Sir William Bran-  
 ' don slew,

' The pile of his strong staff into his arm-pit sent;  
 ' When at a second shock, down Sir John Cheney  
 ' went,  
 ' Which scarce a lance's length before the earl  
 ' was plac'd,  
 ' Until by Richmond's guard environed at last,  
 ' With many a cruel wound, was through the bo-  
 ' dy gride. [dy'd;  
 ' Upon this fatal field, John duke of Norfolk  
 ' The stout lord Ferrers fell, and Ratcliff, that  
 ' had long [among  
 ' Of Richard's counsels been, found in the field  
 ' A thousand soldiers that on both sides here were  
 ' slain,  
 ' O Red-more, it then seem'd, thy name was not  
 ' in vain,  
 ' When with a thousand's blood the earth was co-  
 ' lour'd red.  
 ' Whereas th' imperial crown was set on Henry's  
 ' head,  
 ' Being found in Richard's tent, as he it there  
 ' did win;  
 ' The cruel tyrant strip'd to the bare naked skin,  
 ' Behind a herald truss'd, was back to Le'ster sent,  
 ' From whence the day before he to the battle  
 ' went.  
 ' The battle then at Stoke, so fortunately struck,  
 ' (Upon king Henry's part, with so successful  
 ' luck,  
 ' As never till that day he felt his crown to cleave  
 ' Unto his temples close, when Mars began to  
 ' leave  
 ' His fury, and at last to sit him down was brought)  
 ' I come at last to sing, 'twixt that seventh Henry  
 ' fought;  
 ' With whom, to this brave field the Duke of  
 ' Bedford came,  
 ' With Oxford his great friend, whose praise did  
 ' him inflame  
 ' To all achievements great, that fortunate had  
 ' been [in,  
 ' In every doubtful fight, since Henry's coming  
 ' With th' earl of Shrewsbury, a man of great com-  
 ' mand,  
 ' And his brave son lord George, for him that  
 ' firmly stand. [son,  
 ' And on the other side, John Duke of Suffolk's  
 ' (John Earl of Lincoln call'd) who this stern war  
 ' begun,  
 ' Suborning a lewd boy, a false impostor, who  
 ' By Simonds a worse priest instructed what to do,  
 ' Upon him took the name of th' Earl of War-  
 ' wick, heir  
 ' To George the murther'd Duke of Clarence,  
 ' who (for fear  
 ' Lest some that favour'd York, might under-  
 ' hand maintain)  
 ' King Henry in the Tower, did a time detain.  
 ' (g) Which practise set on foot, this Earl of  
 ' Lincoln fail'd  
 ' To Burgundy, where he with Margaret prevail'd,

(g) The Duchess of Burgundy was sister to Edward IV,  
 and so was this Earl's mother.







here her battles ends; and as she did before,  
ravelling along upon her silent shore.

bybridge a neighbouring nymph, the only rem-  
nant left

all that forest kind, by time's injurious theft  
all that tract destroy'd, with wood which did  
abound.

former times had seen the goodliest forest  
ground;

island ever had; but she so left alone,

ruin of her kind, and no man to bemoan.

deep intranced flood, as thinking to awake,

from her shady bower she silently bespake:

O flood in happy plight, which to this time

remain'st,

still along in state to Neptune's court thou

strain'st;

live thee with the thought of those forepas-

sed hours,

when the rough wood-gods kept, in their de-

lightful bowers

thy embroider'd banks, when now this

country fill'd

with villages, and by the labouring ploughman

gill'd,

as forest, where the fir and spreading poplar

grew.

let me yet the thought of those past times re-

men as that woody kind, in our umbrageous

wild,

hence every living thing save only they exil'd,

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In this their world of waste, the sovereign em-  
pire sway'd.

O who would e'er have thought, that time could  
have decay'd

Those trees whose bodies seem'd by their so mas-  
sy weight,

To press the solid earth, and with their wondrous  
height

To climb into the clouds, their arms so far to  
shoot,

As they in measuring were of acres, and their  
root,

With long and mighty spurs to grapple with  
the land,

As nature would have said, that they shall ever  
stand:

So that this place where now this Huntingdon  
is set,

Being an easy hill where mirthful hunters met,

From that first took the name.' By this the  
muse arrives

At Ely's isled marge, by having past St. Ives,

Unto the German sea she hasteth her along,

And here she shutteth up her two and twentieth  
song, [now,

In which she quite hath spent her vigor, and must

As workmen often use, a while sit down and  
blow;

And after this short pause, though less'ning of her  
height,

Come in another key, yet not without delight.

H h



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# P O L Y- O L B I O N:

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## THE TWENTY-THIRD SONG.

### *The Argument.*

From furious fights invention comes,  
Deaf'ned with noise of rattling drums,  
And in the Northamptonian bounds,  
Shews Whittlewood's, and Sacy's grounds,  
Then to Mount Helidon doth go,  
(Whence Charwell, Leame, and Nen do flow)  
The surface which of England sings,  
And Nen down to the Washes brings;  
Then whereas Welland makes her way,  
Shews Rockingham her rich array:  
A course at Kelmarsh then she takes,  
Where she Northamptonshire forsakes.

ON tow'rs the mid-lands now, th' industrious  
muse doth make, [take  
The Northamptonian earth, and in her way doth  
As fruitful every way, as those by nature, which  
The husbandman by art, with compost doth enrich,  
This boasting of herself, that walk her verge  
about,  
And view her well within, her breadth and length  
throughout:  
The worst foot of her earth is equal with their best,  
With most abundant store, that highliest think  
them blest.  
When Whittlewood betime th' unwearied muse  
doth win  
To talk with her a while; at her first coming in,  
The forest thus that greets: ' With more success-  
' ful fate,  
' Thrive then thy fellow nymphs, whose sad and  
' ruinous state

' We every day behold, if any thing there be.  
' That from this general fall, thee happily may  
' free,  
' 'Tis only for that thou dost naturally produce  
' More under-wood and brake, than oak for great-  
' ter use: [rest,  
' But when this ravenous age, of those hath us be-  
' Time wanting this our store, shall seize what thee  
' is left.  
' For what base avarice now enticeth men to do,  
' Necessity in time shall strongly urge them to;  
' Which each divining spirit most clearly doth  
' foresee.'  
Whilst at this speech perplexed, the forest  
seem'd to be,  
A water-nymph, near to this goodly wood-  
nymph's side,  
(As tow'rs her sovereign Ouse, she softly down  
doth slide)



slightfome stream by Towcester doth  
 ; g her sweet self in many a dainty mead,  
 it fallied far, but Sacy soon again  
 ; one much grac'd among the sylvan

the queen of shades, the bright Diana  
 [soft,  
 and for her looks, with kisses smooth and  
 bosom lean'd, and tenderly embrac'd,  
 her, her dear heart, most lov'd, and  
 chaste :

er Tea, her amorous eyes doth throw,  
 anks of Ouse the brook herself bestow.  
 those fertile fields, the muse doth hap  
 meet [street,

side which sits the west of Watling-  
 elidon a hill, which though it be but  
 l,

with their proud kind, which we our  
 ntains call ;

ree famous floods, that out of him do  
 ,  
 ee several seas, by their assistants go ;  
 he noblest, Nen, to fair Northampton

allying on, then Peterborough plies  
 dhamsted : where her the sea-maids  
 rtain, [main,

r through the fen into the German  
 nd, Charwell is, at Oxford meeting  
 mes,

g convey'd into the (e) Celtic streams.  
 e as least, the last, to mid-land Avon  
 s,

l again itself, into proud Severn casts :  
 th' Iberian sea, herself great Severn  
 ds ;

he dower she hath, to that wide ocean  
 s.

lon waxed proud, the happy sire to be  
 ned floods, as these fore-named three,  
 hill of note, near England's midst that  
 is, [hands,

m his face, his back, or on his either  
 ends in breadth, or lays itself in length.  
 this hill to shew his state and natural  
 gth,

of this part determineth to show,  
 now England name, and through her  
 s to go.

plain and poor, professeth not that  
 ht,

ke to soar, till less'ning to the sight:  
 andry soils, his style so alt'ring oft,  
 effions sit, or verses smooth and soft;  
 several scites, as naturally to strain,  
 h that these floods, his tuncs to enter-

th Halcion calms, may wholly have  
 st,

he rough winds tir'd, were eas'ly laid  
 st.

t far from Daventry.

ient name of Peterborough.

ash sea.

(d) The Spanish sea.

Then on the worth'est tract up tow'rd the mid-  
 day's sun,

His undertaken task, thus Helidon begun :

' From where the kingly Thames his stomach  
 doth discharge,

To Devonshire, where the land her bosom doth  
 enlarge ;

And with the inland air her beauties doth relieve,  
 Along the Celtic sea, call'd oftentimes the Sleeve :

Although upon the coast the Downs appear but  
 bare,

Yet naturally within the countries woody are.

Then Cornwall creepeth out into the western  
 main,

As (lying in her eye) she pointed still at Spain :

Or as the wanton soil, dispos'd to lustful rest,

Had laid herself along on Neptune's amorous  
 breast.

With De'nshire, from the firm, that beak of  
 land that fills,

What landskip lies in vales, and often rising hills,  
 So plac'd betwixt the French, and the Sabrinian

seas, [bays;

As on both sides adorn'd with many harb'rous  
 Who for their trade to sea, and wealthy mines of

tin,

From any other tract the praise doth clearly win.

From De'nshire by those shores, which Severn  
 oft furrounds,

The soil far lower sits, and mightily abounds

With sundry sort of fruits; as well-grown grass  
 and corn, [scorn

That Somerset may say, her bathing moors do  
 Our England's richest earth, for burden shoul'd

them stain ; [again;

And on the self-same tract, up Severn's stream  
 The vale of Eulham lays her length so largely

forth, [north;

As though she meant to stretch herself into the  
 Where still the fertile earth depressed lies and

low,

Till her rich soil itself to Warwickshire do show.

Hence somewhat south by east, let us our course  
 incline,

And from these setting shores so metely maritime,  
 The isle's rich inland parts, let's take with us

along,

To set him rightly out, in our well-order'd song;  
 Whose prospects to the muse their sundry scites

shall show, [slow;

Where she from place to place, as free as air shall  
 Their superficies so exactly to descry,

Through Wiltshire, pointing how the plain of Sa-  
 lisbury

Shoots forth herself in length, and lays abroad a  
 train. [tain

So large, as though the land serv'd scarcely to con-  
 Her vastness, north from her, himself proud Cot-

swould vaunts,

And casts so stern a look about him, that he daunts  
 The lowly vales, remote that sit with humbler

eyes.

In Berkshire, and from thence into the Orient  
 lies



That most renowned Vale of White-horse, and  
 by her,  
 So Buckingham again doth Ailesbury prefer,  
 With any English earth, along upon whose pale,  
 That mounting country then, which maketh her  
 a vale, [about,  
 The chalky Chilterne, runs with beaches crown'd  
 Through Bedfordshire that bears, till his bald front  
 he shoot,  
 Into that foggy earth towards Ely, that doth grow  
 Much fenny, and surrounds with very little flow.  
 So on into the east, upon the inland ground,  
 From where that crystal Colne most properly doth  
 bound,  
 Rough Chilterne, from the soil, where in rich  
 London sits,  
 As being fair and flat it naturally befits  
 Her greatness every way, which holdeth on along  
 To the Essexian earth, which likewise in our song,  
 Since in one tract they lie, we here together take,  
 Although the several shires, by sundry soils do  
 make  
 It different in degrees; for Middlesex of sands  
 Her soil compos'd hath; so are th' Essexian  
 lands,  
 Adjoining to the same, that sit by Isis' side,  
 Which London over-looks: but as she waxeth  
 wide,  
 So Essex in her tides, her deep-grown marshes  
 drowns,  
 And to inclosures cuts her drier upland grounds,  
 Which lately woody were, whilst men those woods  
 did prize; [rise,  
 Whence those fair countries lie, upon the pleasant  
 (Betwixt the mouth of Thames, and where Ouse  
 roughly dashes  
 Her rude unwieldy waves, against the queachy  
 washes)  
 Suffolk and Norfolk near, so named of their scites,  
 Adorned every way with wonderful delights,  
 To the beholding eye, that every where are seen,  
 Abounding with rich fields, and pastures fresh and  
 green,  
 Fair havens to their shores, large heaths within  
 them lie,  
 As nature in them strove to shew variety.  
 From Ely all along upon that eastern sea,  
 Then Lincolnshire herself, in state at length do  
 lay,  
 Which for her fat'ning fens, her fish, and fowl  
 may have  
 Pre-eminence, as she that seemeth to outbrave  
 All other southern shires, whose head the washes  
 feels, [heels.  
 Till wantonly she kick proud Humber with her  
 Up tow'rd's the navel then, of England from  
 her flank,  
 Which Lincolnshire we call so levelled and lank.  
 Northampton, Rutland then, and Huntingdon,  
 which three  
 Do shew by their full soils, all of one piece to be,  
 Of Nottingham a part, as Le'ster them is lent,  
 From Bever's bat'ning vale, along the banks of  
 Trent.

So on the other side. into the sea again,  
 Where Severn tow'rd's the sea from Shrewsbury  
 doth strain,  
 'Twixt which and Avon's banks (where (c) Ar-  
 den when of old  
 Her bushy curled front, she bravely did uphold,  
 In state and glory stood) now of three several  
 shires, [pear  
 The greatest portions lie, upon whose earth ap-  
 That mighty forest's foot, of Wor'stershire a part,  
 Of Warwickshire the like, which sometime was  
 the heart  
 Of Arden that brave nymph, yet woody here and  
 there, [bear  
 Oft intermix'd with heaths, whose sand and gravel  
 A turf more harsh and hard, where Stafford doth  
 partake  
 In quality with those, as nature strove to make  
 Them of one self-same stuff, and mixture, as they  
 lie,  
 Which likewise in this tract, we here together tie.  
 From these recited parts to th' north, more  
 high and bleak,  
 Extended ye behold, the Moorland and the Peak,  
 From either's several scite, in either's mighty  
 waste,  
 A sterner louring eye, that every way do cast  
 On their beholding hills, and countries round  
 about;  
 Whose soils as of one shape, appearing clear  
 throughout.  
 For Moreland which with heath most naturally  
 doth bear,  
 Her winter livery still, in summer seems to wear;  
 As likewise doth the Peak, whose dreadful caverns  
 found,  
 And lead-mines, that in her, do naturally abound,  
 Her superficies makes more terrible to show:  
 So from her natural fount, as Severn down doth  
 flow,  
 The high Salopian hills lift up their rising face:  
 Which country as it is the near'st ally'd to Wales,  
 In mountains, so it most is to the same alike.  
 Now tow'rd's the Irish seas a little let us strike,  
 Where Cheshire, (as her choice) with Lancashire  
 doth lie  
 Along th' unlevel'd shores; this former to the eye,  
 In her complexion shows black earth with gravel  
 mix'd,  
 A wood-land and a plain indifferently betwixt,  
 A good fast-feeding grass, most strongly that  
 doth breed:  
 As Lancashire no less excelling for her feed,  
 Although with heath, and fin, her upper parts  
 abound;  
 As likewise to the sea, upon the lower ground,  
 With mosses, flets, and fells, she shows most wild  
 and rough,  
 Whose turf, and square cut peat, is fuel good  
 enough.  
 So, on the north of Trent, from Nottingham above,  
 Where Sherwood her curl'd front, into the cold  
 doth shove,



Light forest land is found, to where the floating  
 Don, [won,  
 In making tow'rds the main, her Doncaster hath  
 Where Yorkshire's laid abroad, so many a mile  
 extent,  
 To whom preceding times, the greatest circuit lent,  
 A province, then a shire, which rather seemeth :  
 so  
 It incidently most variety doth show.  
 Here stony steril grounds, there wond'rous fruit-  
 ful fields,  
 Here champain, and there wood, it in abundance  
 yields :  
 Th' West-riding, and the North, be mountainous  
 and high,  
 But tow'rds the German sea the East more low  
 doth lie.  
 This isle hath not that earth, of any kind else-  
 where,  
 But on this part or that, epitomized here.  
 Tow'rds those Scotch-Irish isles, upon that sea,  
 again, [contain  
 The rough Virgivan call'd, that tract which doth  
 Cold Cumberland, which yet wild Westmoreland  
 excels, [fills,  
 For roughness, at whose point lies rugged Fourness  
 Is fill'd with mighty moors, and mountains, which  
 do make  
 Her wild superfluous waste, as nature sport did take  
 In heaths, and high-cleev'd hills, whose threatening  
 fronts do dare  
 Each other with their looks, as though they  
 would out-stare  
 The starry eyes of heaven, which to out-face they  
 stand.  
 From these into the east, upon the other hand,  
 The Bishopric, and fair Northumberland do bear  
 To Scotland's bordering Tweed, which as the  
 north elsewhere,  
 Not very fertile are, yet with a lovely face  
 Upon the ocean look ; which kindly doth embrace  
 Those countries all along, upon the rising side,  
 Which for the batful glebe, by nature them deny'd,  
 With mighty mines of coal, abundantly are blest,  
 By which this tract remains renown'd above the  
 rest :  
 For what from her rich womb, each harb'rous  
 road receives.' [leaves,  
 Yet Helidon not here, his lov'd description  
 Though now his darling springs desir'd him to  
 desist ; [list.  
 But say all what they can, he'll do but what he  
 As be the surface thus, so likewise will he show,  
 The clownish blazons, to each country long ago,  
 Which those unletter'd times, with blind devo-  
 tion lent, [quent,  
 Before the learned maids our fountains did fre-  
 To shew the muse can shift her habit, and she  
 now  
 Of Palatins that sung, can whistle to the plover ;  
 And let the curious tax his clownry, with their  
 skill  
 He reck's not, but goes on, and say they what  
 they will.

' (f) Kent first in our account, doth to itself  
 apply, [ty-  
 (Quoth he) this blazon first, Long tails and liber-  
 Suffix with Surrey say, 'Then let us lead home  
 logs.  
 As Hampshire long for her, hath had the term  
 of Hogs.  
 So Dorsetshire of long, they Dorfers us'd to call.  
 Cornwall and Devonshire cry, We'll wrestle for a  
 fall.  
 Then Somerset says, Set the bandog on the bull.  
 And Glo'stershire again is blazon'd, Weigh thy  
 wool.  
 As Berkshire hath for hers, Let's to't and to'se  
 the ball. all.  
 And Wiltshire will for her, Get home and pay for  
 Rich Buckingham doth bear the term of Bread  
 and Beef, [thief.  
 Where if you beat a bush, 'tis odds you start a  
 So Hertford blazon'd is, The club, and clouted  
 shoon,  
 Thereto, I'll rise betime, and sleep again at noon.  
 When Middlesex bids, Up to London let us go,  
 And when our market's done, we'll have a pot or  
 two.  
 As Essex hath of old been named, Calves and Stiles,  
 Fair Suffolk, Maids and Milk, and Norfolk, Ma-  
 ny Wiles.  
 So Cambridge hath been call'd, Hold Nets, and  
 Let us Win ;  
 And Huntingdon, With Stilts we'll Stalk through  
 'Thick and Thin.  
 Northamptonshire of long hath had this blazon,  
 Love,  
 Below the girdle all, but little else above.  
 An outcry Oxford makes, The scholars have been  
 here, [cheer,  
 And little though they paid, yet have they had good  
 Quoth Warlike Warwickshire, I'll bind the stur-  
 dy bear.  
 Quoth Wor'stershire again, And I will squirt  
 the pear.  
 Then Staffordshire bids Stay, and I will beet the  
 fire,  
 And nothing will I ask, but good will for my hire.  
 Bean belly Le'stershire, her attribute doth bear.  
 And Bells and bagpipes next, belong to Lincoln-  
 shire.  
 Of Malt-horse, Bedfordshire long since that bla-  
 zon wan.  
 And little Rutlandshire is termed Raddleman.  
 To Derby is assign'd the name of Wool and lead.  
 As Nottingham's, of old (is common) Ale and  
 bread.  
 So Hereford for her says, Give me woof and warp.  
 And Shropshire saith in her, That skins be ever  
 sharp,  
 Lay wood upon the fire, reach hither me my  
 harp,  
 And whilst the black bowl walks, we merrily  
 will carp.

(f) The blazons of the shires.  
 H h iij



Old Cheshire is well known to be the Chief of men.

Fair women doth belong to Lancashire again.

The lands that over Ouse to Berwick forth do bear,

I have for their blazon had the Snaffle, spur, and spear.\*

Now Nen extremely griev'd those barbarous things to hear,

By Helidon her fire, that thus deliver'd were :

For as his eld'st, she was to passed ages known,

Whom by Aufona's name the Romans did renown.

A word by them deriv'd of Avon, which of long The Britains call'd her by, expressing in their tongue

The full and general name of waters; wherefore she

Stood much upon her worth, and jealous grew to be,

Lest things so low and poor, and now quite out of date,

Should happily impair her dignity and state.

Wherefore from him her fire immediately she hastes;

And as she forth her course to Peterborough casts, She falleth in her way with Weedon, where 'tis said,

Saint Werburg princely born, a most religious maid,

From those peculiar fields, by prayer the wild-geese drove,

Thence through the champain she lasciviously doth rove

Tow'rds fair Northampton, which, whilst Nen was Avon call'd,

Resum'd that happy name, as happily install'd

Upon her (g) northern side, where taking in a rill, Her long impoverish'd banks more plenteously

to fill,

She flourishes in state, along the fruitful fields;

Where whilst her waters she with wondrous pleasure yields,

To (b) Wellingborough comes, whose fountains in she takes,

Which quickening her again, immediately she makes

To Oundle, which receives contractedly the sound From Avondale, t' express that river's lowest ground :

To Peterborough thence she maketh forth her way,

Where Welland hand in hand, goes on with her to sea;

When Rockingham, the muse to her fair forest brings,

Thence lying to the north, whose sundry gifts she sings.

\* O dear and dainty nymph, most gorgeously array'd,

Of all the Brailles known, the most delicious maid,

(g) Northampton, for Northavon, the town upon the north of Avon.

(b) See entry of this name well in Counties.

With all delights adorn'd, that any way becom A sylvan, by whose state we verily may deem

A deity in thee, in whose delightful bowers

The fawns and fairies make the longest days but hours,

And joying in the soil, where thou assum'st thy seat,

Thou to thy handmaid haste, (thy pleasures to await)

Fair Benefield, whose care to thee doth surely cleave,

Which bears a grass as soft, as is the dainty leave, And thrum'd so thick and deep, that the proud

palmed deer,

Forfake the closer woods, and make their quick leir

In beds of platted fog, so eas'ly there they sit.

A forest and a chase in every thing so fit

This island hardly hath, so near ally'd that be,

Brave nymph, such praise belongs to Benefield and thee.'

Whilst Rockingham was heard with these reports to ring,

The muse by making on tow'rds Welland's ominous spring,

With (i) Kelmarsh there is caught, for courting of the hare,

Which scorns that any place should with her plains compare :

Which in the proper terms the muse doth thus report;

The man whose vacant mind prepares him to the sport,

The (k) finder sendeth out, to seek out nimble Wat,

Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every flat,

Till he this pretty beast upon the farm hath found,

Then viewing for the course, which is the fairest ground,

The greyhounds forth are brought, for courting then in case,

And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace;

The finder puts her up, and gives her couriers law.

And whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw, She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,

Forc'd by some yelping (l) cute to give the greyhounds view,

Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go,

As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow,

When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and notes

Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other (m) coats,

(i) A place in the north part of Northamptonshire, excellent for courting with greyhounds.

(k) The hare-finder.

(l) A cur.

(m) When one greyhound outstrips the other in the course.



They wrench her once or twice, e'er she a turn  
will take,

What's offer'd by the first, the other good doth  
make;

And turn for turn again with equal speed they  
ply,

Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility:

A harden'd ridge or way, when if the hare do  
win, [spin,

Then as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth

That strive to put her off, but when he cannot  
reach her, [her

This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch

To him that comes behind, which seems the hare  
to bear;

But with a nimble turn she casts them both  
arrear:

Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they  
make her,

The greyhounds both so spent, that they want  
breath to take her.

Here leave I whilst the muse more serious things  
attends,

And with my course at hare, my canto likewise  
ends.

H b iij



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE TWENTY-FOURTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The fatal Welland from her springs,  
This song to th' Isle of Ely brings :  
Our ancient English Saints revives,  
Then in an oblique course contrives,  
The rareties that Rutland shews,  
Which with this Canto she doth close.

THIS way, to that fair fount of Welland hath us  
led [head  
At (a) Nasby to the north, where from a second  
Runs Avon, which along to Severn shapes her  
course, [source,  
But pliant muse proceed, with our new-handled  
Of whom from ages past, a prophecy there ran,  
(Which to this ominous flood much fear and re-  
verence wan)  
That she alone should drown all Holland, and  
should see ; [be ;  
Her Stamford, which so much forgotten seems to  
Renown'd for liberal arts, as highly honour'd  
there,  
As they in Cambridge are, or Oxford ever were ;  
Whereby she in herself a holiness suppos'd,  
That in her scantled banks, though wand'ring long  
inclos'd,  
Yet in her secret breast a catalogue had kept  
Of our religious saints, which though they long  
had slept,  
Yet through the christen'd world, for they had  
won such fame  
Both to the British first, then to the English name,  
For their abundant faith, and sanctimony known,  
Such as were hither sent, or naturally our own,

(a) The fountain of Welland,

It much her genius griev'd, to have them now  
neglected, [ted.  
Whose piety so much those zealous times respect  
Wherefore she with herself resolved, when that she  
To Peterborough came, where much she long'd  
to be,  
That in the wished view of Medhamsted, that  
town,  
Which he the great'st of Saints doth by his name  
renown,  
She to his glorious phane an off'ring as to bring.  
Of her dear country's saints, the martyrologists  
would sing :  
And therefore all in haste to Harborough she hied,  
Whence Le'stershire she leaves upon the north-  
ward-side  
At Rutland then arriv'd, where Stamford her  
sustains,  
By Deeping drawing out, to Lincolnshire she leans,  
Upon her bank by north, against this greater  
throng,  
Northamptonshire to south still lies with her along,  
And now approaching near to this appointed place,  
Where she and Nen make shew as though they  
would embrace ;  
But only they salute, and each holds on her way.  
When holy Welland thus was wisely heard to say :



' I sing of saints, and yet my song shall not be  
   ' fraught  
 With miracles by them, but feigned to be  
   ' wrought,  
 That they which did their lives so palpably bely,  
 To times have much impeach'd their holiness  
   ' thereby :  
 Though fools (I say) on them such poor impos-  
   ' sures lay, [they,  
 Have scandal'd them to ours, far foolisher than  
 Which think they have by this so great advan-  
   ' tage got  
 Their venerable names from memory to blot,  
 Which truth can ne'er permit; and thou that art  
   ' so pure,  
 The name of such a saint that no way can endure;  
 Now in respect of them to recompence that hate,  
 The wretched'st thing, and thou have both one  
   ' death and date :  
 From all vain worship too; and yet I am as free  
 As is the most precise, I pass not who he be.  
 Antiquity I love, nor by the world's despight,  
 Cannot be remov'd from that my dear delight.  
 His spoke, to her fair aid her sister Nen she wins,  
 Then she of all her saints, now with that man  
   ' begins.  
 ' The first that ever told Christ crucify'd to us,  
 (By Paul and Peter sent) just Aristobulus,  
 Renown'd in holy writ, a labourer in the word,  
 For that most certain truth, opposing fire and  
   ' sword,  
 By th' Britains murdered here, so unbelieving  
   ' then.  
 Next holy Joseph came, the merciful'st of men,  
 The Saviour of mankind, in sepulchre that laid,  
 That to th' Britons was th' apostle; in his aid  
 St. Duvian, and with him St. Fagan, both which  
   ' were  
 His scholars, likewise left their sacred relics here :  
 All denizens of ours, t' advance the Christian  
   ' state,  
 At Glastenbury long that were commemorate.  
 When Amphibal again our martyrdom began  
 In that most bloody reign of Dioclesian :  
 This man into the truth, that blessed Alban led  
 (Our Proto-martyr call'd) who strongly discipl'd  
 In Christian patience, learnt his tortures to ap-  
   ' prease :  
 His fellow martyrs then, Stephen, and Socrates,  
 At holy Alban's town, their festival should hold;  
 So of that martyr nam'd, (which Ver'lam was of  
   ' old.  
 A thousand other saints, whom Amphibal had  
   ' taught,  
 Flying the Pagan foe, their lives that strictly  
   ' fought,  
 Were slain where Lichfield is, whose name doth  
   ' rightly sound,  
 (There of those Christians slain (Dead field, or  
   ' burying ground.  
 ' Then for the Christian faith, two other here  
   ' that stood,  
 And teaching, bravely seal'd their doctrine with  
   ' their blood :

' St. Julius, and with him St. Aron, have their  
   ' room,  
 ' At Carleon suff'ring death by Dioclesian's doom;  
 ' Whose persecuting reign tempestuously that rag'd,  
 ' 'Gainst those here for the faith, their utmost that  
   ' engag'd,  
 ' St. Angule put to death, one of our holiest men,  
 ' At London, of that see, the godly bishop then  
 ' In that our infant church, so resolute was he.  
 ' A second martyr too grace London's ancient see,  
 ' Though it were after long, good Voadine who  
   ' reprov'd  
 ' Proud Vortiger his king unlawfully that lov'd  
 ' Another's wanton wife, and wrong'd his nuptial  
   ' bed ;  
 ' For which by that stern prince unjustly murdered,  
 ' As he a martyr dy'd, is sainted with the rest.  
 ' The third saint of that see (though only he con-  
   ' fess'd)  
 ' Was Guithelme, unto whom those times that re-  
   ' verence gave  
 ' As he a place with them eternally shall have.  
 ' So Melior may they bring, the Duke of Corn-  
   ' wal's son, [done  
 ' By his false brother's hands, to death who being  
 ' In hate of Christian faith, whose zeal left time  
   ' should taint,  
 ' As he a martyr was, they justly made a saint.  
 ' Those godly Romans then (who as mine au-  
   ' thor faith) [Christian faith,  
 ' Wan good King Lucius first t' embrace the  
 ' Pugatius, and his friend St. Damian, as they were  
 ' Made denizens of ours, have their remembrance  
   ' here : [confess,  
 ' As two more (near that time Christ Jesus that  
 ' And that most lively faith by their good works  
   ' exprest)  
 ' St. Eluan with his pheere St. Midwin, who to win  
 ' The Britons, (come from Rome, where christen'd  
   ' they had been)  
 ' Converted to the faith their thousands, whose  
   ' dear grave, [have.  
 ' That Glastenbury grac'd, there their memorial  
   ' As they their sacred bones in Britain have  
   ' bestow'd [broad :  
 ' So Britain likewise sent her saints to them a-  
 ' Mariellus that just man, who having gathered in  
 ' The scatter'd Christian flock, instructed that had  
   ' been  
 ' By holy Joseph here; to congregate he wan  
 ' This justly named saint, this never-weary'd man,  
 ' Next to the Germans preach'd, till (void of  
   ' earthly fear [Trevere.  
 ' By his courageous death, he much renown'd  
   ' Then of our native saints, the first that dy'd  
   ' abroad ;  
 ' Beatus next to him shall fitly be bestow'd,  
 ' In Switzerland who preach'd, whom there those  
   ' paynims slew, [ensue  
 ' When greater in their place, though not in faith,  
 ' St. Lucius (call'd of us) the primer christen'd  
   ' king,  
 ' Of th' ancient Britons then, who led the glo-  
   ' rious ring



- ' To all the Saxon race, that here did him succeed,  
 ' Changing his regal robe to a religious weed,  
 ' His rule in Britain left, and to Helvetia hy'd,  
 ' Where he a bishop liv'd, a martyr lastly dy'd.  
 ' As Constantine the Great, that godly emperor,  
 ' Here first the Christian church that did to peace  
   ' restore,  
 ' Whose ever-blessed birth, as by the power-di-  
   ' vine) [line,  
 ' The Roman empire brought into the British  
 ' Constantinople's crown, and th' ancient Britons  
   ' glory.  
 ' So other here we have to furnish up our story,  
 ' St. Melon well-near when the British church  
   ' began,  
 ' (Even in the early time of Rome's Valerian)  
 ' Here leaving us for Rome, from thence to Roan  
   ' was call'd, [install'd  
 ' To preach unto the French, where soon he was  
 ' Her bishop: Britain so may of her Gudwall vaunt,  
 ' Who first the Flemings taught, whose feast is  
   ' held at Gaunt.  
 ' Soothers forth she brought to little Britain vow'd,  
 ' St. Wenlock, and with him St. Sampson, both  
   ' allow'd  
 ' Apostles of that place, the first the abbot sole  
 ' Of Tawrac, and the last sat on the see of Dole:  
 ' Where dying, Maglor then thereof was bishop  
   ' made,  
 ' Sent purposely from hence that people to persuade  
 ' To keep the Christian faith: so Goluin gave we  
   ' thither, [gether.  
 ' Who fainted being there, we set them here to-  
   ' As of the weaker sex, that ages have enshrin'd  
 ' Amongst the British dames, and worthily divin'd:  
 ' The finder of the cross Queen Helena doth lead,  
 ' Who though Rome set a crown on her imperial  
   ' head, [here.  
 ' Yet in our Britain born, and bred up choicely  
 ' Emerita the next, King Lucius' sister dear,  
 ' Who in Helvetia with her martyr brother dy'd;  
 ' Bright Ursula the third, who undertook to guide  
 ' Th' eleven thousand maids to Little Britain sent,  
 ' By seas and bloody men devoured as they went:  
 ' Of which we find these four have been for saints  
   ' prefer'd,  
 ' (And with their leader still do live encalender'd)  
 ' St. Agnes, Cordula, Odillia, Florence, which  
 ' With wond'rous sumptuous shrines those ages  
   ' did enrich  
 ' At Cullen, where their lives most clearly are  
   ' exprest, [rest.  
 ' And yearly feasts observ'd to them and all the  
   ' But when it came to pass the Saxon powers  
   ' had put  
 ' The Britons from these parts, and them o'er Se-  
   ' vern shut,  
 ' The Christian faith with her, then Cambria had  
   ' alone,  
 ' With those that it receiv'd (from this now Eng-  
   ' land gone,  
 ' Whose Cambro-Britons so their saints as duly  
   ' brought, [wrought,  
 ' T' advance the Christian faith, effectually that  
 ' Their David, (one deriv'd of th' roya  
   ' blood)  
 ' Who 'gainst Pelagius' false and damn'd  
 ' And turn'd Menenia's name to David  
   ' see,  
 ' The patron of the Welsh deserving well  
 ' With Cadock, next to whom comes Can-  
   ' which were  
 ' Prince Brechan's sons, who gave the  
   ' Brecknockshire;  
 ' The first a martyr made, a confessor the  
 ' So Clintack, Brecknock's prince, as f  
   ' self-same mother,  
 ' A saint upon that seat, the other doth e  
 ' Whom for the Christian faith a Pagan fol-  
   ' So bishops can she bring, of which l  
   ' shall be,  
 ' As Asaph, who first gave that name u  
 ' Of Bangor, and may boast St. David w  
   ' wan  
 ' Much reverence, and with these Ow-  
 ' Both bishops of Llandaff, and saints in  
   ' cession; [p  
 ' Two other following these, both in  
 ' St. Dubric whose report old Carleon  
   ' carry,  
 ' And Elery in Northwales, who built a m  
 ' In which himself became the abbot, to l  
 ' And spent in alms and prayer the re-  
   ' his days.  
   ' But leaving these divin'd, to Decu  
 ' In Northwales who was crown'd with  
   ' martyrdom.  
 ' Justinian, as that man a sainted place d  
 ' Who still to feed his soul, his sinful body  
 ' And for that height in zeal, whereto he d  
 ' There by his fellow monks, most cruelly  
 ' So Cambria, Ecco bare; and Gildas, wh  
   ' grace  
 ' Old Bangor, and by whose learn'd wri  
 ' The knowledge of those times; the  
   ' whole just pen,  
 ' Shall live for ever fresh, with all true  
   ' men.  
   ' Then other, which for her's old Cam-  
 ' St. Senan, and with him we set St. Deil  
 ' Then Tather will we take, and Cheyne  
   ' rest,  
 ' With Baruk, who so much the Isle of  
 ' By his most powerful prayer, to solitude th  
 ' And of all wordly care his zealous soul de  
 ' Of these, some liv'd not long, some w  
   ' aged were,  
 ' But in the mountains liv'd, all hermits l  
 ' O more than mortal men, whose faith an  
   ' prayers,  
 ' Not only bare ye hence, but were those  
 ' By which you went to Heaven, and  
   ' clearly saw,  
 ' As this vain earthly pomp had not th  
   ' to draw  
 ' Your elevated souls, but once to look so  
 ' As those depressed paths, wherein bal  
   ' ling's go.



hat mind doth not admire the knowledge of  
 ' these men?  
 t zealous muse return unto thy task again.  
 These holy men at home, as here they were  
 ' bestow'd,  
 Cambria had such too, as famous were abroad.  
 Why, King Gulick's son of Northwales, who  
 ' had seen  
 e sepulchre three times, and more, seven times  
 ' had been  
 i pilgrimage at Rome, of Beneventum there  
 e painful bishop made; by him so plac'd we  
 ' here, [sent,  
 Macklove, from Northwales to Little Britain  
 at people to convert, who resolutely bent,  
 Athelney in time the bishop there became  
 ick her first title chang'd, and took his proper  
 ' name. ' best :  
 she her virgins had, and vow'd as were the  
 Keyne, Prince Brechan's child, a man so  
 ' highly blest, [were.)  
 at thirty born to him all saints accounted  
 Inthwar so apart shall with these other bear,  
 ho out of false suspect was by her brother slain  
 en Winifrid, whose name yet famous doth re-  
 ' main, [name  
 hese fountain in Northwales entitled by her  
 r moss, and for the stones that he about the  
 ' same, [age,  
 founded through the isle, and to this latter  
 of our Romists held the latest pilgrimage.  
 But when the Saxons here so strongly did reside,  
 id surely seated once, as owners to abide;  
 hen nothing in the world to their desire was  
 ' wanting, [planting.  
 cept the Christian faith, for whose substantial  
 Augustine from Rome was to this island sent;  
 id coming through large France, arriving first  
 ' in Kent,  
 mverted to the faith King Ethelbert, till then  
 chrysten'd that had liv'd, with all his Kentish  
 ' men,  
 nd of their chiefest town, now Canterbury  
 ' call'd, [install'd.  
 he bishop first was made, and on that see  
 ur other, and with him for knowledge great  
 ' in name,  
 hat in his mighty work of our conversion came,  
 wrence, Melitus then, with Justus, and Ho-  
 ' norius, [laborious,  
 i this great Christian work, all which had been  
 e venerable age each coming in degree,  
 cceeded him again in Canterbury see,  
 s Peter born in France, with these and made  
 ' our own, [ing shewn.  
 nd Pauline whose great zeal was by his preach-  
 he first to abbot's state. wife Austen did prefer,  
 nd to the latter gave the see of Rochester;  
 ll canoniz'd for saints, as worthy sure they  
 ' were, [here.  
 or 'stablishing the faith, which was received  
 w countries where our Christ had e'er been  
 ' preached then  
 at sent into this isle some of their godly men.

' From Persia led by zeal, so I've this island sought,  
 ' And near our eastern fens a fit place finding,  
 ' taught  
 ' The faith: which place from him alone the name  
 ' derives,  
 ' And of that sainted man since call'd is St. Ives;  
 ' Such reverence to herself that time devotion wan.  
 ' So sun-burnt Afric sent us holy Adrian,  
 ' Who preach'd the Christian faith here nine-and-  
 ' thirty year,  
 ' An abbot in this isle, and to this nation dear,  
 ' That in our country two provincial synods call'd,  
 ' T' reform the church that time with heresies  
 ' enthrall'd.  
 ' So Denmark Henry sent t' increase our holy store,  
 ' Who falling in from thence upon our northern  
 ' shore  
 ' In th' Isle of (b) Cochet liv'd, near to the mouth  
 ' of Tyne,  
 ' In fasting as in prayer, a man so much divine,  
 ' That only thrice a week on homely cates he fed,  
 ' And three times in the week himself he silenced,  
 ' That in remembrance of this most abstemious man,  
 ' Upon his blessed death the Englishmen began,  
 ' By him to name their babes, which it so fre-  
 ' quent brings,  
 ' Which name hath honour'd been by many Eng-  
 ' lish kings.  
 ' So Burgundy to us three men most reverend  
 ' bare, [share,  
 ' Amongst our other saints, that claim to have their  
 ' Of which was Felix first, who in th' East-Saxon  
 ' reign,  
 ' Converted to the faith King Sigbert: him again  
 ' Ensueth Anselm, whom Augusta sent us in,  
 ' And Hugh, whose holy life to Christ did many  
 ' win,  
 ' By (c) Henry th' empress' son help hither, and  
 ' to have  
 ' Him wholly to be ours, the see of Lincoln gave.  
 ' So Lombardy to us, our reverend Langfrank  
 ' lent, [sent,  
 ' For whom into this land King William Conqueror  
 ' And Canterbury's see to his wife charge assign'd.  
 ' Nor France to these for her's was any whit  
 ' behind,  
 ' For Grimbald she us gave, (as Peter long before,  
 ' Who with St. Austen came to preach upon this  
 ' shore)  
 ' By Alfred hither call'd, who him an abbot made,  
 ' Who by his godly life, and preaching did persuade  
 ' The Saxons to believe the true and quick'ning  
 ' word:  
 ' So after long again she likewise did afford,  
 ' St. Osmond, whom the see of Salisbury doth own,  
 ' A bishop once of hers, and in our conquest known,  
 ' When hither to that end their Norman William  
 ' came, [same,  
 ' Regimus then, whose mind, that work of ours of  
 ' Rich Lincoln minster shews, where he a bishop  
 ' sat, [der at.  
 ' Which (it should seem) he built for men to won-

(b) An isle upon the coast of Scotland, in the German sea.  
 (c) Henry II.



- ' So potent were the powers of churchmen in those  
 ' days.  
 ' Then Henry nam'd of Blois, from France who  
 ' cross'd the seas,  
 ' With Stephen Earlof Blois his brother, after king,  
 ' In Winchester's rich see, who him establishing,  
 ' He in those troublous times in preaching took  
 ' such pain,  
 ' As he by them was not canonized in vain.  
 ' As other countries here their holy men be-  
 ' stow'd; [abroad,  
 ' So Britain likewise sent her saints to them  
 ' And into neighbouring France our most reli-  
 ' gious went,  
 ' St. Clare that native was of Rochester in Kent,  
 ' At Volcasyne came vow'd the French instructing  
 ' there,  
 ' So early e'er the truth amongst them did appear,  
 ' That more than half a God they thought that  
 ' reverend man.  
 ' Our Judock, so in France such fame our nation  
 ' wan,  
 ' For holiness, where long an abbot's life he led  
 ' At Pontoise, and so much was honour'd, that  
 ' Being dead, [dated)  
 ' And after threescore years (their latest period  
 ' His body taken up, was solemnly translated.  
 ' As Ceofrid, that sometime of Waremouth abbot  
 ' was,  
 ' In his return from Rome, as he through France  
 ' did pass  
 ' At Langres left his life, whose holiness even yet,  
 ' Upon his reverend grave, in memory doth sit.  
 ' St. Alkwin so for ours, we English boast again,  
 ' The tutor that became to mighty Charlemagne,  
 ' That holy man, whose heart was so with good-  
 ' ness fill'd,  
 ' As out of zeal he wan that mighty king to build  
 ' That academy now at Paris, whose foundation  
 ' Through all the Christian world hath so re-  
 ' nown'd that nation,  
 ' As well declares his wealth, that had the power  
 ' to do it,  
 ' As his most lively zeal, perswading him into it.  
 ' As Simon call'd the faint of Bourdeaux, which  
 ' so wrought, [brought  
 ' By preaching there the truth, that happily he  
 ' The people of those parts from paganism, wherein  
 ' Their unbelieving souls so long had nuzled been.  
 ' So in the Norman rule, two most religious were,  
 ' Amongst ours that in France dispersed here and  
 ' there,  
 ' Preach'd to that nation long, St. Hugh, who  
 ' born our own,  
 ' In our first Henry's rule sat on the see of Rohan,  
 ' Where reverenc'd he was so long. St. Edmund  
 ' so again, [reign,  
 ' Who banished from hence in our third Henry's  
 ' There led an hermit's life near Pontoise, (where  
 ' before  
 ' St. Judock did the like) whose honour to restore,  
 ' Religious Lewis there interr'd with wond'rous  
 ' cost, [boast.  
 ' Of whose rich funeral France deservedly may  
 ' Then Main we add to these, an abbot here of  
 ' ours,  
 ' To Little Britain sent, employing all the power  
 ' To bring them to the faith, which he so well ef-  
 ' fected,  
 ' That since he as a saint hath ever been respected.  
 ' As these of ours in France, so had we those  
 ' did shew  
 ' In Germany, as well the Higher, as the Low,  
 ' Their faith: in Friesland first St. Boniface our  
 ' best, [possess,  
 ' Who of the see of Mentz, while there he sat  
 ' At Dockum had his death, by faithless Frisians  
 ' slain,  
 ' Whose anniversaries there did after long remain.  
 ' So Wigbert full of faith, and heavenly wisdom  
 ' went [went;  
 ' Unto the self same place, as with the same in-  
 ' With Eglemond, a man as great with God as he;  
 ' As they agreed in life, so did their ends agree,  
 ' Both by Radbobius slain, who rul'd in Frisia  
 ' then:  
 ' So in the sacred roll of our religious men,  
 ' In Frise that preach'd the faith we of St. Lullus  
 ' read,  
 ' Who in the see of Mentz did Boniface succeed;  
 ' And Willihad that of Bren, that sacred seat sup-  
 ' ply'd,  
 ' So holy that him there, they halfly deify'd;  
 ' With Marcheline, and with him our Plechelm,  
 ' holy men,  
 ' That to the Frises now, and to the Saxons then,  
 ' In Germany abroad the glorious gospel spread,  
 ' Who at their lives depart, their bodies gathered,  
 ' Were at old Seell enshrin'd, their orbits yearly  
 ' kept: [heap'd,  
 ' Such as on them have had as many praises  
 ' That in their lives the truth as constantly could  
 ' As th' other that their faith by martyrdom ex-  
 ' press.  
 ' In Frise, as these of ours, their names did fa-  
 ' mous leave, [Cleve;  
 ' Again so had we those as much renown'd in  
 ' St. Swibert, and with him St. Willick, which  
 ' from hence, [defence  
 ' To Cleveland held their way, and in the truth's  
 ' Pawn'd their religious lives, and as they went  
 ' together,  
 ' So one and self same place allotted was to either:  
 ' For both of them at Wert in Cleveland seated  
 ' were,  
 ' St. Swibert bishop was, St. Willick abbot there.  
 ' So Gulderland again shall our most holy bring,  
 ' As Edilbert the son of Edilbald the king  
 ' Of our South-Saxon rule, incessantly that taught  
 ' The Guelders, whose blest days unto their period  
 ' brought, [gave;  
 ' Unto his reverend corpse, old Harlem harbour  
 ' So Werenfrid again, and Otger both we have,  
 ' Who to those people preach'd, whose praise that  
 ' country tells.  
 ' What nation names a saint for virtue that excels  
 ' St. German who for Christ his bishopric forsook,  
 ' And in the Netherlands most humbly him betook,



om place to place to pass, the secrets to reveal,  
 f our dear Saviour's death, and last of all to seal  
 is doctrine with his blood: In Belgia so abroad,  
 . Wynock in like sort, his blessed time bestow'd,  
 'hose relics Wormihault (yet) in Flanders hath  
 ' reserv'd.

Of these, th' rebellious flesh (to win them  
 ' heaven) that starv'd.

. Menigold, a man, who in his youth had been  
 soldier, and the French and German wars had  
 ' seen,

hermit last became, his sinful soul to save,  
 o whom good Arnulph, that most Godly em-  
 ' peror gave

me ground not far from Liege, his hermitage  
 ' to set,

hose floor when with his tears he many a day  
 ' had wet, [slain:

: for the Christian faith upon the same was  
 did th' Erwaldi there most worthily attain  
 'eir martyrs glorious types, to Ireland first ap-  
 ' prov'd, [mov'd,

it after (in their zeal) as need requir'd re-  
 ' to Westphalia went, and as they brothers  
 ' were, [there,

, they, the Christian faith together preaching  
 h' old Pagan Saxons slew, out of their hatred  
 ' deep

, the true faith, whose shrines brave Cullen  
 ' still doth keep.

So Adler one of ours, by England set apart  
 r Germany, and sent that people to convert,  
 Erford bishop made, there also had his end.

Liphard likewise to our martyrologe shall  
 ' lend,

ho having been at Rome on pilgrimage, to see  
 ie relics of the saints, supposed there to be,  
 turning by the way of Germany, at last,

eaching the Christian faith, as he through  
 ' Cambray past,

ie Pagan people slew, whose relics Huncourt  
 ' bath: [path

ese others so we had, which trod the self same  
 Germany, which she most reverently embrac'd.

. John a man of ours, on Saltzburg's see was  
 ' plac'd;

. Willibald of Eist the bishop so became,  
 id Burchard English born, the man most great  
 ' of name, [rear'd

' Wirtzburg bishop was, at Hohemburg that  
 ie monastery, wherein he richly was interr'd.

So Maestricht unto her St. Willibord did call,  
 id seated him upon her see episcopal,

, two St. Lebwins there amongst the rest are  
 ' brought;

, one o'er Isell's banks the ancient Saxons  
 ' taught:

Over-Isell rests, the other did apply,  
 ie Guelders, and by them interr'd at Daventry.

Wynibald again, at Hidlemayne enjoy'd  
 e abbacy, in which his godly time employ'd

their conversion there, which long time him  
 ' withstood.

Gregory then, with us sprung of the royal  
 ' blood,

' And son to him whom we the elder Edward  
 ' stile, [vile,

' Both court and country left, which he esteemed  
 ' Which Germany receiv'd, where he at Mayu-  
 ' iard led

' A strict monastic life, a saint alive and dead.  
 ' So had we some of ours for Italy were prest,

' As well as these before, sent out into the east.  
 ' King Inas having done so great and wondrous

' things, [kings,

' As well might be suppos'd the works of sundry  
 ' Erecting beauteous phanes, and monuments so

' fair,  
 ' As monarchs have not since been able to repair,

' Of many that he built, the least, in time when  
 ' they

' Have (by weak mens neglect) been fall'n into  
 ' decay:

' This realm by him enrich'd, he poverty pro-  
 ' fess'd,

' In pilgrimage to Rome, where meekly he de-  
 ' ceas'd.

' As Richard the dear son to Lothar king of Kent,  
 ' When he his happy days religiously had spent;

' And feeling the approach of his declining age,  
 ' Desirous to see Rome in holy pilgrimage,

' Into thy country come at Lucca, left his life,  
 ' Whose miracles there done, yet to this day are

' rise,  
 ' The patron of that place, so Tuscany in thee,

' At fair Mount-falcon still the memory shall be  
 ' Of holy Thomas there most reverently interr'd,

' Who sometime to the see of Hereford prefer'd;  
 ' Thence travelling to Rome, in his return be-

' rest  
 ' His life by sickness, there to thee his body left.

' Yet Italy gave not these honours all to them  
 ' That visited her Rome, but from Jerusalem,

' Some coming back through thee, and yielding  
 ' up their spirits,

' On thy rich earth receiv'd their most deserved  
 ' merits.

' O Naples, as thine own, in thy large territory,  
 ' Though to our country's praise, yet to thy great-

' er glory,  
 ' Even to this day the shrines religiously doth

' keep [sleep:

' Of many a blessed saint which in thy lap doth  
 ' As Eleutherius, come from visiting the tomb,

' Thou gav'st to him at Arke in thy Apulia room  
 ' To set his holy cell, where he an hermit dy'd,

' Canonized her saint; so hast thou glorify'd  
 ' St. Gerrard, one of ours, (above the former

' grac'd)  
 ' In such a sumptuous shrine at Galinaro plac'd;

' At Sancto Padre so, St Fulke hath ever same,  
 ' Which from that reverend man 't should seem

' deriv'd the name,  
 ' His relics there reserv'd; so holy Ardwin's

' shrine  
 ' Is at Ceprano kept, and honour'd as divine,

' For miracles, that thereby his strong faith were  
 ' wrought.

' 'Mongst these selected men, the scpulchre that  
 ' sought,



- ' And in thy realm arriv'd, their blessed souls re-  
 sign'd :  
 ' Our Bernard's body yet at Arpine we may find,  
 ' Until this present time, her patronising saint.  
 ' So countries more remote, with ours we did  
 ' acquaint,  
 ' As Richard for the fame his holiness had won,  
 ' And for the wondrous things that through his  
 ' prayers were done,  
 ' From this his native home into Calabria call'd,  
 ' And of St. Andrew's there the bishop was in-  
 ' stall'd,  
 ' For whom she hath profess'd much reverence to  
 ' this land :  
 ' St. William with this man, a parallel may stand,  
 ' Through all the Christian world accounted so  
 ' divine,  
 ' That travelling from hence to holy Palestine,  
 ' Desirous that most blest Jerusalem to see,  
 ' (In which the Saviour's self so oft vouchsaf'd to  
 ' be)  
 ' Prior of that holy house by suffrages related,  
 ' To th' sepulchre of Christ, which there was de-  
 ' dicated ;  
 ' To Tyre in Syria thence remov'd in little space,  
 ' And in less time ordain'd archbishop of that  
 ' place ; [fill'd,  
 ' That God-inspired man, with heavenly goodness  
 ' A saint amongst the rest deservedly is held.  
 ' Yet Italy, nor France, nor Germany, those  
 ' times  
 ' Employ'd not all our men, but into colder climes,  
 ' They wander'd through the world, their coun-  
 ' tries that forsook.  
 ' So Sigfrid sent from hence devoutly undertook  
 ' Those pagans, wild and rude, of Gothia to con-  
 ' vert, [girt,  
 ' Who having labour'd long, with danger oft in-  
 ' Was in his reverend age for his deserved see,  
 ' By Olaus king of Goths, set on Vexovia's see.  
 ' To Norway, and to those great north-east coun-  
 ' tries far ; [war  
 ' So Gotebald gave himself holding a Christian  
 ' With paynims, nothing else but heathenish rites  
 ' that knew. [drew,  
 ' As Suethia to herself these men most reverend  
 ' St. Ulfrid of our saints as famous there as any,  
 ' Nor scarcely find we one converting there so  
 ' many.  
 ' And Henry in those days of Oxfo bishop made,  
 ' The first that Swethen king, which ever did  
 ' persuade,  
 ' On Finland to make war, to force them by the  
 ' sword,  
 ' When nothing else could serve to hear the  
 ' powerful word ;  
 ' With Eskill thither sent, to teach that barba-  
 ' rous nation,  
 ' Who on the passion day, there preaching on  
 ' the passion, [pain,  
 ' T' express the Saviour's love to mankind, taking  
 ' By cruel paynims hands was in the pulpit slain,  
 ' Upon that blessed day Christ died for sinful man,  
 ' Upon that day for Christ his martyr's crown he  
 ' wan.
- ' So David drawn from hence into those farther  
 ' parts,  
 ' By preaching, who to pierce those paynims  
 ' harden'd hearts,  
 ' Incessantly proclaim'd Christ Jesus, with a cry  
 ' Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.  
 ' Into those colder climes to people beastly rude,  
 ' So others that were ours courageously pursu'd  
 ' The planting of the truth, in zeal three most  
 ' profound,  
 ' The relish of whose names by likeness of sound,  
 ' Both in their lives and deaths, a likeness might  
 ' show,  
 ' As Unaman we name, and Shunaman that go,  
 ' With Wynaman their friend, which martyr'd  
 ' gladly were  
 ' In Gothland, whilst they taught with Christian  
 ' patience there.  
 ' Nor those from us that went, nor those that  
 ' hither came  
 ' From the remotest parts, were greater yet in  
 ' name,  
 ' Than those residing here on many a goodly see,  
 ' (Great bishops in account, now greater saints  
 ' that be)  
 ' Some such selected ones for piety and zeal,  
 ' As to the wretched world, more clearly could  
 ' reveal,  
 ' How much there might of God in mortal men  
 ' be found  
 ' In charitable works, or such as did abound,  
 ' Which by their good success in after times were  
 ' blest, [rest.  
 ' Were then related saints, as worthier than the  
 ' Of Canterbury here with those I will begin,  
 ' That first archbishop's see, on which there long  
 ' had been [high,  
 ' So many men devout, as rais'd that church so  
 ' Much reverence, and have won their holy hi-  
 ' rarchy : [flame  
 ' Of which he first that did with goodness so in-  
 ' The hearts of the devout (that from his proper  
 ' name)  
 ' As one (even) sent from God, the souls of men  
 ' to save  
 ' The title unto him, of Deodat they gave.  
 ' The bishops Brightwald next, and Tatwin in we  
 ' take, [make  
 ' Whom time may say, that saints it worthily did  
 ' Succeeding in that see directly even as they,  
 ' Here by the muse are plac'd, who spent both  
 ' night and day [good,  
 ' By doctrine, or by deeds, instructing, doing  
 ' In raising them were fall'n, or strengthening  
 ' them that stood.  
 ' Then Odo the severe, who highly did adorn  
 ' That see, (yet being of unchristen'd parents  
 ' born,  
 ' Whose country Denmark was, but in East Eng-  
 ' land dwelt)  
 ' He being but a child, in his clear bosom felt  
 ' The most undoubted truth, and yet unbaptis'd  
 ' long ;  
 ' But as he grew in years, in spirit so growing  
 ' strong,



And as the Christian faith this holy man had  
 taught,  
 He likewise for that faith in sundry battles fought.  
 So Dunstan as the rest arose through many sees,  
 To this arch-type at last ascending by degrees,  
 There by his power confirm'd, and strongly cre-  
 dit won, [done.  
 To many wond'rous things which he before had  
 To whom when (as they say) the devil once ap-  
 pear'd,  
 This man so full of faith, not once at all afraid,  
 Strong conflicts with him had, in miracles most  
 great.  
 As Egelnoth again much grac'd that sacred seat,  
 Who for his godly deeds surnamed was the  
 Good, [blood:  
 Not boasting of his birth, though come of royal  
 For that, nor at the first, a monk's mean cowl  
 despis'd, [sic'd.  
 With winning men to God, who never was suf-  
 These men before express'd; so Eadline next en-  
 fues,  
 To propagate the truth, no toil that did refuse;  
 In Harold's time who liv'd, when William Con-  
 queror came,  
 For holiness of life, attain'd unto that fame,  
 That soldiers fierce and rude, that pity never  
 knew, [view.  
 Were suddenly made mild, as changed in his  
 This man with those before, most worthily re-  
 lated [crated.  
 Arch-saints, as in their sees arch-bishops conse-  
 St. Thomas Becket then, which Rome did so  
 much hery, [ry;  
 As to his christen'd name they added Canterbu-  
 There to whose sumptuous shrine the near suc-  
 ceeding ages, [ages,  
 So mighty off'rings sent, and made such pilgrim-  
 Concerning whom, the world since then hath  
 spent much breath,  
 And many questions made both of his life and  
 death:  
 If he were truly just, he hath his right; if no,  
 Those times were much to blame, that have him  
 reckon'd so.  
 Then these from York ensue, whose lives  
 have as much grac'd  
 That see, as these before in Canterbury plac'd:  
 St. Wilfrid of her saints, we then the first will  
 bring, [brian king,  
 Who twice by Egfrid's ire, the stern Northum-  
 Expuls'd his sacred seat, most patiently it bare,  
 The man for sacred gifts almost beyond compare.  
 Then Bosa next to him as meek and humble  
 hearted,  
 As th' other full of grace, to whom great God  
 imparted  
 His mercies sundry ways, as age upon him came.  
 And next him followeth John, who likewise bare  
 the name  
 Of Beverley, where he most happily was born,  
 Whose holiness did much his native place adorn,  
 Whose vigils had by those devouter times be-  
 quests  
 The ceremonies due to great and solemn feasts.

So Oswald of that seat, and Cedwall fainted:  
 were,  
 Both reverenc'd and renown'd archbishops, liv-  
 ing there:  
 The former to that see, from Worcester transf-  
 fer'd,  
 Deceased, was again at Worc. or interr'd:  
 The other in that see a sepulchre they chose,  
 And did for his great zeal amongst the saints dis-  
 pose, [strain,  
 As William by descent come of the conqueror's  
 Whom Stephen ruling here did in his time or-  
 dain [fall,  
 Archbishop of that see, among our saints doth.  
 Deriv'd from those two seats, styl'd archiepif-  
 copal.  
 Next these arch-sees of ours, now London  
 place doth take,  
 Which had those, of whom time saints worthily  
 did make.  
 As Ceda, (brother to that reverend bishop Chad,  
 At Litchfield in those times, his famous seat that  
 had)  
 Is fainted for that see amongst our reverend men,  
 From London though at length remov'd to Lef-  
 tingen,  
 A monastery, which then he richly had begun.  
 Him Erkenwald ensues th' East-English Offa's  
 son,  
 His father's kingly court, who for a crosser fled,  
 Whose works such fame him won for holiness,  
 that dead,  
 Time him enshrin'd in Paul's, (the mother of  
 that see)  
 Which with revenues large, and privileges he  
 Had wondrously endow'd; to goodness so af-  
 fected,  
 That he those abbies great, from his own power  
 erected  
 At Chertsey near to Thames, and Barking fa-  
 mous long. [throng,  
 So Roger hath a room in these our sainted  
 Who by his words and works so taught the way  
 to heaven, [given.  
 As that great name to him sure was not vainly  
 With Winchester again proceed we, which  
 shall store  
 Us with as many saints, as any see (or more)  
 Of whom we yet have sung, (as Heads there  
 we have)  
 Who by his godly life, so good instructions gave,  
 As teaching that the way to make men to live  
 well,  
 Example us assur'd, did preaching far excel.  
 Our Swithun then ensues, of him why ours I  
 say,  
 Is that upon his feast, his dedicated day,  
 As it in harvest haps, so ploughmen note thereby,  
 Th' ensuing forty days be either wet or dry,  
 As that day falleth out, whose miracles may we  
 Believe those former times, he well might faint-  
 ed be.  
 So Frithstan for a saint in calendar'd we find,  
 With Brithstan not a whit the holiest man be-  
 hind,



- ' Canoniz'd, of which two, the former for respect  
 ' Of virtues in him found, the latter did elect  
 ' To sit upon his see; who likewise dying there,  
 ' To Ethelwald again succeeding did appear,  
 ' The honour to a saint, as challenging his due.  
 ' These formerly express'd, then Elpheg doth en-  
 ' sue;  
 ' Then Ethelwald, of whom this alms-deed hath  
 ' been told, [fold,  
 ' That in a time of dearth his church's plate he  
 ' 'T relieve the needy poor; the church's wealth  
 ' (quoth he)  
 ' May be again repair'd, but so these cannot be.  
 ' With these before express'd, so Britwald forth  
 ' she brought, [wrought,  
 ' By faith and earnest prayer his miracles that  
 ' That such against the faith, that were most stony-  
 ' hearted,  
 ' By his religious life have lastly been converted.  
 ' This man, when as our kings so much decayed  
 ' were,  
 ' As 'twas suppos'd their line would be extin-  
 ' guish'd here,  
 ' Had in his dream reveal'd, to whom all-doing  
 ' heaven, [en;  
 ' The sceptre of this land in after-times had giv-  
 ' Which in prophetic sort by him deliver'd was,  
 ' And as he stoutly spake, it truly came to pass.  
 ' So other southern sees, here either less or  
 ' more;  
 ' Have likewise had their saints, though not alike  
 ' in store.  
 ' Of Rochester we have St. Ithamar, being then  
 ' In those first times first of our native English-  
 ' men  
 ' Residing on that seat; so as an aid to her,  
 ' But singly fainted thus, we have of Chichester,  
 ' St. Richard, and with him St. Gilbert, which do  
 ' stand  
 ' Inroll'd among the rest of this our mitred band,  
 ' Of whom such wond'rous things, for truths de-  
 ' livered are  
 ' As now may seem to stretch our strait belief too  
 ' far, [right,  
 ' And Cimbert, of a saint had the deserved  
 ' His yearly obiits long, done in the Isle of Wight,  
 ' A bishop, as some say, but certain of what see  
 ' It scarcely can be prov'd, nor is it known to me.  
 ' Whilst Sherburne was a see, and in her glory  
 ' stone,  
 ' And Bodmin likewise had a bishop of her own,  
 ' Whose diocese that time contained Cornwall;  
 ' these [sees:  
 ' Had as the rest their saints, derived from their  
 ' The first, her Adelme had, and Hamond, and  
 ' the last [past;  
 ' Had Patrock, for a saint that with the other  
 ' That were it fit for us but to examine now  
 ' Those former times, these men for saints that  
 ' did allow, [as well  
 ' And from our reading urge, that others might  
 ' Related be for saints, as worthy every deal.  
 ' This scrutiny of ours, would clear that world  
 ' thereby,  
 ' And shew it to be void of partiality,
- ' That each man holy call'd, was not canoniz'd  
 ' here, [year.  
 ' But such whose lives by death had trial many's  
 ' That see at Norwich now establish'd (long  
 ' not stir'd)  
 ' At Eltham planted first, to Norwich then trans-  
 ' fer'd [bring,  
 ' Into our bedd-roll here, her Humbert in doth  
 ' (A counsellor that was to that most martyr'd  
 ' king [slain,  
 ' St. Edmund) who in their rude massacre then  
 ' The title of a saint his martyrdom doth gain.  
 ' So Hereford hath had on her cathedral seat,  
 ' Saint Leofgar, a man by martyrdom made great;  
 ' Whom Griffith prince of Wales, that town  
 ' which did subdue,  
 ' (O most unhallow'd deed) unmercifully slew.  
 ' So Wor'ster, (as those sees here sung by us  
 ' before)  
 ' Hath likewise with her saints renown'd our mi-  
 ' tive shore: [other;  
 ' Saint Egwin as her eld'st, with Woolstan as the  
 ' Of whom she may be proud to say she was the  
 ' mother,  
 ' The church's champions both, for her that stout-  
 ' ly stood.  
 ' Litchfield hath these no whit less famous, nor  
 ' less good. [Chad,  
 ' The first of whom is that most reverend bishop  
 ' In those religious times for holiness that had  
 ' The name above the best that lived in those days,  
 ' That stories have been stuff with his abundant  
 ' praise;  
 ' Who on the see of York being formerly install'd  
 ' Yet when back to that place St. Wilfrid was re-  
 ' call'd,  
 ' The seat to that good man he willingly resign'd,  
 ' And to the quiet close of Lichfield him confin'd.  
 ' So Sexulfe after him, then Owen did supply,  
 ' Her trine of reverend men, renown'd for sanctity.  
 ' As Lincoln to the saints, our Robert Groote  
 ' lent,  
 ' A perfect godly man, most learn'd and eloquent,  
 ' Than whom no bishop yet walk'd in more up-  
 ' right ways  
 ' Who durst reprove proud Rome in her most  
 ' prosperous days,  
 ' Whose life, of that next age the justice well did  
 ' shew, [know;  
 ' Which we may boldly say, for this we clearly  
 ' Had Innocent the fourth the church's suffrage  
 ' led, [nized;  
 ' This man could not at Rome have been cano-  
 ' Her faintest bishop John, so Ely adds to these,  
 ' Yet never any one of all our several sees  
 ' Northumberland, like thine, have to these times  
 ' been blest,  
 ' Which sent into this isle so many men profess,  
 ' Whilst Hagustald had then a mother-church's  
 ' style,  
 ' And Lindisferne of us now call'd the Holy Isle,  
 ' Was then a see before that Durham was so great,  
 ' And long e'er Carlisle came to be a bishop's seat.  
 ' Aidan, and Finan both, most happily were found  
 ' Northumberland in thee, even whilst thou didst  
 abound



ith Paganism, which them thy Ofwin that  
 good king, [bring :  
 a people to convert, did in from Scotland  
 Etta likewise her's, from Malrorse that arose,  
 ing abbot of that place, whom the Northum-  
 bers chose

ie bishopric of Ferne, and Hagustald to hold.  
 and Cuthbert of whose life such miracles are told,  
 story scarcely can the truth thereof maintain,  
 th' old Scotch-Irish kings descended from the  
 strain,

whom since they belong, I from them here  
 must swerve,

and till I thither come, their holiness reserve,  
 proceeding with the rest that on those sees have  
 shewn,

Edbert after these born naturally our own.  
 the next which in that see St. Cuthbert did suc-  
 ceed,

the church then built of wood, and thatch'd  
 with homely reed, [lead,

built up of stone, and cover'd fair with  
 he in St. Cuthbert's grave they buried being  
 dead,

his sad people he at his departing will'd.  
 Higbald after him a saint is likewise held,  
 he when his proper see, as all the northern  
 shore,

ere by the Danes destroy'd, he not dismay'd  
 the more,

making shift to get out of the cruel flame,  
 the clergy carrying forth, preach'd wherefoe'er  
 he came.

And Alwyn who the church at Durham now,  
 begun, [run

high place before that time was strangely over-  
 ith shrubs, and men for corn that plot had  
 lately ear'd,

here he that goodly phane to after ages rear'd,  
 and thither his late seat from (d) Lindisferne  
 translated, [secrated.

Which his cathedral church by him was con-  
 So Acca we account amongst those which  
 have been call'd [staid,

he saints of this our see, which sat at Hagen-  
 f which he bishop was, in that good age res-  
 pected,

calendars preserv'd, in th' catalogues neglected,  
 which since would seem to shew the bishops as  
 they came :

then Edilwald, which some (since) Ethelwoolf  
 do name,

at Durham by some men supposed to reside  
 lore rightly, but by some at Carlisle justify'd,  
 he first which rul'd that see, which (e) Beau-  
 clerk did prefer,

such gracing him, who was his only confessor.  
 or were they bishops thus related saints alone ;  
 Northumberland, but thou (besides) hast many  
 a one,

religious abbots, priests, and holy hermits then,  
 moniz'd as well as thy great mitred men :

) An isle near to Scotland, lying into the German O-  
 cean, since that called Holy Island.

(e) Henry I.

' Two famous abbots first are in the rank of these  
 ' Whose abbeyes touch'd the walls of thy two an-  
 ' cient seas.

' Thy Roysil (in his time the tutelage that had  
 ' Of Cuthbert that great saint, whose hopes then  
 ' but a lad,

' Express'd in riper years how greatly he might  
 ' merit [spirit,

' The man who had from God a prophesying  
 ' Foretelling many things ; and growing to be old,  
 ' His very hour of death, was by an angel told.

' At Malroys this good man his fainting well did  
 ' earn,

' St. Oswald his again at Holy Lindisferne,  
 ' With Ive a godly priest, suppos'd to have his lere

' Of Cuthbert, and with him was Herbert like-  
 ' wife there

' His fellow-pupil long, who (as mine author saith)  
 ' So great opinion had, of Cuthbert and his faith,

' That at one time and place, he with that holy  
 ' man, [wan.

' Desir'd of God to die, which by his prayer he  
 ' Our venerable Bede so forth that country

' brought, [sought

' And worthily so nam'd, who of those ages  
 ' The truth to understand, impartially which he

' Deliver'd hath to time, in his records that we  
 ' Things left so far behind before us still may read,

' 'Mongst our canoniz'd sort, who called is St.  
 ' Bede. [brought,

' A sort of hermits then, by thee to light are  
 ' Who liv'd by alms, and prayer, the world re-  
 ' speking nought.

' Our Edilwald the priest, in Fern (now holy Isle)  
 ' Which standeth from the firm to sea nine English

' mile,  
 ' Sate in his reverent cell, as Godrick thou canst

' shew, [snow ;  
 ' His head and beard as white as swan or driven

' At Finchall threescore years, a hermits life to  
 ' lead ;

' Their solitary way in thee did Alric tread,  
 ' Who in a forest near to Carlisle, in his age,

' Bequeath'd himself to his more quiet hermitage.  
 ' Of Wilguse, so in thee Northumberland we tell,

' Whose most religious life hath merited so well,  
 ' (Whose blood thou boasts to be of thy most royal

' strain)  
 ' That Alkwin, master to that mighty Charlemain,

' In verse his legend writ, who of our holy men,  
 ' He him the subject chose for his most learned

' pen.  
 ' So Ofwyn, one of thy dear country thou canst

' shew, [owe  
 ' To whom as for the rest for him we likewise

' Much honour to thy earth, this godly man that  
 ' gave, [did save,

' Whose relics that great house of Lesting long  
 ' To cinders till it sunk : so Benedict by thee,

' We have amongst the rest, for saints that reck-  
 ' on'd be,

' Of Wyremouth worshipp'd long, her patron bu-  
 ' ried there,

' In that most goodly church, which he himself  
 ' did rear.



- ' St. Thomas so to us Northumberland thou lent'st,  
 ' Whom up into the south, thou from his country  
   ' sent'st;  
 ' For sanctity of life, a man exceeding rare,  
 ' Who since that of his name so many saints there  
   ' are,  
 ' This man from others more, that times might  
   ' understand, [herland.  
 ' They to his christen'd name added Northum-  
   ' Nor in one country thus our saints confined  
   ' were, [there:  
 ' But through this famous isle dispersed here and  
 ' As Yorkshire sent us in St. Robert to our store,  
 ' At Knarborough most known, whereas he long  
   ' before [he,  
 ' His blessed time bestow'd; then one as just as  
 ' (If credit to these times attributed may be)  
 ' St. Richard with the rest deserving well a room,  
 ' Which is that country once, at Hampool had a  
   ' tomb.  
 ' Religious Alred so, from Rydal we receive,  
 ' The abbot, who to all posterity did leave  
 ' The fruits of his staid faith, delivered by his pen.  
 ' Not of the least desert amongst our holiest men,  
 ' One Eufac then we had, but where his life he led,  
 ' That doubt I, but am sure he was canonized,  
 ' And was an abbot too, for sanctity much fam'd.  
   ' Then Woolsey will we bring, of Westminster  
   ' so nam'd,  
 ' And by that title known, in power and goodness  
   ' great;  
 ' And meriting as well his fainting, as his seat.  
 ' So have we found three Johns, of sundry places  
   ' here,  
 ' Of which (three reverend men) two famous ab-  
   ' bats were. [had  
 ' The first St. Ailans shew'd, the second Lewes  
 ' Another godly John we to these former add,  
 ' To make them up a trine, (the name of saints  
   ' that won [lington.  
 ' Who was a Yorkshire man, and prior of bur-  
   ' So Biren can we boast, a man most highly blest  
 ' With the title of a saint, whose after long did rest  
 ' At Dorchester, where he was honour'd many a  
   ' day; [day,  
 ' But of the place he held, books diversly dare  
 ' As they of Gilbert do, who founded those di-  
   ' vines, [herlines:  
 ' Monasties all that were, of him nam'd Gil-  
 ' To which his order here, he thirteen houses  
   ' built,  
 ' When that most thankful time, to shew he had  
   ' not spilt  
 ' His wealth on it in vain, a saint hath made him  
   ' here, [shire.  
 ' At Gempriugh an enshrin'd, a town of Lincoln-  
   ' Of limited hermit's then, a company we have,  
 ' To whom devouter times this veneration gave,  
 ' As Gwir in Cotes-wal kept his solitary cage,  
 ' And North by Hancheth there, his holy hermit-  
   ' cage,  
 ' As Gurlah from his youth, who liv'd a fuller  
   ' long, [throng,  
 ' Detesting the rude shille, done by the armed
- ' The mad tumultuous world contemptibly for-  
   ' look,  
 ' And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook,  
 ' Free from all public crowds, in that low leasy  
   ' ground.  
 ' As Bertiline again, was near to Stafford found:  
 ' Then in a forest there, for solitude most fit,  
 ' Blest in a hermit's life, by there enjoying it.  
 ' An hermit Arnulph so in Bedfordshire became,  
 ' A man austere of life, in honour of whose name,  
 ' Time after built a town, where this good man  
   ' did live,  
 ' And did to it the name of Arnulphsbury give.  
 ' These men, this wicked world respected not a hair,  
 ' But true possessors were of poverty and prayer.  
   ' Amongst these men which times hath honour'd  
   ' with the stile  
 ' Of confessors, (made saints) so every little while,  
 ' Our martyrs have come in, who sealed with their  
   ' blood,  
 ' That faith which th' other preach'd, 'gainst them  
   ' that it withstood;  
 ' As Alnoth, who had liv'd a herdsman, left his  
   ' seat, [seat,  
 ' Though in the quiet fields, whereas he kept his  
 ' And leaving that his charge, he left the world  
   ' withal, [wall,  
 ' An anchorite and became, within a cloister'd  
 ' Enclosing up himself, in prayer to spend his  
   ' breath,  
 ' But was too soon (alas) by Pagans put to death.  
 ' Then Woolstan, one of these, by his own kinsman  
   ' slain  
 ' At Eusham, for that he did zealously maintain  
 ' The verity of Christ. As Thomas, whom we call  
 ' Of Dover, adding monk, and martyr therewithal;  
 ' For that the barbarous Danes he bravely did  
   ' withstand,  
 ' From ransacking the church, when here they pass'd  
   ' on land,  
 ' By them was done to death, which rather he did  
   ' chuse, [chuse.  
 ' Than see their heathen hands those holy things  
   ' Two boys of tender age, those elder sons  
   ' of chuse,  
 ' Of Norwich William was, of Lincoln little Hugh,  
 ' Whom th' unbelieving Jews (rebellious not  
   ' abide)  
 ' In mockery of our Christ at Easter crucify'd,  
 ' Those times would every one should their due  
   ' honour have,  
 ' His freedom or his life, for Jesus Christ that gave  
   ' So Wiltshire with the rest her hermit Ulrick  
   ' hath  
 ' Related for a saint, so famous in the faith,  
 ' That sundry ages since, his cell have ought to  
   ' find,  
 ' At Haseburg, who had his of its him assign'd  
   ' So had we many kings most holy hermit  
 ' As men of meaner rank, which have nam'd  
   ' that room:  
 ' Northumberland, thy seat with saints did us  
   ' supply  
 ' Of thy religious kings; of which high lineage



is Edwin, for the faith by heathenish hands  
 ' inthrall'd, [call'd,  
 hom Penda which to him the Welsh Cadwallyn  
 thout all mercy flew: but he alone not dy'd  
 that proud Mercian king, but Penda yet  
 ' beside, [gave  
 t Oswalk likewise flew, at Oswaldstree, who  
 at name unto that place, as though time meant  
 ' to save  
 a memory thereby, there suff'ring for the faith,  
 one whose life deserv'd that memory in death.  
 likewise in the roll of these Northumbrian  
 ' kings,  
 ith those that martyrs were, so forth that  
 ' country brings  
 ' anointed Oswin next, in Deira to ensue,  
 hom Osway that brute king of wild Pernitia  
 ' slew:  
 ro kingdoms, which whilst then Northum-  
 ' berland remain'd  
 greatness, were within her larger bounds con-  
 ' tain'd;  
 is kingly martyr so, a saint was rightly crown'd.  
 Alkmund one of hers for sanctity renown'd,  
 ng Alred's christen'd son, a most religious  
 ' prince,  
 hom when the heathenish here by no means  
 ' could convince,  
 their Paganism apace declining to the wane)  
 Derby put to death, whom in a goodly phane,  
 ll'd by his glorious name, his corpse the Chris-  
 ' tians laid.  
 hat fame deserv'd your faith, (were it but  
 ' rightly weigh'd)  
 u pious princes then, in godliness so great,  
 hy should not full-mouth'd fame your praises  
 ' oft repeat?  
 Ethelwolph her king, Northumbria notes again,  
 martyrdom the next, though not the next in  
 ' reign, [deface  
 hom his false subjects flew, for that he did  
 se heathenish Saxon gods, and bound them to  
 ' embrace  
 he lively quick'ning faith, which then began to  
 ' spread.  
 for our Saviour Christ, as these were martyred:  
 here other holy kings were likewise, who con-  
 ' fess'd,  
 hich those most zealous times have fainted  
 ' with the rest, [hold,  
 ing Alfred that his Christ he might more surely  
 est his Northumbrian crown, and soon became  
 ' encour'd  
 t Malroyse, in the land, whereof he had been  
 ' king.  
 o Egbert to that prince, a parallel we bring,  
 o Oswolph his next heir, his kingdom that  
 ' resign'd,  
 nd presently himself at Lindisferne confin'd,  
 antenning courtly state, which earthly fools  
 ' adore:  
 o Ceonulph again as this had done before,  
 that religious house, a cloister'd man became,  
 hich many a blessed saint hath honour'd with  
 ' the name.

' Nor those Northumbrian kings the only mar-  
 ' tyrs were, [bear,  
 ' That in this seven-fold rule the sceptres once did  
 ' But that the Mercian reign, which Pagan princes  
 ' long,  
 ' Did terribly infest, had some her lords among,  
 ' To the true Christian faith much reverence which  
 ' did add  
 ' Our martyrologe to help: so happily she had  
 ' Rufin, and Ulfad, sons to Wulphere, for desire  
 ' They had t' embrace the faith, by their most  
 ' cruel fire [grown,  
 ' Were without pity slain, long e'er to manhood  
 ' Whose tender bodies had their burying rites  
 ' at (e) Stone.  
 ' So Kenelm, that the King of Mercia should  
 ' have been,  
 ' Before his first seven years he fully out had seen,  
 ' Was slain by his own guard, for fear lest waxing  
 ' old, [hold.  
 ' That he the Christian faith undoubtedly would  
 ' So long it was e'er truth could Paganism expel.  
 ' Then Fremund, Offa's son, of whom times  
 ' long did tell,  
 ' Such wonders of his life and sanctity, who fled  
 ' His father's kingly court, and after meekly led  
 ' An hermits life in Wales, where long he did re-  
 ' main  
 ' In penitence and prayer, till after he was slain  
 ' By cruel Osway's hands, the most inveterate foe  
 ' The Christian faith here found: so Etheldred  
 ' shall go  
 ' With these our martyr'd saints, though only he  
 ' confess,  
 ' Since he of Mercia was, a king who highly blest,  
 ' Fair Bardney, where his life religiously he spent,  
 ' And meditating Christ, thence to his Saviour  
 ' went. [hind  
 ' Nor our West-Saxon reign was any whit be-  
 ' Those of the other rules (their best) whose zeal  
 ' we find  
 ' Amongst those fainted kings, whose fames are  
 ' falsest kept;  
 ' As Cedwal, on whose head such praise all times  
 ' have heap'd, [turn'd,  
 ' That from a heathen prince, a holy pilgrim  
 ' Repenting in his heart against the truth t' have  
 ' spurn'd,  
 ' To Rome on his bare feet his patience exercis'd,  
 ' And in the Christian faith there humbly was  
 ' baptiz'd. [seat,  
 ' So Ethelwolph, who sat on Cedwal's ancient  
 ' For charitable deeds, who almost was as great  
 ' As any English king, at Winchester enshrin'd,  
 ' A man amongst our saints, most worthily divin'd.  
 ' Two other kings as much our martyrologe may  
 ' sted,  
 ' St. Edward, and with him comes in St. Ethelred,  
 ' By Alfreda the first, his stepmother was slain,  
 ' That her most loved son young Ethelbert might  
 ' reign:  
 ' The other in a storm, and deluge of the Dane,  
 ' For that he christen'd was, receiv'd his deadly  
 ' bane;

(e) A town in Staffordshire.



' Both which with wond'rous cost, the English did  
   ' inter,  
 ' At Wynburn this first saint, the last at Winchester  
 ' Where that West-Saxon prince, good Alfred bu-  
   ' ried was [past  
 ' Among our sainted kings, that well deserves to  
   ' Nor were these western kings of the old Saxon  
   ' strain,  
 ' More studious in those times or stoutlier did  
   ' maintain  
 ' The truth, than these of ours, the Angles of the  
   ' east, [invest  
 ' Their near'st and dear'st allies, which strongly did  
 ' The (f) island with their name, of whose most  
   ' holy kings,  
 ' Which justly have deserv'd their high canonisings,  
 ' Are Sigfrid, whose dear death him worthily had  
   ' crown'd, [nown'd,  
 ' And Edmund in his end, so wond'rously re-  
 ' For Christ's sake suffering death, by that blood-  
   ' drowning Dane,  
 ' To whom those times first built that (g) city and  
   ' that phane,  
 ' Whose ruins Suffolk yet can to her glory shew,  
 ' When she will have the world of her past great-  
   ' ness know.  
 ' As Ethelbert again allur'd with the report  
 ' Of more than earthly pomp, then in the Mercian  
   ' court, [reign'd;  
 ' From the East-Angles went, whilst mighty Offa  
 ' Wherefore he christen'd was, and Christian-like  
   ' abstain'd  
 ' To idolatrize with them, fierce Quetred, Offa's  
   ' queen.  
 ' Most treacherously him flew, out of th' inveterate  
   ' spleen  
 ' She bare unto the faith, whom we a saint adore.  
 ' So Edward brother to St. Edmund, sung before,  
 ' A confessor we call, whom past times did inter  
 ' At Dorchester by Tame, (now in our calendar.)  
   ' Amongst those kingdoms here, to Kent account  
   ' shall yield [field  
 ' Of three of her best blood, who in this Christian  
 ' Were mighty, of the which, King Ethelbert  
   ' shall stand  
 ' The first; who having brought St. Augustine  
   ' to land,  
 ' Himself first christen'd was, by whose example  
   ' then, [men.  
 ' The faith grew after strong amongst his Kentish  
 ' As Ethelbert again, and Ethelred his pheere,  
 ' To Edwald King of Kent, who natural nephews  
   ' were,  
 ' For Christ there suff'ring death, assume them  
   ' places high,  
 ' Amongst our martyr'd saints, commemorate at  
   ' Wye.  
 ' To these two brothers, so two others come again,  
 ' And as of great descent in the Southsexian strain:  
 ' Arwaldi of one name, whom e'er King Cudwal  
   ' knew  
 ' The true and lively faith, he tyrannously flew:

' Who still amongst the saints have their deserved  
   ' right, [Wight  
 ' Whose vigil were observ'd (long) in the life of  
 ' Remember'd too the more, for being of one name,  
 ' As of th' East Saxon line, King Sebba so became  
 ' As most religious monk, at London, where he  
   ' led  
 ' A strict retired life, a saint alive and dead.  
 ' Related for the like, so Edgar we admit,  
 ' That king, who over eight did soly monarch sit,  
 ' And with our holiest saints for his endowment  
   ' great, [sex  
 ' Bestow'd upon the church. With him we likewise  
 ' That sumptuous shrined king, good Edward,  
   ' from the rest  
 ' Of that renowned name, by confessor express'd.  
   ' To these our sainted kings, remember'd in  
   ' our song,  
 ' Those maids and widow'd queens, do worthily  
   ' belong,  
 ' Encloister'd that became, and had the self-same  
   ' stile, [ist,  
 ' For fasting, alms, and prayer, renowned in our  
 ' As those that forth to France, and Germany we  
   ' gave,  
 ' For holy charges there; but here first let us have  
 ' Our maid-made-saints at home, as Hilderic,  
   ' with her  
 ' We Theorid think most fit, for whom those  
   ' times aver,  
 ' A virgin stricter vow'd hath hardly lived here.  
 ' St. Wulshild then we bring, all which of Bark-  
   ' ing were,  
 ' And reckon'd for the best, which most this  
   ' house did grace, [place.  
 ' The last of which was long the abbess of that  
 ' So Werburg, Wulphere's child, (of Mercia that  
   ' had been  
 ' A persecuting king) by Ermineld his queen,  
 ' At Ely honour'd is, where her dear mother lay,  
 ' A recluse had remain'd, in her sole widow'd state:  
 ' Of which good Audry was King Ina's daughter  
   ' bright,  
 ' Reflecting on those times so clear a vestal light.  
 ' As many a virgin-breast she fired with her zeal,  
 ' The fruits of whose strong faith, to ages still  
   ' reveal  
 ' The glory of those times, by liberties she gave,  
 ' By which those eastern shires their (b) privileges  
   ' have.  
 ' Of holy Audry's too, a sister here we have,  
 ' St. Withburg, who herself to contemplation gave,  
 ' At Deerham in her cell, where her due hours she  
   ' kept, [beque.  
 ' Whose death with many a tear in Norfolk was  
   ' And in that isle again, which beareth Ely's  
   ' name,  
 ' At Ramsey, Merwin so a veiled maid became  
 ' Amongst our virgin-saints, where Elfred is  
   ' roll'd,  
 ' The daughter that is nam'd of noble Ethelwold.  
 ' A great East-Anglian earl, of Ramsey abbe  
   ' long,  
 ' So of our maiden-saints, the female sex among

(f) A people of the Saxons, who gave the name to England, of Angles-land.

(g) St. Edmundsbury.

(b) St. Audrie's liberties.



With Milburg, Milred comes, and Milwid,  
 ' daughters dear [bear.  
 To Mervald, who did then the Mercian sceptre  
 At Wenlock, Milburg dy'd, (a most religious  
 ' maid) [laid :  
 Of which great abbey she the first foundation  
 And Thanet as her saint (even to this age) doth  
 ' hery  
 Her Mildred. Milwid was the like at Canterbury.  
 ' Nor in this utmost isle of Thanet may we pass  
 St. Eadburg abbess there, who the dear daughter  
 ' was  
 To Ethelbert her lord, and Kent's first christen'd  
 ' king,  
 Who in this place most fit't we with the former  
 ' bring,  
 Translated (as some say) to Flanders: but that I,  
 As doubtful of the truth, here dare not justify.  
 ' King Edgar's sister so, St. Edith, place may  
 ' have  
 With these our maiden-saints, who to her Polt-  
 ' worth gave  
 Immunities most large, and goodly living laid.  
 Which Modwen, long before, an holy Irish maid,  
 Had founded in that place, with most devout in-  
 ' tent.  
 As Eanfwine, Eadwald's child, one of the kings  
 ' of Kent,  
 At Folkstone found a place (given by her father  
 ' there)  
 In which she gave herself to abstinence and  
 ' prayer.  
 ' Of the West-Saxon rule, born to three several  
 ' kings,  
 Four holy virgins more the muse in order brings:  
 St. Ethelgive the child to Alfred, which we find  
 Those more devouter times at Shaftsbury en-  
 ' shrin'd.  
 Then Tetra in we take, at Winburne on our way,  
 ' Which Cuthred's sister was, who in those times  
 ' did sway  
 On the West-Saxon seat, two other sacred maids,  
 ' As from their cradles vow'd to bidding of their  
 ' beads.  
 St. Cuthbert, and with her St. Quinburg, which  
 ' we here  
 ' Succeedingly do set, both as they sisters were,  
 And abbesses again of Wilton, which we gather  
 Our virgin-band to grace, both having to their  
 ' father  
 Religious Ina, red with those that rul'd the west,  
 Whose mother's sacred womb with other saints  
 ' was blest,  
 As after shall be shew'd: another virgin vow'd,  
 And likewise for a saint amongst the rest allow'd;  
 To th' elder Edward born, bright Eadburgh,  
 ' who for she  
 As five related saints of that blest name that be)  
 Of Wilton abbess was, they her of Wilton stil'd :  
 Was ever any maid more merciful, more mild,  
 Or sanctimonious known? But muse, on in our  
 ' song,  
 With other princely maids, but first with those  
 ' that sprung

' From Penda, that great king of Mercia; holy  
 ' Tweed,  
 And Kinisfred, with these their sisters, Kinisweed,  
 ' And Eadburg, last not least, at Godmanchester all  
 ' Encloister'd; and to these St. Tibba let us call,  
 ' In solitude to Christ, that set her whole delight,  
 ' In Godmanchester made a constant anchorite.  
 ' Amongst which of that house, for saints that  
 ' reckon'd be, [she.  
 ' Yet never any one more grac'd the same than  
 ' Deriv'd of royal blood, as th' other Elfled then  
 ' Neice to that mighty king, our English Athel-  
 ' stan,  
 At Glastenbury shrin'd; and one as great as she,  
 ' Being Edward Out-law's child, a maid that liv'd  
 ' to see [known)  
 The Conqueror enter here, saint Christian (to us  
 ' Whose life by her clear name divinely was fore-  
 ' shown.  
 ' For holiness of life, that as renowned were,  
 ' And not less nobly born, nor bred, produce we  
 ' here;  
 St. Hilda, and St. Hien, the first of noble name,  
 ' At Strenshalt, took her vow, the other sister  
 ' came [shore :  
 To Colchester, and grac'd the rich Essexian  
 ' Whose relicts many a day the world did there  
 ' adore.  
 And of our fainted maids, the number to supply,  
 ' Of Eadburg we allow, sometime at Ailesbury,  
 ' To Redwald then a king of the East-Angles  
 ' born,  
 A votress as sincere as she thereto was sworn.  
 ' Then Pandwine we produce, whom this our na-  
 ' tive isle,  
 As foreign parts much priz'd, and higher did  
 ' instyle  
 The holiest English maid, whose vigils long  
 ' were held  
 In Lincolnshire; yet not saint Frideswid excell'd,  
 ' The abbess of an house in Oxford, of her kind  
 ' The wonder; nor that place could hope the  
 ' like to find,  
 Two sisters so we have, both to devotion 'pleat,  
 ' And worthily made saints; the elder Marga-  
 ' rite,  
 Of Katesby abbess was, and Alice, as we read,  
 ' Her sister on that seat, did happily succeed  
 ' At Abington, which first receiv'd their living  
 ' breath.  
 Then those Northumbrian nymphs, all veil'd, as  
 ' full of faith, [band,  
 That country sent us in, 't increase our virgin-  
 ' Fair Elfled, Oswald's child, king of Northum-  
 ' berland,  
 At Strenshalt that was veil'd. As 'monst those  
 ' many there, [wear,  
 O Ebba, whose clear fame, time never shall out-  
 ' At Coldingham, far hence within that country  
 ' plac'd;  
 The abbess, who to keep the veiled virgins chaste,  
 ' Which else thou fear'dst the Danes would ravish,  
 ' which possess'd  
 This isle; first of thyself and then of all the rest,



- ' The nose and upper lip from your fair faces  
   ' carv'd,  
 ' And from pollution so your hallowed house  
   ' preserv'd.  
 ' Which when the Danes perceived, their hopes so  
   ' far deluded, [cluded.  
 ' Setting the house on fire, their martyrdom con-  
 ' As Leofron; whose faith with others rightly  
   ' weigh'd, [maid:  
 ' Shall shew her not out-match'd by any English  
 ' Who likewise when the Dane with persecution  
   ' storm'd, [form'd:  
 ' She here a martyr's part most gloriously per-  
 ' Two holy maids again at Whitby were re-  
   ' nown'd,  
 ' Both abbeesses thereof, and confessors are crown'd;  
 ' St. Ethelfrid, with her saint Congill, as a pair  
 ' Of abeesses therein, the one of which by prayer  
 ' The wild-geese thence expell'd, that island which  
   ' annoy'd,  
 ' By which their grafs and grain was many times  
   ' destroy'd,  
 ' Which fall from off their wings, nor to the air  
   ' can get  
 ' From the forbidden place, till they be fully set.  
   ' As these within this isle in cloisters were en-  
   ' clos'd:  
 ' So we our virgins had to foreign parts expos'd;  
 ' As Eadburg, Ana's child, and Sethred born our  
   ' own,  
 ' Were abbeesses of Bridge, whose zeal to France  
   ' was known:  
 ' And Ercongate again we likewise thither sent,  
 ' (Which Ercombert Legot, some time a king of  
   ' Kent)  
 ' A prioress of that place; Eurgundofora bare,  
 ' At Euxen the chaste rule, all which renowned  
   ' are [boast,  
 ' In France, which as this isle of them may freely  
   ' So Germany some grac'd, from this their na-  
   ' tive coast.  
 ' St. Walburg here extract from th' royal En-  
   ' glish line, [tine.  
 ' Was in that country made abbeess of Heyden-  
 ' St. Tecla to that place at Ochenford they chose:  
 ' From Wynburne with the rest (in Dorsetshire)  
   ' arose  
 ' Chaste Agatha, with her went Lioba along.  
 ' From thence, two not the least these sacred  
   ' maids among,  
 ' At Biscopfen, by time encloister'd and became.  
 ' St. Lewen so attain'd an everliving name  
 ' For martyrdom, which she at Wynokebergin  
   ' wan, [man.  
 ' Maids seeming in their sex t' exceed the holiest  
 ' Nor had our virgins here for sanctity the prize,  
 ' But widow'd queens as well, that being godly  
   ' wife,  
 ' Forfaking second beds, the world with them for-  
   ' took,  
 ' To strict retired lives, and gladly them betock  
 ' To abstinence and prayer, and as sincerely liv'd.  
 ' As when the fate of life king Ethelwold de-  
   'priv'd,  
 ' That o'er th' East-Angles reign'd, bright Heri-  
   ' wid his wife,  
 ' Betaking her to lead a strict monastic life,  
 ' Departing hence to France, receiv'd the holy  
   ' veil,  
 ' And lived many a day encloister'd there at Cale.  
 ' Then Keneburg in this our fainted front shall  
   ' stand, [land,  
 ' To Alfred the lov'd wife, king of Northumber-  
 ' Daughter to Penda king of Mercia, who though  
   ' he  
 ' Himself most heathenish were, yet liv'd that age  
   ' to see [crated  
 ' Four virgins, and this queen, his children, conse-  
 ' Of Godmancheſter all, and after saints related.  
   ' As likewise of this sex, with saints that doth  
   ' us store, [more;  
 ' Of the Northumbrian line so have we many  
 ' Saint Eanfled widowed left, by Osway reigning  
   ' there, [phere  
 ' At Streusalt took her veil, as Ethelburg the  
 ' To Edwin, (rightly nam'd) the holy, which  
   ' possess'd  
 ' Northumber's sacred seat, herself that did invest  
 ' At Lynning far in Kent, which country gave  
   ' her breath.  
 ' So Edeth as the rest after king Sethrick's death,  
 ' Which had the self same rule of Wilton abbeſs  
   ' was,  
 ' Where two West-Saxon queens for saints shall  
   ' likewise pass, [succeed,  
 ' Which in the self same house, saint Edeth did  
 ' St. Ethelwid, which here put on her hallow'd  
   ' weed, [again  
 ' King Alfred's worthy wife, of Westſex; so  
 ' Did Wilfrid, Edgar's queen, (so famous in his  
   ' reign)  
 ' Then Eadburg, Ana's wife, received as the other,  
 ' Who as a saint herself, so likewise was the mo-  
   ' ther [show'd  
 ' To two most holy maids, as we before have  
 ' At Wilton (which we say) their happy time be-  
   ' show'd, [fest,  
 ' Though she of Barking was, a holy nun pro-  
 ' Who in her husband's time had reigned in the  
   ' west:  
 ' Th' East-Saxon line again, so others to us lent,  
 ' As Sexburg sometime queen to Ercombert of  
   ' Kent,  
 ' Though Ina's loved child, and Audrey's sister  
   ' known,  
 ' Which Ely in those days did for her abbessown.  
 ' Nor to saint Oith we less honour ought to give,  
 ' King Sethred's widowed queen, who (when  
   ' death did deprive  
 ' The Essexian king of life) became enroll'd at  
   ' Chich,  
 ' Whose shrine to her there built, the world did  
   ' long enrich. [became,  
 ' Two holy Mercian queens so widowed, thus  
 ' For sanctity much like, not much unlike in name.  
 ' King Wulphere's widowed phere, queen Ermi-  
   ' neld, whose life  
 ' At Ely is renown'd, and Ermenburg, the wife



' To Merauld reigning there, a saint may safely  
     ' pass, [was,  
 ' Who to three virgin saints, the virtuous mother  
 ' The remnant of her days, religiously that bare  
 ' Immonaster'd in Kent, where first she breath'd  
     ' the air.  
 ' King Edgar's mother so, is for a saint prefer'd,  
 ' Queen Algyve, who (they say) at Shipston was  
     ' interr'd.  
 ' So Edward Outlaw's wife, saint Agatha, we  
     ' bring,  
 ' By Salomon begot, that great Hungarian king;  
 ' Who when she saw the wrong to Edgar her dear  
     ' son, [done,  
 ' By cruel Harold first, then by the Conqueror  
 ' Depriv'd his rightful crown, no hope it to reco-  
     ' ver, [over.  
 ' A vestal habit took, and gave the false world  
 ' St. Maud here not the least, though she be set the  
     ' last,  
 ' And scarcely over-match'd by any that is past,  
 ' Our Beaucerk's queen, and born to Malcolm  
     ' king of Scots,  
 ' Whose sanctity was seen to wipe out all the spots  
 ' Were laid upon her life, when she her cloyster  
     ' fled, [bed,  
 ' And chastely gave herself to her lov'd husband's  
 ' Whom likewise for a saint those reverend ages  
     ' chose, [close.  
 ' With whom we at this time our catalogue will  
     Now Rutland all this time, who held her high-  
     ly wrong'd, [prolong'd,  
 ' That she should for the saints thus strangely be  
 ' As that the muse such time upon their praise  
     should spend, [tend  
 ' Sent in her anbling Wash, fair Welland to at-  
 ' At Stamford, which her stream doth eas'ly over-  
     take,  
 ' Of whom her mistress flood seems wondrous much  
     to make;  
 ' For that she was alone the darling and delight  
 ' Of Rutland, ravish'd so with her beloved sight,

As in her only child's, a mother's heart may be:  
 ' Wherefore that she the least, yet fruitful'st shire  
     should see,  
 ' The honourable rank she had amongst the rest,  
 ' The ever-labouring muse her beauties thus ex-  
     press'd.  
 ' Love not thyself the less, although the least  
     ' thou art,  
 ' What thou in greatness want'st, wise nature doth  
     ' impart  
 ' In goodness of thy soil; and more delicious  
     ' mould,  
 ' Surveying all this isle, the sun did ne'er behold.  
 ' Bring forth that British vale, and be it ne'er so  
     ' rare,  
 ' But Catmus with that vale, for richness shall  
     ' compare:  
 ' What forest nymph is found, how brave soc'er  
     ' she be, [she?  
 ' But Lyfield shews herself as brave a nymph as  
 ' What river ever rose from bank, or swelling hill,  
 ' Than Rutland's wand'ring Wash, a delicater rill?  
 ' Small shire that can produce to thy proportion  
     ' good,  
 ' One vale of special name, one forest, and one  
     ' flood.  
 ' O Catmus, thou fair vale, come on in grass and  
     ' corn, [scorn,  
 ' That Bever ne'er be said thy sister-hood to  
 ' And let thy Ocham boast, to have no little  
     ' grace, [place,  
 ' That her the pleas'd fates, did in thy bosom  
 ' And Lyfield, as thou art a forest, live so free,  
 ' That every forest nymph may praise the sports  
     ' in thee.  
 ' And down to Welland's course, O wash, run  
     ' ever clear,  
 ' To honour, and to be much honoured by this  
     ' shire.'  
 And here my canto ends, which kept the muse  
 so long,  
 That it may rather seem a volume than a song.  
 I i iij



## THE TWENTY-FIFTH SONG.

Tow'rd's Lincolnshire our progress laid,  
We through deep Holland's ditches wade,  
Fowling, and fishing in the fen ;  
Then come we next to Kestiven,  
And bringing Wytham to her fall,  
On Lindsey light we last of all,  
Her scite and pleasures to attend,  
And with the isle of Axholme end.

The vast and queachy soil, with hosts of wallow-  
ing waves,  
From whose impetuous force, that who himself  
not saves,  
By swift and sudden flight is swallowed by the  
deep,  
When from the wrathful tides the foaming fur-  
ges sweep,  
The sands which lay all naked, to the wide he-  
ven before,  
And turneth all to sea, which was but lately shore,  
From this our southern part of Holland, call'd the  
Low,  
Where Crowland's ruins yet, (though almost be-  
ried) show  
Her mighty founder's power, yet his more Chris-  
tian zeal  
She by the muse's aid, shall happily reveal  
Her sundry sorts of fowl, from whose abundance  
she  
Above all other tracts, may boast herself to be



The mistress, (and indeed) to sit without compare,  
And for no worthless soil should in her glory share,  
From her moist seat of flags, of bulrushes and reed,  
With her just proper praise, thus Holland doth proceed :

' Ye Acherusian fens, to mine resign your glory,  
Both that which lies within the goodly territory  
Of Naples, as that fen Thespasia's earth upon,  
Whence that infernal flood, the smutted Ache-  
' ron [fen,

Shoves forth her sullen head, as thou most fatal  
Of which Hetruria tells, the wat'ry Thrasimen,  
In history although thou highly seem'st to boast,  
That Hannibal by thee o'erthrew the Roman  
' host. [shows,

I scorn th' Egyptian fen, which Alexandria  
Proud Mareotis, should my mightiness oppose,  
Or Scythia, on whose face the sun doth hardly  
' shine, [mine,

Should her Meotis think to match with this of  
That cover'd all with snow continually doth  
' stand.

I flinking Lerna hate, and the poor Libyan sand.  
' Marica (a) that wise nymph, to whom great  
' Neptune gave

' The charge of all his shores, from drowning  
' them to save,

' Abideth with me still upon my service press'd,

' And leaves the looser nymphs to wait upon the  
' rest ;

' In summer giving earth from which I square  
' my (b) peat, [neat.

' And faster feedings by, for deer, for horse, and

' My various flocks for fowl, O who is he can tell,

' The species that in me for multitudes excel !

' The duck and mallard first, the falconer's only  
' sport,

' (Of river-flights the chief, so that all other sort,

' They only green-fowl term) in every mere  
' abound,

' That you would think they sate upon the very  
' ground,

' Their numbers being so great, the waters cover-  
' ing quite,

' That rais'd, the spacious air is darken'd with  
' their flight ;

' Yet kill the dangerous dykes, from shot do them  
' secure,

' Where they from flash to flash, like the full epi-  
' cure [meal ;

' Wait, as they lov'd to change their diet every

' And near to them you see the lesser dibbling  
' teal

' In (c) bunches, with the first that fly from mere  
' to mere,

' As they above the rest were lords of earth and air.

' The goffander with them, my goodly fens do  
' show

' His head as ebony black, the rest as white as  
' snow,

' With whom the widgeon goes, the golden-eye  
' the smeach,

' And in odd scatter'd pits, the flags and reeds  
' beneath ;

' The coot, bald, else clean black, that whiteness  
' it doth bear [wear

' Upon the forehead star'd, the water-hen doth

' Upon her little tail, in one small feather set.

' The water-woofell neat, all over black as jet,

' With various colours, black, green, blue, red,  
' ruffet, white,

' Do yield the gazing eye as variable delight,

' As do those sundry fowls, whose several plumes  
' they be. [see,

' The diving dob-chick, here amongst the rest you

' Now up, now down again, that hard it is to  
' prove,

' Whether under water most it liveth, or above :

' With which last little fowl, (that water may not  
' lack ;

' More than the dob-chick doth, and more doth  
' love the (d) brack) [dish,

' The puffin we compare, which coming to the

' Nice palates hardly judge, if it be flesh or fish.

' But wherefore should I stand upon such toys  
' as these, [please.

' That have so goodly fowls, the wandering eye to

' Here in my vaster pools, as white as snow or  
' milk,

' (In water black as Styx) swims the wild swan,  
' the like, [breath,

' Of Hollanders so term'd, no niggard of his

' (As poets say of swans, who only sing in death)

' But oft as other birds, is heard his tunes to roat,

' Which like a trumpet comes, from his long arch-  
' ed throat, [brim,

' And tow'rs this wat'ry kind, about the flashes

' Some cloven-footed are, by nature not to swim.

' There stalks the stately crane, as though he  
' march'd in war, [car)

' By him that hath the herne, which (by the fishy

' Can fetch with their long necks, out of the rush  
' and reed, [feed :

' Snigs, fry, and yellow frogs, whereon they often

' And under them again, (that water never take,

' But by some ditches side, or little shallow lake

' Lie, dabbling night and day) the pallat-pleasing  
' snite,

' The bidcock, and like them the redshank, that  
' delight

' Together still to be, in some small reedy bed,

' In which these little fowls in summer's time were  
' bred.

' The buzzing bitter fits, which through his hol-  
' low bill,

' A sudden bellowing sends, which many times  
' doth fill

' The neighbouring marsh with noise, as though a  
' bull did roar ;

' But scarcely have I yet recited half my store :

' And with my wondrous flocks of wild-geese  
' come I then, [fen,

' Which look as though alone they peopled all the

(d) Salt water.

(a) A nymph supposed to have the charge of the shore.

(b) Fuel cut of the marsh.

(c) The word in falconry for a company of teal.



- ' Which here in winter time, when all is over-  
   ' flow'd,  
 ' And want of solid sword enforceth them abroad,  
 ' T' abundance then is seen, that my full fens do  
   ' yield, [field.  
 ' That almost through the isle, do pester every  
 ' The barnacles with them, which wheresoe'er  
   ' they breed,  
 ' On trees, or rotten ships, yet to my fens for feed  
 ' Continually they come, and chief abode do make,  
 ' And very hardly forc'd my plenty to forsake :  
 ' Who almost all this kind do challenge as mine  
   ' own, [known.  
 ' Whose like I dare aver, is elsewhere hardly  
 ' For sure unless in me, no one yet ever saw  
 ' The multitudes of fowl, in mooting time they  
   ' draw : [accrue.  
 ' From which to many a one, much profit doth  
   ' Now such as flying feed, next these I must  
   ' pursue ;  
 ' The sea-meaw, sea-pye, gull, and curlew here  
   ' do keep, [deep,  
 ' As searching every shoal, and watching every  
 ' To find their floating fry, with their sharp-  
   ' piercing sight,  
 ' Which suddenly they take, by stooping from  
   ' their height. [kind)  
 ' The cormorant then comes, (by his devouring  
 ' Which flying o'er the fen, immediately doth  
   ' find  
 ' The Fleet best stor'd of fish, when from his  
   ' wings at full, [skull,  
 ' As though he shot himself into the thicken'd  
 ' He under water goes, and so the shoal pursues,  
 ' Which into creeks do fly, when quickly he doth  
   ' choose [feeds.  
 ' The fin that likes him best, and rising, flying  
 ' The ospray oft here seen, though seldom here it  
   ' breeds,  
 ' Which over them the fish no sooner do espy,  
 ' But (betwixt him and them, by an antipathy) .  
 ' Turning their bellies up, as though their death  
   ' they saw [maw.  
 ' They at his pleasure lie, to stuff his glutt'nous  
   ' The toiling fisher here is tewing of his net :  
 ' The fowler is employ'd his limed twigs to set.  
 ' One underneath his horse, to get a shoot doth  
   ' stalk ;  
 ' Another over dykes upon his stilts doth walk :  
 ' There other with their spades, the peats are  
   ' squaring out,  
 ' And others from their cars, are busily about,  
 ' To draw out sedge and reed, for thatch and sto-  
   ' ver fit,  
 ' That whosoever would a landskip rightly hit,  
 ' Beholding but my fens, shall with more shapes  
   ' be stor'd,  
 ' Than Germany, or France, or Tuscan can afford :  
 ' And for that part of me, which men high Hol-  
   ' land call, [fall,  
 ' Where Bolton seated is, by plenteous Wytham's  
 ' I peremptory am, large Neptune's liquid field  
 ' Doth to no other tract the like abundance yield.  
 ' For that of all the seas environing this isle,  
 ' Our Irish, Spanish, French, howe'er we them enfile,  
 ' The German is the great'st, and it is only I,  
 ' That upon the same with most advantage lie.  
 ' What fish can any shore, or British sea-town  
   ' show,  
 ' That's eatable to us, that it doth not bestow  
 ' Abundantly thereon ? the herring king of sea,  
 ' The faster feeding cod, the mackerel brought by  
   ' May,  
 ' The dainty sole, and plaice, the dab, as of their  
   ' blood ; [food ;  
 ' The conger finely sous'd, hot summer's coolest  
 ' The whiting known to all, a general wholesome  
   ' dish ; [fish ;  
 ' The gurnet, rochet, mayd, and mullet, dainty  
 ' The haddock, turbot, bert, fish nourishing and  
   ' strong ; [among :  
 ' The thornback, and the skate, provocative  
 ' The weaver, which although his prickles ve-  
   ' nom be,  
 ' By fishers cut away, which buyers seldom see :  
 ' Yet for the fish he bears, 'tis not accounted bad ;  
 ' The sea-flounder is here as common as the shad ;  
 ' The sturgeon cutt to keggs, (too big to handle  
   ' whole)  
 ' Gives many a dainty bit out of his lusty joke.  
 ' Yet of rich Neptune's store, whilst thus I idly  
   ' chat,  
 ' Think not that all betwixt the whirlpool, and the  
   ' sprat,  
 ' I go about the name, that were to take in hand,  
 ' The atomy to tell, or to cast up the sand ;  
 ' But on the English coast, those most that usual  
   ' are,  
 ' Wherewith the stalls from thence do furnish us  
   ' for fare ; [in,  
 ' Amongst whose sundry sorts, since thus far I am  
 ' I'll of our shell-fish speak, with these of scale  
   ' and fin :  
   ' The sperm-increasing crab, much cooking that  
   ' doth ask, [ask,  
 ' The big-legg'd lobster, fit for wanton Venus'  
 ' Voluptuaries oft take rather than for food,  
 ' And that the same effect which worketh in the  
   ' blood  
 ' The rough long oyster is, much like the lobster  
   ' limb'd :  
 ' The oyster hot as they, the mussel often trim'd  
 ' With orient pearl within, as thereby nature  
   ' show'd,  
 ' That she some secret good had on that shell be-  
   ' flow'd : [lamp,  
 ' The scallop cordial judg'd, the dainty wilk and  
 ' The periwinkle, prawn, the cockle, and the  
   ' shrimp,  
 ' For wanton women's tastes or for weak sto-  
   ' machs bought.  
 When Kestiven this while that certainly had  
 thought,  
 Her tongue would ne'er have stopt, quoth she,  
   ' O how I hate, [prate.  
 ' Thus of her foggy fens, to hear rude H. . .  
 ' That with her fish and fowl, here keepeth such a  
   ' coil,  
 ' As her unwholesome air, and more unwelcome  
   ' soil,



these of which she boasts, the more might  
 ' suffer'd be;  
 when those her feather'd flocks she sends not out  
 ' to me,  
 wherein clear Witham they, and many a little  
 ' brook,  
 which the sun itself may well be proud to look)  
 we made their flesh more sweet by my refined  
 ' food, [mud,  
 from that so rammish taste of her most fulsome  
 when the toil'd cater home them to the kitchen  
 ' brings,  
 the cook doth cast them out, as most unsavoury  
 ' things.  
 fides, what is she else, but a foul woofy marsh,  
 and that she calls her grass, so blady is, and harsh,  
 cuts the catel's mouths, constrain'd thereon  
 ' to feed,  
 that my poorest trash, which mine call rush  
 ' and reed,  
 fitter scarcely fit, that to the dung I throw,  
 which like the penny grass, or the pure clover  
 ' shew,  
 compared with her best: and for her sundry fish,  
 in which she freely boasts, to furnish every dish.  
 did not full Neptune's fields so furnish her with  
 ' store,  
 those in the ditches bred, within her muddy  
 ' moor,  
 of so earthy taste, as that the ravenous crow  
 will rather starve, thereon her stomach than  
 ' bestow.  
 From Stamford as along my tract toward  
 ' Lincoln strains,  
 that shire is there can shew more valuable veins  
 of soil than is in me? or where can there be  
 ' found,  
 fair and fertile fields, or sheep-walks near  
 ' so found?  
 There doth the pleasant air resent a sweeter  
 ' breath?  
 That country can produce a delicater heath,  
 than that which her fair name from (e) Ancas-  
 ' ter doth hold?  
 Through all the neighbouring shires, whose  
 ' praise shall still be told,  
 Which Flora in the spring doth with such wealth  
 ' adorn,  
 That Bever needs not much her company to scorn,  
 Though she a vale lie low, and this a heath sit  
 ' high,  
 Let doth she not alone, allure the wondring eye  
 With prospect from each part, but that her plea-  
 ' sant ground  
 gives all that may content, the well-breath'd  
 ' horse and hound:  
 And from the Britains yet, to show what then I  
 ' was,  
 one of the Roman ways near through my midst  
 ' did pass:  
 fides to my much praise, there hath been in  
 ' my mould  
 their painted pavements found, and arms of  
 ' perfect gold.

(e) Ancaster Heath.

' They near the Saxons reign, that in this tract  
 ' did dwell,  
 ' All other of this isle, for that they would excel  
 ' For churches every where, so rich and goodly  
 ' rear'd  
 ' In every little dorp, that after-times have fear'd  
 ' T' attempt so mighty works; yet one above the  
 ' rest,  
 ' In which it may be thought, they strove to do  
 ' their best,  
 ' Of pleasant Grantham is, that pyramis so high,  
 ' Rear'd (as it might be thought) to over-top  
 ' the sky,  
 ' The traveller that strikes into a wondrous maze,  
 ' As on his horse he sits, on that proud height to  
 ' gaze.'  
 When Wytham that this while a list'ning ear  
 had laid,  
 To hearken (for herself) what Kestiven had said,  
 Much pleas'd with this report, for that she was  
 the earth  
 From whom she only had her sweet and season'd  
 birth,  
 From (f) Wytham which that name derived from  
 her springs,  
 Thus as she trips along, this dainty riv'let sings.  
 ' Ye easy ambling streams, which way soe'er  
 ' you run,  
 ' Or tow'rs the pleasant rise, or tow'rs the mid-  
 ' day sun:  
 ' By which (as some suppose by use that have  
 ' them try'd)  
 ' Your waters in their course are neatly purify'd.  
 ' Be what you are, or can, I not your beauties fear,  
 ' When Neptune shall command the Naiades t'  
 ' appear.  
 ' In river what is found, in me that is not rare:  
 ' Yet for my well-fed pikes, I am without com-  
 ' pare.  
 ' From Wytham mine own town, first water'd  
 ' with my source,  
 ' As to the eastern sea, I hasten on my course,  
 ' Who sees so pleasant plains, or is of fairer seen,  
 ' Whose swains in shepherds gray, and girls in  
 ' Lincoln (g) green?  
 ' Whilst some the rings of bells, and some the  
 ' bag-pipes ply,  
 ' Dance many a merry round, and many a hydeggy.  
 ' I envy, any brook should in my pleasure share,  
 ' Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without compare.  
 ' No land-floods can me force to over-proud a  
 height;  
 ' Nor am I in my course, too crooked, or too  
 ' streight:  
 ' My depths fall by descents, too long, nor yet  
 ' too broad,  
 ' My fords with pebbles, clear as orient pearls, are  
 ' strow'd;  
 ' My gentle winding banks, with sundry flowers  
 ' are dress'd,  
 ' The higher rising heaths, hold distance with my  
 ' breast.

(f) A town so called.

(g) Lincoln anciently dyed the best green of England.



' Thus to her proper song, the burthen still she  
' bare ;

' Yet for my dainty pikes, I am without com-  
' pare.'

By this to Lincoln come, upon whose lofty scite,  
Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful de-  
light,

Enamour'd of the state, and beauty of the place,  
That her of all the rest especially doth grace,  
Leaving her former course, in which she first set  
forth,

Which seemed to have been directly to the north :  
She runs her silver front into the muddy Fen,  
Which lies into the east, in her deep journey,  
when

Clear Ban a pretty brook, from Lindsey com-  
ing down,

Delicious Wytham leads to holy (b) Botulph's  
town,

Where proudly she puts in amongst the great re-  
sort,

That their appearance make in Neptune's wa-  
try court.

Now Lindsey all this while, that duly did attend,  
Till both her rivals thus had fully made an end  
Of their so tedious talk, when lastly she replies ;

' Lo, bravely here she sits, that both your states  
' defies.

' Fair Lincoln is mine own, which lies upon my  
' south,

' As likewise to the north, great Humber's swel-  
' ling mouth [lie :

' Encircles me, 'twixt which in length I bravely

' O! who can me the best, before them both deny?

' Nor Britain in her bounds, scarce such a tract  
' can show, [bow,

' Whose shore like to the back of a well bended

' The ocean beareth out, and every where so  
' thick,

' The villages and dorps upon my bosom stick,

' That it is very hard for any to define,

' Whether up-land most I be, or most am mari-  
' time.

' What is there that complete can any country  
' make,

' That in large measure I, (fair Lindsey) not par-  
' take,

' As healthy heaths, and woods, fair dales, and  
' pleasant hills,

' All water'd here and there, with pretty creep-  
' ing rills,

' Fat pasture, mellow glebe, and of that kind  
' what can

' Give nourishment to beast, or benefit to man,

' As Kestiven doth boast, her Wytham so have I,

' My Ancum (only mine) whose fame as far doth  
' fly,

' For fat and dainty eels, as hers doth for her  
' (i) pike,

' Which makes the proverb up, the world hath  
' not the like.

(b) Botulph's town contractedly Boston.

(i) Wytham eel, and Ancum pike,  
In all the world there is none fyke.

' From Razin her clear springs, where first she  
' doth arrive,

' As in an even course, to Humber forth doth  
' drive,

' Fair Barton she salutes, which from her scire  
' outbraves

' Rough Humber, when he strives to shew his  
' sternest waves.

' Now for my (A) bounds to speak, few tract  
' (I think) there be,

' (And search through all this isle) to parallel  
' with me :

' Great Humber holds me north, (as I have said  
' before)

' To whom (even) all along, upon the eastern  
shore,

' The German ocean lies; and on my southern  
' side,

' Clear Wytham in her course, me fairly doth  
' divide

' From Holland; and from thence the Foldsyke is  
' my bound,

' Which our first Henry cut from Lincoln, where  
' he found,

' Commodities by Trent, from Humber to con-  
' vey:

' So nature the clear Trent doth fortunately lay,  
' Toward me on the west, though farther I ex-  
' tend,

' And in my larger bounds do largely compre-  
' hend

' Full Axholme, (which those near, the fertile do  
' instile)

' Which Idle, Don, and Trent, embracing make  
' an isle.

' But wherefore of my bounds, thus only do I  
' boast,

' When that which Holland seems to vaunt her  
' on the most,

' By me is overmatch'd; the fowl which she doth  
' breed:

' She in her foggy fens, so moorishly doth feed,  
' That physic oft forbids the patient them for  
' food,

' But mine more airy are, and make fine spirits  
' and blood :

' For near this bathing isle in me is to be seen,  
' More than on any earth, the plover gray, and  
' green,

' The corn-land loving quail, the daintiest of our  
' bits,

' The raile, which seldom comes, but upon rich  
' mens spits :

' The puet, godwit, flint, the palate that allure,  
' The miser, and do make a wasteful epicure :

' The knot, that called was Canutus' bird of old,  
' Of that great king of Daues, his name that still  
' doth hold,

' His appetite to please, that far and near was  
' sought,

' For him (as some have said) from Denmark hi-  
' ther brought

(A) The bounds of Kesteven.



The dotterel, which we think a very dainty dish,  
 Whose taking makes such sport, as man no more  
 ' can wish ;  
 For as you creep, or cower, or lie, or stoop, or go,  
 So marking you (with care) the apish bird doth  
 ' do,  
 And acting every thing, doth never mark the net,  
 Till he be in the snare, which men for him have  
 ' set.  
 The big-bon'd bustard then, whose body bears  
 ' that size, [rise :  
 That he against the wind must run, e'er he can

' The shouler, which so shakes the air with fairly  
 ' wings [sings.  
 ' That ever as he flies, you still would think he  
 ' These fowls, with other foils, although they fre-  
 ' quent be,  
 ' Yet are they found most sweet and delicate in me.'  
 Thus whilst she seems e' extol in her peculiar  
 praise,  
 The muse which seem'd too slack, in these too  
 low-pitcht lays, [and casts  
 For nobler height prepares, her oblique course,  
 A new book to begin, and end of this she hastes.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE TWENTY-SIXTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

Three shires at once this song assays,  
By various and unusual ways.  
At Nottingham first coming in,  
The vale of Bever doth begin ;  
Tow'rds Le'ster then her course she holds,  
And sailing o'er the pleasant Oulds,  
She fetcheth Soare down from her springs,  
By Charnwood, which to Trent she brings,  
Then shows the braverics of that flood,  
Makes Sherwood sing her Robin Hood ;  
Then rouzes up the aged Peak,  
And of her wonders makes her speak :  
Thence Darwin down by Derby tends,  
And at her fall, to Trent, it ends.

Now scarcely on this tract the muse had entrance  
made,

Inclining to the south, but Bever's bathing flade  
Receiveth her to guest, whose coming had too  
long

Put off her rightful praise, when thus herself she  
sung.

' Three (a) shires there are (quoth she) in me  
their parts that claim,  
Large Lincoln, Rutland rich, and th' north's eye  
Nottingham.

But in the last of these since most of me doth lie,  
To that my most-lov'd shire myself I must apply.

Not Eufham that proud nymph, although she  
still pretend [send  
Herself the first of vales, and though abroad she

(a) The vale of Bever bordereth upon three shires;

Her awful dread command, that all should make  
pay

To her as our great queen; nor White-bark  
though her clay

Of silver seem to be, new melted, nor the vale  
Of Albury, whose grass seems given out by the  
For it so silken is, nor any of our kind,

Or what, or where they be, or howsoe'er inclin'd,  
Me (b) Bever shall outbrave, that in my state  
scorn,

Be any of them all (once) to be overborn,  
With theirs, do but compare the country where  
I lie,

My Hill, and Oulds will say, they are the  
land's eye.

(b) Not a more pleasant vale in all Great Britain, than  
Bever.



next my scite, and say it doth excel ;  
 me unto my soil, and you shall see it swell  
 very grafs and grain, that Britain forth  
 can bring :  
 ge any vale, to shew me but that thing  
 shew to her, (that truly is mine own)  
 I dare thus boast, that I as far am known,  
 of them all, the south their names doth  
 ound,  
 cious north doth me, that there is scarcely  
 ound,  
 th for any else, it is so fill'd with mine,  
 out a little wants of making me divine :  
 ren am of brooks, for that I still retain  
 at and dainty rills, the little Snyte, and  
 Deane,  
 m the lovely Oulds, their beauteous pa-  
 ent sprung [along,  
 ne Leicestrian fields, come on with me  
 h within one bank, they on my north are  
 neint, [Trent.  
 acre I end, they fall, at Newark, into  
 e wandering as the muse delightfully be-  
 holds [Oulds,  
 ury of the large, and goodly full-flock'd  
 he left hand leaves old Leicester, and flies,  
 e fertile earth glut her insatiate eyes,  
 ch to richer still, that riseth her before,  
 e come to cease upon the head of Soare,  
 (e) Poffe, and (e) Watling cut each other  
 n their course  
 iarnford, where at first her soft and gen-  
 le source,  
 but shallow banks, begineth to repair,  
 is beauteous isle, the delicatest air ;  
 e softly fallying out, as loth the place to  
 eave,  
 ce a pretty rill doth courteously receive :  
 ift, a little brook, which certainly she  
 thought [brought,  
 o the banks of Trent would safely her have  
 their native springs so nearly were ally'd,  
 er Soare forsook, and wholly her apply'd  
 n, as with her continually to keep,  
 it on her along to the Sabrinian deep.  
 with her handmaid Sence, the Soare doth  
 as'ly slide  
 effer, where yet her ruins show her pride,  
 h'd many years, that of the great founda-  
 tion [tion ;  
 ong buried walls, men hardly see the sta-  
 me pieces found, so sure the cement locks  
 ies, that they remain like perdurable rocks :  
 whilst the lovely Soare, with many a dear  
 mbrace,  
 ng herself with this delightful place,  
 forest, which the name of that brave  
 own doth bear,  
 any a goodly wreath, crowns her dishe-  
 vel'd hair,

two famous ways of England. See the 13th song.  
 the village at the rising of Soare.  
 the forest.

And in her gallant green, her lusty livery shows  
 Herself to this fair flood, which mildly as she flows,  
 Reciprocally likes her length and breadth to see,  
 As also how she keeps her fertile purlues free :  
 The herds of fallow deer she on the lawns doth  
 feed,  
 As having in herself to furnish every need.  
 But now since gentle Soare, such leisure seems to  
 take, [make,  
 The muse in her behalf this strong defence doth  
 Against the neighbour floods, for that which tax  
 her so,  
 And her a channel call, because she is so flow.  
 The cause is that she lies upon so low a flat,  
 Where nature most of all befriended her in that,  
 The longer to enjoy the good she doth possess :  
 For had those (with such speed that forward seem  
 to press)  
 So many dainty meads, and pastures theirs to be,  
 They then would wish themselves to be as flow  
 as she,  
 Who well may be compar'd to some young ten-  
 der maid,  
 Entring some prince's court, which is for pomp  
 array'd,  
 Who led from room to room amazed is to see  
 The furnitures and states, which all embroideries be,  
 The rich and sumptuous beds, with tester cover-  
 ing plumes,  
 And various as the futes, so various the perfumes,  
 Large galleries, where piece with piece doth seem  
 to strive,  
 Of pictures done to life, landskip, and perspective,  
 Thence goodly gardens sees, where antique sta-  
 tues stand  
 In stone and copper, cut by many a skilful hand,  
 Where every thing to gaze, her more and more  
 entices,  
 Thinking at once she sees a thousand paradises,  
 Goes softly on, as though before she saw the last,  
 She long'd again to see, what she had slightly past.  
 So the enticing soil the Soare along doth lead,  
 As wondring in herself, at many a spacious mead ;  
 When Charnwood from the rocks salutes her wish-  
 ed sight, [light,  
 (Of many a wood-god woo'd) her darling and de-  
 Whose beauty whilst that Soare is pausing to be-  
 hold  
 Clear Wreakin coming in, from Waltham on  
 the Ould,  
 Brings Eye, a pretty brook, to bear her silver train,  
 Which on by Melton make, and tripping o'er the  
 plain,  
 Here finding her surpriz'd with proud Mount-  
 forrel's sight, [invite  
 By quickening of her course, more cas'ly doth  
 Her to the goodly Trent, whereas she goes along  
 By Loughborough, she thus of that fair forest sung.  
 ' O Charnwood, be thou call'd the choicest of  
 thy kind, [find ?  
 The like in any place, what flood hath hapt to  
 No tract in all this isle, the proudest let her be,  
 Can shew a sylvan nymph, for beauty like to  
 thee :



The satyrs, and the fawns, by Dian set to keep,  
 Rough Hills, and forest holts, were sadly seen to  
 weep,  
 When thy high-palmed harts the sport of bows  
 and hounds, [grounds.  
 By gripple borderers hands, were banished thy  
 The Driades that were wont about thy lawns to  
 rove,  
 To trip from wood to wood, and scud from grove  
 to grove,  
 On (f) Sharpley that were seen, and (f) Cad-  
 man's aged rocks,  
 Against the rising sun, to braid their silver locks;  
 And with the harmless Elves, on heathy (g) Bar-  
 don's height,  
 By Cynthia's colder beams to play them night  
 by night,  
 Exil'd their sweet abode, to poor bare commons  
 fled.  
 They with the oaks that liv'd, now with the oaks  
 are dead.  
 Who will describe to life, a forest, let him take  
 Thy surface to himself, nor shall he need to make  
 Another form at all, where oft in thee is found  
 Fine sharp but easy hills, which reverently are  
 crown'd  
 With aged antique rocks, to which the goats and  
 sheep,  
 (To him that stands remote) do softly seem to creep,  
 To gnaw the little shrubs, on their steep sides that  
 grow;  
 Upon whose other part, on some descending brow,  
 Huge stones are hanging out, as though they down  
 would drop,  
 Where under-growing oaks, on their old shoulders  
 prop  
 The others hoary heads, which still seem to decline,  
 And in a dimble near, (even as a place divine,  
 For contemplation fit) an ivy-ceiled bower,  
 As nature had therein ordain'd some sylvan power;  
 As men may very oft at great assemblies see,  
 Where many of most choice, and wond'ring beau-  
 ties be:  
 For stature one doth seem the best away to bear;  
 Another for her shape, to stand beyond compare;  
 Another for the fine composure of a face:  
 Another short of these, yet for a modest grace  
 Before them all prefer'd; amongst the rest yet one,  
 Adjudg'd by all to be, so perfect paragon,  
 That all those parts in her together simply dwell,  
 For which the other do so severally excel.  
 My Charnwood like the last, hath in herself alone,  
 What excellent can be in any forest shewn.'

On whom when thus the Soare had these high  
 praises spent,  
 She easily slid away into her sovereign Trent,  
 Who having wander'd long, at length began to  
 leave  
 Her native country's bounds, and kindly doth  
 receive

The lesser Tame, and Mefs, the Mefs a dainty rill,  
 Near Charnwood rising first, where she begins to fill

(f) Two mighty rocks in the forest.

(g) A hill in the forest.

Her banks, which all her course on both sides do  
 abound

With heath and finny olds, and often gleamy  
 ground,

Till Croxall's fertile earth doth comfort her at last  
 When she is ent'ring Trent; but I was like t'  
 have past

The other Sence, whose source doth rise not far  
 from here,

By Ancor, that herself to famous Trent prefers,  
 The second of that name, allotted to this (b) shire  
 A name but hardly found in any place but here;  
 Nor is to many known, this country that frequent.

But muse return at last, attend the princely Trent,  
 Who straining on in state, the north's imperious  
 flood, [wood,

The third of England call'd, with many a dainty  
 Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood  
 where she shows

Herself in all her pomp; and as from thence she  
 flows,

She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin  
 clear, [shire;

Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derby-  
 And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent  
 upon,

Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.

Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroll'd she  
 ranges,

Her often varying form, as variously and changes.  
 First Erwash, and then Lync, sweet Sherwood  
 sends her in;

Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had  
 been, [height,

Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud  
 So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the sight,  
 That she from running wild, but hardly can re-  
 frain, [strain,

To view in how great state, as she along doth  
 That brave exalted seat, beholdeth her in pride,  
 As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,  
 All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries  
 dress'd. [blest'd.

In which she sees herself above her neighbours  
 As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect  
 brings,

In her peculiar praise, so thus the river sings:

'What should I care at all, from what my name  
 I take,

That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;  
 My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeyes great,  
 That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat:  
 Or thirty kinds of fish that in my streams do live,  
 To me this name of Trent did from that number  
 give. [tune be

What reck I? let great Thames, since by his fu-  
 Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;  
 From Isis, and old Tame, his pedigree derive:  
 And for the second place, proud Severn that doth  
 strive,

Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud  
 mountain sprung,

Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,

(b) Two rivers of one name in one shire.



of that princely maid, whose name she boasts  
 to bear, [heir.  
 the Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted  
 these imperious floods draw down their long  
 descent  
 in these so famous stocks, and only say of Trent,  
 that Mooreland's barren earth me first to light  
 did bring,  
 which though she be but brown, my clear com-  
 plexion'd spring  
 and with the nymphs such grace, that when I  
 first did rise,  
 the Naiades on my brim, danc'd wanton hydagies,  
 I on her spacious breast, (with heaths that  
 doth abound)  
 circled my fair fount with many a lusty round:  
 of the British floods, though but the third I  
 be, [me  
 Thames and Severn both in this come short of  
 that I am the mere of England, that divides  
 north part from the south, on my so either  
 sides, [extent,  
 reckoning how these tracts in compass be  
 bound them on the north, or on the south  
 of Trent;  
 their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd  
 with mine,  
 though my perspicuous breast, the pearly pee-  
 bles shine:  
 now my crystal arms along the flow'ry vallies,  
 which lying sleek and smooth as any garden-alleys,  
 give me leave to play, whilst they do court  
 my stream,  
 I crown my winding banks with many an  
 anadem:  
 silver-scaled skulls about my streams do sweep,  
 and in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:  
 that of every kind, the new spawn'd numerous  
 fry  
 swim in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.  
 the barbell, than which fish a braver doth not  
 swim,  
 the greater for the ford within my spacious brim,  
 the (newly taken) more the curious taste doth  
 please; [please;  
 the greling, whose great spawn is big as any  
 the perch with pricking fins, against the pike  
 prepar'd,  
 nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger  
 guard, [proof)  
 the daintiness to keep, (each curious palate's  
 his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the  
 ruffe,  
 the very near ally, and both for scale and fin,  
 taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,  
 the pretty slender dace, of many call'd the dace,  
 thin my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his  
 face,  
 the swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,  
 the with such nimble flight, that e'er ye can dis-  
 close  
 the shape, out of your sight like lightning he is  
 shot. [spot,  
 the trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson  
 Vol. III.

As though the curious were in him above the rest  
 And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best  
 The roche, whose common kind to every flood  
 doth fall;  
 The chub, (whose neater name) which some a  
 chevin call,  
 Food to the tyrant pike, (most being in his power)  
 Who for their numerous store he most doth them  
 devour;  
 The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry  
 realm,  
 When as his season serves, stemming my tideful  
 stream,  
 Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,  
 (For whom the fisher then all other game for-  
 sakes)  
 Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,  
 Above the forced weares, himself doth nimbly  
 fling,  
 And often when the net hath drag'd him safe to  
 land, [hand;  
 Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's  
 Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness in-  
 terlarded,  
 Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.  
 And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry  
 store,  
 Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the more  
 Should have my beauties grac'd with something  
 from him sent:  
 Not Ancum's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;  
 Though the sweet smelling smelt be more in  
 Thames than me,  
 The lamprey, and his (i) lesse, in Severn gene-  
 ral be;  
 The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers  
 caught,  
 Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought:  
 The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the  
 bleake,  
 Since they but little are, I little need to speak  
 Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,  
 Which every where are found in every little beck;  
 Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst  
 my stones,  
 From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones:  
 For carp, the tench, and breame, my other store  
 among,  
 To lakes and standing pools, that chiefly do belong,  
 Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters  
 clear, [here.  
 Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are  
 From Nottingham, near which this river first  
 begun, [run,  
 This song, she the meanwhile, by Newark having  
 Receiving little Synte, from Bever's bathing  
 grounds,  
 At Gainborough goes out, where the Lincoln-  
 an bounds.  
 Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show  
 Her love to princely Trent, as downward she  
 doth flow,

(i) The lamparne.



Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mans-  
field sends

To Iddle for her aid, by whom she recommends  
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to  
meet,

When she tow'rs Humber comes, do humbly kiss  
her feet,

And clip her till she grace great Humber with  
her fall.

When Sherwood somewhat back the forward  
muse doth call;

For she was let to know, that Soare had in her song  
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that  
along,

Amongst the neighbouring nymphs, there was no  
other lays,

But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood,  
and her praise:

Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much  
disdain'd, [tain'd

(As one that had both long, and worthily main-  
The title of the great'st, and bravest of her kind)

To fall so far below one wretchedly confin'd  
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts com-  
par'd: [car'd

Wherefore she as a nymph that neither fear'd nor  
For ought to her might chance, by others love or  
hate,

With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,  
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing

That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a  
king

Within her compass liv'd, and when he list to range  
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,  
To Sherwood still retir'd, his only standing court,  
Whose praise the forest thus doth pleasantly re-  
port:

' The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an  
age to tell,

And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befel,  
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath  
been laid,

How he hath couzen'd them, that him would have  
betray'd;

How often he hath come to Nottingham disguis'd,  
And cunningly escap'd, being set to be surpriz'd.

In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,  
But he hath heard some talk of him and little John;  
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be  
done,

Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the mil-  
ler's son,

Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon  
made [trade.

In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their  
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin  
Hood, [good,

Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right  
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and  
blue, [knew,

His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but  
When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill,  
The warbling echoes wak'd from every dale and  
hill:

Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their  
shoulder's cast,

To which under their arms their sheafs were  
buckled fast,

A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a  
span, [man:

Who struck below the knee, nor counted then a  
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were won-  
drous strong; [long.

They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth yard  
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,

With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving  
shaft,

At marks full forty score, they us'd to prick,  
and rove,

Yet higher than the breast, for compass never  
strove;

Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:  
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could  
cleave the pin:

Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for  
feather,

With birch and brazil piec'd, to fly in anyweather;  
And shot they with the round, the square, or  
forked pile,

The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard  
a mile.

And of these archers brave, there was not any one,  
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,

Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty  
wood, [food.

Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly  
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he

Slept many a summer's night under the green-  
wood tree.

From wealthy abbots chests, and churls abundant  
store, [poor:

What oftentimes he took, he shar'd amongst the  
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,

To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:  
The widow in distress he graciously reliev'd,

And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin  
griev'd:

He from the husband's bed no married woman was,  
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,

Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she  
came,

Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the  
game:

Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braid-  
ed hair,

With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here  
and there

Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew  
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana flew.

Of merry Robin Hood, and of his merrier men,  
The song had scarcely ceas'd, when as the muse  
again

Wades (i) Erwash, (that at hand) on Sherwood's  
setting side

The Nottinghamian field, and Derbian doth di-  
vide,

(i) A river parting the two shires.



And northward from her springs, haps Scardale  
 forth to find,  
 Which like her mistress Peake, is naturally in-  
 clin'd  
 To thrust forth ragged cleaves, with which she  
 scattered lies  
 As busy nature here could not herself suffice,  
 Of this oft-ak'ring earth the sundry shapes to  
 show,  
 That from my entrance here doth rough and  
 rougher grow,  
 Which of a lowly dale, although the name it  
 bear, [were  
 You by the rocks might think, that it a mountain  
 From which it takes the name of Scardale, which  
 express'd,  
 Is the hard vale of rocks, of Chesterfield possess'd,  
 By her which is instil'd : where Rother from her  
 rift,  
 Ibber, and Crawley hath, and Gunno, that assist  
 Her weaker wand'ring stream tow'rs Yorkshire  
 as she wends, [sends,  
 So Scardale tow'rs the same, that lovely Iddle  
 That helps the fertile seat of Axholme to inkle :  
 But to th' unwearied muse the Peake appears the  
 while, [eyes,  
 A withered beldam long, with bleared wat'rish  
 With many a bleak storm dim'd, which often to  
 the skies  
 She cast, and oft to th' earth bow'd down her  
 aged head,  
 Her meagre wrinkled face, being sullied still  
 with lead, [mines,  
 Which sitting in the works, and poring o'er the  
 Which she out of the ore continually refines :  
 For she a chemist was, and nature's secrets knew,  
 And from amongst the lead, she antimony drew,  
 And crystal there congeal'd, (by her instilled flow-  
 ers) [powers.  
 And in all medicines knew their most effectual  
 The spirits that haunt the mines, she could com-  
 mand and tame,  
 And bind them as she list in Saturn's dreadful  
 name :  
 She mill-stones from the quarra, with sharpen'd  
 picks could get,  
 And dainty whet-stones make, the dull-edg'd  
 tools to whet.  
 Wherefore the Peake as proud of her laborious toil,  
 As others of their corn, or goodness of their soil,  
 Thinking the time was long, till she her tale had  
 told,  
 Her wonders one by one, thus plainly doth unfold :  
 ' My dreadful daughters born, your mother's  
 dear delight,  
 Great nature's chiefest work, wherein she shew'd  
 her might ;  
 Ye dark and hollow caves, the portraitures of hell,  
 Where fogs and misty damps continually do dwell ;  
 O ye my lovely joys, my darlings, in whose eyes,  
 Horror assumes her seat, from whose abiding flies  
 Thick vapours, that like rugs still hang the trou-  
 bled air,  
 Ye of your mother Peake the hope and only care :

O thou my first and best, of thy black entrance  
 nam'd  
 The Devil's-Arse, in me, O be thou not ashamed,  
 Nor think thyself disgrac'd or hurt thereby at  
 all,  
 Since from thy horror first men us'd thee so to  
 call :  
 For as amongst the Moors, the jettiest black are  
 deem'd  
 The beautiful'st of them ; so are your kind es-  
 teem'd  
 The more ye gloomy are, more fearful and ob-  
 scure,  
 (That hardly any eye your sternness may endure)  
 The more ye famous are, and what name men  
 can hit,  
 That best may ye express, that best doth ye besit :  
 For he that will attempt thy black and darksome  
 jaws, [flaws,  
 In midst of summer meets with winter's stormy  
 Cold dews, that over head from thy soul roof  
 distil,  
 And meeteth under foot with a dead fullen rill,  
 That Acheron itself a man would think he were  
 immediately to pass, and staid for Charon there ;  
 Thy floor, dread cave, yet flat, though very rough  
 it be  
 With often winding turns : then come thou next  
 to me,  
 My pretty daughter Poole, my second loved child,  
 Which by that noble name was happily instil'd,  
 Of that more generous stock, long honour'd in  
 this shire, [here,  
 Of which amongst the rest, one being outlaw'd  
 For his strong refuge took this dark and uncouth  
 place,  
 An heir-loom ever since, to that succeeding race :  
 Whose entrance though depress'd below a moun-  
 tain steep, [creep  
 Besides so very strait, that who will see't must  
 Into the mouth thereof, yet being once got in,  
 A rude and ample roof doth instantly begin  
 To raise itself aloft, and who so doth intend  
 The length thereof to see, still going must ascend  
 On mighty slippery stones, as by a winding stair,  
 Which of a kind of base dark alabaster are,  
 Of strange and sundry forms, both in the roof and  
 floor, [before.  
 As nature show'd in thee, what ne'er was seen  
 For Elden thou my third, a wonder I prefer  
 Before the other two, which perpendicular  
 Dive'st down into the ground, as if an entrance  
 were  
 ' Through earth to lead to hell, ye well might judge  
 it here,  
 Whose depth is so immense, and wondrously pro-  
 found, [sound,  
 As that long line which serves the deepest sea to  
 Her bottom never wrought, as though the vast  
 descent, [went  
 Through this terrestrial globe directly pointing  
 Our Antipodes to see, and with her gloomy  
 eyes,  
 To glote upon those stars, to us that never rise ;



That down into this hole if that a stone ye  
 throw,  
 An acre's length from thence, (some say that) ye  
 may go,  
 And coming back thereto, with a still list'ning  
 ear, [were,  
 May hear a sound as though that stone then falling  
 Yet for her caves, and holes, Peake only not  
 excels,  
 But that I can again produce those wondrous wells  
 Of Buckston, as I have, that most delicious  
 fount,  
 Which men the second Bath of England do ac-  
 count,  
 Which in the primer reigns, when first this  
 well began  
 To have her virtues known unto the blest Saint  
 (l) Anne,  
 Was consecrated then, which the same temper  
 hath, [Bath  
 As that most dainty spring, which at the famous  
 Is by the cross insil'd, whose fame I much prefer,  
 In that I do compare my daintiest spring to her,  
 Nice sicknesses to cure, as also to prevent,  
 And supple their clear skins, which ladies oft  
 frequent;  
 Most full, most fair, most sweet, and most deli-  
 cious source.  
 To this a second (m) fount, that in her natural  
 course, [flow,  
 As mighty Neptune doth, so doth she ebb and  
 If some Welsh shires report, that they the like  
 can show.  
 I answer those, that her shall so no wonder call,  
 So far from any sea, not any of them all.  
 My caves and fountains thus deliver'd you, for  
 change.  
 A (n) little hill I have, a wonder yet more strange,  
 Which though it be of light, and almost dusty  
 sand,  
 Unalter'd with the wind, yet doth it firmly stand;  
 And running from the top, although it never  
 cease,  
 Yet doth the foot thereof, no whit at all increase.  
 Nor is it at the top, the lower or the less,  
 As nature had ordain'd, that so its own excess,  
 Should by some secret way within itself ascend,  
 To feed the falling back; with this yet doth not  
 end [have,  
 The wonders of the Peake, for nothing that I  
 But it a wonder's name doth very justly crave:  
 A forest such have I, (of which when any speak  
 Of me they it insile, The forest of the Peake)  
 Whose hills do serve for brakes, the rocks for  
 shrubs and trees,  
 To which the stag pursu'd, as to the thicket flees;  
 Like it in all this ile, for sternness there is none,  
 Where nature may be said to show you groves  
 of stone,  
 As she in little there, had curiously compil'd  
 The model of the vast Arabian stony wild.

(l) St. Anne of Buckston.

(m) Tideswell.

(n) Sandy-hill.

Then as it is suppos'd, in England that there be  
 Seven wonders: to myself so have I here in me,  
 My seven before rehears'd, allotted me by fate,  
 Her greatness, as therein ordain'd to imitate.  
 No sooner had the Peake her seven proud  
 wonders sung,  
 But Darwin from her fount, her mother's hills  
 among,  
 Through many a crooked way, oppos'd with en-  
 vious rocks,  
 Comes tripping down tow'rds Trent, and sees  
 the goodly flocks  
 Fed by her mother Peake; and herds, (for horn  
 and hair,  
 That hardly are put down by those of Lanca-  
 shire,)  
 Which on her mountains side, and in her bot-  
 toms graze,  
 On whose delightful course, whilst Unknidge  
 stands to gaze,  
 And look on her his fill, doth on his tiptoes get,  
 He Nowstoll plainly sees, which likewise from  
 the set,  
 Salutes her, and like friends, to Heaven-hill far  
 away, [say:  
 Thus from their lofty tops, were plainly heard to  
 ' Fair hill be not so proud of thy so pleasant  
 scite, [light,  
 Who for thou giv'st the eye such wonderful de-  
 From any mountain near, that glorious name of  
 Heaven, [given:  
 Thy bravery to express, was to thy greatness  
 Nor cast mine eye so much on things that be  
 above:  
 For sawest thou as we do, our Darwin, thou  
 would'st love  
 Her more than any thing, that so doth thee al-  
 lure; [dure,  
 When Darwin that by this her travel could en-  
 Takes Now into her train, (from Nowstoll her  
 great Sire,  
 Which shews to take her name) with many a  
 winding gyre.  
 Then wandring through the wilds, at length the  
 pretty Wye,  
 From her black mother Poole, her nimbler course  
 doth ply  
 Tow'rds Darwin, and along from Bakewell with  
 her brings  
 Lathkell a little brook, and Headford, whose  
 poor springs  
 But hardly them the name of riverets can afford:  
 When Burbrook with the strength, that nature  
 her hath stor'd,  
 Although but very small, yet much doth Dar-  
 win tread.  
 At Worksworth on her way, when from the  
 mines of lead,  
 Brown Ecclesborne comes in, then Amber from  
 the east, [best,  
 Of all the Derbian nymphs of Darwin lov'd the  
 (A delicates flood from fountain never flow'd)  
 Then coming to the town, on which she first be-  
 flow'd



Her natural (e) British name, her Derby, so  
 again,  
 Her, to that ancient seat doth kindly enter-  
 tain,  
 Where Marten-Brook, although an easy shallow  
 rill,  
 There offereth all the bath, her mistress' banks  
 to fill,

(e) Darwin, of the British *Deux Guin*, which is white  
 water.

And all too little thinks that was on Darwin  
 spent;  
 From hence as she departs, in travelling to  
 Trent  
 Back goes the active muse, tow'rd Lancashire  
 amain,  
 Where matter rests enough her vigour to main-  
 tain,  
 And to the northern hills shall lead her on along,  
 Which now must wholly be the subject of my  
 song.

K k iij



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE TWENTY-SEVENTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The circuit of this shire express'd,  
Erwell, and Ribble then contest;  
The muse next to the mores flies,  
And to fair Wyre herself applies;  
The fifty Len then doth she bring,  
The praise of Lancashire to sing,  
The Isle of Man maintains her plea;  
Then falling eastward from that fen,  
On rugged Furnesse, and his fells,  
Of which this Canto lastly tells.

SCARCE could the labouring muse salute this  
lively shire, [mire,  
But straight such shouts arose from every moss and  
And rivers rushing down with such unusual noise,  
Upon their pebly shores, seem'd to express their  
joys,  
That Mersey in her course which happily confines  
Brave Cheshire from this tract, two county pala-  
tines) [ran,  
As ravish'd with the news, along to Le'rpoole  
That all the shores which lie to the (a) Vervigian,  
Resounded with the shouts, so that from creek to  
creek, [shriek  
So loud the echoes cry'd, that they were heard to  
To Furnesse ridged front, whereas the rocky pile  
Of Foudra is at hand, to guard the outlaid isle  
Of Walney, and those gross and foggy fells awoke;  
Thence flying to the east, with their reverberance  
shook  
The clouds from Pendle's head, (which as the  
people say,  
Prognosticates to them a happy Halcyon day)

(a) The Irish sea.

Rebounds on Blackstonedge, and thereby falling  
Fair Mersey, making in from the Derbeian hills.  
But whilst the active muse thus nimbly goes  
about,  
Of this large tract to lay the true dimensions out,  
The neat Lancastrian nymphs, for beauty that  
excel,  
That for the hornpipe round do bear away the  
bell; [both,  
Some that about the banks of Erwell make a  
With some that have their seat by Ribble's silver  
road, [grew)  
In great contention fell, (that mighty difference  
Which of those floods deserv'd to have the sove-  
' reign due;  
So that all future spleen, and quarrels to prevent,  
That likely was to rise about their long descent,  
Before the neighbouring nymphs their right they  
mean to plead,  
And first thus for herself the lovely Erwell said:  
' Ye Jassica, quoth this flood, have long and  
blindly err'd,  
' That Ribble before me, so falsely have prefer'd,



' That am a native born, and my descent do bring  
 ' From ancient gentry here, when Ribble from her  
   ' spring, [rude  
 ' An alien known to be, and from the mountains  
 ' Of Yorkshire getting strength, here boldly dares  
   ' intrude [fall,  
 ' Upon my proper earth, and through her mighty  
 ' Is not ashamed herself of Lancashire to call:  
 ' Whereas of all the nymphs that carefully attend  
 ' My mistress Mersey's state, there's none that  
   ' doth transcend  
 ' My greatness with her grace, which doth me  
   ' so prefer,  
 ' That all is due to me, which doth belong to her.  
 ' For though from Blackstonedge the Taume come  
   ' tripping down,  
 ' And from that long-ridg'd rock, her father's  
   ' high senowu,  
 ' Of Mersey thinks from me, the place alone to win,  
 ' With my attending brooks, yet when I once come  
   ' in,  
 ' I out of count'nance quite do put the nymph, for  
   ' note, [float,  
 ' As from my fountain I tow'rds mightier Mersey  
 ' First Roch a dainty rill, from Rochdale her dear  
   ' dame, [name,  
 ' Who honour'd with the half of her stern mother's  
 ' Grows proud: yet glad herself into my banks to  
   ' get,  
 ' Which Spodden from her spring, a pretty rivulet,  
 ' As her attendant brings, when Irck adds to my  
   ' store,  
 ' And Medlock to their much, by lending some-  
   ' what more,  
 ' At Manchester do meet, all kneeling to my state,  
 ' Where brave I shew myself; then with a prouder  
   ' gait,  
 ' Tow'rds Mersey making on, Great Chatmoss at  
   ' my fall,  
 ' Lies fall of turf, and marle, her unctuous mineral,  
 ' And blocks as black as pitch, (with boring-au-  
   ' gars found)  
 ' Thereat the general flood supposed to be drown'd.  
 ' Thus chief of Mersey's train, away with her I  
   ' run,  
 ' When in her prosperous course she wat'rerh  
   ' Warrington,  
 ' And her fair silver load in Le'rpoole down doth  
   ' lay;  
 ' A road none more renown'd in the Vergivian sea.  
 ' Ye lusty lasses then, in Lancashire that dwell,  
 ' For beauty that are said to bear away the bell,  
 ' Your country's hornpipe, ye so mincingly that  
   ' tread,  
 ' As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red;  
 ' In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings  
   ' tell,  
 ' That Erwell every way doth Ribble far excel.  
 Her well-disposed speech had Erwell scarcely  
 done,  
 But swift report therewith immediately doth run  
 To the Vergivian shores, among the mosses deep,  
 Where Alt a neighbouring nymph for very joy  
 doth weep,

That Symond's-wood, from whence the flood as-  
 sumes her spring,  
 Excited with the same, was loudly heard to ring;  
 And over all the moors with thrill re-echoing  
 sounds,  
 The drooping fogs to drive from those gross  
 wat'ry grounds,  
 Where those that toil for turf, with peating spades  
 do find  
 Fish living in the earth (contrary to their kind)  
 Which but that Pontus, and Heraclia likewise  
 shews, [flows,  
 The like in their like earth, that with like moisture  
 And that such fish as these, had not been likewise  
 found,  
 Within far firmer earth, the Paphlagonian ground,  
 A wonder of this isle, this well might have been  
 thought, [wrought,  
 But Ribble that this while for her advantage  
 Of what she had to say, doth well herself advise;  
 And to brave Erwell's speech, she boldly thus  
 replies:  
 ' With that, whereby the most thou think'st me to  
   ' disgrace,  
 ' That I an alien am, (not rightly of this place)  
 ' My greatest glory is, and Lancashire therefore,  
 ' To nature for my birth, beholding is the more;  
 ' That Yorkshire, which all shires for largeness  
   ' doth exceed, [(indeed)  
 ' A kingdom to be call'd, that well deserves  
 ' And not a fountain hath, that from her womb  
   ' doth flow  
 ' Within her spacious self, but that she can bestow;  
 ' To Lancaster yet lends, me Ribble, from her store,  
 ' Which adds to my renown, and makes her bounty  
   ' more.  
 ' From Penigent's proud foot, as from my source  
   ' I slide,  
 ' That mountain my proud fire, in height of all  
   ' his pride, [flood:  
 ' Takes pleasure in my course, as in his first-born  
 ' And Ingleborough hill of that Olympian brood,  
 ' With Pendle, of the north the highest hills that be,  
 ' Do wistly me behold, and are beheld of me,  
 ' These mountains make me proud, to gaze on me  
   ' that stand: [land,  
 ' So Longridge, once arriv'd on the Lancastrian  
 ' Salutes me, and with smiles, me to his soil invites,  
 ' So have I many a flood, that forward me excites,  
 ' As Hodder, that from home attends me from  
   ' my spring;  
 ' Then Caldor coming down from Blackstonedge  
   ' doth bring  
 ' Me eas'ly on my way, to Preston the great'st town,  
 ' Wherewith my banks are blest; where at my  
   ' going down,  
 ' Clear Darwen on along me to the sea doth drive,  
 ' And in my spacious fall no sooner I arrive,  
 ' But Savock to the north, from Longridge making  
   ' way, [bay,  
 ' To this my greatness adds, when in my ample  
 ' Swart Dulas coming in, from Wiggin with her  
   ' aids, [maids;  
 ' Short Taud, and Dartow small, two little country  
 K k iii



' (In those low wat'ry lands, and moory mosses bred  
 ' Do see me safely laid in mighty Neptune's bed;  
 ' And cutting in my course, even through the very  
   ' heart  
 ' Of this renowned shire, so equally it part,  
 ' As nature should have said, Lo, thus I meant to  
   ' do;  
 ' This flood divides this shire thus equally in two.  
 ' Ye maids, the hornpipe then, so mincingly that  
   ' tread,  
 ' As ye the egg-pye love, and apple cherry red;  
 ' In all your mirthful songs, and merry meetings  
   ' tell,  
 ' That Ribble every way, your Erwell doth excel.'

Here ended she again, when Merton's moss  
 ' and mere,

With Ribble's sole reply so much revived were,  
 ' That all the shores resound the river's good suc-  
   cess, [ness,

And wond'rous joy there was all over (b) Ander-  
 Which straight convey'd the news into the Upper  
 Land,

Where (c) Pendle, (c) Penigent, and (c) Inglebo-  
 row stand

Like giants, and the rest do proudly overlook;  
 Or Atlas-like as though they only undertook  
 'To underprop high heaven, or the wide Welkin  
   dar'd, [spar'd;

Who in their Ribble's praise (be sure) no speeches  
 'That the loud sounds from them down to the fo-  
   rests fell,

To Bowland brave in state, and Wyresdale, which  
 as well

As any sylvan nymphs their beauteous scites may  
 boast, [coast,

Whose echo's sent the same all round about the  
 'That there was not a nymph to jollity inclin'd,  
 Or of the woody brood, or of the wat'ry kind,  
 But at their fingers ends, they Ribble's song could  
 say,

And perfectly the note upon the bagpipe play.

'That Wyre, when once she knew how well  
 these floods had sped,  
 (When their reports abroad in every place was  
 spread)

It vex'd her very heart their eminence to see,  
 'Their equal (at the least) who thought herself to  
 be,

Determines at the last to Neptune's court to go,  
 Before his ample state, with humbleness to shew  
 'The wrongs she had sustain'd by her proud sisters'  
   spight, [right;

And off'ring them no wrong, to do her greatness  
 Arising but a rill at first from Wyresdales lap,  
 Yet still receiving strength from her full mother's  
 pap, [ply,

As down to Seaward she, her curious course doth  
 Takes Caldor coming in to bear her company.

From Woolscrag's clifty foot, a hill to her at  
 hand, [stand,

By that fair forest known, within her verge to

So Bowland from her breast sends Brock her to  
 attend,

As she a forest is, so likewise doth she send  
 Her child, on Wyresdales flood, the dainty Wyre  
 to wait,

With her assisting rills, when Wyre is once replete:  
 She in her crooked course to Seaward softly slides,  
 Where Pellin's mighty moss, and Merton's, on  
 her sides

Their boggy breasts outlay, and Skipton down  
 doth crawl

To entertain this Wyre, attained to her fall:  
 When whilst each wand'ring flood seem'd settled  
 to admire,

First Erwell, Ribble then, and last of all this  
 Wyre, [laid.

That mighty wagers would have willingly been  
 (But that these matters were with much discre-  
   tion stay'd)

Some broils about these brooks had surely been  
 begun [thus

When Coker a coy nymph, that clearly seems to  
 All popular applause, who from her crystal head,  
 In Wyresdale, near where Wyre is by her fountain  
 fed, [twain,

That by their natural birth they seem (indeed) to  
 Yet for her sister's pride she careth not a pin,  
 Of none, and being help'd, she likewise helpeth  
 none,

But to the Irish sea goes gently down alone  
 Of any undisturb'd, till coming to her sound,  
 Endanger'd by the sands, with many a lofty bound,  
 She leaps against the tides, and cries to crystal Lon,  
 The flood that names the town, from whence the  
 shire begun,

Her title first to take, and loudly tells the flood,  
 ' That if a little while she thus but trifling flood,  
 ' These petty brooks would be before her still  
   ' prefer'd.

Which the long wand'ring Lon, with good ad-  
 visement heard,

As she comes ambling on from Westmortland,  
 where first [run'd

Arising from her head, amongst the mountains  
 By many a pretty spring, that hourly getting  
 strength,

Arriving in her course in Lancashire at length,  
 To Lonsdale shews herself, and lovingly doth play  
 With her dear daughter Dale, with her firm cheek  
 doth lay [traces,

To her clear mother's breast, as mincingly she  
 And oft embracing her, she oft again embraces,  
 And on her darling smiles, with every little gale.  
 When Lac the most lov'd child of this delicious  
 Dale, [spring.

And Wemming on the way, present their either's  
 Next them the Henbourne hath, and Robourne  
 which do bring

Their bounties in one bank, their mistress to pre-  
 fer, [cater,

That she with greater state may come to Lan-  
 Of her which takes the name, which likewise to  
 the shire,

The sovereign title lends, and eminency, where

(b) A part of Lancashire.

(c) The highest hills betwixt Trent and Berwick. See  
 the 28th song.



her town, what rightly doth be-  
[song.  
mous shire, our Lun thus frames her  
most precious thing, and pleasing  
man,

(made of earth) immediately began,  
man, which the goodliest of this isle  
hath brought forth, that much doth  
ny file;

hose ancients else, which so much  
ig were,

blazons gave to every several shire,  
s mine own, have titled due to me?  
his isle, there no such cattle be,

horn and hair, as those of Lanca-

every part of England far and near,  
r marts for store, as from her race  
d, [exceed,

third, wherein she doth all shires  
race of hounds, the deepest mouth'd  
this kind, which we our hunters call,  
heir bellowing throats upon a scent  
; [they tore;

ld surely think that the firm earth  
de yawning chaps, or rent the clouds  
ler,

their loud cry they meant to mock  
nder.

atives have been anciently esteem'd,  
near our best, and ever have been  
l

the guard of our preceding kings,  
most consist; but yet 'mongst all  
hings,

ver since the English crown was set  
ful head of our Plantagenet,

at the first, our dukedom was allow'd,  
with the great'st revenues endow'd:

en it hapt, France conquering Ed-  
blood

elf, here for the garland stood;  
ncastrian line, it from York's issue

our brave badge, which in their hel-  
vore

ody field, at many a doubtful fight,  
ouse of York, which bore for theirs  
ite.

yself there's not the (d) Tivy, nor  
ye,

se nymphs that to the southward lie  
e excels; and for this name of (e)

isten'd by, the Britons it begun,  
doth import, of waters still increase.  
owting low, when crystal Lun doth

oming in, conducts her by the hand,  
salute the point of (f) Sunderland,

r dainty Lun to Amphitrite's care.  
d bonny now the lads and lasses are,

sixth.  
the British, fulness.  
of Lancashire jutting out into the Irish sea.

That ever as anon, the bagpipe up doth blow,  
Cast in a gallant round about the hearth they go,  
And at each pause they kiss, was never seen such  
rule

In any place but here, at bonfire, or at Yule;  
And every village smokes at wakes with lusty  
cheer, [shire;

Then hey they cry for Lun, and hey for Lanca-  
That one high hill was heard to tell it to his  
brother,

That instantly again to tell it to some other:  
From hill again to vale, from vale to hill it went,  
The high-lands they again, it to the lower sent,  
The mud-exhausted meres, and mosses deep among,  
With the report thereof each road and harbour  
rung; [do keep,

The sea-nymphs with their song, so great a coyle  
They cease not to resound it over all the deep,  
And acted it each day before the Isle of Man,  
Who like an empress sits in the Virgivan,  
By her that hath the (g) Calf, long Walney, and  
the Pyle,

As hand-maids to attend on her their sovereign isle,  
To whom, so many though the Hebrides do shew,  
Acknowledge, that to her they due subjection owe:  
With corn and cattle stor'd, and what for her's is  
good, [bourhood)

(That we, nor Ireland, need not scorn her neigh-  
Her midst with mountains set, of which, from  
(b) Scafel's height,

A clear and perfect eye, the weather being bright,  
(Be Neptune's visage ne'er so terrible and stern)  
The Scotch, the Irish shores, and th' English may  
discern; [brings

And what an empire can, the same this island  
Her pedigrees to shew her right successive kings,  
Her chronicles and can as easily rehearse.

And with all foreign parts to have had free com-  
merce;

Her municipal laws and customs very old,  
Belonging to her state, which strongly she doth  
hold.

This island, with the song of Lun is taken so,  
As she hath special cause before all other, who  
For her bituminous turf, squar'd from her mossy  
ground,

And trees far under earth, (by daily digging found,)  
As for the store of oats, which her black glebe  
doth bear,

In every one of these resembling Lancashire,  
To her she'll stoutly stick, as to her nearest kin,  
And cries the day is ours, brave Lancashire doth  
win.

But yet this Isle of Man more seems not to rejoice  
For Lancashire's good luck, nor with a louder voice  
To sound it to the shores; than Furness whose  
stern face, [grace

With mountains set like warts, which nature as a  
Bestow'd upon this tract, whose brows do look  
so stern,

That when the nymphs of sea did first her front  
discern,

(g) The Calf of a Man, a little island.

(b) A mountain in the Isle of Man.



Amazodly they fled, to Amphitrite's bower,  
 Her grim aspect to see, which seem'd to them so  
 four, [bare.  
 As it malign'd the rule which mighty Neptune  
 Whose Fells to that grim god, most stern and  
 dreadful are,  
 With hills whose hanging brows, with rocks about  
 are bound,  
 Whose weighty feet stand fix'd in that black  
 beachy ground, [partake,  
 Whereas those scatter'd trees, which naturally  
 The fatness of the soil (in many a slimy lake,  
 Their roots so deeply soak'd) send from their  
 stocky bough,  
 A soft and sappy gum, from which those tree-  
 geefe grow,  
 Call'd barancles by us, which like a jelly first  
 To the beholder seem, then by the fluxure nurs'd,  
 Still great and greater thrive, until you well may  
 see  
 Them turn'd to perfect fowls, when dropping  
 from the tree,  
 Into the mercy pond, which under them doth lie,  
 Wax ripe, and taking wing, away in flocks do fly;  
 Which well our ancients did among our wonders  
 place:  
 Besides by her strong scite, she doth receive this  
 grace,  
 Before her neighbouring tracts, (which Furnesse  
 well may vaunt)  
 That when the Saxons here their forces first did  
 plant,  
 And from the inner-land the ancient Britons drove,  
 To their distress'd estate it no less succour gave,  
 Than the trans-Severn'd hills, which their old  
 stock yet stores, [shores.  
 Which now we call the Welsh, or the Cornubian  
 What country let's ye see those soils within her seat,  
 But she in little hath, what it can shew in great?  
 As first without herself at sea to make her strong,  
 (Yet howsoe'er expos'd, doth still to her belong)  
 And fence her farthest point, from that rough  
 Neptune's rage,  
 The Isle of Walney lies, whose longitude doth  
 wage,

His fury when his waves on Furnesse's shores do  
 war,  
 Whose crooked back is arm'd with many a rag-  
 ged (i) scarr  
 Against his boist'rous shocks, which this defensive  
 isle  
 Of Walney still assail, that she doth scorn the while,  
 Which to assist her hath the Fyle of Sheldra fit,  
 And Fulney at her back, a pretty insulet,  
 Which all their forces bend, their Furnesse-forts  
 keep:  
 But to his inner earth, divert we from the deep,  
 Where those two mighty meres, outstretch'd in  
 length do wander,  
 The lesser Thurstan nam'd, the famouler Wyman-  
 der,  
 So bounded with her rocks, as nature would defy,  
 By her how those great seas Mediterranean lie.  
 To seaward then she hath her fundry sands again,  
 As that of Dudden first, then Levin, lastly Ken,  
 Of three bright Naiades nam'd, as Dudden on the  
 West, [west  
 That Cumberland cuts off from this shire, doth  
 These sands with her proud stile, when Levin  
 from the fells, [fells,  
 Besides her natural source, with the abundance  
 Which those two mighty meres, upon her either  
 side  
 Contribute by recourse, that out of very pride,  
 She leaves her ancient name, and Fosse herself  
 doth call,  
 Till coming to the sands, even almost at her fall,  
 On them her ancient stile she liberally bestows.  
 Upon the east from these, clear Ken her beauty  
 shews,  
 From Kendal coming in, which she doth please to  
 grace,  
 First with her famous type, then lastly in her race,  
 Her name upon those sands doth liberally bequeath,  
 Whereas the muse a while may sit her down to  
 breath, [way,  
 And after walk along tow'rd's Yorkshire on her  
 On which she strongly hopes to get a noble day.

(i) A scarr is a rock.



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE TWENTY-EIGHTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

Invention hence her compass steers,  
Towards York the most renown'd of shires,  
Makes the three Ridings in their stories,  
Each severally to shew their glories.  
Ouse for her most lov'd city's sake,  
Doth her duke's title undertake;  
His floods then Humber welcomes in,  
And shows how first he did begin.

se from Blackstonedge, no whit dismay'd  
all,  
t of the large shire, on which she was  
fall, [arrive  
erests, hills, and floods, then long for her  
ncashire, that look'd her beauties to con-  
ive)  
herself to sing, of that above the rest  
om that doth seem, a province at the  
ast, [to be;  
that think themselves no simple shires  
wherein the world her greatness most  
ay see, [prefer,  
t which doth this shire before the rest  
any floods, and great, that rise from her,  
ome filly few out of her verge that flow,  
o other shires, that it is hard to know,  
eir springs be hers, or others them divide,  
e are only found upon her setting side.  
noted well, remarkable to all, [fall.  
se from her that flow, in her together

Nor can small praise bescem so beauteous brooks  
as these,  
For from all other nymphs these be the Naiades,  
In Amphitrite's bower, that princely places hold,  
To whom the Orkes of sea dare not to be so bold,  
As rudely once to touch, and wheresoc'er they  
come,  
The Tritons with their trumps proclaim them  
public room.  
Now whiles the muse prepares these floods a-  
long to lead,  
The wide West-riding first, desires that she may  
plead  
The right that her belongs, which of the muse  
she wins,  
When with the course of Don, thus she her tract  
begins.  
'Thou first of all my floods, whose banks do  
bound my south,  
And off'rest up thy stream to mighty Humber's  
mouth,



Of (a) yew, and climbing elm, that crown'd with  
 many a spray,  
 From thy clear fountain first through many a  
 mead dost play,  
 Till Rother, whence the name of Rotheram first  
 begun, [Don,  
 At that her christ'ned town doth lose her in my  
 Which proud of her recourse, tow'rs Doncaster  
 doth drive,  
 Her great'st and chiefest town, the name that  
 doth derive  
 From Don's near bordering banks, when holding  
 on her race,  
 She dancing in and out, indenteth Hatfield Chase,  
 Whose bravery hourly adds new honours to her  
 bank:  
 When Sherwood sends her in flow Iddle, that  
 made rank  
 With her profuse excess, she largely it bestows  
 On Marshland, whose swollen womb with such  
 abundance flows,  
 As that her bathing breast, her fatlings sooner  
 feeds, [needs:  
 And with more lavish waste, than oft the grazier  
 Whose soil, as some report, that be her borderers  
 note, [float:  
 With th' water under earth undoubtedly doth  
 For when the waters rise, it risen doth remain  
 High whilst the floods are high, and when they  
 fall again,  
 It falleth; but at last, when as my lively Don,  
 Along by Marshland's side, her lusty course hath  
 run, [port  
 The little wandering Went, won by the loud re-  
 Of the magnific state, and height of Humber's  
 court, [Aire:  
 Draws on to meet with Don, at her approach to  
 Now speak I of a flood, who thinks there's none  
 should dare  
 (Once) to compare with her, suppos'd by her  
 descent,  
 The darling daughter born of lofty Penigent,  
 Who from her father's foot, by Skipton down  
 doth scud,  
 And leading thence to Leeds, that delicatest flood,  
 Takes Caldor coming in by Wakefield, by whose  
 force, [course;  
 As from a lusty flood, much strengthen'd in her  
 But Caldor as she comes, and greater still doth  
 wax,  
 And travelling along (b) by heading-Halifax,  
 Which Horton once was call'd, but of a virgin's  
 hair,  
 (A martyr that was made, for chastity, that there  
 Was by her lover slain) being fast'ned to a tree:  
 The people that would needs it should a relic be,  
 It Halifax since nam'd, which in the northern  
 tongue,  
 Is holy hair: but thence as Caldor comes along,  
 It chanc'd she in her course on (c) Kirkbey cast  
 her eye, [lie  
 Where merry Robin Hood, that honest thief doth

Beholding fitly too before how Wakefield flood,  
 She doth not only think of lusty Robin Hood,  
 But of his merry man, the pindar of the town  
 Of Wakefield, George a Green, whose fame  
 far are blown,  
 For their so valiant fight, that every freeman  
 song, [long  
 Can tell you of the same, quoth she he talk'd  
 For ye were merry lads, and those were many  
 days;  
 When Aire to Caldor calls, and bids her own  
 her ways, [call:  
 Who likewise to her help, brings Rother, a flood  
 Thus Aire holds on her course tow'rs Humber  
 till she fill [lost  
 Her fall with all the wealth that Don can bear  
 Quoth the West-riding thus, with shame am I  
 stor'd.  
 Next guide I on my wharfe, the great'st in her  
 degree,  
 And that I well may call the worthiest of the town,  
 Who her full fountain takes from my waste water  
 tern wild, [it  
 (Whence all but mountaineers, by nature are set  
 On Langstredale, and lights at th' entrance  
 her race,  
 When keeping on her course, along through Rother  
 den Chase,  
 She watereth Wharfedale's breast, which proudly  
 bears her name; [float  
 For by that time she's grown a flood of wonder  
 When Washbrook with her wealth her mill-race  
 doth supply;  
 Thus (d) Wharfin her brave course embracing  
 Wetherby, [then,  
 Small Cock, a sullen brook comes to her succour  
 Whose banks received the blood of many thousand  
 men, [call  
 On sad Palm-Sunday slain, that Towton-Field we  
 Whose channel quite was chok'd with those that  
 there did fall,  
 That wharfe discolour'd was with gore, that then  
 was shed,  
 The bloodiest field betwixt the White Rose, and  
 the Red, [last  
 Of well near fifteen fought in England first and  
 But whilst the goodly Wharfe doth thus  
 tow'rs Humber haste,  
 From Wharfedale hill not far, outflows the noble  
 Nyde, [glide  
 Through Nydersdale along, as neatly she doth  
 Tow'rs Knarborough on her way, a pretty little  
 rill,  
 Call'd Kebeck, flows her stream, her mill-race  
 banks to fill,  
 To entertain the Wharfe where that brave (e) forest  
 rest stands,  
 Entitled by the town, who with upreared hands  
 Makes signs to her of joy, and doth with garish  
 crown  
 The river passing by; but Wharfe that hasteth  
 down

(a) Much yew and elm upon the bank of Don.  
 (b) Beheading, which we call Halifax law.  
 (c) Robin Hood's burying place.

(d) See to the 22 song.  
 (e) Knarborough forest.



her mistress Ouse, her speedy course  
 h hie;  
 er, Rivel, Gret, so on my set have I,  
 in their fountains there all out of me  
 flow,  
 y bounty I on Lancashire bestow,  
 y rising soil doth shut them to the west :  
 y mountains I will with the isle con-  
 ,  
 if the north in largeness shall exceed,  
 long before it finally decreed,  
 borow hill, (f) Pendle, and Penigent,  
 ned be the high'st betwixt our Tweed  
 Trent.  
 rave Whelpston then, thou Wharfedale,  
 I thou Cam,  
 est Riding still your only mother am;  
 port can give, and justly is my due,  
 atural dam share equally with you;  
 e see a hill that to the north doth stand,  
 est of them all, that dare but lift a  
 d, [mount,  
 gent to peer; not Skiddo that proud  
 of him so much, rude Cumberland ac-  
 nt,  
 ot, of whose height Northumberland  
 h boast  
 a to survey; nor those from coast to  
 ft  
 near run in length, that row of moun-  
 is tall,  
 ie of th' English Alps, that our most  
 ned call; [place,  
 all those, or these remove out of their  
 r lofty looks, my Penigent out-face :  
 hold my hills, my forests, dales, and  
 ses  
 spacious breast: not too how nature  
 ces [lie,  
 o my west, first Langstrethdale doth  
 e bank of Wharfe, my pleasant Bardon  
 [hand :  
 arfdale hard by her, as taking hand in  
 r tow'rds the sea brave Knarborough  
 h stand,  
 to my north, my Niddersdale by Nyde,  
 ps-dale above upon my setting side,  
 , and Hatfield Chase, my eastern part  
 bound,  
 idale there doth but on Don's well-wa-  
 'd ground :  
 y great disgrace, if any shall object  
 wonder have that's worthy of respect  
 spacious tract, let them (so wise) sur-  
 ,  
 e's rising banks, their worst, and let  
 m say;  
 swick where I a fountain can you show,  
 t times in a day is said to ebb and flow,  
 time was a nymph, and in the moun-  
 is high [sky;  
 , whose blue heads for caps put on the

hill is upon the verge of this tract, but  
 Lancashire.  
 nd.

Amongst (b) th' Orcads there, and sylvans made  
 abode, [trod)  
 ' (It was ere human foot upon those hills had  
 Of all the mountain kind and since she was most  
 fair,  
 It was a satyr's chance to see her silver hair  
 Flow loosely at her back, as up a cliff she clame,  
 Her beauties noting well, her features, and her  
 frame,  
 And after her he goes; which when she did espy,  
 Before him like the wind, the nimble nymph doth  
 fly,  
 They hurry down the rocks, o'er hill and dale  
 they drive;  
 To take her he doth strain, t' outstrip him she  
 doth strive,  
 Like one his kind that knew, and greatly fear'd  
 his rape,  
 And to the (i) topic gods by praying to escape,  
 They turn'd her to a spring, which as she then  
 did pant,  
 When wearied with her course, her breath grew  
 wondrous scant :  
 Even as the fearful nymph, then thick and short  
 did blow,  
 Now made by them a spring, so doth she ebb and  
 flow.  
 And near the stream of Nyde, another spring  
 have I, [ply,  
 As well as that, which may a wonder's place sup-  
 Which of the form it bears, men Dropping-well  
 do call,  
 Because out of a rock, it still in drops doth fall,  
 Near to the foot whereof it makes a little pon,  
 Which in as little space converteth wood to stone,  
 Chevin, and Kilnfey Craggs, were they not here in  
 me,  
 In any other place, right well might wonders be,  
 For their gigantic height, that mountains do  
 transcend ?  
 But such are frequent here, and thus she makes  
 an end.'

When (k) Your thus having heard the genius  
 of this tract,  
 Her well deserved praise so happily to act,  
 This river in herself that was extremely loth,  
 The other to defer, since that she was to both  
 Indifferent, straitly wills West-riding there to  
 cease;  
 And having made a sign to all the watry prease  
 For silence, which at once, when her command  
 had won, [began.  
 The proud North-Riding thus for her great self  
 ' My sovereign flood, quoth she, in nature thou  
 art bound  
 T' acknowledge me of three to be the worthiest  
 ground :  
 For note of all those floods, the wild West Riding  
 sends, [tends,  
 There's scarcely any one thy greatness that at-

(b) Nymphs of the mountains.

(i) The supposed genius of the place.

(k) Your, the chiefest river of Yorkshire, who after her  
 long course, by the confluence of other flood's, gets the  
 name of Ouse.



Till thou hast passed York, and drawest near thy  
 fall; [all,  
 And when thou hast no need of their supplies at  
 Then come they flatt'ring in, and will thy follow-  
 ers be; [see,  
 So as you oftentimes these wretched wordlings  
 That whilst a man is poor, although some hopes  
 depend  
 Upon his future age, yet there's not one will lend  
 A farthing to relieve his sad distressed state,  
 Not knowing what may yet befall him; but when  
 fate  
 Doth pour upon his head his long expected good,  
 Then shall you see these slaves, alect before that  
 flood,  
 And would have let him starve, like spaniels to  
 him crouch, [touch :  
 And with their glavering lips, his very feet to  
 So do they by the Your; whereas the floods in  
 me,  
 That spring and have their course, (even) given  
 thy life to thee :  
 For till that thou and Swale, into one bank do take,  
 Meeting at Borough-bridge, thy greatness there  
 to make :  
 Till then the name of Ouse thou art not known  
 to owe,  
 A term in former times the ancients did bestow  
 On many a full-bank'd flood; but for my greater  
 grace, [trace  
 These floods of which I speak, I now intend to  
 From their first springing founts, beginning with  
 the Your  
 From Morvil's mighty foot which rising, with  
 the power  
 That Bant from Sea-mere brings, her somewhat  
 more doth fill, [rill,  
 Near Bishope-dale at hand, when Cover a clear  
 Next cometh into Your, whereas that lastly chace  
 For her lov'd Cover's sake, doth lovingly em-  
 brace [groves,  
 Your as she yields along, amongst the parks and  
 In Middleham's amorous eye, as wandringly she  
 roves, [amain,  
 At Rippon meets with Skell, which makes to her  
 Whom when she hath receiv'd into the nymphish  
 train,  
 (1) Near to the town so fam'd for colts there to  
 be bought,  
 For goodness far and near, by horsemen that are  
 sought)  
 Fore-right upon her way she with a merrier gale,  
 To Borough-bridge makes on, to meet her sister  
 Swale, [hath)  
 (A wondrous holy flood (which name she ever  
 For when the Saxons first receiv'd the Christian  
 faith  
 Paulinus of old York, the zealous bishop then,  
 In Swale's abundant stream Christen'd ten thou-  
 sand men, [side,  
 With women and their babes, a number more be-  
 Upon one happy day, whereof she boasts with  
 pride)

(2) Rippon fails,

Which springs not far from whence Your  
 her silver head;  
 And in her winding banks along my bosom lies  
 As she goes sweeping by, to Swaledale whence  
 springs, [hath)  
 That lovely name she leaves, which forth a flood  
 The valleys style that bears, a heavier stream  
 Scarce any shire can show; when to my aid  
 aid,  
 Come Barney, Askoe, and Morike, their swelling  
 Swale to guide,  
 From Applegarth's wide waste, past from the  
 Forest side. [a part,  
 Whose fountains by the fawns, and stags, may  
 With youthful greens were crown'd; yet could  
 not stay them there,  
 But they will serve the Swale, which is her over-  
 driving course,  
 A nymph nam'd Holgat hath, and Ribbles, all  
 whose force,  
 Small though (God wet) it be, yet from the  
 southern shore,  
 With that salute the Swale, as others do before;  
 At Richmond and arrive, which much doth give  
 the flood; [hath)  
 For that her precinct long amongst the fountains  
 But Yorkshire wills the same her glory to assign.  
 When passing thence the Swale, this sister flood  
 of mine  
 Next takes into her train, clear Wilke, &c. waste  
 As though her watry path were pav'd with crystal  
 pearl,  
 So wondrous sweet she seems, in many a winding  
 As though she gambolds made, or as she did de-  
 sire, [trace,  
 Her labyrinth-like turns, and mad meanders  
 With marvel should amaze, and coming doth em-  
 brace  
 North-Alerton, by whom her honour is increased,  
 Whose liberties include a county at the least,  
 To grace the wandring Wilke, then well upon  
 her way, [fury;  
 Which by her count'nance thinks to carry all  
 When having her receiv'd, Swale bonny Colket  
 brings,  
 And Willowbeck with her, two pretty rivings,  
 And Beddall bids along, then almost at the Ouse,  
 Who with these rills enrich'd begins herself to  
 rouse.  
 When that great forest-nymph fair Gasteria  
 her way, [a part,  
 She sees to stand prepar'd with garlands fresh  
 To deck up Ouse, before herself to York she  
 show, [hath)  
 So out of my full womb the Fosse doth likewise  
 That meeting thee at York, under the city's hill,  
 Her glories with thyself doth equally divide,  
 The east part watering still, as thou dost wash the  
 west,  
 By whose embraces York abundantly is blest.  
 So many rivers I continually maintain,  
 As all those lesser floods that into Darwin strain,  
 Their fountains find in me, the Ryedale naming  
 Ryc, [a part,  
 Foss, Rycal, Hodbec, Dow, with Semen, and then



or Coſtwy, which herſelf from Blackmore in  
doth bring, [ing,  
playing as ſhe ſlides through ſhady Picker-  
Darwent homage doth; and Darwent that di-  
vides

East-riding and me, upon her either ſides,  
ough that to us both, ſhe moſt indifferent be,  
ſeemeth to affect her equally with me,  
n my diviſion yet her fountain doth derive,  
from my Blackmore here her courſe doth  
firſt contrive.

my dimensions then be ſeriously purſu'd.  
I let Great Britain ſee in my brave latitude,  
e in the high'ſt degree by nature I am grac'd;  
tow'rds the Craven hills, upon my weſt are  
plac'd [all,

Foreſt, Applegarth, and Swaledale, Dryades  
lower towards the Ouse, if with my floods  
ye fall, [kind,

goodly Gaſtrefſ keeps chief of my ſylvan  
re ſtony Stanmore view, bleak with the ſleet  
and wind,

n this eaſtern ſide, ſo Ryedale dark and deep,  
ough whole groves of yore, ſome ſay that  
elves did keep;

n Pickering, whom the ſawns beyond them  
all adore, [more-

whom not far away lies large-ſpread Blacki  
Cleveland north from theſe, a ſtate that doth  
maintain,

ning her luſty ſide to the great German main,  
ich if ſhe were not here confined thus in me,  
ire even of herſelf might well be ſaid to be.  
or leſs hath Pickering Leigh her liberty than  
this

th-Alerton a ſhire ſo likewiſe reckon'd is;  
I Richmond of the reſt, the greateſt in eſtate,  
ounty juſtly call'd, that them accommodate;

North Riding am, for ſpaciouſneſs renown'd,  
mother Yorkſhire's eld'eſt, who worthily is  
crown'd

queen of all the ſhires, on this ſide Trent,  
for we

Ridings ſeveral parts of her vaſt greatneſs be,  
n, ſo we again have ſeveral ſeats, whoſe bounds  
meaſure from their ſides ſo many miles of  
grounds, [king,

at they are called ſhires; like to ſome mighty  
Yorkſhire be compar'd, (the lik'eſt of any  
thing) [tain,

o hath kings that attend, and to his ſtate re-  
yet ſo great, that they have under them  
again [we

at princes, that to them be ſubject, ſo have  
es ſubject unto us, yet we her ſubjects be;

ough theſe be enough ſufficiently to ſhow,  
t I the other two for bravery quite out-go:

look ye up along into my ſetting ſide,  
re Teis firſt from my bounds rich (m) Du-  
nelme doth divide,

I you ſhall ſee thoſe rills, that with their wat-  
ry preſe,

ir moſt beloved Teis ſo plenteouſly increaſe,

) The biſhoprick of Durham.

The clear yet leſſer Lune, the Bander, and the  
Gret,

All out of me do flow; then turn ye from the ſet,  
And look but tow'rds the riſe, upon the German  
main,

Thoſe rarities, and ſee, that I in me contain;  
My Scarborough, which looks as though in hea-  
ven it ſtood, [Hood,

To thoſe that lie below, from th' Bay of Robin  
Even to the fall of Teis; let me but ſee the man,  
That in one tract can ſhow the wonders that I

can, [but I,  
Like Whitby's ſelf I think, there's none can ſhew  
O'er whoſe attractive earth there may no wild  
geefe fly, [ground:

But preſently they fall from off their wings to  
If this no wonder be, where's there a wonder  
found, [behold,

And ſtones like ſerpents there, yet may ye more  
That in their natural gyres are up together roll'd.  
The rocks by Moul-grave too, my glories forth to  
ſet, [jet

Out of their crany'd cleves, can give you perfect  
And upon Huntclipnab, you everywhere may find,  
(As though nice nature lov'd to vary in this kind)  
Stones of a ſpherick form of ſundry mickles  
fram'd,

That well they globes of ſtone, or bullets might  
be nam'd [blows,

For any ordnance fit; which broke with hammers  
Do headleſs ſnakes of ſtone, within their rounds  
enclote.

Mark Giſborough's gay ſcite, where nature ſeems  
ſo nice,

As in the ſame ſhe makes a ſecond paradise,  
Whoſe ſoil embroider'd is, with ſo rare ſundry  
flowers,

Her large oaks ſo long green, as ſummer there  
her bowers

Had ſet up all the year, her air for health refin'd,  
Her earth with allom veins moſt richly intermin'd.

In other places theſe might rarities be thought,  
So common but in me, that I eſteem as nought

Then could I reckon up my Ricall, making on  
By Ryedale, towards her dear-lov'd Darwent,

who's not gone  
Far from her pearly ſprings, but under ground  
ſhe goes;

As up towards Craven hills, I many have of thoſe,  
Amongſt the crany'd cleves, that through the  
cavern creep,

And dimples hid from day, into the earth ſo deep,  
That oftentimes their ſight the ſenſes doth appal,

Which for their horrid courſe, the people Helbecks  
call,

Which may for ought I ſee, be with my wonders  
ſet, [debt

And with much marvel ſeen: that I am not in  
To none that neighboureth me; nor ought can  
they me lend.'

When Darwent bad her ſlay, and there her  
ſpeech to end,

For that Eaſt-Riding call'd, her proper cauſe to  
plead: [maid,

For Darwent, a true nymph, a moſt impartial



And like to both ally'd, doth will the last should  
 have [gave,  
 That privilege, which time to both the former  
 And wills th' East-Riding then, in her own cause  
 to speak,  
 Who mildly thus begins; 'Although I be but  
 weak, [want  
 To those two former parts, yet what I seem to  
 be largeness, for that I am in my compass scant,  
 Yet for my scite I know, that I them both excel;  
 For mark me how I lie, ye note me very well,  
 How in the east I reign, (of which my name I  
 take, [take,  
 And my broad side to bear up to the German  
 Which bravely I survey; then turn ye and behold  
 Upon my pleasant breast, that large and spacious  
 Ould [eyes,  
 Of York that takes the name, that with delighted  
 When he beholds the sun out of the seas to rise,  
 With pleasure feeds his flocks, for which he scarce  
 gives place [grace,  
 To Cotswold, and for what becomes a pastoral  
 Doth go beyond him quite; then note upon my  
 south, [mouth,  
 How all along the shore, to mighty Humber's  
 Rich Holderness I have, excelling for her grain,  
 By whose much plenty I, not only do maintain  
 Myself in good estate, but shires far off that lie,  
 Up Humber that to Hull, come every day to buy,  
 To me beholden are; besides, the neighbouring  
 towns, [Downs,  
 Upon the verge whereof, to part her and the  
 Hull down to Humber hastes, and takes into her  
 bank [rank,  
 Some less but lively rills, with waters waxing  
 She Beverly salutes, whose beauties so delight  
 'The fair-eramour'd flood, as ravish'd with the sight,  
 That she could ever stay, that gorgeous (s) phane  
 to view, [pursue,  
 But that the brooks and bourns so hotly her  
 To Kingston and convey, whom Hull doth newly  
 name  
 Of Humber-bord'ring Hull, who hath not heard  
 the fame: [mine:  
 And for great Humber's self, I challenge him for  
 For whereas Fowlwy first, and Shelfleet do combine,  
 By meeting in their course, so courteously to twin,  
 'Gainst whom on th' other side, the goodly Trent  
 comes in,  
 From that especial place, great Humber hath his  
 reign, [maintain,  
 Beyond which he's mine own: so I my course  
 From Kilnsey's pyle-like point, along the eastern  
 shore,  
 And lough at Neptune's rage, when loudl'est he  
 doth roar, [sea.  
 Till Flamborough jut forth into the German  
 And as th' East-Riding more yet ready was to say,  
 Ouse in her own behalf doth interrupt her speech,  
 And of th' imperious land doth liberty beseech,  
 Since she had passed York, and in her wand'ring  
 race,  
 By that fair city's scite, received had such grace,

(s) The church of Beverley.

She might for it declaim, but more to  
 York,  
 She who suppos'd the same to be her own  
 Still to renown those dukes, who first  
 pretend  
 A title to the crown, as those who did de  
 From them that had the right, doth this  
 make,  
 And to uphold their claim, thus to the f  
 'They very idly err, who think that bl  
 spilt,  
 In that long-lasting war, proceeded f  
 Of the proud Yorkists part; for let them  
 stand,  
 That Richard Duke of York, whose m  
 martial hand  
 The title undertook, by tyranny and mi  
 Sought not t' attain the crown, but from  
 ful right,  
 Which still upheld his claim, by which h  
 son,  
 Great Edward Earl of March, the garl  
 For Richard Duke of York, at Wakefi  
 slain,  
 Who first that title broach'd, in the first  
 From Edmond a fifth son of Edward did  
 That justly he thereby no title could pre  
 Before them come from Gaunt, well kno  
 to be,  
 The fourth to Edward born, and theref  
 gree  
 Before him to the crown; but that which  
 His title, was the match with dame Anne  
 Of Roger Earl of March the daughter,  
 claim,  
 From Clarence the third son of Great  
 ward came,  
 Which Anne deriv'd alone, the right  
 Of the delaps'd crown, from Philip her fa  
 Daughter and only heir of Clarence, and  
 To Edmond Earl of March; this Anne h  
 ter ty'd  
 In wedlock to the Earl of Cambridge,  
 the right  
 Of Richard, as I said, which fell at V  
 Descended to his son, brave Edward afte  
 (Henry the sixth depos'd) thus did the  
 bring  
 Their title from a strain, before the line  
 Whose issue they by arms did worthily f  
 By this the Ouse perceiv'd great H  
 look grim;  
 (For evermore she hath a special eye to l  
 As though he much disdain'd each one sh  
 be heard,  
 And he their only king until the last dese  
 At which he seem'd to frown; where  
 Ouse off breaks,  
 And to his confluent floods, thus mighty  
 speaks:  
 'Let Trent her tribute pay, which fr  
 several fonts,  
 For thirty floods of name, to me her ki  
 counts,



so much of me belov'd, brave river; and from me,  
receive those glorious rites that fame can give to  
thee.

And thou marsh-drowning Don, and all those  
that repair

With thee, that bring'st to me thy easy ambling  
Aire,

embodying in one bank: and Wharfe, which by  
thy fall

so much augment my Ouse, let me embrace you  
by brave West-Riding brooks, your king you  
need not scorn,

round Naiades neither ye; North-Riders that are  
born;

by yellow-sanded Your, and thou my sister  
Swale,

that dancing come to Ouse, through many a  
dainty dale,

so greatly me enrich; clear Darwent driving down  
from Cleveland; and thou Hull, that highly dost  
renown

by East-Riding by thy rise, do homage to your  
king,

and let the sea-nymphs thus of mighty Humber  
that fall an hundred floods my wat'ry court  
maintain,

Which either of themselves, or in their greater's  
their tribute pay to me; and for my princely  
name,

from Humber king of Hunna, as anciently it  
came;

still I stick to him: for from that eastern king  
I see in me drown'd, as I my pedigree do bring:  
his great name receives no prejudice thereby;  
or as he was a king, so know ye all that I  
am king of all the floods, that north of Trent do  
flow;

then let the idle world no more such cost bestow,  
for of the muddy Nile, so great a wonder take,  
though with her bellowing fall, she violently make  
the neighbouring people deaf; nor Ganges so  
much praise,

that where he narrowest is, eight miles in broad-  
ness lays

his bosom; nor so much hereafter shall be spoke  
of that (but lately found) Guianian Oronoque,  
whose cataract a noise so horrible doth keep,  
that it even Neptune frights; what flood comes  
to the deep,

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Than Humber that is heard more horribly to roar?  
For when my (o) Higre comes, I make my either  
shore

Even tremble with the sound, that I afar do send.

No sooner of this speech had Humber made an  
end,

But the applauding floods sent forth so shrill a  
shout,

That they were eas'ly heard all Holdernefs about,  
Above the beachy brack, amongst the marshes  
rude,

When the East-Riding her oration to conclude,  
Goes on: 'My sisters boast that they have little  
shires

Their subjects, I can shew the like of mine for  
My (p) Howdon hath as large a circuit, and as free,  
On Ouse, and Humber's banks, and as much graceth  
me,

My latitude compar'd with those that me oppugn:  
Not Richmond nor her like, that doth to them  
belong,

Doth grace them more than this doth me, upon  
my coast;

And for their wond'rous things whereof so much  
they boast,

Upon my eastern side, which juts upon the sea,  
Amongst the white-scalp'd cleaves this wonder  
see they may,

The Mullet, and the Awke, my fowlers there do  
find,

Of all Great Britain brood, birds of the strangest  
That building in the rocks, being taken with the  
hand,

And cast beyond the cliff that pointeth to the land,  
Fall instantly to ground, as though it were a stone,  
But put out to the sea, they instantly are gone,  
And fly a league or two before they do return,

As only by that air, they on their wings were born.  
Then my prophetic spring at Veipsy, I may shew,  
That some years is dry'd up, some years again  
doth flow;

But when it breaketh out with an immoderate  
birth

It tells the following year of a penurious dearth.

Here ended she her speech, the Ridings all  
made friends,

And from my tired hand, my labour'd canto ends.

(o) The roaring of the waters at the coming in of the tides  
(p) A liberty in the East Riding.

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# P O L Y - O L B I O N.

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## THE TWENTY-NINTH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

The Muse the Bishopric assays,  
And to her fall sings down the Teis,  
Then takes she to the dainty Wer,  
And with all braveries fitted her.  
Tyne tells the victories by us got,  
In foughten fields against the Scot.  
Then through Northumberland she goes,  
The floods and mountains doth dispose;  
And with their glories doth proceed,  
Not staying still she come to Tweed.

THE muse this largest shire of England having  
sung,  
Yet seeing more than this did to her task belong,  
Looks still into the north, the (s) bishopric and  
views, [sues,  
Which with an eager eye, whilst wistly she pur-  
Teis as a bordering flood, (who thought herself  
divine)  
Confining in her course that county Palatine,  
And York the greatest shire, doth instantly begin  
To rouse herself: quoth she, 'Doth every rillet  
win [queen,  
Applause for their small worths, and I that am a  
With those poor brooks compar'd? shall I alone  
be seen  
Thus silently to pass, and not be heard to sing?  
When as two countries are contending for my  
spring: [name,  
For Cumberland, to which the Cumri gave the  
Accounts it to be hers, Northumberland the same,  
Bishopric of Dur<sup>ham</sup>.

Will need'stly hers should be, for that m  
doth rise  
So equally 'twixt both, that he were very  
Could tell which of these two, me for  
may claim.  
But as in all these tracts, there's scarce a  
fame.  
But she some valley hath, which her be  
doth bear:  
My Teisdale nam'd of me, so likewise has  
At my first setting forth, through which  
slide;  
Then Yorkshire which doth lie upon m  
Me Lune and Bander lends, as in the for  
Th' industrious muse hath shew'd; my E  
nian shore,  
Sends Huyd to help my course, with  
other becks,  
Which time (as it should seem) so utterly  
That they are nameless yet; then do I  
To Bernard's battled towers, and friend



course to Neptune's court, but as forthright I  
run,  
e Skern, a dainty nymph, saluting Darlington,  
me in to give me aid, and being proud and  
rank, [bank,  
: chanc'd to look aside, and spieth near her  
ree black and horrid pits, which for their  
boiling heat,  
but from their lothsome brims do breath a  
sulphurous sweat)  
Il-kettles rightly call'd, that with the very sight,  
is water-nymph, my Skern, is put in such a  
fright, [haste,  
at with unusual speed, she on her course doth  
d rashly runs herself into my widen'd waist.  
somp I thus approach great Amphitrite's state.'  
but whilst Teis undertook her story to relate,  
r waxeth almost wood, that she so long should  
stand,  
in those lofty terms, as though both sea and land  
re ty'd to hear her talk: quoth Wer, 'What  
wouldst thou say,  
a-glorious bragging brook, hadst thou so clear  
a way  
advance thee as I have, hadst thou such means  
and might,  
w wouldst thou then exult! O then to what  
a height  
wouldst thou put up thy price? hadst thou but  
such a trine  
rilllets as I have, which naturally combine,  
eir springs thee to beget, as those of mine do me,  
their consenting sounds that do so well agree?  
Kellop coming in from Kellop-Law her fire,  
mountain much in fame, small Wellop doth  
require  
th her to walk along, which Bardop with her  
brings. [springs  
is from the full conflux of these three several  
greatness is begot, as nature meant to shew  
future strength and state; then forward do I  
flow  
ough my delicious dale, with every pleasure  
rife, [life:  
l Wyresdale still may stand with Teisdale for her  
sparing of their scites, then casting on my course,  
ciate with th' excess of my first natural source,  
etty bourns and becks, I scorn but once to call,  
crop a wearish girl, of name the first of all,  
t I vouchsafe for mine, until that I arrive  
Anckland, where with force me forward still  
to drive, [gad,  
r Gauntless gives herself, when I begin to  
whirling in and out, as I were waxed mad,  
unge my posture oft, to many a snaky gyre,  
my first fountain now, as seeming to retire:  
n suddenly again I turn my wat'ry trail,  
r I indent the earth, and then I it engraile  
h many a turn and trace, thus wand'ring up  
and down,  
e Durham I behold, that stately seated town,  
t Dunholme hight of yore (even) from a de-  
sert won,  
se first foundation zeal and piety begun,

By them who thither first St. Cuthbert's body  
brought,  
To save it from the Danes, by fire and sword  
that fought [were,  
Subversion of those things that good and holy  
With which beloved place, I seem so pleas'd here,  
As that I clip it close, and sweetly hug it in  
My clear and amorous arms, as jealous time  
should win  
Me farther off from it, as our divorce to be.  
Hence like a lusty flood most absolutely free,  
None mixing them with me, as I do mix with  
none,  
But scorning a colleague, nor near me any one,  
To Neptune's court I come; for note along the  
strand, [land,  
From Hartlepoble (even) to the point of Sunder-  
As far as (b) Wardenlaws can possibly survey;  
There's not a flood of note hath entrance to the sea.'  
Here ended she her speech, when as the goodly  
Tyne, [tine)  
(Northumberland that parts from this shire Pala-  
Which patiently had heard, look as before the Wer  
Had taken up the Teis, so Tyne now takes up her,  
For her so tedious talk, 'Good Lord, (quoth she)  
had I  
No other thing wherein my labour to employ,  
But to set out myself, how much (well) could I  
say, [way  
In mine own proper praise, in this kind every  
As skilful as the best; I could if I did please,  
Of my two fountains tell, which of their sundry  
ways,  
The South and North are nam'd, entitled both  
of Tyne,  
As how the prosperous springs of these two floods  
of mine  
Are distant thirty miles, how that the South-  
Tyne nam'd  
From Stanmore takes her spring, for mines of  
brass that's fam'd,  
How that nam'd of the North, is out of Wheel-  
sell sprung, [along,  
Amongst these English Alps, which as they run  
England and Scotland here impartially divide.  
How South-Tyne setting out from Cumberland is  
ply'd  
With Hartley which her hastes, and Tippall that  
doth strive, [drive;  
By her more sturdy stream, the Tyne along to  
How th' Allans, th' East, and West, their boun-  
ties to her bring,  
Two fair and full-brim'd floods, how also from  
her spring,  
My other North-nam'd Tyne, through Tyndale  
maketh in,  
Which Shele her handmaid hath, and as she hastes  
to twin  
With th' other from the south, her sister, how  
clear Rhead,  
With Perop comes prepar'd, and Cherlop, me  
to lead,

(b) A mountain on that part of the shire.



Through Ridsdale on my way, as far as Exham,  
 then [men  
 Dowell me homage doth; with blood of English-  
 Whose stream was deeply dy'd in that most cruel  
 war

Of Lancaster and York. Now having gone so far,  
 Their strengths me their dear Tyne, do wond'-  
 rously enrich, [which

As how clear Darwent draws down to Newcastle,  
 The honour hath alone to entertain me there,

As of those mighty ships, that in my mouth I bear  
 Fraught with my country coal, of this Newcastle  
 nam'd, [fam'd

For which both far and near, that place no less is  
 Than India for her mines; should I at large de-  
 clare [spare,

My glories, in which time commands me to be  
 And I but slightly touch, which stood I to report,  
 As freely as I might, ye both would fall too short  
 Of me; but know, that Tyne hath greater things  
 in hand:

For, to trick up ourselves, whilst trifling thus we  
 stand, [note,

Bewitch'd with our own praise, at all we never  
 How the Albanian floods now lately set afloat,  
 With th' honour to them done, take heart, and  
 loudly cry

Defiance to us all, on this side Tweed that lie;  
 And hark the high-brow'd hills aloud begin to  
 ring, [sing:

With sound of things that forth prepared is to  
 When once the muse arrives on the Albanian  
 shore,

And therefore to make up our forces here before  
 The on-set they begin, the battles we have got,  
 Both on our earth and theirs, against the valiant Scot,  
 I undertake to tell; then, muses, I entreat  
 Your aid, whilst I these fights in order shall repeat.

'When mighty Malcolm here had with a vio-  
 lent hand,

(As he had oft before) destroy'd Northumberland,  
 In Rufus' troubled reign, the warlike Mowbray  
 then, [men,

'This earldom that possess'd, with half the power of  
 For conquest which that king from Scotland hi-  
 ther drew,

At Alnwick in the field their armies overthrew;  
 Where Malcolm and his son, brave Edward both  
 were found:

Slain on that bloody field: so on the English  
 ground, [son,

When David king of Scots, and Henry his stern  
 Entitled by those times, the Earl of Huntingdon,  
 Had forag'd all the north, beyond the river Teis,  
 In Stephen's troubled reign, in as tumultuous days  
 As England ever knew, the archbishop of York,  
 Stout Thurstan, and with him join'd in that war-  
 like work,

Ralph, both for wit and arms) of Durham bishop  
 then

Renown'd, that called were the valiant clergymen,  
 With th' Earl of Aubemerle, Especk, and Peve-  
 rell, knights,

And of the Lacies two, oft try'd in bloody fights,

'Twixt Allerton and York, the doubtful battle  
 got,

On David and his son, whilst of th' invading Scot  
 Ten thousand strew'd the earth, and whilst they  
 lay to bleed, [Tweed

Ours followed them that fled, beyond our sister  
 And when (c) Fitz-empres next in Normandy,  
 and here,

And his rebellious sons in high combustions were,  
 William the Scottish king, taking advantage then,  
 And entering with an host of eighty thousand men,  
 As far as Kendal came, where captains then of ours,  
 Which aid in Yorkshire rais'd, with the Northum-  
 brian powers,

His forces overthrew, and him a prisoner led.

So Longshank's, Scotland's scourge, him to that  
 country sped,

Provoked by the Scots, that England did invade,  
 And on the borders here such spoil and havoc  
 made,

That all the land lay waste betwixt the Tweed  
 and me.

This most courageous king, from them his own  
 to free,

Before proud Berwick set his puissant army down,  
 And took it by strong siege, since when that warlike  
 town

As Cautionary long the English after held.

But tell me all you floods, when was there such a  
 field

By any nation yet, as by the English won,  
 Upon the Scottish power, as that of Halidon,  
 Seven earls, nine hundred horse, and of foot sol-  
 diers more,

Near twenty thousand slain, so that the Scottish  
 gore [fight.

Ran down the hill in streams (even) in Albania's  
 By our third Edward's prowess, that most re-  
 nowned knight,

As famous was that fight of his against the Scot,  
 As that against the French, which he at Cressy got.  
 And when that conquering king did afterward  
 advance [France,

His title, and had past his warlike powers to  
 And David king of Scots here entered to invade,  
 To which the king of France did that false lord  
 persuade,

Against his given faith, from France to draw his  
 bands, [harm

To keep his own at home, or to fill both his  
 With war in both the realms: was ever such a loss,  
 To Scotland yet befel, as that at Nevil's-cross,  
 Where fifteen thousand Scots their souls at once  
 forsook,

Where stout John Copland then king David pri-  
 soner took

I' th' head of all his troops, that bravely there was  
 seen. [queen,

When English Philip, that Brave Amazonian  
 Encouraging her men from troop to troop did  
 ride, [try'd:

And where our clergy had their ancient



Thus often coming in, they have gone out too short.

And next to this the fight of Nesbit I report,  
When Hebborn that stout Scot, and his had all  
their hire, [fire,  
Which int' our marches came, and with invasive  
Our villages laid waste, for which defeat of ours,  
When doughty Douglass came with the Albanian  
powers.

At Holmdon do but see, the blow our Hotspur  
gave [drive

To that bold daring Scot, before him how he  
His army, and with shot our brave English bows  
Did wound them on the backs, whose breasts  
were hurt with blows,

Ten thousand put to sword, with many a lord and  
knight, [outright,

Some prisoners, wounded some, some others slain  
And ent'ring Scotland then, all Tividale o'er-ran.

Or who a braver field than th' Earl of Surrey  
wan,

Where there King James the fourth himself so  
bravely bore [before,

That since that age wherein he liv'd, nor those  
Yet never such a king in such a battle saw,  
Amongst his fighting friends, where whilst he  
breath could draw,

He bravely fought on foot, where Flodden hill  
was strew'd [hew'd,

With bodies of his men, well-near to mammocks  
That on the mountain's side they covered near a  
mile, [gyle,

Where those two valiant earls of Lennox and Ar-  
Were with their sovereign slain, abbots, and  
bishops there,

Which had put armour on in hope away to bear  
The victory with them, before the English fell.

But now of other fields, it fits the muse to tell,  
As when the noble Duke of Norfolk made a road  
To Scotland, and therein his hostile fire bestow'd  
On well-near thirty towns, and staying there so  
long,

Till victual waxed weak, the winter waxing strong,  
Returning over Tweed, his booties home to bring,  
Which to the very heart did vex the Scottish king,  
The fortune of the duke extremely that did grudge,  
Remaining there so long, and doing there so much,  
Thinking to spoil and waste in England, as before  
The Englishmen had done on the Albanian shore,  
And gathering up his force, before the English fled  
To Scotland's utmost bounds, thence into England  
sped, [friend

When that brave bastard son of Dacres, and his  
John Musgrave, which had charge the marches to  
attend,

With Wharton, a proud knight, with scarce four  
hundred horse, [force,

Encountering on the plain with all the Scottish  
Thence from the field with them, so many pri-  
soners brought, [caught,

Which in that furious fight were by the English  
That there was scarce a page or lackey but had  
store.

Earls, barons, knights, esquires, two hundred there  
and more,

Of ordinary men seven hundred made to yield,  
There scarcely hath been heard, of such a foughten  
field,

That James the fifth to think, that but so very few,  
His universal power so strangely should subdue,  
So took the same to heart, that it abridg'd his life,  
Such foils by th' English given, amongst the Scots  
were rise.

These on the English earth, the Englishmen  
did gain [constrain

But when their breach of faith did many times  
Our nation to invade, and carry conquests in  
To Scotland; then behold, what our success hath  
been,

Even in the latter end of our eighth Henry's days,  
Who Seymour sent by land, and Dudley sent by  
seas, [bear

With his full forces then, O Forth, then didst thou  
That navy on thy stream, whose bulk was fraught  
with fear,

When Edinburgh and Leith into the air were blown  
With powder's sulphurous smoke, and twenty  
towns were thrown

Upon the trampled earth, and into ashes trod;  
As int' Albania when we made a second road,  
In our sixth Edward's days, when those two mar-  
tial men, [again:

Which conquered there before, were thither sent  
But for their high deserts, with greater titles grac'd,  
The first created Duke of Somerset, the last  
The Earl of Warwick made, at Musselborough  
field, [yield,

Where many a doughty Scot that did disdain to  
Was on the earth laid dead, where as for five  
miles space

In length, and four in breadth, the English in the  
chase, [ground,

With carcases of Scots, strew'd all their natural  
The number of the slain were fourteen thousand  
found, [men.

And fifteen hundred more ta'en prisoners by our  
So th' Earl of Suffex next to Scotland sent  
again,

To punish them by war, which on the borders  
here, [were

Not only robb'd and spoil'd, but that assistants  
To those two puissant earls, Northumberland,  
who rose

With Westmoreland his peer, suggested by the foes  
To great Eliza's reign, and peaceful government;  
Wherefore that puissant queen him to Albania sent,  
Who fifty rock-rear'd piles and castles having cast  
Far lower than their scites, and with strong fires  
defac'd

Three hundred towns, their wealth, with him  
worth carrying brought

To England over Tweed. When now the floods  
besought

The Tyne to hold her tongue, when presently  
began [ran,

A rumour which each where through all the country  
Of this proud river's speech, the hills and floods  
among,

And Lowes, a forest-nymph, the same so loudly  
sung,



That it through Tyndale straight, and quite  
through Ridsdale ran,  
And founded shriller there, than when it first began,  
That those high Alpine hills, as in a row they stand,  
Receiv'd the sounds, which thus went on from  
hand to hand.

The high rear'd Red-squire first, to Aumond  
hill it told,  
When Aumond great therewith, nor for his life  
could hold,

To Kembelspeth again, the business but relate,  
To Black-Brea he again, a mountain holding state  
With any of them all, to Cocklaw he it gave;  
And Cocklaw it again, to Cheviot, who did rave  
With the report thereof, he from his mighty stand,  
Refounded it again through all Northumberland,  
That White-Squire lastly caught, and it to Ber-  
wick sent, [tinent,

That brave and warlike town, from thence incon-  
The sound from out the South, into Albania came,  
And many a lusty flood, did with her praise inflame,  
Affrighting much the Forth, who from her trance  
awoke,

And to her native strength her presently betook,  
Against the muse should come to the Albanian  
coast.

But Pictswall all this while, as though he had  
been lost,  
Not mention'd by the muse, began to fret and  
fume, [fume

That every petty brook thus proudly should pre-  
To talk; and he whom first the Romans did in-  
vent, [ment,

And of their greatness yet the long'st-liv'd monu-  
Should thus be overtrod; wherefore his wrong to  
wreak, [speak.

In their proud presence thus, doth aged Pictswall  
'Methinks that Offa's ditch in Cambria should  
not dare

To think himself my match, who with such cost  
and care

The Romans did erect, and for my safeguard set  
Their legions, from my spoil the proling Pict to let,  
That often inroads made, our earth from them to  
win,

By Adrian beaten back, so he to keep them in,  
To sea from east to west, begun me first a wall  
Of eighty miles in length, 'twixt Tyne and Eden's  
fall:

Long making me they were, and long did me  
maintain.

Nor yet that trench which tracts the western  
Wiltshire plain, [me,

Of Woden, Wansdyke call'd, should parallel with  
Comparing our descents, which shall appear to be  
Mere upstarts, basely born; for when I was in  
hand,

The Saxon had not then set foot upon this land,  
Till my declining age, and after many a year,  
Of whose poor petty kings, those the small la-  
bours were.

That on Newmarket-heath (d) made up as though  
but now,

Who for the Devil's work the vulgar dare avow,

(d) See Song 21.

Tradition telling none, who truly it began,  
Where many a reverend book can tell you of my  
man,

And when I first decay'd, Severus going on,  
What Adrian built of turf, he builded new of  
stone;

And after many a time, the Britains me repair'd,  
To keep me still in plight, nor cost they ever spar'd.  
Towns flood upon my length, where garrisons  
were laid,

Their limits to defend; and for my greater aid,  
With turrets I was built where centinels were  
plac'd, [grac'd

To watch upon the Pict; so me my makers  
With hollow pipes of brass, along me still that  
went,

By which they in one sort still to another sent  
By speaking in the same, to tell them what to do,  
And so from sea to sea could I be whispered  
through:

Upon my thickness three march'd eas'ly break to  
breast,

Twelve foot was I in height, such glory I possess'd.

Old Pictswall with much pride thus finishing  
his plea,

Had in his utmost course attain'd the eastern sea,  
Yet there was hill nor flood once heard to clap a  
hand; [derstand,

For the Northumbrian nymphs had come to an-  
That Tyne exulting late o'er Scotland in her song,  
(Which over all that realm report had loudly rung)

The Caledonian (e) Forth so highly had displeas'd,  
And many another flood, which could not be ap-  
peas'd, [made,

That they had vow'd revenge, and proclamation  
That in a learned war, the foe they would invade,  
And like stout floods stand free from this supposed  
shame, [name:

Or conquered give themselves up to the English  
Which these Northumbrian nymphs, with doubt  
and terror struck,

Which knew they from the foe, for nothing were  
to look,

But what by skill they got, and with much care  
should keep,

And therefore they consult by meeting in the deep,  
To be delivered from the ancient enemies rage,

That they would all upon a solemn pilgrimage  
Unto the Holy Isle, the virtue of which place,  
They knew could very much avail them in this  
case:

For many a blessed saint in former ages there,  
Secluded from the world, to abstinence and prayer,  
Had given up themselves, which in the German  
main,

And from the shore not far, did in itself contain  
Sufficient things for food, which from those holy  
men,

That to devotion liv'd, and sanctimony then,  
It Holy Isle was call'd, for which they all prepare.

As I shall tell you how, and what their number was.  
With those the farthest off, the first I will begin.

As Pont a peerless brook, brings Blyth which  
putteth in,

(e) The great river on which Edinburgh standeth.



With her, then Wansbeck next in wading to the  
 main,  
 Far Morpeth meets with Font, which followeth  
 in her train;  
 Next them the little Lyne alone doth go along,  
 Then Cocket cometh down, and with her such a  
 throng,  
 That they seem to threat the ocean; for with  
 her [prefer  
 mes Ridley, Ridland next, with Ufway, which  
 her fountains to her flood, who for her greater  
 fame,  
 With at her fall an isle, call'd Cocket of her name,  
 That great Neptune should take notice of her  
 state; [a gait,  
 Then Alne by Alnwick comes, and with as proud  
 Cocket came before, for whom at her fair fall,  
 Bravery as to shew, that she surpass'd them all)  
 The famous isle of Ferne, and Staples aptly stand,  
 And at her coming forth, do kiss her crystal hand.

Whilst these resolv'd upon their pilgrimage pro-  
 ceed,  
 Till for the love she bears to her dear mistress  
 Tweed,  
 Of Bramish leaves the name, by which she hath  
 her birth;  
 And though she keep her course upon the Eng-  
 lish earth,  
 Yet Bowbent, a bright nymph, from Scotland  
 coming in, [win  
 To go with her to Tweed, the wanton flood doth  
 Though at this headstrong stream, proud Flodden  
 from his height  
 Doth daily seem to fret, yet takes he much delight  
 Her loveliness to view, as on to Tweed she strains,  
 Where whilst this mountain much for her sweet  
 sake sustains,  
 This canto we conclude, and fresh about must cast,  
 Of all the English tracts, to consummate the  
 last.

L l iij ,



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# P O L Y - O L B I O N :

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## THE THIRTIETH SONG.

### *The Argument.*

Of Westmoreland the muse now sings,  
And fetching Eden from her springs,  
Sets her along, and Kendal then  
Surveying, beareth back again;  
And climbing Skidow's lofty hill,  
By many a river, many a rill,  
To Cumberland, where in her way,  
She Copland calls, and doth display  
Her beauties, back to Eden goes,  
Whose floods and fall she aptly shows.

YET cheerly on my Muse, no whit at all dis-  
may'd,  
But look aloft tow'rs heaven, to him whose pow-  
erful aid  
Hath led thee on thus long, and through so sun-  
dry soils,  
Steep mountains, forests rough, deep rivers, that  
thy toils [sent,  
Most sweet refreshings seem, and still the comfort  
Against the bestial rout, and boorish rabblement  
Of those rude vulgar sots, whose brains are only  
flime,  
Born to the doting world, in this last iron time,  
So stony, and so dull, that Orpheus which (men  
say)  
By the enticing strains of his melodious lay,  
Drew rocks and aged trees, to whither he would  
please; [these;  
He might as well have mov'd the universe as  
But leave this fry of hell in their own filth defil'd,  
And seriously pursue the stern Westmerian wild,

First ceasing in our song, the south part of the  
shire,  
Where Westmoreland to (a) West, by wide Wye-  
ander mere,  
The Eboracean fields her to the rising bound,  
Where Can first creeping forth, her feet hath  
scarcely found,  
But gives that dale her name, where Kendal town  
doth stand, [land.  
For making of our cloth scarce match'd in all the  
Then keeping on her course, though having in  
her train,  
But Sput, a little brook, then Winster doth retain,  
Tow'rs the Vergivian sea, by her two mighty  
falls, [calls)  
(Which the brave Roman tongue, her Catadupa  
This eager river seems outrageously to roar,  
And counterfeiting Nile, to deaf the neighbour-  
shore,

(a) See song 27th.



which she by the sound apparently doth show,  
: season foul or fair, as then the wind doth  
blow :

[hear,  
when they to the north the noise do eas'liest  
y constantly aver the weather will be clear ;  
l when they to the south, again they boldly say,  
ill be clouds or rain the next approaching day.  
the Hibernic gulf, when soon the river hastes,  
l to these queachy sands, from whence herself  
she casts,

likewise leaves her name as every place  
where she  
er clear course doth come, by her should ho-  
noured be.

back into the north from hence our course  
doth lie,  
from this fall of Can, still keeping in our eye,  
source of long-liv'd (b) Lun, I long-liv'd do  
her call ;

of the British floods, scarce one amongst  
them all,

h state as to herself, the Destinies assign,  
christ'ning in her course a county Palatine ;

Lancaster, so nam'd, the fort upon the Lun,  
d Lancashire the name from Lancaster begun :  
t though she be a flood, such glory that doth  
gain,

that the British crown doth to her state pertain,  
t Westmoreland alone, not only boasts her birth,  
t for her greater good the kind Westmerian earth,  
ar Burbeck her bequeaths, and Barrow to at-  
tend

r grace, till she her name to Lancaster do lend.  
th all the speed we can, to Cumberland we hie,  
ill longing to salute the utmost Albany)

Eden, issuing out of Hufseat-Moruill hill,  
l pointing to the north, as then a little rill,  
re simply takes her leave of her sweet sister  
Swale,

n to the self-same fire, but with a stronger gale,  
v'rds Humber hies her course, but Eden mak-  
ing on,

ough Malerstrang hard by, a forest woe begone  
love with Eden's eyes, of the clear Naiades  
kind,

om thus the wood-nymph greets : ' What  
passage shalt thou find,

most beloved brook, in making to thy bay,  
t wand'ring art to wend through many a  
crooked way,

under hanging hills, through many a crag-  
ged strait,

l few the wat'ry kind, upon thee to await,  
osed in thy course with many a rugged cliff,  
des the northern winds against thy stream so  
stiff,

by main strength they meant to stop thee in  
thy course,

l send thee eas'y back to Moruill to thy  
y bright lovely brook, whose name doth bear  
the sound

od's first garden-plot, th' imparadised ground,

Wherein he placed man, from whence by sin he  
fell.

O little blessed brook, how doth my bosom swell  
With love I bear to thee, the day cannot suffice  
For Malerstrang to gaze upon thy beauteous  
eyes.'

' This said, the forest rub'd her rugged front the  
while,

Clear Eden looking back, regrets her with a smile,  
And simply takes her leave, to get into the main ;  
When Below a bright nymph, from Stanmore  
down doth strain

To Eden, as along to Appleby she makes,  
Which passing, to her train, next Troutbeck in  
she takes,

And Levenant than these a somewhat lesser rill,  
When Glenkwin greets her well, and happily to fill,  
Her more abundant banks, from Ulls, a mighty  
mere

On Cumberland's confines, comes Eymot neat  
and clear,

And Loder doth allure, with whom she haps to  
meet,

Which at her coming in, doth thus her mistress  
[greet.  
' Quoth she, thus for myself I say, that where  
I swell

Up from my fountain first, there is a tiding-well,  
That daily ebbs and flows, (as writers do report)  
The old Euripius doth, or in the self-same fort,  
The (c) Venedocian fount, or the (c) Demetian  
spring,

Or that which the cold Peake doth with her won-  
ders bring,

Why should not Loder then, her mistress Eden  
please,

With this, as other floods delighted are with  
[these.'  
When Eden, though she seem'd to make unusual  
haste,

About clear Loder's neck, yet lovingly doth cast  
Her oft enfolding arms, as Westmoreland she  
leaves,

Where Cumberland again as kindly her receives.  
Yet up her watry hands, to Winfield forest holds  
In her rough woody arms, which amorously enfolds  
Clear Eden coming by, with all her watry store,  
In her dark shades, and seems her parting to de-  
plore.

But southward sallying hence, to those sea-bor-  
dering sands,

Where Dudden driving down to the Lancastrian  
This Cumberland cuts out, and strongly doth con-  
fine,

[lands,  
[tine,  
This meeting there with that, both merely mari-  
Where many a dainty rill out of her native dale,  
To the Vergivian makes, with many a pleasant  
gale ;

As Eske her farth'ft, so first, a coy bred Cumbri-  
an lass,

Who cometh to her road, renowned Ravenglass,  
By Deveck driven along, (which from a large-  
brim'd lake,

[make)  
To hie her to the sea, with greater haste doth

(b) See song 27th

(c) See song 5th, 10th, and 27th.



Meets Nyte, a nimble brook, their rendezvous that  
keep  
In Ravenglass, when soon into the bluish deep  
Comes Irt, of all the rest, though small, the richest  
girl, [pearl,  
Her costly bosom strew'd with precious orient  
Bred in her shining shells, which to the deaw doth  
yawn,  
Which deaw they sucking in, conceive that lusty  
spawn,  
Of which when they grow great, and to their ful-  
ness swell,  
They cast, which those at hand there gathering,  
dearly sell. [brings,  
This clear pearl-paved Irt, Bleng to the harbour  
From Copland coming down, a forest-nymph,  
which sings  
Her own praise, and those floods, their fountains  
that derive  
From her, which to extol, the forest thus doth strive.  
' Ye northern (d) Dryades all adorn'd with  
mountains steep, [keep,  
Upon whose hoary heads cold winter long doth  
Where often rising hills, deep dales and many  
make,  
Where many a pleasant spring, and many a large-  
spread lake,  
Their clear beginnings keep, and do their names  
bestow [flow ;  
Upon those humble vales, through which they eas'ly  
Whereas the mountain nymphs, and those that do  
frequent  
The fountains, fields, and groves, with wondrous  
merriment,  
By moon-shine many a night, do give each other  
chase, [bale,  
At Hood-wink, Barley-break, at Tick, or Prison-  
With tricks, and antick toys, that one another  
mock,  
' That skip from crag to crag, and leap from rock  
to rock.  
Then Copland, of this tract a corner, I would know,  
What place can there be found in Britain, that  
doth show  
A surface more austere, more stern from every way,  
That who doth it behold, he cannot chuse but say,  
Th' aspect of these grim hills, these dark and misty  
dales,  
From clouds scarce ever clear'd, with the strong'st  
northern gales,  
Tell in their mighty roots, some mineral there  
doth lie,  
The island's general want, whose plenty might  
supply :  
Wherefore as some suppose of copper mines in me,  
I Copper-land was call'd, but some will have't to be  
From the old Britains brought, for Cop they use  
to call  
The tops of many hills, which I am stor'd withal.  
Then Eskdale mine ally, and Niterdale so nam'd,  
Of floods from you that flow, as Borowdale most  
fam'd,

(d) Nymphs of the forest.

With Wasdale walled in, with hills on every side,  
Hows'ever ye extend within your wastes so wide,  
For th' surface of a soil, a Copland, Copland cry,  
Till to your shouts the hills with echoes all reply!  
Which Copland scarce had spoke, but quickly  
every hill,  
Upon her verge that stands, the neighbouring val-  
lies fill ;  
Helvillon from his height, it through the moun-  
tains threw,  
From whom as soon again, the sound Dunel-  
rife drew,  
From whose stone-trophied head, it on the Wen-  
dross went,  
Which tow'rd the sea again, resounded it to Dent,  
That Brodwater therewith within her banks  
astound,  
In sailing to the sea, told it in Egremound,  
Whose buildings, walks, and streets, with echoes  
loud and long,  
Did mightily commend old Copland for her song.  
Whence soon the muse proceeds, to find out  
fresher springs,  
Where Darwent her clear fount from Borowdale  
that brings,  
Doth quickly cast herself into an ample lake,  
And with Thurl's mighty mere, between them  
two do make  
An (e) island, which the name from Darwent doth  
derive, [trive,  
Within whose secret breast nice nature doth con-  
That mighty copper-mine, which not without in  
veins,  
Of gold and silver found; it happily obtains  
Of royalty the name, the richest of them all  
That Britain bringeth forth, which royal &c  
doth call.  
Of Borowdale her dam, of her own named isle,  
As of her royal mines, this river proud the while,  
Keeps on her course to sea, and in her way doth  
win  
Clear Coker her compeer, which at her coming in,  
Gives Coker-mouth the name, by standing at her  
fall, [withal,  
Into fair Darwent's banks, when Darwent there  
Runs on her watry race, and for her greater fame,  
Of Neptune doth obtain a haven of her name.  
When of the Cambrian hills, proud Skidow the  
doth show [low,  
The high'st, respecting whom, the other be but  
Perceiving with the floods, and forests, how  
far'd,  
And all their several tales substantially had heard,  
And of the mountain kind, as of all other be  
Most like Parnassus self that is suppos'd to be,  
Having a double head, as hath that sacred  
mount,  
Which those nine sacred nymphs held in so high  
account,  
Bethinketh of himself what he might justly say,  
When to them all he thus his beauties doth  
play.

(e) The isle of Darwent.



The rough Hibernian sea, I proudly overlook,  
 Amongst the scatter'd rocks, and there is not a  
 nook,  
 but from my glorious height into its depth I pry,  
 Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;  
 And when my helm of clouds upon my head I  
 take,  
 At very sight thereof, immediately I make  
 Th' inhabitants about tempestuous storms to fear,  
 And for fair weather look, when as my top is  
 clear;  
 Great Fourness mighty Fells I on my south survey:  
 So likewise on the north, Albania makes me way,  
 Her countries to behold, when (f) Scurfel from  
 the sky, [eye,  
 That Anadale doth crown, with a most amorous  
 salutes me every day, or at my pride looks grim,  
 At threatening me with clouds, as I oft threatening  
 him:  
 So likewise to the east, that row of mountains tall,  
 Which we our English Alps may very aptly call,  
 That Scotland here with us, and England do di-  
 vide, [side,  
 As those, whence we them name upon the other  
 Do Italy, and France, these mountains here of ours,  
 That look far off like clouds, shap'd with embat-  
 tel'd towers,  
 Much envy my estate, and somewhat higher be,  
 By lifting up their heads, to stare and gaze at me.  
 Near Darwent dancing on, I look at from above,  
 As some enamour'd youth, being deeply struck in  
 love,  
 His mistress doth behold, and every beauty notes;  
 Who as she to her fall, through fells and vallies  
 floats,  
 At lifts her limber self above her banks to view,  
 Low my brave by-clift top, doth still her course  
 pursue.  
 All ye topic gods, that do inhabit here, [rear,  
 To whom the Romans did those ancient altars  
 At found upon those hills, now sunk into the soils,  
 Which they for trophies left of their victorious  
 spoils,  
 The Genii of these floods, these mountains, and  
 these dales,  
 That with poor shepherds pipes and harmless  
 herdsman's tales  
 Have often pleas'd been, still guard me day and  
 night, [light.  
 And hold me Skidow still, the place of your de-  
 This speech by Skidow spoke, the muse makes  
 forth again,  
 Tow'rd where the in-born floods, clear Eden  
 entertain, [wastes,  
 To Cumberland com'n in, from the Westmerian  
 Where as the readiest way to Carlisle, as she casts,  
 She with two wood nymphs meets, the first is  
 great and wild,  
 And Westward Forest hight; the other but a  
 child,  
 Compared with her pheer, and Inglewood is call'd,  
 Both in their pleasant scites, most happily install'd.

(f) A hill in Scotland.

What Sylvan is there seen, and be she ne'er so  
 coy, [enjoy,  
 Whose pleasures to the full, these nymphs do not  
 And like Diana's self, so truly living chaste?  
 For seldom any tract, doth cross their way less  
 waste,  
 With many a lusty leap, the shagged satyrs show  
 Them pastime every day, both from the meres be-  
 low,  
 And hills on every side, that neatly hem them in;  
 The blushing morn to break, but hardly doth begin,  
 But that the ramping goats, swift deer, and harm-  
 less sheep,  
 Which there their owners know, but no man hath  
 to keep,  
 The dales do overspread, by them like motley  
 made; [flade,  
 But Westward of the two, by her more widen'd  
 Of more abundance boasts, as of those mighty  
 mines,  
 Which in her verge she hath: but that whereby  
 she shines, [flow,  
 Is her two dainty floods, which from two hills do  
 Which in herself she hath, whose banks do bound  
 her so  
 Upon the north and south, as that she seems to be  
 Much pleas'd with their course, and takes delight  
 to see  
 How Elne upon the south, in fallying to the sea  
 Confines her: on the north how Wampul on her  
 way,  
 Her purlues wondrous large, yet limiteth again,  
 Both falling from her earth into the Irish main.  
 No less is Westward proud of Waver, nor doth  
 win  
 Less praise by her clear spring, which in her course  
 doth twin [kind;  
 With Wiz, a neater nymph scarce of the watry  
 And though she be but small, so pleasing Waver's  
 mind,  
 That they entirely mix'd, the Irish seas embrace,  
 But earnestly proceed in our intended race.  
 At Eden now arriv'd, whom we have left too  
 long, [among,  
 Which being com'n at length, the Cumbrian hills  
 As she for Carlisle coasts, the floods from every  
 where, [there,  
 Prepare each in their course, to entertain her  
 From Skidow her tall fire, first Cauda clearly  
 brings [springs,  
 In Eden all her wealth; so Petterell from her  
 (Not far from Skidow's foot, whence dainty Cau-  
 da creeps)  
 Along to overtake her sovereign Eden sweeps,  
 To meet that great concourse, which seriously  
 attend  
 That dainty Cumbrian queen; when Gillsland  
 down doth send  
 Her riverets to receive queen Eden in her course,  
 As Irthing coming in from her most plenteous  
 source,  
 Through many a cruel crag, though she be forc'd  
 to crawl,  
 Yet working forth her way to grace herself withal,



First Pultroffe is her page, then Gelt she gets her  
 guide, [side,  
 Which springeth on her south, on her septentrion  
 She crooked Cambeck calls, to wait on her along,  
 And Eden overtakes amongst the watry throng.  
 To Carlisle being come, clear Bruscaeth beareth in,  
 To greet her with the rest, when Eden as to win  
 Her grace in Carlisle's sight, the court of all her  
 state, [dilate.  
 And Cumberland's chief town, lo! thus she doth  
 'What giveth more delight, (brave city) to  
 thy seat,  
 Than my sweet lovely self? a river so complete,  
 With all that nature can a dainty flood endow,  
 That all the northern nymphs me worthily allow  
 Of all their Naiades kind the neatest, and so far  
 Transcending, that oft times they in their amo-  
 rous war,  
 Have offered by my course, and beauties to decide  
 The mastery, with her most vaunting in her pride,  
 That mighty Roman (g) fort, which of the Picts  
 we call, [wall,  
 But by them near those times was styl'd Severus'  
 Of that great emperor nam'd, which first that  
 work began,  
 Betwixt the Irish sea, and German ocean, [end  
 Doth cut me in his course near Carlisle, and doth  
 At Boulness, where myself I on the ocean spend.  
 And for my country here, (of which I am the chief  
 Of all her watry kind) know that she lent relief  
 To those old Britons once, when from the Saxons  
 they  
 For succour hither fled, as far out of their way,  
 Amongst her mighty wilds, and mountains freed  
 from fear, [here,  
 And from the British race, residing long time  
 Which in their genuine tongue, themselves did  
 Kimbri name, [came;  
 Of Kimbri-land, the name of Cumberland first  
 And in her praise be't spoke, this soil whose best  
 is mine,  
 That fountain bringeth forth, from which the  
 southern Tyne,

(g) See to the 29th song.

(So nam'd for that of North, another &  
 style)  
 This to the eastern sea, that makes forth  
 Her first beginning takes, and Vent, and &  
 lend,  
 To wait upon her forth; but farther to  
 To these great things of note, which ma-  
 tries call  
 Their wonders, there is not a tract amon  
 Can shew the like to mine, at the less  
 near  
 To Eden's bank, the like is scarcely any  
 Stones seventy-seven stand, in manner of  
 Each full ten foot in height, but yet the  
 thing,  
 Their equal distance is, the circle that con-  
 Within which other stones lie flat, which d  
 The bones of men long dead, (as there th  
 say;)  
 So near to Loder's spring, from thence  
 Be others nine foot high, a mile in length  
 The victories for which those trophi  
 begun,  
 From dark oblivion thou, O Time, shoul  
 protected;  
 For mighty were their minds, them thus  
 erected:  
 And near to this again, there is a piece of  
 A little rising bank, which of the table re-  
 Men in remembrance keep, and, Arthu  
 name.'  
 But whilst these more and more, with g  
 inflame,  
 Supposing of herself in these her wonders  
 All her attending floods, fair Eden do em  
 To lead them down to sea, when Level  
 along,  
 And by her double spring, being might  
 There overtaketh Esk, from Scotland that d  
 Fair Eden to behold, who meeting by and  
 Down from these western sands into the sea  
 Where I this Canto end, as also therewith  
 My England do conclude, for which I und  
 This strange Herculean toil, to this my t  
 book.



---

# E L E G I E S

UPON

## SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

---

*Of his LADY's not coming to London.*

years travell'd Greek return'd from  
d so much to see his Ithaca  
I you, who are alone to me [be.  
wide Greece could to that wanderer  
r winds still easterly do keep,  
keen frosts have chained up the deep ;  
to us a niggard of his rays,  
eth with our Antipodes ;  
m to us when he shews his head,  
vapours, he straight hies to bed.  
eak mountains can you live, where snow  
e vales up to the hills to grow ;  
nens breaths do instantly congeal,  
'd mists turn instantly to hail.  
think, from this more temperate coast,  
may have the power to thaw the frost,  
om hence should swiftly send you thi-  
r,  
swift, as you come slowly hither.  
a time hath Phœbe from her wane,  
bus' fires fill'd up her horns again ?  
gh her orb, still on her course doth  
ge,  
cep your's still, nor for me will change.  
at mounted the stern lion's back,  
the fishes shortly drive the brack,  
m keep your station, which confines  
egard him travelling the signs.  
s which when you went, put out to sea,  
r Greenland, and Virginia,  
return'd, and custom'd, have their  
ight,  
rive not, nor return me ought.

The Thames was not so frozen yet this year,  
As is my bosom, with the chilly fear  
Of your not coming, which on me doth light,  
As on those climes, where half the world is night.  
Of every tedious hour you have made two,  
All this long winter here, by missing you :  
Minutes are months, and when the hour is past,  
A year is ended since the clock struck last,  
When your remembrance puts me on the rack,  
And I should swoon to see an Almanack  
To read what silent weeks away are slid,  
Since the dire fates you from my sight have hid.  
I hate him who the first deviser was  
Of this same foolish thing, the hour-glass,  
And of the watch, whose dribbling sands and  
wheel,  
With their slow strokes, make me too much to  
feel  
Your slackness hither, O how I do ban  
Him that these dials against walls began,  
Whose snailly motion of the moving hand,  
(Although it go) yet seem to me to stand ;  
As though at Adam it had first set out,  
And had been stealing all this while about,  
And when it back to the first point should come,  
It shall be then just at the general doom.  
The seas into themselves retract their flows,  
The changing wind from every quarter blows,  
Declining winter in the spring doth call,  
The stars rise to us, as from us they fall ;  
Those birds we see, that leave us in the prime,  
Again in autumn re-salute our clime.  
Sure, either nature you from kind hath made,  
Or you delight else to be retrogade.



But I perceive by your attractive powers,  
Like an enchantress you have charm'd the hours,  
Into short minutes, and have drawn them back,  
So that of us at London, you do lack  
Almost a year, the spring is scarce begun  
There where you live, and autumn almost done.  
With us more eastward, surely you devise,  
By your strong magic, that the sun shall rise  
Where now it sets, and that in some few years  
You'll alter quite the motion of the spheres.

Yes, and you mean, I shall complain my love  
To gravell'd walks, or to a stupid grove,  
Now your companions; and that you the while  
(As you are cruel) will sit by and smile,  
To make me write to these, while passers by  
Slightly look in your lovely face, where I  
See beauteous heaven, whilst silly blockheads, they  
Like laden asses, plod upon their way,  
And wonder not, as you should point a clown  
Up to the Guards, or Ariadne's crown;  
Of constellations, and his dullness tell,  
He'd think your words were certainly a spell;  
Or him some piece from Crete, or Marcus show,  
In all his life which till that time ne'er saw  
Painting: except in ale-house or old hall  
Done by some druzler, of the prodigal.

Nay do, stay still, whilst time away shall steal  
Your youth, and beauty, and yourself conceal  
From me, I pray you, you have now inur'd  
Me to your absence, and I have endur'd  
Your want thus long, whilst I have starved been  
For your short letters, as you held it sin  
To write to me, that to appease my woe,  
I read o'er those, you wrote a year ago.  
Which are to me, as though they had been made,  
Long time before the first Olympiad.

For thanks and curt'sies sell your presence then  
To tatling women, and to things like men,  
And be more foolish than the Indians are  
For bells, for knives, for glasses, and such ware,  
That sell their pearl and gold, but here I stay,  
So would I not have you but come away.

*To Mr. GEORGE SANDYS, Treasurer for the Eng-  
lish Colony in Virginia.*

FRIEND, if you think my papers may supply  
You with some strange omitted novelty,  
Which others letters yet have left untold,  
You take me off, before I can take hold  
Of you at all; I put not thus to sea,  
For two months voyage to Virginia,  
With news which now, a little something here;  
But will be nothing ere it can come there.

I fear, as I do stabbing, this word, state,  
I dare not speak of the Palatinate,  
Although some men make it their hourly theme,  
And talk what's done in Austria, and in Beam,  
I may not so; what Spinola intends,  
Nor with his Dutch which way prince Maurice  
bends;

To other men, although these things be free,  
Yet (George) they must be mysteries to me.

I scarce dare praise a virtuous friend that's dead  
Lest for my lines he should be censured;  
It was my hap before all other men  
To suffer shipwreck by my forward pen:  
When King James enter'd; at which joyful time  
I taught his title to this isle in rhyme:  
And to my part did all the muses win,  
With high-pitch Paens to applaud him in:  
When cowardice had ty'd up every tongue,  
And all stood silent, yet for him I sung:  
And when before by danger I was dar'd,  
I kick'd her from me, nor a jot I spar'd.  
Yet had not my clear spirit in fortune's storm,  
Me above earth and her afflictions born;  
He next my God on whom I built my trust,  
Had left me trodden lower than the dust:  
But let this pass; in the extremest ill,  
Apollo's brood must be courageous still,  
Let pyes, and daws sit dumb before their death;  
Only the swan sings at the parting breath.

And (worthy George) by industry and art  
Let's see what lines Virginia will produce;  
Go on with Ovid, as you have begun,  
With the first five books; let your numbers run  
Glib as the former, so shall it live long,  
And do much honour to the English tongue:  
Entice the muses thither to repair,  
Entreat them gently, train them to that air,  
For they from hence may thither hap to fly.  
T'wards the sad time which but too fast comes by  
For poesy is follow'd with such spight,  
By groveling drones that never raught her right  
That she must hence, she may no longer stay:  
The dreary fates prefixed have the day  
Of her departure, which is now come on.  
And they command her straightways to be gone  
That bestial herd so hotly her pursue,  
And to her succour there be very few,  
Nay none at all, her wrongs that will redress  
But she must wander in the wilderness,  
Like to the woman, which that holy John  
Beheld in Pathmos in his vision.

As th' English now, so did the stiff-neck'd Jews  
Their noble prophets utterly refuse,  
And of those men such poor opinions had,  
They counted Esay and Ezekiel mad;  
When Jeremy his Lamentations writ,  
They thought the wizard quite out of his wit.  
Such fots they were, as worthily to be  
Lock'd in the chains of their captivity;  
Knowledge hath still her eddy in her flow.  
So it hath been, and it will still be so.

That famous Greece where learning flourish'd  
most,  
Hath of her muses long since left to boast,  
Th' unletter'd Turk, and rude Barbarian state  
Where Homer sang his lofty Iliads;  
And this vast volume of the world hath brought  
Much may to pass in little time he brought.

As if to symptoms we may credit give  
This very time, wherein we two new lives  
Shall in the compass, wound the muses' mist,  
Than all th' old English ignorance begets.  
Base baladry is so belov'd and sought,  
And those brave numbers are put by the rest.



arely read, were able to awake,  
 rom graves, and to the ground to shake  
 adring clouds, and to our men at arms,  
 pikes and muskets were most powerful  
 harms.

it I know, ensuing ages shall  
 r again, who now is in her fall ;

of dust reduce our scatter'd rhimes,  
 Sted jewels of these slothful times,  
 th the muses would mispend an hour,  
 blind Gothish barbarism devour  
 verous dog-days, blest by no record,  
 e everlastingly abhor'd.

vouchsafe rescription, stuff your quill  
 tural bounties, and impart your skill  
 :scription of the place that I  
 ome learned in the soil thereby ;

Wyat's health, and let me hear,  
 érnor ; and how our people there  
 and labour, what supplies are sent,  
 confels shall give me much content ;  
 may save your labour if you please,  
 : to me ought of your savages.  
 : slaves be in Great Britain here,  
 ne that you can shew me there.  
 igh for this I'll say I do not thirst,  
 uld like it well to be the first,  
 ambers hence into Virginia flew,  
 : Sandys) for this time adieu.

*noble friend Mr. WILLIAM BROWN, of  
 the evil time.*

riend, be silent and with patience see,  
 s mad time's catastrophe will be ;  
 ld's first wisemen certainly mistook  
 res, and spoke things quite beside the book,  
 which they have said of God, untrue,  
 spect strange judgment to ensue.

le is a mere Bedlam, and therein,  
 : raving, mad in every sin,

the wisest most men use to call,  
 h (alone) the maddest thing of all ;  
 n the master of all wisdom found,  
 rk'd fool, and so did him propound,  
 : we live in, to that pass is brought,  
 y he a censor now is thought ;

base villain, (not an age yet gone)  
 good man would not have look'd upon,  
 : a God with divine worship follow'd,  
 is actions are accounted hallow'd.

orld of ours, thus runneth upon wheels,  
 e head, bolt upright with her heels ;  
 akes me think of what the Ethnics told  
 ion, the Pythagorists uphold,

immortal soul doth transmigrate ;  
 ppose by the strong power of fate,

se which at confused Babel were,  
 : that time now many a lingering year,  
 fools, and beasts, and lunatics have past,  
 embodied in this age at last,  
 gh so long we from that time be gone,  
 we still of that confusion,

For certainly there's scarce one found that now  
 Knows what t' approve, or what to disallow,  
 All arsey-versey, nothing is it's own,  
 But to our proverb, all turn'd upside down ;  
 To do in time, is to do out of season,  
 And that speeds best, that's done the farth'st from  
 reason,

He's high'st that's lowest, he's surest in that's out,  
 He hits the next way that goes farth'st about,  
 He getteth up unlike to rise at all,  
 He slips to ground as much unlike to fall ;  
 Which doth enforce me partly to prefer,  
 The opinion of that mad philosopher,  
 Who taught, that those all-framing powers above  
 (As 'tis suppos'd) made man not out of love  
 To him at all, but only as a thing,  
 To make them sport with, which they use to  
 bring

As men do monkeys, puppets, and such tools  
 Of laughter : so men are but the Gods fools.  
 Such are by titles lifted to the sky,  
 As wherefore no man knows, God scarcely why ;  
 The virtuous man depresseth like a stone  
 For that dull sot to raise himself upon ;  
 He who ne'er thing yet worthy man durst do,  
 Never durst look upon his country's foe,  
 Nor durst attempt that action which might get  
 Him fame with men : or higher might him set  
 Than the base beggar (rightly if compar'd ;)   
 This drone yet never brave attempt that dar'd,  
 Yet dares be knighted, and from thence darest  
 grow

To any title empire can bestow ;  
 For this believe, that impudence is now  
 A cardinal virtue, and men it allow  
 Reverence, nay more, men study and invent  
 New ways, nay glory to be impudent.

Into the clouds the devil lately got,  
 And by the moisture doubting much the rot,  
 A medicine took to make him purge and cast ;  
 Which in short time began to work so fast,  
 That he fell to't, and from his backside flew  
 A rout of rascal a rude ribald crew  
 Of base Plebeians, which no sooner light  
 Upon the earth, but with a sudden flight  
 They spread this isle ; and as Deucalion once  
 Over his shoulder back, by throwing stones  
 They became men, even so these beasts became  
 Owners of titles from an obscure name,

He that by riot, of a mighty rent,  
 Hath his late goodly patrimony spent,  
 And into base and wilful begg'ry run,  
 This man as he some glorious act had done,  
 With some great pension, or rich gift reliev'd,  
 When he that hath by industry atchiev'd  
 Some noble thing, contemned and disgrac'd.  
 In the forlorn hope of times is plac'd,  
 As though that God had carelessly left all  
 That being hath on this terrestrial ball,  
 To fortune's guiding, nor would have to do  
 With man, nor ought that doth belong him to  
 Or at the least God having given more  
 Power to the devil, then he did of yore,  
 Over this world : the fiend as he doth hate  
 The virtuous man ; maligning his estate,



All noble things, and would have by his will,  
To be damn'd with him, using all his skill,  
By his black hellish ministers to vex  
All worthy men, and strangely to perplex  
Their constancy, there by them so to fright,  
That they should yield them wholly to his might.  
But of these things I vainly do but tell,  
Where hell is heaven, and heav'n is now turn'd  
hell;

Where that which lately blasphemy hath been,  
Now godliness, much less accounted sin;  
And a long while I greatly marvel'd why  
Buffoons and bawds should hourly multiply,  
Till that of late I constru'd it, that they  
To present thrift had got the perfect way,  
When I concluded by their odious crimes,  
It was for us no thriving in these times.

As men oft laugh at little babes, when they  
Hap to behold some strange thing in their play,  
To see them on the sudden stricken sad,  
As in their fancy some strange forms they had,  
Which they by pointing with their fingers show,  
Angry at our capacities so slow,  
That by their countenance we no sooner learn  
To see the wonder which they so discern:  
So the celestial powers do sit and smile  
At innocent and virtuous men the while,  
They stand amazed at the world o'er-gone,  
So far beyond imagination,  
With slavish baseness, that they silent sit  
Pointing like children in describing it,

Then, noble friend, the next way to controul  
These worldly crosses, is to arm thy soul  
With constant patience; and with thoughts as high  
As these below, and poor, winged to fly  
To that exalted stand, whither yet they  
Are got with pain, that sith out of the way  
Of this ignoble age, which raiseth none  
But such as think their black damnation  
To be a trifle; such, so ill, that when  
They are advanc'd those few poor honest men  
That yet are living, into search do run  
To find what mischief they have lately done,  
Which so prefers them; say thou he doth rise,  
That maketh virtue his chief exercise.  
And in this base world come whatever shall,  
He's worth lamenting, that for her doth fall.

*Upon the three sons of the LORD SHEFFIELD, drown-  
ed in Humber.*

LIGHT sonnets hence, and to loose lovers fly,  
And mournful maidens sing an elegy  
On those three Sheffields, overwhelm'd with  
waves,  
Whose loss the tears of all the muses craves;  
A thing so full of pity as this was,  
Methinks for nothing should not slightly pass.  
Treble this loss was, why should it not borrow,  
Through this isle's treble parts, a treble sorrow:  
But fate did this, to let the world to know,  
That sorrows which from common causes grow,

Are not worth mourning for, the loss to bear,  
But of one only son, 's not worth one tear.  
Some tender hearted man, as I, may spend  
Some drops (perhaps) for a deceased friend.  
Some men (perhaps) their wife's late death  
rue;

Or wives their husbands, but such be but few.  
Cares that have us'd the hearts of men to rue  
So oft, and deeply, will not now be such;  
Who'll care for loss of maintenance, or place,  
Fame, liberty, or of the prince's grace;  
Or suits in law, by base corruption cross'd,  
When he shall find, that this which he hath  
Alas, is nothing to his, which did lose,  
Three sons at once so excellent as those;  
Nay, it is fear'd that this in time may breed  
Hard hearts in men to their own natural end;  
That in respect of this great loss of theirs,  
Men will scarce mourn the death of their  
heirs.

Through all this isle their loss so public is,  
That every man doth take them to be his.  
And as a plague which had beginning there,  
So catching is, and reigning every where,  
That those the farthest off as much do rue them  
As those the most familiarly that knew them;  
Children with this disaster are wax'd sage,  
And like to men that stricken are in age;  
Talk what it is three children at one time  
Thus to have drown'd, and in their very prime;  
Yea, and do learn to act the same so well,  
That than old folk they better can it tell.

Invention, oft that passion us'd to seize,  
In sorrows of themselves but slight, and meagre,  
To make them seem great, here it shall cease  
For that this subject doth so far exceed  
All forc'd expression, that what poetry shall  
Happily think to grace itself withal  
Falls so below it, that it rather borrows  
Grace from their grief, than addeth to their  
For sad mischance thus in the loss of three,  
To shew itself the utmost it could be:  
Exacting also by the self same law,  
The utmost tears that sorrow had to draw,  
All future times hath utterly prevented  
Of a more loss, or more to be lamented.

Whilst in fair youth they lively flourish'd  
To their kind parents they were only dear:  
But being dead, now every one doth take  
Them for their own, and do like sorrow bear  
As for their own beget, as they pretended  
Hope in the issue, which should have descended  
From them again; nor here doth end our  
But those of us, that shall be born to mourn  
Still shall lament them, and when time shall come  
To what vast number passed years shall come,  
They from their death shall duly reckon it,  
As from the deluge, former us'd to do.

O cruel Humber, guilty of their gore,  
I now believe more than I did before  
The British story, whence thy name began  
Of king'sly Humber, an invading Hun,  
By thee devoured, for 'tis likely thou  
With blood wert christen'd, blood-thirsty



he Done. And thou far clearer 'Tread  
 these Sheffield as you gave consent  
 he time, that e'er you were infus'd  
 your waters basely thus abus'd.  
 ng boor ye hinder not to go,  
 pleasure ferry to and fro;  
 ft part of whose soul and blood,  
 with theirs, is viler than your mud  
 efore paper do I idly spend,  
 if waters to so little end?  
 arry heaven do I not look,  
 in an everlasting book,  
 : written? O let times rehearse  
 ols in their sad anniverse.

*Lady, the Lady I. S. of worldly crosses.*

shew the smoothness of my vein,  
 t I would have you entertain  
 reading me, which you would spend  
 urse with some known honest friend,  
 o you. Nay, and which is more,  
 il verses strive not to restore,  
 and sickness have in you impair'd,  
 ds my elegy is squar'd.  
 aty, sweetness, and your graceful parts,  
 drawn many eyes, won many hearts,  
 ttle, I am so much man,  
 m do their utmost that they can,  
 heir forces; and they be  
 at to others, yet not so to me.  
 ne I beheld you, I then saw  
 elf) which had the power to draw  
 ffection, and thought to allow  
 al of my heart; but you have now  
 it, and you have the skill  
 I see) to win upon me still.  
 o think how bravely you have born  
 crosses, as in fortune's scorn,  
 glectful you have seem'd to be,  
 ch hath seem'd terrible to me;  
 on stupid, nor that you had felt  
 which (often) I have seen to melt  
 man into sighs and tears,  
 seldom in your sex and years.  
 you I have perceiv'd again,  
 ne, more than by other men)  
 ; and how sensible you are  
 nd's sorrows, and with how much care  
 cure them, then myself I blame,  
 patience should so much misname,  
 y understanding maketh known  
 another's grief, can feel their own."  
 ht methinks, I hear your patience say,  
 man that studied Seneca:  
 learned letters; and must I  
 lecture in philosophy,  
 afflictions that have us'd to reach you;  
 ou more, Sir, than your books can  
 you.  
 ur sex, yet never did I know,  
 t so actually could show  
 or patience, such an easy way,  
 sees it shall be forc'd to say,  
 III;

Lo what before seem'd hard to be discern'd,  
 Is of this lady, in an instant learn'd.  
 It is heaven's will that you should wronged be  
 By the malicious, that the world might see  
 Your dove-like meekness; for had the base scum,  
 The spawn of fiends, been in your slander dumb,  
 Your virtue then had perish'd, never priz'd,  
 For that the same you had not exercis'd;  
 And you had lost the crown you have, and glory,  
 Nor had you been the subject of my story.  
 Whilst they feel hell, being damned in their hate,  
 Their thoughts, like devils them excruciate,  
 Which by your noble sufferings do torment  
 Them with new pains, and gives you this content  
 To see your soul an innocent, hath suffer'd,  
 And up to heaven before your eyes be offer'd:  
 Your like we in a burning glass may see,  
 When the sun's rays therein contracted be  
 Bent on some object, which is purely white,  
 We find that colour doth dispierce the light,  
 And stands untainted; but if it hath got  
 Some little tully; or the least small spot,  
 Then it soon fires it; so you still remain  
 Free, because in you they can find no stain.

God doth not love them least, on whom he lays  
 Th' great'st afflictions; but that he will praise  
 Himself most in them, and will make them fit  
 Near'st to himself who is the Lamb to sit:  
 For by that touch, like perfect gold he tries them,  
 Who are not his, until the world denies them.  
 And your example may work such effect,  
 That it may be the beginning of a sect  
 Of patient women; and that many a day  
 All husbands may for you their founder pray.

Nor is to me your innocence the less,  
 In that I see you strive not to suppress  
 Their barbarous malice; but your noble heart  
 Prepar'd to act so difficult a part,  
 With unremoved constancy is still  
 The same it was, that of your proper ill,  
 The effect proceeds from your own self the cause,  
 Like some just prince, who to establish laws  
 Suffers the breach at his best lov'd to strike,  
 To learn the vulgar to endure the like.  
 You are a martyr thus, nor can you be  
 Less to the world so valued by me:  
 If as you have begun, you still persevere,  
 Be ever good, that I may love you ever.

*An elegy upon the death of Lady PENELOPE  
 CLIFTON.*

MUST I needs write, who's he that can refuse,  
 He wants a mind, for her that hath no muse,  
 The thought of her doth heav'nly rage inspire,  
 Next powerful, to those cloven tongues of fire.

Since I knew ought, time never did allow  
 Me stuff fit for an elegy, till now;  
 When France and England's Henry's dy'd, my  
 quill,  
 Why, I know not, but it that time lay still.  
 'Tis more than greatness that my spirit must raise,  
 To observe custom I use not to praise;

M m



Nor the least thought of mine yet e'er depended  
On any one from whom she was descended;  
That for their favour I this way should woo,  
As some poor wretched things (perhaps) may do;  
I gain the end, whereat I only aim,  
If by my freedom I may give her fame.

Walking then forth being newly up from bed,  
O Sir (quoth one) the Lady Clifton's dead.  
When, but that reason my stern rage withstood,  
My hand had sure been guilty of his blood.  
If she be so, must thy rude tongue confess it.  
(Quoth I) and com'st so coldly to express it;  
'Thou should'st have given a shriek, to make me

fear thee, [thee,  
That might have slain whatever had been near  
Thou should'st have come like Time, with thy  
scalp bare, [hair,

And in thy hands thou should'st have brought thy  
Casting upon me such a dreadful look,  
As seen a spirit, or th'adst been thunderstruck,  
And gazing on me so a little space,  
Thou should'st have shot thine eye-balls in my face,  
Then falling at my feet, thou should'st have said,  
O she is gone, and nature with her dead.

With this ill news amaz'd by chance I pass'd,  
By that near grove, whereas both first and last,  
I saw her, not three months before she dy'd;  
When (though full summer 'gan to veil her pride,  
And that I saw men lead home ripen'd corn,  
Besides advis'd me well) I durst have sworn  
'The ling'ring year, the autumn had adjourn'd,  
And the fresh spring had been again return'd,  
Her delicacy, loveliness, and grace,  
With such a summer bravery deck'd the place:  
But now, alas! it look'd forlorn and dead;  
And where she stood, the fading leaves were shed,  
Presenting only sorrow to my sight,  
O God! (thought I) this is her emblem right.

And sure I think it cannot but be thought,  
That I to her by providence was brought.  
For that the fates fore-dooming she should die,  
Shewed me this wondrous master-piece, that I  
Should sing her funeral, that the world should  
know it,

That heaven did think her worthy of a poet;  
My hand is fatal, nor doth fortune doubt,  
For what it writes, not fire shall ere raze out.  
A thousand sicken puppets should have died,  
And in their fallowme coffins putrified,  
Ere in my lines you of their names should hear  
To tell the world that such there ever were,  
Whose memory shall from the earth decay,  
Before those rags were worn they gave away,  
Had I her god-like features never seen,  
Poor slight report had told me she had been  
A handsome lady, comely, very well,  
And so might I have died an infidel,  
As many do which never did her see,  
Or cannot credit, what she was, by me.

Nature, herself, that before art prefers  
To go beyond all our cosmographers,  
By charts and maps exactly that have shown  
All of this earth that ever can be known,  
For that she would beyond them all descry  
What art could not by any mortal eye:

A map in heaven by her rare features drew,  
And that she did so lively and so true,  
That any soul but seeing it, might swear,  
That all was perfect heavenly that was there.  
If ever any painter were so blest, [prais'd,  
To draw that face, which so much heav'n ex-  
If in his best of skill he did her right,  
I wish it never may come in my sight,  
I greatly doubt my faith (weak man) lest I  
Should to that face commit idolatry. [one,

Death might have tith'd her sex, but for this  
Nay, have ta'en half to have let her alone;  
Such as their wrinkled temples to supply,  
Cement them up with sluttish Mercury,  
Such as undress'd were able to affright,  
A valiant man approaching him by night;  
Death might have taken such, her end deserv'd,  
Until the time she had been climacter'd;  
When she would have been at threescore years  
and three,

Such as our best at three-and twenty be,  
With envy then, he might have overthrown her,  
When age nor time had power to seize upon her.

But when the un pitying fates her end decreed,  
They to the same did instantly proceed,  
For well they knew (if she had languish'd so)  
As those which hence by natural causes go,  
So many prayers, and tears for her had spoken,  
As certainly their iron laws had broken,  
And had wak'd heav'n, who clearly would have  
show'd

That change of kingdoms to her death it ow'd;  
And that the world still of her end might think,  
It would have let some neighbouring mountain sink;  
Or the vast sea it in on us to cast,  
As Severn did about some five years past:  
Or some stern comet his curl'd top to rear,  
Whose length should measure half our hemisphere  
Holding this height, to say some will not stick,  
That now I rave, and am grown lunatic;  
You of what sex so'er you be, you lie,  
'Tis thou thyself is lunatic, not I.

I charge you in her name that now is gone,  
That may conjure you, if you be not stone,  
That you no harsh, nor shallow rhimes deduce,  
Upon that day wherein you shall read mine.  
Such as indeed are falsely termed verse,  
And will but sit like moths upon her hearth;  
Nor that no child, nor chambermaid, nor pig,  
Disturb the room, the whilst my sacred rage  
In reading is; but whilst you hear it read,  
Suppose before you, that you see her dead,  
The walls about you hung with mournful black,  
And nothing of her funeral to lack;  
And when this period gives you leave to pause,  
Cast up your eyes, and sigh for my applause.

*Upon the noble Lady ASTON's departure for Spain*

I MANY a time have greatly marvell'd why  
Men say, their friends depart when as they die;  
How well that word, a dying, doth express,  
I did not know (I truly must confess)



erture for whose missed sight,  
I this elegy to write :  
Useless fate will have it so,  
Hence must to Iberia go,  
Whom wishes can her not detain,  
Even in policy complain,  
Whom her travel should adjourn,  
Why to hasten her return. [cure,

Of (a) Norway for their wage pro-  
k spells, a wind that shall endure  
board the wished landmen see,  
The harbour, where they long to be,  
Whom charms do this, and cannot I  
priest of Phœbus, and so high  
our, win the poet's god,  
Hermes with his snaky rod,  
Have, commanding him with care,  
Whom winds that lie for her prepare,  
At hour wherein she takes the seas,  
Upon the quiet Halcion days,  
The hour that bird begin her nest,  
The very instant, that long rest  
Of Neptune, who may still repose,  
The bird ne'er till that hour disclose,  
The landeth, and for all that space  
Inkling seen on Thetis' face,  
Whom breath with a gentle gale,  
Whom swelling of her sail,  
Whom Astian's safely set her down,  
Whom her goodness she may bless the town,  
Whom in justice would have plagu'd by thee  
And grim Neptune thou should'st be  
Nicer ; or what is his worse,  
The merchant, born to be the curse  
Of the island ; let them for her sake,  
Whom safeguard doth herself betake,  
Whom down'd, unwreck'd ; nay rather let  
Whom ease in some safe harbour set,  
Whom much profit they may vend their  
Whom

Have got by villainy and stealth,  
Of Neptune, than when thou dost rave,  
Should'st wet her sail but with a wave.  
The prouling rover should but dare

Ship wherein she is to fare,  
Whom fishes of the main appear [were  
The sea-thieves, that once such they  
Now, till they assay'd to rape  
The red Bacchus in a stripling's shape,  
Aboard them, and would fain have

Had (b) Naxos, but that him they fail'd,  
Receiving, them so monstrous made,  
Whom how they passengers invade.  
And western winds now cease to blow,  
Whom come, there be no flowers to grow,  
Whom at place respire, to which she goes,  
Whom sails should show yourself but does,  
Whom and ye eastern winds arise,  
Whom soon to Spain, but be precise,  
Whom said you seem not still so stern,  
Whom never should no more discern,

Whom of the northerly regions sell winds to  
Whom for the abundance of wine supposed to be  
Whom of Bacchus,

For till that here again I may her see,  
It will be winter all the year with me.

Ye (c) swan begotten lovely brother stars,  
So oft auspicious to poor mariners,  
Ye twin-bred lights of lovely Leda's brood,  
Jove's egg-born issue, smile upon the flood,  
And in your mild'st aspect do ye appear

To be her warrant from all future fear. [good,

And if thou ship, that bear'st her, do prove  
May never time by worms consume thy wood,  
Nor rust thy iron, may thy tacklings last,  
Till they for relics be in temples plac'd ;  
May'st thou be ranged with that mighty ark  
Wherein just Noah did all the world embark,  
With that which after Troy's so famous wreck,  
From ten years travel brought Ulysses back,  
That Argo which to Colchis went from Greece,  
And in her bottom brought the golden fleece  
Under brave Jason : or that same of Drake,  
Wherein he did his famous voyage make  
About the world ; or Ca'ndish's that went  
As far as his, about the continent.

And ye mild winds that now I do implore,  
Not once to raise the least sand on the shore,  
Nor once on forfeit of yourselves respire :  
When once the time is come of her retire,  
If then it please you, but to do your due,  
What for those winds I did, I'll do for you ;  
I'll woo you then, and if that not suffice,  
My pen shall prove you to have deities,  
I'll sing your loves in verses that shall flow,  
And tell the stories of your weal and woe,  
I'll prove what profit to the earth you bring,  
And how 'tis you that welcome in the spring ;  
I'll raise up altars to you, as to show,  
The time shall be kept holy, when you blow.  
O blessed winds ! your will that it may be,  
To send health to her, and her home to me.

*To my dearly loved Friend, HENRY REYNOLDS, Esq.  
of Poets and Poetry.*

My dearly loved friend, how oft have we,  
In winter evenings (meaning to be free,)  
To some well chosen place us'd to retire,  
And there with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,  
Have pass'd the hours contentedly with chat,  
Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that,  
Spoke our own verses, 'twixt ourselves, if not  
Other mens lines, which we by chance had got,  
Or some stage pieces famous long before,  
Of which your happy memory had store ;  
And I remember you much pleas'd were,  
Of those who lived long ago to hear,  
As well as of those, of these latter times,  
Who have enrich'd our language with their rhimes,  
And in succession how still up they grew,  
Which is the subject that I now pursue ;  
For from my cradle (you must know that) I  
Was still inclin'd to noble poetry,

(c) Castor and Pollux.

M m ij



And when that once puerile I had read,  
And newly had my Cato construed,  
In my small self I great'y marvell'd then,  
Amongst all other, what strange kind of men  
These poets were, and pleased with the name,  
To my mild tutor mercily I came,  
(For I was then a proper goodly page,  
Much like a pigmy, scarce ten years of age)  
Clasping my slender arms about his thigh.  
'O my dear master' cannot you (quoth I)  
'Make me a poet? Do it, if you can,  
'And you shall see, I'll quickly be a man,'  
Who me thus answer'd, smiling, 'Boy, quoth he,  
'If you'll not play the wag, but I may see  
'You ply your learning, I will shortly read  
'Some poets to you,' Phœbus be my speed,  
To't hard went I, when shortly he began,  
And first read to me honest Mantuan,  
Then Virgil's Eclogues, being enter'd thus,  
Methought I straight had mounted Pegasus,  
And in his full career could make him stop,  
And bound upon Parnassus' by-clift top.  
I scorn'd your ballad then though it were done  
And had for Fins, W. M. an. Elderton.  
But lofe, in sporting with this childish jest,  
I from my subject have too long digress'd,  
Then to the matter that we took in hand,  
Jove and Apollo for the Muses stand.

That noble Chaucer, in those former times,  
The first enrich'd our English with his rhymes,  
And was the first of ours that ever brake  
Into the muses' treasure and first spake  
In weighty numbers, delving in the mine  
Of perfect knowledge, which he could refine,  
And scan for current, and as much as then  
The English language could express to men,  
He made it do; and by his wond'rous skill,  
Gave us much light from his abundant quill.

And honest Gower, who in respect of him,  
Had only sip'd at Aganippa's brim,  
And though in years this last was him before,  
Yet fell he far short of the other's store.

When after those, four ages very near,  
They with the muses which conversed, were  
That princely Surrey, early in the time  
Of the eighth Henry, who was then the prime  
Of England's noble youth; with him there came  
Wyat; with reverence whom we still do name  
Amongst our poets, Brian had a share  
With the two former, which accounted are  
That time's best makers, and the authors were  
Of those small poems, which the title bear,  
Of songs and sonnets, wherein oft they hit  
On many dainty passages of wit.

Guicaine and Churchyard after them again  
In the beginning of Eliza's reign,  
Accounted were great meterers many a day,  
But not inspired with brave fire, had they  
Liv'd but a little longer, they had seen  
Their works before them to have buried been.

Grave moral Spencer after these came on,  
Than whom I am persuaded there was none  
Since the blind Bard his liads up did make,  
Futer a task like that to undertake,

To set down boldly, bravely to invent,  
In all high knowledge, surely excellent.

The noble Sidney, with this last arose,  
That heroe for numbers, and for prose.  
That throughly pac'd our language as to show,  
The plentiful English hand in hand might go  
With Greek and Lat in, and did first reduce  
Our tongue from Lilly's writing then in use;  
Talking of bones, stars, plants, of fishes, flies,  
Playing with words, and idle similes,  
As th' English apes and very zanyes be  
Of every thing, that they do hear and see,  
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,  
They speak and write, all like mere lunatics.

Then Warner, though his lines were not so trim,  
Nor yet his poem so exactly limn'd  
And neatly jointed, but the critic may  
Easily reprove him, yet thus let me say:  
For my old friend, some passages there be  
In him, which I protest have taken me  
With almost wonder, so fine, clear, and new,  
As yet they have been equalled by few.

Neat Marlow bathed in the Thespian spring,  
Had in him those brave transitory things,  
That the first poets had, his raptures were,  
All air, and fire, which made his verses clear,  
For that fine madness still he did retain,  
Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

And surely Nashe, though he a profer were,  
A branch of laurel yet deserves to bear,  
Sharply satiric was he, and that way  
He went, since that his being, to this day  
Few have attempted, and I surely think  
These words shall hardly be set down with ink,  
Shall scorch and blast so as his could, where he  
Would inflict vengeance; and be it said of thee,  
Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,  
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain,  
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,  
As any one that traffick'd with the stage.

Amongst these Samuel Daniel, whom if I  
May speak of, but to censure do deny,  
Only have heard some wise men him rehearse,  
To be too much historian in verse;  
His rhymes were smooth his meters well did close,  
But yet his manner better fitted prose.  
Next these, learn'd Johnst. in this list I bring,  
Who had drunk deep of the Pierian spring,  
Whole knowledge did him worthily prick  
And long was lord here of the theatre,  
Who in opinion made our learn'd to stick,  
Whether in poems rightly dramatic,  
Strong Seneca or Plautus, he or they,  
Should bear the buskin, or the sock away.  
Others again have lived in my days,  
That have of us deserved no less praise  
For their translations, than the daintiest wit  
That on Parnassus thinks, he high't doth sit,  
And for a chair may 'mongst the muses call,  
As the most curious maker of them all.  
As reverend Chapman, who hath brought to us,  
Musæus, Homer, and Hesiodus  
Out of the Greek; and by his skill hath rear'd  
Them to that height, and to our tongue order'd.



were those poets at this day alive,  
 e their books thus with us to survive,  
 would think, having neglected them so long,  
 had been written in the English tongue.  
 and Silvester who from the French more weak,  
 e Bartas of his six days labour speak  
 tural English, who, had he there staid,  
 ad done well, and never had bewray'd  
 wn invention to have been so poor,  
 still wrote less, in striving to write more.  
 en dainty Sands, that hath to English done  
 th sliding Ovid, and hath made him run  
 so much sweetness and unusual grace,  
 ough the neatness of the English pace,  
 ld tell the jetting Latin that it came  
 lowly after, as though stiff and lame.  
 Scotland sent us hither, for our own  
 man whose name I ever would have known  
 and by mine, that most ingenious knight,  
 Alexander, to whom in his right,  
 it extremely, yet in speaking thus  
 out shew the love, that was 'twixt us,  
 not his numbers, which were brave and high;  
 e his mind, was his clear poetry.  
 my dear Drummond to whom much I owe  
 as much love, and proud was I to know  
 poetry, for which two worthy men,  
 as I still shall love; and Hawthornden.

Then the two Beaumonts and my Brown arose,  
 My dear companions whom I freely chose  
 My bosom friends; and in their several ways,  
 Rightly born poets, and in these last days,  
 Men of much note, and no less nobler parts,  
 Such as have freely told to me their hearts,  
 As I have mine to them; but if you shall  
 Say in your knowledge, that these be not all  
 Have writ in numbers, be inform'd that I  
 Only myself, to these few men do tie,  
 Whose works oft printed, set on every post,  
 To public censure subject have been most;  
 For such whose poems, be they ne'er so rare,  
 In private chambers that incloister'd are,  
 And by transcription daintily must go;  
 As though the world unworthy were to know,  
 Their rich composures, let those men that keep  
 These wond'rous relics in their judgment deep,  
 And cry them up so, let such pieces be  
 Spoke of by those that shall come after me,  
 I pass not for them, nor do mean to run  
 In quest of these, that them applause have won,  
 Upon our stages in these latter days,  
 That are so many, let them have their bays  
 That do deserve it; let those wits that haunt  
 Those public circuits, let them freely chant  
 Their fine composures, and their praise pursue,  
 And so, my dear friend, for this time adieu.

M m iij



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# *I D E A S.*

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## I.

**L**IKE an advent'rous sea-farer am I,  
Who hath some long and dang'rous voyage been,  
And call'd to tell of his discovery,  
How far he sail'd, what countries he had seen ?  
Proceeding from the port whence he put forth,  
Shews by his compass how his course he steer'd ;  
When east, when west, when south, and when by  
north,  
As how the pole to ev'ry place was rear'd,  
What capes he doubled, of what continent,  
The gulphs and straits that strangely he had past,  
Where most becalm'd, where with foul weather  
spent,  
And on what rocks in peril to be cast ?  
Thus in my love, time calls me to relate  
My tedious travels, and oft-varying fate.

## II.

My heart was slain, and none but you and I ;  
Who should I think the murder should commit ?  
Since but yourself there was no creature by,  
But only I ; guiltless of murd'ring it.  
It flew itself ; the verdict on the view  
Do quit the dead, and me not accessory :  
Well, well, I fear it will be prov'd by you,  
'The evidence so great a proof doth carry.  
But O, see, see, we need inquire no further,  
Upon your lips the scarlet drops are found,  
And in your eye, the boy that did the murder,  
Your cheeks yet pale, since first he gave the wound.  
By this I see, however things be past,  
Yet heav'n will still have murder out at last.

## III.

**T**AKING my pen, with words to cast my woe,  
Duly to count the sum of all my cares,  
I find, my griefs innumerable grow,  
'The reck'nings rise to millions of despairs,  
And thus dividing of my fatal hours,  
'The payments of my love, I read, and cross,  
Subtracting, set my sweets unto my sour,  
My joys arrerage leads me to my loss ;

And thus mine eyes a debtor to thine eye,  
Which by extortion gaineth all their looks,  
My heart hath paid such grievous usury,  
That all their wealth lies in thy beauty's bo  
And all is thine which hath been due to  
And I a bankrupt, quite undone by thee.

## IV.

**B**RIGHT star of beauty, on whose eye-lids sit  
A thousand nymph-like and enamour'd grace  
The goddesses of memory and wit,  
Which there in order take their several place  
In whose dear bosom sweet delicious Love  
Lays down his quiver which he once did bear  
Since he that blessed paradise did prove,  
And leaves his mother's lap to sport him there  
Let others strive to entertain with words,  
My soul is of a braver metal made,  
I hold that vile, which vulgar wit affords ;  
In me's that faith which time cannot invade.  
Let what I praise be still made good by you  
Be you most worthy, whilst I am most true.

## V.

**N**OTHING but No and I, and I and No :  
How falls it out so strangely you reply ?  
I tell you (fair) I'll not be answer'd so,  
With this affirming No, denying I.  
I say, I love, you slightly answer I :  
I say, You love, you peule me out a No :  
I say, I die, you echo me with I :  
Save me, I cry, you sigh me out a No.  
Must Woe and I have nought but No and I ?  
No I, am I, if I no more can have ;  
Answer no more, with silence make reply,  
And let me take myself what I do crave :  
Let No and I, with I and you be so :  
Then answer No and I, and I and No.

## VI.

How many paltry, foolish, painted things,  
That now in coaches trouble every street,



gotten, whom no poets sing,  
 Well wrap'd in their winding sheet?  
 Thee eternity shall give,  
 Nothing else remaineth of these days,  
 Hereafter shall be glad to live  
 Inms of thy superfluous praise;  
 And matrons reading these my rhimes,  
 Much delighted with thy story,  
 Shall grieve they liv'd not in these times,  
 When thee, their sex's only glory:  
 Shalt fly above the vulgar throng,  
 Survive in my immortal song.

## VII.

Humour play'd the prodigal,  
 My senses to a solemn feast;  
 To grace the company withal,  
 Heart to be the chiefest guest:  
 Sink would serve this glutton's turn  
 As tears distilling from mine eyne,  
 When my sighs this epicure doth burn,  
 Arouses in this costly wine;  
 His cups o'ercome with soul excess,  
 As he plays a swaggering ruffin's part,  
 A banquet in his drunkenness,  
 Dear friend, my kind and truest heart:  
 A warning (friends) thus may you see,  
 Is to keep a drunkard company.

## VIII.

Nothing grieves me, but that age should  
 Be,  
 My days I may not see thee old,  
 Ere those two clear sparkling eyes are  
 C'd,  
 Deep-holes then I might behold.  
 My, arched, ivory, polish'd brow,  
 With wrinkles, that I might but see;  
 My hair, so curl'd and crisped now,  
 Led moss upon some aged tree;  
 Now flush with roses, sunk and lean,  
 With age, as any wafer thin,  
 My teeth out of thy head so clean,  
 When thou feed'st thy nose shall touch thy  
 N:  
 Names that now thou scorn'st, which should  
 Light thee, [thee.  
 Could I make thee read, but to despight

## IX.

Men, so I myself do muse,  
 In this sort I wrest invention to,  
 These giddy metaphors I use,  
 The path the greater part do go;  
 Live you: I am lunatic,  
 This in mad-men you shall find, [sick,  
 My last thought of when the brain grew  
 In distraction they keep that in mind.  
 Lying idly in this bedlam fit,  
 And you (you must conceive) are twain,  
 Years now since first I lost my wit,  
 Live me then, though troubled be my brain:

With diet and correction men distraught,  
 (Not too far past) may to their wits be brought.

## X.

To nothing fitter can I thee compare,  
 Than to the son of some rich penny-father,  
 Who having now brought on his end with care,  
 Leaves to his son all he had heap'd together;  
 This new rich novice, lavish of his chest,  
 To one man gives, doth on another spend,  
 Then here he riots, yet amongst the rest,  
 Haps to lend some to one true honest friend.  
 Thy gifts thou in obscurity dost waste,  
 False friends thy kindness, born but to deceive thee;  
 Thy love that is on the unworthy plac'd, [thee;  
 Time hath thy beauty, which with age will leave  
 Only that little which to me was lent,  
 I give thee back when all the rest is spent.

## XI.

You not alone, when You are still alone,  
 O God, from You that I could private be,  
 Since You one were, I never since was one,  
 Since You in me, myself since out of me,  
 Transported from myself into Your being;  
 Though either distant, present yet to either;  
 Senseless with too much joy, each other seeing,  
 And only absent when we are together.  
 Give Me myself, and take Yourself again,  
 Devise some means but how I may forsake You;  
 So much is mine that doth with You remain,  
 That taking what is mine, with Me I take You;  
 You do bewitch me, O that I could fly,  
 From myself You, or from your own self I.

## XII. To the Soul.

THAT learned father, which so firmly proves  
 The soul of man immortal and divine,  
 And doth the several offices define, [moves,  
*Anima* Gives her that name, as she the body  
*Amor* Then is the love, embracing charity,  
*Animus* Moving a will in us, it is the mind,  
*Mens* Retaining knowledge, still the same in  
*Memoria* As intellectual, it is Memory, [kind,  
*Ratio* In judging, Reason only is her name,  
*Sensus* In speedy apprehension it is sense,  
*Conscientia* In right or wrong they call her con-  
 science, [inflame:  
*Spiritus* The spirit, when it to Godward doth  
 These of the soul the several functions be,  
 Which my heart lighten'd by the love doth see.

## XIII. To the Shadow.

LETTERS and lines we see are soon defaced,  
 Metals do waste, and fret with canker's rust,  
 The diamond shall once consume to dust,  
 And freshest colours with foul strains disgraced:  
 Paper and ink can paint but naked words,  
 To write with blood, of force offends the sight;  
 And if with tears, I find them all too light,  
 And sighs and sighs a silly hope affords.

M m iij



O sweetest shadow, how thou serv'st my turn !  
Which still shalt be as long as there is sun ;  
Nor whilst the world is, never shall be done,  
Whilst moon shall shine, or any fire shall burn :  
That ev'ry thing whence Shadow doth proceed,  
May in his Shadow my love's story read.

## XIV.

If he, from heav'n that filch'd that living fire,  
Condemn'd by Jove to endless torment be,  
I greatly marvel how you still go free,  
That far beyond Prometheus did aspire :  
The fire he stole, although of heavenly kind,  
Which from above he craftily did take,  
Of lifeless clods, us living men to make,  
He did bestow in temper of the mind :  
But you brake into heav'n's immortal store,  
Where virtue, honour, wit, and beauty lay ;  
Which taking thence you have escap'd away,  
Yet stand as free as e'er you did before :  
Yet old Prometheus punish'd for his rape :  
Thus poor thieves suffer, when the greater 'scape.

XV. *His remedy for love.*

SINCE to obtain thee, nothing me will stead,  
I have a med'cine that shall cure my love,  
'The powder of her heart dry'd, when she's dead,  
That gold nor honour ne'er had power to move ;  
Mix'd with her tears that ne'er her true love cross'd  
Nor at fifteen ne'er long'd to be a bride,  
Boil'd with her sighs in giving up the ghost,  
That for her late deceased husband dy'd ;  
Into the same then let a woman breathe,  
That being chid, did never word reply, [queath  
With one thrice-marry'd's pray'rs, that did be-  
A legacy to stale virginity :  
If this receipt have not the pow'r to win me,  
Little I'll say, but think the Devil's in me.

XVI. *In allusion to the Phoenix.*

'MONGST all the creatures in this spacious round,  
Of the birds kind, the Phoenix is alone,  
Which best by you of living things is known ;  
None like to that, none like to you is found.  
Your beauty is the hot and splend'rous sun,  
'The precious spices be your chaste desire,  
Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,  
Your life so like the Phoenix's begun ;  
Yourself thus burned in that sacred flame,  
With so rare sweetness all the heav'ns perfuming,  
Again increasing, as you are consuming,  
Only by dying, born the very same ;  
And wing'd by fame, you to the stars ascend,  
So you of time shall live beyond the end.

XVII. *To Time.*

STAY, speedy Time, behold before thou pass,  
From age to age what thou hast sought to see,  
One, in whom all the excellencies be,  
In whom, heav'n looks itself as in a glass :  
Time, look thou too in this tralucet glass,

And thy youth past in this pure mirror see,  
As the world's beauty in his infancy,  
What it was then, and thou before it was ;  
Pass on, and to posterity tell this,  
Yet see thou tell, but truly, what hath been,  
Say to our nephews, that thou once hast seen,  
In perfect human shape all heav'nly bliss ;  
And bid them mourn, nay more, despair with  
That she is gone, her like again to see. [thou,

XVIII. *To the celestial numbers.*

To this our world, to learning, and to heaven,  
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,  
One number of the earth, the other both divine,  
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.  
Nine orders first of angels be in heaven,  
Nine muses do with learning still frequent,  
These with the gods are ever resident.  
Nine worthy women to the world were given :  
My worthy one to these nine worthies addeth,  
And my fair muse, one muse unto the nine,  
And my good angel (in my soul divine)  
With one more order these nine orders gladdeth :  
My muse, my worthy, and my angel then,  
Makes every one of these three nines a ten.

XIX. *To Honour.*

You cannot love, my pretty heart, and why ?  
There was a time you told me that you would :  
But now again you will the same deny,  
If it might please you, would to God you could.  
What will you hate ? nay that you will not neither :  
Nor love, nor hate, how then ! what will you do ?  
What will you keep a mean then betwixt either ?  
Or will you love me, and yet hate me too ?  
Yet serves not this : what next, what other shift ?  
You will, and will not, what a coil is here ?  
I see your craft, now I perceive your drift,  
And all this while, I was mistaken there :  
Your love and hate is this, I now do prove you,  
You love in hate, by hate to make me love you.

## XX.

AN evil spirit your beauty haunts me still,  
Wherewith (alas !) I have been long possess'd,  
Which ceaseth not to tempt me to each ill,  
Nor gives me once but one poor minute's rest :  
In me it speaks, whether I sleep or wake,  
And when by means to drive it out to try,  
With greater torments then it me doth take,  
And tortures me in most extremity ;  
Before my face it lays down my despairs,  
And hastes me on unto a sudden death ;  
Now tempting me to drown myself in tears,  
And then in sighing to give up my breath :  
Thus am I still provok'd to every evil,  
By this good wicked spirit, sweet Angel Devil.

## XXI.

A witless gallant, a young wench that woo'd,  
(Yet his dull spirit her not one jot could move)



I me, as e'er I wish'd his good,  
 : him but one sonnet to his love :  
 as fast as e'er I wish'd his good,  
 out what first from quick invention  
 me ;

er stood one word thereof to blot,  
 :e his wit that was to use the same :  
 my verses he his mistress won,  
 ed on the dolt beyond all measure,  
 :e you to heav'n for phrase I run,  
 ack all Apollo's golden treasure ;  
 : my froth this fool his love obtains,  
 lose you for all my wit and pains.

XXII. *To Folly.*

ols and children good discretion bears ;  
 lest people bear with love and me,  
 r yet, nor wiser made by years,  
 the rest of fools and children be :  
 I a Baby, plays with gawdes and toys,  
 a wanton sports with every feather ;  
 ts still are running after boys,  
 ols and children fitt'ft to go together :  
 is young as when he first was born,  
 I, than when as young as he.  
 behold us, laugh us not to scorn,  
 ure thanks ye are not such as we :  
 ols and children sometimes tell in play,  
 wise in shew, more fools indeed than  
 hey.

## XXIII.

nish'd heaven, in earth was held in scorn,  
 ng abroad in need and beggary ;  
 iting friends, though of a goddess born,  
 'd the alms of such as passed by :  
 man devout and charitable,  
 the naked, lodg'd this wand'ring guest,  
 hs and tears still furnishing his table,  
 at might make the miserable blest ;  
 ungrateful, for my good desert,  
 ny thoughts against me to conspire,  
 re consent to steal away my heart,  
 my breast, his lodging, on a fire.  
 well, my friends, when beggars grow thus  
 old,  
 rvel then though charity grow cold.

## XXIV.

ome say, this man is not in love :  
 an he love? a likely thing, they say ;  
 t his verse, and it will eas'ly prove.  
 not rashly (gentle Sir) I pray,  
 I loosely trifle in this sort,  
 hat fain his sorrows would beguile :  
 r suppose me all this time in sport,  
 se yourself with this conceit the while.  
 w cens'ers, sometimes see ye not,  
 ft perils some men pleasant be,  
 me by death is only to be got,  
 olute? so stands the case with me ;

Where other men in depth of passion cry,  
 I laugh at fortune, as in jest to die.

## XXV.

Oh, why should nature niggardly restrain,  
 That foreign nations relish not our tongue !  
 Else should my lines glide on the waves of Rhene,  
 And crown the Pyren's with my living song :  
 But bounded thus, to Scotland get you forth,  
 Thence take you wing unto the Orcades,  
 There let my verse get glory in the north,  
 Making my sighs to thaw the frozen seas ;  
 And let the Bards within that Irish isle,  
 To whom my muse with fiery wings shall pass,  
 Call back the stiff-neck'd rebels from exile,  
 And mollify the slaught'ring Galliglaßs ;  
 And when my flowing numbers they rehearse,  
 Let wolves and bears be charmed with my verse.

XXVI. *To Despair.*

I EVER love, where never hope appears,  
 Yet hope draws on my never-hoping care,  
 And my life's hope would die, but for despair.  
 My never-certain joy breeds ever-certain fears,  
 Uncertain bread gives wings unto my hope ;  
 Yet my hope's wings are laden so with fear,  
 As they cannot ascend to my hope's sphere ;  
 Though fear givethem more than a heav'nly scope,  
 Yet this large room is bounded with despair,  
 So my love is still fetter'd with vain hope,  
 And liberty deprives him of his scope,  
 And thus am I imprison'd in the air :  
 Then, sweet Despair, a while hold up thy head,  
 Or all my hope for sorrow will be dead.

## XXVII.

Is not love here, as 'tis in other climes,  
 And diff'reth it, as do the several nations ?  
 Or hath it lost the virtue with the times,  
 Or in this island alt'reth with the fashions ?  
 Or have our passions lesser pow'r than theirs,  
 Who had less art them lively to express ?  
 Is nature grown less powerful in their heirs,  
 Or in our fathers did she more transgress ?  
 I'm sure my sighs come from a heart as true,  
 As any man's that memory can boast,  
 And my respects and services to you,  
 Equal with his, that loves his mistress most ;  
 Or nature must be partial in my cause,  
 Or only you do violate her laws.

## XXVIII.

To such as say thy love I over-prize,  
 And do not stick to term my praises folly ;  
 Against these folk, that think themselves so wise,  
 I thus oppose my reason's forces wholly :  
 Though, I give more than well affords my state,  
 In which expence the most suppose me vain,  
 Which yields them nothing at the easiest rate,  
 Yet at this price returns me treble gain,



Would God I were as ignorant as they,  
When I am made unhappy by my skill;  
Only compell'd on this poor good to boast,  
Heav'n's are not kind to them that know them  
most.

## XLIV.

WHILST thus my pen strives to eternize thee,  
Age rules my lines with wrinkles in my face;  
Where, in the map of all my misery  
Is model'd out the world of my disgrace;  
Whilst in despite of tyrannising rhimes,  
Medea-like, I make thee young again, [rhimes,  
Proudly thou scorn'st my world-outwearing  
And murder'st virtue with thy coy disdain:  
And though in youth, my youth untimely perish,  
To keep thee from oblivion and the grave,  
Ensuing ages yet my rhimes shall cherish,  
Where I entomb'd my better part shall save;  
And though this earthly body fade and die,  
My name shall mount upon eternity.

## XLV.

MUSES which sadly sit about my chair,  
Drown'd in the tears extorted by my lines;  
With heavy sighs whilst thus I break the air,  
Painting my passions in these sad designs,  
Since she disdains to bless my happy verse,  
The strong-built trophies to her living fame,  
Ever henceforth my bosom be your hearse,  
Wherein the world shall now intomb her name;  
Enclose my music, you poor senseless walls,  
Sith she is deaf, and will not hear my moans,  
Softening yourselves with every tear that falls,  
Whilst I, like Orpheus, sing to trees and stones;  
Which with my plaint seem yet with pity mov'd,  
Kinder than she whom I so long have lov'd.

## XLVI.

PLAIN path'd experience, the unlearned's guide,  
Her simple followers evidently shews  
Sometimes what schoolmen scarcely can decide,  
Nor yet wise reason absolutely knows:  
In making trial of a murder wrought,  
If the vile actors of the hainous deed  
Near the dead body hapely be brought, [bleed.  
Oft 't hath been prov'd, the breathless corse will  
She coming near, that my poor heart hath slain,  
Long since departed (to the world no more)  
The ancient wounds no longer can contain,  
But fall to bleeding, as they did before:  
But what of this? Should she to death be led,  
It furthers justice, but helps not the dead.

## XLVII.

IN pride of wit, when high desire of fame  
Gave life and courage to my lab'ring pen,  
And first the sound and virtue of my name,  
Won grace and credit in the ears of men;  
With those the thronged theatres that press,  
I in the circuit for the laurel strove;

Where, the full praise I freely must confess  
In heat of blood, a modest mind might me  
With shouts and claps at ev'ry little pause  
When the proud round on ev'ry side hath  
Sadly I sit unmov'd with the applause,  
As though to me it nothing did belong:  
No public glory vainly I pursue,  
All that I seek, is to eternize you.

## XLVIII.

CUPID, I hate thee, which I'd have thee be  
A naked starveling ever may'st thou be,  
Poor rogue, go pawn thy fascia and thy bow  
For some few rags, wherewith to cover thee  
Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,  
To some base rustic do thyself prefer,  
And when corn's sown, or grown into the  
Practice thy quiver, and turn crow-keeper  
Or being blind (as fittest for the trade)  
Go hire thyself some bungling harper's be  
They that are blind, are minstrels often made  
So may'st thou live to thy fair mother's joy  
That whilst with Mars she holdeth her  
Thou, her blind son may'st sit by them a

## XLIX.

THOU leaden brain, which censur'st what  
And say'st, my lines be dull, and do not me  
I marvel not thou feel'st not my delight,  
Which never felt'st my fiery touch of love  
But thou, whose pen hath like a pack-horse  
Whose stomach unto gall hath turn'd my love  
Whose senses, like poor prisoners hunger-sick  
Whose grief hath parch'd thy body, dry'd thy  
Thou which hath scorned life, and hated death  
And in a moment mad, sober, glad, and sorry  
Thou which hast bann'd thy thoughts, and cur'd  
With thousand plagues more than in purgatory  
Thou, thus whose spirit love in his fire  
Come thou and read, admire, applaud me

## L.

As in some countries far remote from hence  
The wretched creature, destined to die,  
Having the judgment due to his offence,  
By surgeons begg'd on him their art to try  
Which on the living work without remorse,  
First make incision on each mast'ring vein,  
Then stanch the bleeding, then transpierced  
corse,  
And with their balm recure the wounds again  
Then poison, and with physic him restore:  
Not that they fear the hopeless man to kill,  
But their experience to increase the more:  
Ev'n so my mistress works upon my ill;  
By curing me, and killing me each hour,  
Only to shew her beauty's sov'reign power

## LI.

CALLING to mind since first my love began  
Th' uncertain times oft varying in their course



gs still unexpectedly have run,  
 e the fates by their resistless force;  
 ne eyes amazedly have seen  
 at fall, Tyrone his peace to gain,  
 end of that long-living queen,  
 s fair entrance, and our peace with Spain,  
 ie Dutch at length ourselves to sever;  
 world doth, and evermore shall reel;  
 goddess am I constant ever,  
 blind fortune turn her giddy wheel:  
 a heaven and earth prove both to me  
 true,  
 I still inviolate to you.

## LII.

'st thou mean to cheat me of my heart,  
 ll mine, and give me none again?  
 hine eyes such magic, or that art,  
 t. they get, they ever do retain?  
 he tyrant, but take some remorse,  
 p spoken, if but for pity's sake;  
 if thou can'st not, let us scorse,  
 ne piece of thine my whole heart take.  
 of pity do I speak to thee,  
 ast is proof against complaint or prayer?  
 hink what my reward shall be  
 proud beauty, which was my betrayer?  
 alk I of a heart, when thou hast none?  
 ou hast, it is a flinty one.

LIII. *Another to the river Ankor,*

ankor, on whose silver-sanded shore,  
 rin'd faint, my fair Idea lies,  
 brook, whose milk-white swans adore  
 l stream refined by her eyes,  
 et myrrh-breathing zephyr in the spring  
 tils his nectar-dropping showers,  
 htingales in Arden sit and sing,  
 he dainty dew-impearled flowers;  
 ur brook, when thou shalt see thy queen,  
 y shepherd spent his wand'ring years,  
 se shades, dear nymph, he oft had been,  
 to thee he sacrific'd his tears:  
 den, thou my Tempe art alone,  
 ou, sweet Ankor, art my Helicon.

## LIV.

at last the story of my woe,  
 r abstracts of my endless cares,  
 ife's sorrow interlined so,  
 th my sighs, and blotted with my tears,  
 emorials of my miseries,  
 ie grief of mine afflicted ghost,  
 :omplaint in doleful elegies,  
 ire love, as time could never boast;  
 e incense which I offer here,  
 ong faith ascending to thy fame:  
 ay hope, my vows, my praise, my pray'r,  
 oblations to thy sacred name;  
 ame my muse to highest heav'ns shall  
 aise,  
 e desire, true love, and virtuous praise.

## LV.

My fair, if thou wilt register my love,  
 A world of volumes shall thereof arise:  
 Preserve my tears, and thou thyself shalt prove  
 A second flood, down raining from my eyes:  
 Note but my sighs, and thine eyes shall behold  
 The sun-beams smother'd with immortal smoke;  
 And if by thee my prayers may be enroll'd,  
 They heaven and earth to pity shall provoke:  
 Look thou into my breast, and thou shalt see  
 Chaste holy vows for my soul's sacrifice; [thee,  
 That soul (sweet maid) which so hath honour'd  
 Erecting trophies to thy sacred eyes,  
 Those eyes to my heart shining ever bright,  
 When darkness hath obscur'd each other light.

LVI. *An allusion to the Eaglets.*

When like an eaglet I first found my love,  
 For that the virtue I thereof would know.  
 Upon the nest I set it forth to prove,  
 If it were of that kingly kind or no:  
 But it no sooner saw my sun appear,  
 But on her rays with open eyes it stood,  
 To shew that I had hatch'd it for the air,  
 And rightly came from that brave mounting brood;  
 And when the plumes were summ'd with sweet  
 desire,  
 To prove the pinions, it ascends the skies;  
 Do what I could, it need'fly would aspire  
 To my soul's sun, those two celestial eyes:  
 Thus from my breast, where it was bred alone,  
 It after thee is like an eaglet flown.

## LVII.

You best discern'd of my mind's inward eyes,  
 And yet your graces outwardly divine,  
 Whose dear remembrance in my bosom lies,  
 Too rich a relic for so poor a shrine:  
 You, in whom nature chose herself to view,  
 When she her own perfection would admire,  
 Bestowing all her excellence on you;  
 At whose pure eyes love lights his hallow'd fire,  
 Ev'n as a man that in some trance hath seen,  
 More than his wond'ring utterance can unfold,  
 That wrapp'd in spirit, in better worlds hath been,  
 So must your praise distractedly be told;  
 Most of all short, when I should shew you most  
 In your perfections so much am I lost.

## LVIII.

In former times, such as had store of coin,  
 In wars at home, or when for conquests bound,  
 For fear that some their treasure should purloin,  
 Gave it to keep to spirits within the ground;  
 And to attend it, them as strongly ty'd,  
 Till they return'd; home when they never came,  
 Such as by art to get the same have try'd,  
 From the strong spirit by no means force the same;  
 Nearer men come, that further flies away,  
 Striving to hold it strongly in the deep;  
 Ev'n as this spirit, so you alone do play  
 With these rich beauties heaven gives you to keep:



Pity so left to th' coldness of your blood,  
Not to avail you, nor do others good.

LIX. *To Proverbs.*

As love and I late harbour'd in one inn  
With proverbs thus each other entertain :  
*In love there is no lack*, thus I begin ;  
*Fair words make fools*, replieth he again ;  
*Who spares to speak, doth spare to speed*, (quoth I) ;  
*As well* (saith he) *too forward, as too slow* :  
*Fortune assists the boldest*, I reply ;  
*A hasty man* (quoth he) *ne'er wanted woe* :  
*Labour is light, where love* (quoth I) *doth pay* ;  
(Saith he) *Light burdens heavy, if far borne* :  
(Quoth I) *The main lost, cast the by away* ;  
*I have spun a fair thread*, he replies in scorn.  
And having thus a while each other thwarted,  
Fools as we met, so fools again we parted.

LX.

DEFINE my weal, and tell the joys of heaven,  
Express my woes, and shew the pains of hell,  
Declare what fate unlucky stars have given,  
And ask a world upon my life to dwell,  
Make known the faith that fortune could not  
move,

Compare my worth with others base desert,  
Let virtue be the touch-stone of my love,  
So may the heavens read wonders in my heart ;  
Behold the clouds which have eclips'd my sun,  
And view the crosses which my course do let  
'Tell me, that ever since the world begun,  
So fair a rising had so foul a set :  
And see if time (if he would strive to prove)  
Can shew a second to so pure a love.

LXI.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part,  
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,  
And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,  
That thus so clearly I myself can free ;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
And when we meet at any time again,  
Be it not seen in either of our brows,  
That we one jot of former love retain ;  
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,  
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,  
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
And innocence is closing up his eyes, [over  
Now if thou would'st, when all have given him  
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover

LXII.

WHEN first I ended, then I first began,  
Then more I travell'd further from my rest,  
Where most I lost, there most of all I was,  
Pined with hunger, rising from a feast.  
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go,  
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot,  
Ravish'd with joy amidst a hell of woe,  
What most I seem, that surest am I not.  
I build my hopes a world above the sky,  
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth,  
In plenty I am starv'd with penury,  
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth :  
I have, I want, despair, and yet desire,  
Burn'd in a sea of ice, drown'd 'midst a fire.

LXIII.

TRUCE, gentle love, a parly now I crave.  
Methinks 'tis long since first these wars began,  
Nor thou, nor I, the better yet can have,  
Bad is the match, where neither party won.  
I offer free conditions of fair peace,  
My heart for hostage that it shall remain,  
Discharge our forces, here let malice cease,  
So for my pledge thou give me pledge again :  
Or if nothing but death will serve thy turn,  
Still thirsting for subversion of my state ;  
Do what thou canst, raze, massacre, and burn,  
Let the world see the utmost of thy hate :  
I send defiance, since if overthrown,  
Thou vanquishing, the conquest is mine own



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# THE OWL.

---

To the Honourable  
SIR WALTER ASTON, KNIGHT.

arill trumpet, and stern tragic sounds,  
trageous and so full of fear;  
ate sleep'd in English Barons wounds,  
ke accents to your tuneful ear.

Muse, to gentler moral dight;  
conceits, in humbled tunes doth sing;  
the bird regardless of the light,  
h move her late high-mounting wing.

The wreath is Ivy that ingirts our brows,  
Wherein this night-bird harb'reth all the day;  
We dare not look at other crowning boughs,  
But leave the Laurel unto them that may.

Low as the earth, though our invention move;  
High yet as heaven to you, our spotless love.

M. DRAYTON,

---

## TO THE READER.

to him that may (perhaps) say my  
idle and worthless, I might this answer  
I see in reading, or read with under-  
that the greatest masters in this art  
myself, not for any affectation of singu-  
e written upon as slight a matter. As  
of the Greeks and Latins, the first of  
War, the latter of a poor Gnat; and  
wittily of the Chess-play and Silk-worm;  
ny other that I could recite of the like  
how much immaterial, so much the

more difficult, to handle with any encomiastic de-  
fence, or passionate comparison, (as their strong  
testimony) who can give Virtue her due, and by  
the Powerfulness of wit, maintain Vice not vici-  
ously. Some other likewise in a paradoxical man-  
ner, as Isocrates's Oration in praise of Helen, whom  
all the world dispraiseth: Agrippa's declamation  
upon the Vanity of the Sciences, which knowledge  
all the world admireth. Thus leaving thee fa-  
vourably to censure of my poor labours, I end.

M. DRAYTON

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## IN NOCTUAM DRAYTONI.

a Lemniacas deturbant tela Volucres?  
? aligero perstringit corpore Graios,  
Procures? Posita Paantius irâ,  
Ierculeas ad Troica fata Pharetras.  
an puro tonuit pater altus Olympo?  
it sonitu Phœbæi Cœlifer arcus?  
ugurium: tanto Deus ille tumultu  
exagitat mortalia Pectora Vatum.  
in sylvas Draytonum mittit: oberrat  
s nullo signatos tramite Musa:

Hinc & in æriam libratur machina gentem:  
Quæ ferit immemores (iterato verbere) Reges:  
Proterit & Vulgus (audaci more) profanum.  
Eia, age: dum crebro fugiat tremebundus ab  
iclu  
Immitis servus vitii, decedat ab oris  
Anglorum longè; lustratis lampade sancta  
Cujus conjuncti exultant fulgore Britanni.

A. GRENEWAL.



---

## THE OWL.

---

WHAT time the sun by his all-quick'ning power,  
Gives life and birth to every plant and flower,  
The strength and fervour of whose pregnant ray  
Buds every branch, and blossoms every spray;  
As the firm sap (the yearly course assign'd)  
From the full root, doth swell the plenteous rind:  
The vital spirits long nourish'd at the heart,  
Fly with fresh fire to each exterior part:  
Which stirs desire in hot and youthful bloods;  
To breathe their dear thoughts to the list'ning  
woods. [frequent,

With those light flocks, which the fair fields  
This frolic season luckily I went,  
And as the rest did, did I frankly too,  
"Least is he mark'd, that doth as most men do."  
But whether by some casual defect,  
All flowers alike the time did not respect:  
Some whose new roots ne'er saw a former May  
Flourish now fair, those wither'd quite away,  
Into my thoughts that incidently brings  
Th' inconstant passage of all worldly things.  
The rarest work whereat we wonder long,  
Obscur'd by time that envy could not wrong.  
And what in life can mortal man desire,  
That scarcely com'n, but quickly doth retire!  
The monarchies had time to grow to head,  
And at the height their conquer'd honours fled:  
And by their wane those latter kingdoms rose,  
'That had their age to win, their hour to lose,  
Which with much sorrow brought into my mind,  
Their wretched souls so ignorantly blind,  
(When ev'n the great'st things in the world un-  
stable)

'That climb to fall, and damn them for a Babel.  
Whilst thus my thoughts were strongly enter-  
tain'd, [gain'd;  
The greatest lamp of heaven his height had  
Seeking some shade to lend content to me,  
Lo, near at hand, I spy'd a goodly tree;  
Under th' extensure of whose lordly arms,  
'The small birds warbled their harmonious charms.  
Where sitting down to cool the burning heat,  
Through the moist pores evap'rating by sweat,  
Yielding my pleas'd thought to content (by chance)  
I on a sudden dropt into a trance:

Wherein methought some God or Power divine  
Did my clear knowledge wond'rously refine.  
For that amongst those sundry varying notes,  
Which the birds sent from their melodious throats,  
Each sylvan sound I truly understood,  
Become a perfect linguist of the wood:  
Their flight, their song, and every other sign,  
By which the world did anciently divine,  
As the old Tuscans, in that \* skill profound,  
Which first great Car, and wise Thresias found,  
To me bequeath'd their knowledge to descry,  
The depth and secrets of their augury.

One I could hear appointing with his sweeting  
A place convenient for their secret meeting:  
Others, when winter shortly should decline,  
How they would couple at St. (b) Valentine:  
Some other birds that of their loves forsaken,  
To the close deserts had themselves betaken,  
And in the dark groves where they made abode,  
Sung many a sad and mournful Palinod.  
And every bird shew'd in his proper kind,  
What virtue nature had to him assign'd.  
The pretty Turtle, and the kissing Dove,  
Their faiths in wedlock, and chaste nuptial love:  
The Hens (to women) sanctity express,  
Hallowing their eggs: the Swallow cleanliness,  
Sweetening her nest, and purging it of dung,  
And every hour is picking of her young.  
The Hern, by soaring shews tempestuous showers,  
The princely Cock distinguisheth the hours,  
The Kite, his train him guiding in the air,  
Prescribes the helm, instructing how to steer.  
The Crane to labour, fearing some rough flaw,  
With sand and gravel burthening his crow:  
Noted by man, which by the same did find  
To ballast ships for steadiness in wind.  
And by the form and order in his flight,  
To march in war, and how to watch by night.  
The first of house that e'er did groundsel lay,  
Which then was homely, of rude lome and clay,  
Learn'd of the Merten: Philomel in spring,  
Teaching by art her little one to sing;

(a) Divination by Birds.

(b) The time when birds couple.



ar voice sweet music first was found,  
 ion ever knew a sound.  
 h mofs the dead's unclosed eye,  
 d-breast teacheth charity.  
 e in sundry things excel,  
 ould serve their properties to tell.  
 dge if it the place should be,  
 resent this pretty dream to me,  
 eaves and shelter of a stack  
 rt it) at a beech's back,  
 ree with ivy overgrown,  
 e sun had scarcely ever shone,  
 l creature, hanging of the wing,  
 ep whilst every bird did sing.  
 ead still leaning on his breast,  
 reet tunes Philomel exprest :  
 y did in his looks appear,  
 d his melancholy cheer.  
 c), that brought into my head,  
 nges metamorphosed,  
 but him I read aright,  
 ks as he was slow of sight ;  
 me that it was the same ;  
 out him strangely wond'ring came.  
 the Linnet, tripping on the spray ;  
 hou sluggish bird, this mirthful May,  
 me forth, and leave thy luskise nest,  
 ese forests bravely as the best.  
 ight in yonder goodly tree,  
 vect Merle, and warbling Mavis be.  
 he Titmouse, which at hand did sit,  
 is moody melancholy fit.  
 ll brooks as through these groves  
 ravel,  
 joy upon the silver gravel,  
 et notes the neighb'ring Sylvans sing,  
 oth cadence of their murmuring.  
 h honey on her laden thigh,  
 o Palm (as carelessly they fly)  
 : wind, and him his course bereaves,  
 lally with th' enamoured leaves.  
 e Owl, which well himself could bear,  
 short speech lent a list'ning ear :  
 gth to rouse him in the beech,  
 est thus frames his reverend speech :  
 you feather'd Choristers of nature,  
 which hath distinguish'd every crea-

uses unto every one,  
 ds and things to live upon :  
 Lark, that takes delight to build  
 ort, amidst the vastie field ;  
 in deserts far abroad,  
 'd issue safely doth unload ;  
 and the Robinet agen,  
 to the mansion place of men ;  
 visely which hath each thing taught,  
 st sitting my content forethought,  
 e not of the stately trees,  
 reslight less threat'ning danger sees,  
 thrilling from the troubled air,  
 ie shrub, the place of my repair.

aphus in Buhonem.  
 owl's speech to the other birds.

The fowlers snares in ambush are not lay'd  
 T' intrap my steps, which oft have you betray'd.  
 A silent sleep, my gentle fellow birds,  
 By day a calm of sweet content affords ;  
 By night I tower the heaven, devoid of fear,  
 Nor dread the Gryphon to surprise me there.  
 And into many a secret place I peep,  
 And see strange things while you securely sleep.  
 Wonder not, birds, although my heavy eyes  
 By day seem dim to see your vanities.  
 " Happy's that sight the secret'st things can spy,  
 By seeming purblind to community ;  
 And blest are they that to their own content,  
 See that by night which some by day repent.  
 Did not mine eyes seem dim to others sight,  
 Without suspect they could not see so right.  
 Oh ! silly creatures, happy is the state,  
 That weighs not pity, nor respecteth hate :  
 Better's that place, though homely and obscure,  
 Where we repose in safety and secure,  
 Thence where great birds with lordly talions seize  
 Not what they ought, but what their fancies please :  
 And by their power prevailing in this sort,  
 To rob the poor, account it but a sport :  
 Therefore of two, I chose the lesser evil,  
 Better sit still, then rise to meet the devil."

Thus the poor Owl, unhappily could preach;  
 Some that came near in compass of his reach,  
 Taking this item, with a general ear  
 (" A guilty conscience feels continual fear)  
 Soon to their sorrow secretly do find,  
 " Some that had wink'd, not altogether blind.  
 And finding now which they before had heard,  
 " Wisdom not all, in every garish bird,  
 Shrewdly suspect, that breviting by night,  
 Under pretence that he was ill of sight,  
 Silly had seen which secretly not kept,  
 Simply they walk'd ; he subtly had slept.  
 The envious Crow, that is so full of spight,  
 The hateful Buzzard, and the ravenous Kite,  
 The greedy raven, that for death (c) doth call,  
 Spoiling poor lambs as from their dams they fall,  
 That picketh out the dying creature's eye ;  
 The thievish Daw, and the dissembling Pye,  
 That only live upon the poorer's spoil,  
 That feed on Dung-hills of the lothsome foil :  
 The Wood-pecker, whose hard'ned beak hath  
 broke,

And pierc'd the heart of many a solid oak :  
 That where the kingly Eagle went to prey,  
 In the calm shade in heat of summer's day :  
 Of thousands of fair trees there stands not one  
 For him to perch or set his foot upon.  
 And now they see they safely had him here,  
 T' eschew th' effect of every future fear :  
 Upon the sudden all these murd'rous fowl,  
 Fasten together on the harmless Owl,  
 The cruel Kite, because his claws were keen,  
 Upon his broad-face wreaks his angry teen.  
 His weasant next, the ravenous Raven plies,  
 The Pye and Buzzard tugging at his eyes.  
 The Crow is digging at his breast amain ;  
 The sharp nebb'd Hecco stabbing at his brain ;

(c) Pliny.

-N n



That had the Falcon not by chance been near,  
 That (f) lov'd the Owl, and held him only dear,  
 Come to his rescue at the present tide,  
 'The honest Owl undoubtedly had dy'd.  
 And whilst the gentle fowl do yet pursue  
 'The riot done by this rebellious crew,  
 'The lesser birds that keep the lower spring,  
 'Thereat much grieve with woeful murmuring,  
 Yet wanting power to remedy his wrongs,  
 Who took their lives restrained not their tongues:  
 'The Lark, the Linnet, and the gentler sort,  
 'Those sweet musicians, with whose shrill report,  
 'The senseless woods, and the obdurate rock,  
 Have oft been mov'd: the warbling Throats Cock,  
 'The Ousel and the Nightingale among,  
 'That charms the night calm with her powerful song,  
 In Phœbus' laurel that do take delight, [smite.  
 Whom Jove's fierce thunder hath no power to  
 'Justice, say they, ah! whether art thou fled?  
 Or this vile world hast thou abandoned?  
 O, why, fair Virtue, wert thou made in vain?  
 Freedom is lost, and liberty is slain:  
 'Whilst some whose power restrained not their rage,  
 Loudly exclaim upon the envious age,  
 'That rocks for pity did resume them ears,  
 'The earth so wet with plenty of their tears.  
 But thus it hapt in heat of all these things,'  
 "Asking rule realms, God rules the hearts of kings."

The princely Eagle, leaving his abode,  
 Was from his court stolen secretly abroad:  
 And from the covert, closely where he stood,  
 'To find how things were censur'd in the wood;  
 Far in the thickets might a chatt'ring hear,  
 'To which soon lending an officious ear,  
 'With a still flight his easy course doth make  
 'Towards where the sound he perfectly doth take.  
 At every stroke (with his imperial wings)  
 'The gentle air unto his feathers clings:  
 And through his soft and callow down doth flow,  
 As loth so soon his presence to forego,  
 And being at last arrived at the place,  
 He found the Owl in miserable case,  
 (For whom much sorrow every where was heard)  
 Sadly bemoan'd of many a helpless bird.  
 But when this princely jovial fowl they saw,  
 As now deliver'd from their former awe:  
 Each little creature lifted up a wing,  
 With Ave Cæsar, to their sovereign king.  
 Who seeing the Owl, thus miserably forlorn,  
 Spoil'd of his feathers, mangled, scratcht and torn,  
 Will'd him his name and quality to shew,  
 How and wherefore he suffered all this woe:  
 Which the Owl hearing, taking heart thereby,  
 'Though somewhat daunted with his piercing eye,  
 (With a deep sigh) (g) 'My sovereign liege,  
 quoth he,  
 'Though now this poor and wretched as you see,  
 Athens sometime the Muses nursery,  
 'The source of science and philosophy,  
 Allow'd me freedom in her learned bowers,  
 Where I was set in the Cecropian towers.  
 Armed Bellona (goddess of the field)  
 Honour'd my portrait in the warlike shield.

And far my study (of all other fowl)  
 The wise Minerva challenged the Owl:  
 For which, those grave and still-authentic Eggs,  
 Which sought for knowledge in those golden eggs,  
 Of whom we hold the science that we have,  
 For wisdom, me their Hieroglyphic gave.  
 'The fruitful Ceres to great Saturn born,  
 'That first with sickle crop'd the rip'ned corn,  
 She bore the swarthy Acheron, whose birth,  
 Scarcely then perfect, loathing of the earth,  
 And flying all community with men,  
 Thrust his black head into the Stygian fen;  
 Where the nymph Orphine in th' infernal shade,  
 As in his stream she carelessly did wade,  
 The flood embracing craftily beguil'd;  
 By whom soon after she conceiv'd with child;  
 Of her dear son Ascallaphus, (b) whose youth  
 So cherish'd justice, and respected truth;  
 As to the gods he faithfully did tell,  
 The tasted fruit by Proserpine in hell:  
 Which an offence imagined so foul,  
 Ceres transform'd into the harmless Owl.  
 To our disgrace, though it be urg'd by some,  
 Our harmless kind to Crete doth never come;  
 The Cretians are still lyars, nor come we thither,  
 For truth and falsehood cannot live together.  
 But those that spurn at our contented state,  
 With viperous envy and degenerate hate;  
 Strive to produce us from that Lesbian bed,  
 Where with blind lust the fleshly lecher led,  
 On his own child, unnaturally did pray,  
 (For that foul fact) transform'd Nyctimene, (i)  
 But seldom seen into the public eye,  
 The shrieking Litch-Owl that doth never cry,  
 But boding death, and quick herself inters  
 In darksome graves and hollow sepulchres.  
 Thus much, my Sovereign, whence my father  
 came.

Now for the cause of this my present shame,  
 "Few words may serve a mischief to unfold,  
 For, in short speech long sorrow may be told."  
 'But for my freedom that I us'd of late,  
 To lance th' infection of a poison'd state,  
 Wherein my free and uncorrupted tongue,  
 Lightly gave taste of their injurious wrong.  
 The Kite, the Crow, and all the birds of prey,  
 That they liege people havock night and day;  
 Rushing upon me, with most foul despite,  
 'Thus have they drest me in this piteous plight.'

The Eagle now, a serious ear that lent  
 To the religious and devout intent  
 Of the good Owl, whom too injurious fate  
 Had thus rewarded, doth commiserate  
 The poor distressed bird, hoping to hear  
 What all the rest through negligence and fear  
 Smother'd in silence, and had buried still,  
 Covering the sore of many a fester'd ill;  
 Not only grants him liberty of speech,  
 But further deigning kindly to beseech  
 The virtuous bird no longer to refrain:  
 Who thus emboldened by his sovereign,  
 At length his silence resolutely brake,  
 And thus the Eagle's majesty bespake.

(f) The natural love of the Falcon to the Owl. Pliny.  
 (g) The Owl's speech to the Eagle:

(b) Ovid's Metam. Lib. 5.  
 (i) Ibid. Lib. 2.



ighty, said he, though my plain homely  
 ds  
 at grace that elegance affords;  
 elf is of sufficient worth,  
 t gloss of art to set it forth.  
 r plumes like moss upon that oak,  
 uch, yet suffering more I took.  
 I seen the world's inconstant change,  
 not me, affliction is not strange.  
 or contempt, I seek not fame,  
 I love, and glory in the same.  
 us judgment-seat I never sought,  
 is sold for coin, the poor for nought.  
 less bird, a harmless wretch,  
 e power that needful is to teach.  
 your great good and general weal,  
 tongue, and with a fervent zeal  
 ough my lips, which otherwise were

ere grave (1) Samnite's document.  
 ore my harmless tale be told,  
 : Vulture argues me too bold.  
 rant (whom spoil cannot suffice)  
 e charge and slander me with lies,  
 tax me to be vainly proud,  
 shame, the Owl should be allow'd.  
 his Axiom doth them all confute,  
 gs did speak, what subject can be mute?  
 t winter that forewent our prime,  
 rince, upon a certain time  
 y palace on a night,  
 vive my melancholy spright,  
 for darkness) waiting all alone,  
 y night) what lords by day look on,  
 held so many candles light,  
 I mock'd the tapers of the night.  
 it grew upon the time of rest,  
 great sincerity profess,  
 Prayer should presently proceed,  
 iveness for the day's misdeed,  
 ft down the liquorous Sparrow fat,  
 ith meats, full spermatie and fat.  
 is drinks, and sirups doth apply,  
 blood and quicken luxury;  
 is billing female was embrac'd,  
 r wings about his wanton waist.  
 ight I, what's here by light within,  
 e in darkness should have fear'd to sin?  
 norant set closely to devise,  
 ght compass strange monopolies.  
 Goldfinch and his courtly mate,  
 Bunting powerful in the state,  
 eed, and but at little stick,  
 thousand for a bishopric,  
 le up some feathers from the Lark,  
 gh a pastor and a learned clerk?  
 reverence, (m) though he wear a cowl,  
 ntrance he must pay them toll.  
 buzzard scorning of the black,  
 late did clothe his needy back  
 h feathers had trick'd up his crest,  
 bred a falcon at the least.

owl's complaint to the king.  
 FORAS.  
 dan, Bardocucuiatus caput, &c.

Thus struts he daily in his borrow'd plume,  
 And but for shame he boldly durst presume  
 With princely Eaglets to compare his fight:  
 Not the proud Iris in her colours dight,  
 Could with this base Kite equally compare.  
 What fowl before him stood not humbly bare?  
 No less than lords attending every beck,  
 At his command his betters brook his check.  
 But, O my liege, the birds of noble race  
 Know whence he is, and who affords him grace,  
 And only grieve to see a servile mate,  
 Crept up by favour, to outbrave a state.  
 The poor implumed Birds that by offence,  
 Or some disgrace have lost pre-eminence,  
 Can point and say, This feather once was mine:  
 Some wink, some would, some grieve, and some  
 repine.

Besides all this, I saw a bird did scour  
 A serpent's teeth, that daily did devour  
 Widows and orphans, yet th' Egyptian saws  
 Commend this bird for cleansing serpents jaws.  
 For the base Trochyle (n) thinketh it no pain,  
 To scour vile carrion for a savoury gain.  
 When soon I saw about the serpent's nest,  
 Whilst this base slave his nasty grinders drest,  
 A thousand thousand silly little birds  
 Covering the fields, as do the summer's herds;  
 A thousand larger fowls, that strangely carp,  
 Did curse the beak that made his gums so sharp.  
 Yet in this base bird I might well descry  
 The prosperous fruit of thriving policy.

Casting mine eye, and looking through a glass,  
 I saw a Gos-Hawk (that in state did pass)  
 That by fair shews did mens affection feel,  
 Gold (his attendant) always at his heel.  
 Whose manners did him reverence as he staid,  
 Whose name (if written) could possession plead  
 In any lordship that adjoined his:  
 Law was his Vassal, he and purchase kifs.  
 Zeal was his fool, and learning was his jester,  
 Yet pride his page, and gluttony his taster.  
 A thousand suiters waited at his hand,  
 Some call'd his honour pa-ron of the land;  
 The sole commander of the commonweal,  
 And unto him they humbly all appeal.  
 When in a closet strangely I beheld,  
 That was adjoining to a pleasant field,  
 How every suiter, when he was retir'd,  
 Bought out his peace, or his promotion hir'd;  
 Yet what he won with curses was rewarded,  
 When the poor birds, for bribes alone regarded.

To th' secret of all secrets when I came,  
 Having mine eyes glew'd up with grief and shame:  
 I tell not how the Vulture sat apart,  
 Spending the blood and marrow of his heart,  
 And by all means his faculties t' apply,  
 To taint the Phoenix by his surquedry,  
 That of her kind had she been more than one,  
 (o) Parent and infant to herself alone)  
 This heavenly bird (in touching their defame)  
 Had had her purpose soiled with their shame.  
 And for the turtle would not be unchaste,  
 Her did they banish to the barren waste.

(n) Trochylus. Avia, Plin.  
 (o) Claudian. de Phoenice.



I dare not say how every sort were search'd,  
Nor dare I tell how Avarice was perch'd  
Under the pillow of the gravest head,  
(That freedom with the golden world is dead)  
How age had cast off a religious life,  
Humour of late became Opinion's wife.  
Counsel secure, nor 'company'd with care,  
The wit that woundeth zeal, accounted rare.

But whither wand'reth my high-ravish'd Muse?  
O, pardon liege, the fierce exclaims I use;  
And let my bark (by gales of your good grace)  
Through these rough seas bear sail a little space.

Scarce had these words found utterance through  
my lips

But therewithal a prattling Parrot skips  
About the private lodging of his peers:  
His eyes were watchful, open were his ears:  
He had a tongue for every language fit,  
A cheverel conscience, and a searching wit,  
Coming in haste as he had cross'd the main,  
And brought some strange intelligence from Spain:  
Yet even at midnight (for the rogue was poor)  
I found him knocking at a great man's door;  
And where of course the wife were turn'd away,  
His errand brook'd no dilatory stay,  
But presently (conducted by a light)  
Into a chamber very richly dight,  
Where sat the Vulture with a dreadful frown,  
Proud and ambitious, gaping for renown:  
His talons red with blood of murder'd fowls,  
His full eye quickly every way he rolls.  
Whom when this Parrot stedfastly beheld,  
His feathers bristled and his stomach swell'd;  
And to the Vulture openeth where he sat,  
(Whose ears attentive list'ned still thereat)  
The state and 'haviour of each private man,  
Laid out for searching avarice to scan.  
Where by strict rule and subtilties in art,  
Such traps were set, as not a man could start.  
And where th' offender's maintenance was great,  
'Their working heads they busily did beat.  
By some strange quiddit or some wrested clause,  
'To find him guilty of the breach of laws,  
'That he this present injury to shift,  
'To buy his own, accounts a princely gift:  
And for a cloke to their corrupt decrees,  
'The Vulture with this subtle bird agrees,  
That they which thus convicted are apart,  
Shall be surpris'd by policy and art. [light,  
Then pick they forth such thieves as hate the  
The black-ey'd Bat (the watchman of the night)  
That to each private family can pry,  
And the least slip can easily descry;  
And since his conscience is both loose and large,  
Is only set to undergo this charge;  
Address'd to drink of every private cup,  
And not a word slips but he takes it up,  
'To minister occasion of discourse,  
And therewithal, some dangerous theme enforce,  
'To urge a doubtful speech up to the worst,  
'To breach new treasons, and disclose them first,  
Whereby himself he clears and unawares  
Intraps the fowl, unskillful of these snares.  
And (against law he bears his lord's protection,  
As a fit mean, and by the states direction.

O worthy bird, prevent this ill in time,  
And suffer not this ravenous Bat to climb,  
That is occasion of the best's offence,  
The brat of riot and of indigence,  
The moth and canker of the commonweal,  
Bred by corruption to disquiet zeal.

Holla! thou wand'ring infant of my brain,  
Whither thus fling'st thou? yet divert thy strain,  
Return we back unto our former gate,  
From which a little we digress'd of late,  
And leave this monster beating of his head,  
The honest Owl hath quickly struck him dead.  
And forth again the Parrot let us find,  
That winning credit so the world doth blind,  
Under protection of so dread a hand,  
Spoils families, and ransacketh thy land  
'The Pelican that by his father's teaching,  
Hath with devout zeal follow'd wholesome  
preaching.

What rent his bosom, and enforc'd his tongue,  
'To teach his tender and beloved young:  
When now these fauters of all vile abuse,  
Have found a stand where they may note his use,  
How father-like he gives affliction bread,  
Converting souls, by blindfold error led;  
The naked orphan in his bosom wraps,  
With thee poor widow doth bewail her haps;  
And never reaps his plenteous field so clean,  
But leaves his harvest that the poor may glean;  
Steps in this false spy, this promoting wretch,  
Closely betrays him that he gives to each:  
And for his deeds of charity and grace,  
Roots up his godly hospitable place.  
Most like to that sharp-sighted Alcatraz (p),  
That beats the air above the liquid glass:  
'The new-world's bird, that proud imperious  
fowl, [Owl:

Whose dreadful presence frights the harmless  
That on the land not only works his wish,  
But on the ocean kills the flying fish.  
Which, since the Owl has truly done his errand:  
O princely Eagle, look unto this tyrant.

But if my words thou wilfully impugn,  
Thy peaceful empire that hath flourish'd long,  
Headlong at length shall to confusion run,  
As was this great globe e'er the world begun,  
When in an huge heap and unwieldy mass,  
This all was shut and nature smother'd was;  
And in this lump and chaos out of frame,  
The contraries convers'd and one became,  
Strictly together th' elements were clasp'd,  
And in their rough hands one the other grasp'd;  
That each did other's quality deface,  
Beauty was buried, light could find no place.  
But when th' all-seeing sovereign did disperse,  
Each to his place upon the universe,  
To his own region and his contrary,  
Envy'd his place, impugn'd his quality.  
Fire, air, earth, water in their mansion sat,  
By that Great God to them appropriate.  
All was compos'd within this goodly room,  
A perfect shape this embryo was become;  
Which thus dislever'd by their friendly jars,  
Contrive the world's continuance by their wars.

(p. The Alcatraz.



on members are inclos'd,  
late, if orderly dispos'd :  
roud malevolent aspect  
urn that would all direct,  
iled, but imperious Jove,  
s regal sovereignty he strove,  
: state and presence of a king,  
i's rage, his fury limiting.  
we those unto their own decay,  
ons hasten us away :  
view what their poor subjects try ;  
at sight, that's with another's eye ;  
re that we should get us hence,  
sovereign, oceans of offence,  
pposed in my passing by,  
amber near thy majesty,  
r accomplished and brave,  
ould speak, well could himself behave ;  
courtly, his demeanour rare,  
y fashion'd as the clothes he ware ;  
each man with compliment salute,  
oodcock fram'd a special suit :  
rbracing like a brainless fool,  
sit, commanding him a stool.  
r thus graced by a peer,  
s spirits, and with a formal cheer  
withal into most strange reports,  
ews, surprising towns and forts ;  
ais'd in France against the king,  
ado's, and embattling,  
ethod in intelligence,  
g of mighty consequence ;  
his soul, he can devise a way,  
n act, the leaguers lose the day.  
ridge of bow-string o'er the Rhine,  
e Alps, and lay them smooth and  
the great princes of the north  
army royal set him forth,  
ear expir'd that is to come,  
i Bourbon new beleaguer Rome.  
knowledge in the cabalist,  
ertaineth to an exorcist :  
ters what their uses be,  
penthe how in each degree ;  
use in practice what it is ;  
he wants that doth these secrets miss ;  
: little pillar in that place,  
e window or some chimney grace,  
rtion presently doth run,  
the Colossus of the sun :  
the diameters doth tell,  
he base, up to the capital.  
roof he something doth allude,  
monstrate of the magnitude.  
all this from his addle pate,  
arling, that is taught to prate ?  
a lisping garb this most rare man  
ch, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian.  
pafs, he doth his compass miss,  
hat lord, or to visit this,  
of his claw, his cockcomb bare,  
e how their good graces fare.  
ly he to their face reports,  
erfections wonder'd at in courts ;

Scratching the idiot by his itching ears ;  
Heaven spit down vengeance, or dissolve in tears,  
And send the (g) Ibis to repulse our shame,  
To drive these locusts to whence first they came.  
Woe to these slaves whose shape the devil took,  
To tempt the holy Esay at his Book.

O moral Mantuan, live thy verses long,  
Honour attend thee, and thy reverend song !  
Who seeks for truth (say'st thou) must tread the  
path

Of the sweet private life, which envy's wrath,  
Which poison'd tongues, with vain affected praise,  
Cannot by scorn surpasse, by flattery raise.  
For adulation, but if search be made  
His daily mansion, his most usual trade,  
Is in the monarch's court, in princes halls,  
Where goodly zeal he by contempt enthrals.  
There calls he evil good, the good terms evil,  
And makes a saint of an incarnate devil.  
These boldly censure, and dare set at nought  
The noblest wit, the most heroic thought.

This carrion Jay, approaching to the spring,  
Where the sweet Muses wont to sit and sing,  
With filthy ordure so the same defil'd,  
As they from thence are utterly exil'd.  
Banish'd their issue, from whose sacred rage  
Flows the full glory of each plenteous age,  
Still with the prophets challenging their parts,  
The sweet companions of the lib'ral arts.  
Those rare Promethii, fetching fire from heaven ;  
To whom the functions of the gods are given,  
Raising frail dust with their redoubled flame,  
Mounted with hymns upon the wings of fame ;  
Ordain'd by nature (truch-men for the great)  
To fire their noble hearts with glorious heat.  
You sun-bred ayery, whose immortal birth  
Bears you aloft beyond the sight of earth,  
The heaven-touch'd feathers of whose sprightly  
wings

Strikes (from above) the palaces of kings.  
By how much nearer you ascend the sky,  
Do lessen still to every mortal eye ;  
Who in this time contemptful greatness late  
Scorn'd and disgrac'd, which erst renown'd her  
state.

O bastard minds unto this vileness brought,  
To loath the means which first your honours  
wrought !

But who their great profession can protect,  
That rob themselves of their own due respect ?  
For they whose minds should be exhal'd and high,  
As free and noble as clear poetry,  
In the slight favour of some lord to come,  
Basely do crouch to his attending groom.  
Immortal gift that art not bought with gold,  
That thou to peasants should be basely sold !

Hence as I went, I chanc'd to look aside,  
And near at hand I happily espy'd  
The Hedge-Sparrow, and her compeer the Wren,  
(Which simple people call our Lady's-Hen)  
Out of the way, i' th' bottom of a ditch,  
Which though the place poor, yet the feeding rich,  
For near at hand grew the brown winter-cherry,  
The hip, the haw, the flow, the bramble-berry ;

(g) The bird Ibis, a destroyer of the locusts. *Pliny.*



And as together calmly they were set,  
 (Where oft before I might perceive they met)  
 Quoth the Wren, "Gossip, be you rul'd by me,  
 And though men say, the weaker sex we be,  
 Whate'er they think, yet, gossip, they shall know,  
 That we were made for something else than show.  
 Few things shall pass that now in working are,  
 But you and I therein will have a share :  
 'They say, the Robin roosteth in my nest;  
 Gossip, 'tis true : to you it is confest,  
 My cock's a slug, and doth me little ease :  
 He must be quick, his female that will please.  
 And of all birds although I be the least,  
 Yet few with me in number have increas'd,  
 I thank my friend ; but let this secret lurk,  
 And by my Robin, you and I must work :  
 For when the eagle shapes him for above,  
 As oft he useth to confer with Jove,  
 'To have his pinions, in sound perfect plight,  
 When they should fit him for so long a flight,  
 He oils his feathers, and with wondrous skill,  
 From the short'st flag, even to the longest quill,  
 Sees that each one be in due order set :  
 When as my fine and nimble Robinet  
 (Whilst each one seems as busy as a Bee,  
 'T' attire their sovereign, and none more than he,)  
 Watcheth his time, and aptly when he finds,  
 'That the small birds, according to their kinds,  
 Shrink, when the Eagle doubled strength assumes :  
 As he stands proudly rousing up his plumes,  
 Nor never dreams what treachery intends,  
 Up by his train the crafty bird ascends,  
 And in the deep down closely doth him hide :  
 For the great Eagle, betwixt strength and pride,  
 His poor small body not so much as feels ;  
 And thus this bird the king himself beguiles,  
 And in this sort transported to the spheres,  
 His sovereign's counsels, and Jove's secrets hears.  
 And when the wearied Eagle can no more,  
 Fresh from his back he into heaven doth soar ;  
 And coming thence, doth all to me relate,  
 And by this means we two will rule the state."  
 King, look to these, that they do not o'er-hear  
 thee,

This crafty bird I doubt is but too near thee.

And thus even cloy'd with business of the court,  
 'To neighbour groves inviting my resort,  
 Where I suppos'd the solitary Owl  
 Might live secure, unseen of any fowl ;  
 Lo, in a valley peopled thick with trees,  
 Where the soft day continual evening sees,  
 Where, in the moist and melancholy shade,  
 The grass grows rank, but yields a bitter blade,  
 I found a poor Crane sitting all alone,  
 'That from his breast sent many a throbbing groan ;  
 Grov'ling he lay, that sometime stood upright ;  
 Maim'd of his joints in many a doubtful fight :  
 His ashy coat that bore a gloss so fair,  
 So often kiss'd of the enamour'd air ;  
 Worn all to rags, and fretted to with rust,  
 'That with his feet he trod it in the dust :  
 And wanting strength to bear him to the springs,  
 The spiders wove their webs even in his wings :  
 And in his train their filmy netting cast,  
 He eat not worms, worms eat on him so fast.

His wakeful eyes, that in his eyes despight,  
 Had watch'd the walls in many a winter's night,  
 And never wink'd, nor from their object fled,  
 When heaven's dread thunder rattled o'er his head,  
 Now cover'd over with dim cloudy kells,  
 And shrunken up into their slimy shells.  
 Poor bird that striving to bemoan thy plight,  
 I cannot do thy miseries their right ;  
 Perceiving well he found me where I stood,  
 And he alone thus poorly in the wood :  
 To him I slept, desiring him to show  
 The cause of his calamity and woe.

"Night's-bird (quoth he) what mak'st thou in  
 this place,

To view my wretched miserable case ?  
 Ill orators are aged men at arms,  
 That want to wreak, and not bewail their harms :  
 And repetition where there wants relief,  
 In less'ning sorrow, but redoubleth grief.  
 Seven sundry battles serv'd I in the field,  
 Against the Pigmies, in whose batter'd shield,  
 My prowess stands apparently express ;  
 Besides the scars upon my manly breast :  
 Along the mid-land coasts my troops I led,  
 And Afric's pride with fear astonished ;  
 And maim'd I was of this decrepit wing,  
 When as the fowl from the Propontic (a) spring,  
 Fill'd all th' Egean with their stemming oars,  
 And made the isles even tremble from the shores  
 I saw when from the Adriatic seas ;  
 The cross-adoring fowls to Europe's praise,  
 Before Lepanto and Moræa fought,  
 Where heaven by wind, earth's wonder strangely  
 wrought,

Weary at length, and trusting to my worth,  
 I took my flight into the happy North :  
 Where nobly bred, as I was well ally'd,  
 I hop'd to have my fortune there supply'd :  
 But there arriv'd, disgrace was all my gain,  
 Experience scorn'd of every scurvy swain.  
 Other had got, for which I long did serve ;  
 Still fed with words, whilst I with wants did starve.  
 Having small means, but yet a mighty heart,  
 Howe'er in fame, not honour'd for desert,  
 That small I had, I forced was to gage,  
 To cure my wounds, and to sustain my age ;  
 Whilst those that scarce did e'er behold a foe,  
 Exult and triumph in my overthrow.  
 And seeing in vain with misery I strove,  
 Retir'd me to this solitary grove ;  
 Where in despair (even loathing of my breath)  
 I long to dwell in the cold arms of death."  
 Here sunk down in a swoon and could no more,  
 And I return from whence I came before.

Where by the way the country Rook depier'd  
 The grip and hunger of his ravenous lord.  
 The cruel Catrel, which with devilish claws  
 Scratcheth out of the miserable jaws  
 Of thee poor tenant, to his ruin bent,  
 Railing new fines, redoubling ancient rent :  
 And by th' inclosure of old common land,  
 Racks the dear sweat from his laborious hand.  
 Whilst he that digs for breath out of the floor,  
 Cracks his stiff sinew, and consumes his loins ;

(a) The sea from Hellespont to Bosphorus.



to reap continually with strife,  
attention feeding on his life.

Fortune better'd by his heirs,  
content to part with what is theirs;  
keep him in his quiet state,  
doth his gath'red manners threat :  
favour'd of some higher peer,  
their landlord keeps them still in fear,  
their clownish industry and art,  
court reduce him from the cart,  
provision and defray his charge,  
his grain he ballasts many a barge,  
gripping avarice he serve,  
his rank hind, if his country starve ?  
wealth that's purchased with shame,  
trunk, and in the grave defame :  
his blunt, and when he can no more,  
Rook is turn'd out of the door :  
doth his wretchedness bewail,  
he to the miserable jail.  
alarmed with the sight of worldly crimes,  
of kingdoms, and the change of times ;  
himself, by searching to espy,  
in secret did in cities lie :  
deem'd, where law had chiefest force,  
limit every lewder course,  
lead to nature, and disdain'd excess,  
his foe to human happiness.  
content (with busy search about)  
cunning how to find them out;  
Pheasant that the Hawk doth fear,  
his safety bred his ayery there,  
lead through close informing hate,  
ending to offend the state.  
rich, and loving coin and ease,  
his low, for fear he should displease.  
his Buzzard being pointed judge,  
his muddy, miserable drudge :  
young ones taketh from his nest,  
his fearful recreant the rest,  
him thanks his goodness would so do,  
take th' ayery, and the old one too.  
his nest, that most liv'd out of sight :  
by the birds were all upright ;  
his golden beaks, but brazen claws,  
the guilds to minister their laws.  
his rival for possession of his heir,  
his Ring-tail offer'd wondrous fare,  
his match betwixt their goodly breed,  
their lands, and raise their happy seed.  
his Castrel turns it to a mock,  
his to match in his ignoble stock,  
the Ring-tail by a secret plot,  
his Starling, which hath closely got  
his broker, solely to seduce  
his heir, by giving thriftless use,  
his statutes to enthrall him so,  
his sure which way so'er he go.  
his young fowl (drawn from his fathers eye)  
his fond world swim in vanity.  
his Ring-tail never thus doth leave,  
his Castrel cunningly deceive,  
his young one in the city's snare,  
his manners e'er he be aware.

'Mongst which the Daw (by giving of a bribe)  
Became a clerk amongst the learned tribe ;  
That being a bankrupt, a dishonest debtor,  
Can get his living only by the letter,  
Whilst arts go beg, and in a servile weed,  
Are made the slaves to penury and need.

The Goose exiled, humbly doth appeal  
To all the birds, professing faith and zeal.  
And though he proveth by the Roman (b) book,  
What care to keep the Capitol he took ;  
Yet is not heard : the (c) Dove without a gall,  
Is left forsaken, and contemn'd of all.

There grows such difference and such strange  
confusions

'Twixt old decrees, and later Institutions :  
Yet being inspir'd, desisteth not to speak,  
To edify the conscience that is weak,  
And by approved argument's of's own;  
By scriptures, fathers, and great writers known,  
Discovereth their abominable trade ;  
So that the Stork their umpire being made,  
Judgeth, the Daw should from the church be driven,  
To prate in corners, and to preach by even.  
And since his art and cunning was so scant,  
To have no patron but the ignorant ;  
And by his doctrine only teaching fools,  
To be exil'd, and hiss'd out of the schools.

Hence like the seed Thebes-builder Cadmus  
threw,

More armed mischiefs suddenly up-grew :  
The Bittor brings his action 'gainst the Quail,  
And on th' arrest allows him hardly bail ;  
Because he durst presume amongst the reeds,  
To leave his lemmon, where his female breeds.  
And mistress Titmouse, a neat merry dame,  
With her friend Wag-tail, one of special name,  
Who su'd by th' Cuckow, in his proper wrong,  
For him accusing with their slanderous tongue,  
Who to the bar his advocate doth bring,  
That hath by rote the acts of many a king.  
The laws, the statutes, and decrees assign'd,  
Custom so old, as almost out of mind.

" A day of hearing, good my lord, cries he,  
For master Cuckow that retaineth me ;  
Whom the lewd Wag-tail basely had abus'd  
In so vile terms, as cannot be excus'd ;

The parties likewise present here in court,  
And 'tis a case that well deserves report :  
For which a jury's summoned with speed,  
And to the trial presently proceed."

The brain-bald Coot, a formal witless Ass,  
Must now the fore-man on this matter pass :  
The sottish Dott'ril, ignorant and dull ;  
And next to him the maw-cram'd gluttonous Gull.  
The lecherous Mallard, call'd unto the book,  
The squealing Lapwing, the ridiculous Rook,  
The witless Wood-cock, and his neighbour Snite ,  
That will be hir'd to pass on every right,  
With all the rest empannelled to wait :  
Which when the jury lastly was complete,  
Call'd to the bar, admitted and allow'd :  
Upstarts the Peacock, insolent and proud ;

(b) Plutarch.

(c) Columba sine felle.



Of goodly stature and of gracious port,  
In presence of the honourable court:  
And for the plaintiff learnedly began;

"My lord (saith he) was never worthy man,  
So nobly bred, and of so high descent,  
Of so fair lively-hood, and so large a rent,  
As is the Cuckow, so abus'd hereby,  
Nor yet so slander'd, as my plea shall try:  
First, for the worth and honour of his name,  
'That you may better censure his defame;  
'Form mighty birds descending every way,  
And by his birth, the messenger to May;  
His house still loyal, and his coat as fair,  
His father's tunes he never did impair.  
His name and nature do so well agree,  
As shews his blood re-purify'd to be.  
In fruitful Sparta, it is since now long,  
'That famous Greece took notice of his wrong,  
When for her wanton and unchaste desire,  
A thousand ships stult with revengeful fire,  
To Tenedos the proud Ægean lades,  
Whence sprang those high immortal Iliads.  
And since the Romans from the Asian troils,  
Return'd with conquest and victorious spoils,  
'The Cuci here continually have been,  
As by their ancient evidence is seen,  
Of consul Cuccus, from whose mighty name,  
'These living Cuccos lineally came.  
'To him the ancients temples did erect,  
Which with great pomp and ornament were deck'd.  
'Th' Italians call him Becco (of a nod)  
With all the reverence that belongs a god.  
What though in love supposed to be us'd,  
What is his virtue need not be excus'd:  
'The wiseman tells (if nature be our guide)  
In following her, we seldom slip aside.)  
And in this bird who can her power deny,  
If nature fram'd him to community?  
'Then wisely thus considering his profession,  
You reverend judges of this lawful session:  
As you are patrons of the righteous cause,  
Vouchsafe my client judgment." Here doth pause.

Scarcely could the Peacock his conclusion make,  
When straight his turn the Turkey-cock doth take,  
A learned lawyer (worthy of his gown)  
Of reputation both in court and town:  
And to the bench for audience having cry'd,  
'Thus to the Peacock learnedly reply'd:

"Grave reverend fathers of the law (he said)  
'The matter that our adversaries plead,  
Is vain and idle; we the point enforce  
Against the Cuckow and his lawless course.  
'The Peacock here a cunning speech hath made,  
'To help his client and uphold his trade;  
But strip this mask that doth conceal the cause,  
Examine each particular and clause  
'Gainst proof so poor, so indigent to truth,  
'The ballard Cuckow bringing from his youth:  
First laid and hatch'd up in anothers nest,  
Such vileness reign'd in his base parents breast,  
Who since that time they never sought for shame,  
Nor but their vice he dares for's birth-right claim:  
'The Hedge-sparrow, this wicked bird that bred,  
That him so long and diligently fed,

(By her kind tendance) getting strength and power  
His careful nurse doth cruelly devour:  
Base as his birth, so baser is his trade,  
And to the world a by-word now is made:  
No nation names the Cuckow but in scorn,  
And no man hears him, but he fears the horn:  
No month regards him but lascivious May,  
Wherein whilst youth is dallying with the day,  
His song still tends to vanity and lust,  
Amorous deceits, polygamies unjust,

But to cut off these tedious allegations,  
The law commands, these public defamations  
Be strictly punish'd in the noblest men:  
Why should you spare the cursed Cuckow then;  
Who all his life to lewdness being bent,  
Rightly deserves the public'st punishment?  
Then, gentle jurors, good men, and elect,  
As you your safeties carefully respect,  
If love's sweet music and his blissful cheer,  
E'er touch'd your hearts, or mollify'd your ear;  
Tender the case, and evermore the wed  
Shall praise your conscience both at board and bed  
Thus said, he ceas'd, the jurors slept aside,  
Wisely consulting, warily they try'd  
The circumstance of every secret sin;  
Thus they return'd and brought their verdict in

Cast is the Cuckow, guilty of the deed,  
And for a fine, for his deserved meed,  
Allows to mistress Titmouse for her charge,  
That she shall after have her tail at large:  
And when she revels, as she did before,  
'T' exclude the Cuckow freely out of door:  
And such offenders as they could present,  
Likewise adjudg'd deserved punishment.  
The Ring-dove, plagu'd with maggots in the man  
The Woodcock gets the swelling of the craw.  
The Crow, with droopy (whilst yet living) brows:  
The Quail, a leper fill'd with loathsome spots.  
The Buzzard, of the lethargy is sick:  
The Kite, with fevers falleth lunatic.  
The epilepsy grew upon the Jay:  
And of a sweat the Bunting drops away.

But how about my fantasy it brought,  
Now know not I: but suddenly methought  
The princely Eagle out of sight was gone,  
And left the wife and honest Bird alone,  
To govern things, both for his proper heal,  
And for the great good of the public weal.  
When more the Owl that with a vigilant eye,  
All these dimensions perfectly could try,  
Forelaw the peril threat'ned unto all,  
Apt by their loose credulity to fail,  
And whose prevention if he did fore-flow,  
Their utter spoil immediately should grow.  
"My friends (quoth he) look warily about,  
Many the dangers which you are to doubt;  
This gallant oak wherein so oft you play,  
Perhaps (at length) your safety may betray.  
And though his shade be delicate and sweet,  
His trunk bears lime that may intrap your feet.  
If, fearing what is requisite and fit,  
You like my judgment, and allow my wit;  
Yours is the good: but if you fondly deem,  
Things be within, as outwardly they seem;



un on, and fall into the snare,  
 friend once warn'd you to beware."  
 ke the Owl, whose talk could not be  
 d.  
 ols good counsel do regard."  
 g, frenzy him his wits beguill'd,  
 bird despightfully revil'd.  
 heir end, who set advice at nought,  
 too dear have found experience bought;  
 lman surveying of his ground,  
 he trees this oak had quickly found :  
 igns and likelihood of trade,  
 herein their nightly roosting made.  
 lime that issued from the tree,  
 angled easily might be.  
 lame, he spreads it on the sprays,  
 h the thicket closely creeps his ways.  
 e sad Arndern shutting in the light,  
 l Cynthia (Lady of the Night)  
 ending the ætherial state,  
 bright Phœbus but dismounted late,  
 'd Evening his moist vapours threw,  
 e still earth with sweet showers of dew ;  
 bird replenish'd with food,  
 stretch'd wings lively from the wood,  
 h small branch of this large-limb'd oak,  
 lodgings carelessly they took,  
 sting, fondly unawares,  
 tangled in the fowler's snares :  
 urnful chirping, and their chattering  
 ,  
 Owl before his hour to rise.  
 g from his melancholy seat,  
 themselves thus wofully to beat,  
 discover'd with the morning's light)  
 his perch : though grieved at the sight,  
 smile, his wisdom that became,  
 k'd their folly, though bemoan'd their  
 re,  
 You foolish burghers of the field,  
 tempt my counsels lewdly held,  
 eat late you did but laugh and jeer,  
 or ruin plainly doth appear,  
 t thing you lightly are to lose,  
 olumes that fortune can dispose.  
 comfort in the depth of smart ;  
 izeth on the outward part.  
 peril in a thing of price,  
 us action, then doth stay advice.  
 o help you, I'll my power assay :  
 his wing doth presently display,  
 is claws the birds of every kind  
 the lime, which left their plumes be-  
 .  
 robin featherless and free,  
 e Owl with many a cap and knee.  
 ng Mevis mirthful Peans sung,  
 ngale with her melodious tongue,  
 del. music (to declare their thanks)  
 e and rivers danc'd above their banks :  
 the repercussion of the air)  
 great Eagle sitting in his chair :  
 the mountain (with a radiant eye)  
 ight creslit of the glorious sky ;  
 princely majesty to see,  
 s applause so suddenly should be,

Whose sinewed wings (in their resistless course)  
 Beat the thin air, with such a violent force,  
 That the light birds dropt headlong from the skies,  
 The rocks and forests trembling with the noise,  
 Somewhat amaz'd at this unusual sight,  
 To see his people in this pitious plight :  
 His sovereign's ear doth presently address,  
 Willing to hear the cause of their distress :  
 To whom the poor Owl (his obedience done)  
 Thus to his liege lord, reverently begun :  
 ' Monarch of all that beat the air with wings,  
 Thou bird of Jove, beloved amongst kings ;  
 Here stands an oak well timber'd, largely spread,  
 That many a day hath borne his curled head  
 Above his fellows dwelling far and near,  
 That in the forest never found his peer ;  
 Whose root well fasten'd in the fruitful ground,  
 His bark so lovely, and his heart so sound,  
 (Through his great wealth) grew insolent and proud,  
 Because the birds that in his boughs did shrowd,  
 To his high praise continually did sing,  
 And kept their vigils to th' enamour'd spring.  
 The virgin-huntress sworn to Dian's bow,  
 Here in this shade her quarries did bestow,  
 And for their Nymphs, building amorous bowers,  
 Oft dress'd this tree with anadems of flowers ;  
 And Flora chose her nure'ry here to shield,  
 Her tender buds, the infants of the field.  
 By which, this tree grew arrogant in time,  
 And in his rank sap bred a loathsome slime,  
 Whose nature and vile quality is such,  
 Strongly to hold whatever it doth touch ;  
 And not content to minister this mean,  
 Which in short time might have undone us clean ;  
 But even his boughs the birds have honoured so,  
 He hath employed unto their general woe,  
 That when thy subjects, dreading no deceit,  
 Came to this tree, as to their safe retreat,  
 They were betray'd, and he that sped the best,  
 Hardly escap'd, with feathers at the least.  
 Those that I could, as I had power and might.  
 Though with much pain, I lastly did acquite.  
 The rest, whose freedom doth exceed my reach,  
 O king of birds, I humbly thee beseech  
 In mercy, let thy mightiness purvey,  
 To ransom from this imminent decay.'  
 When now the Eagle cutting off his tale,  
 And even for sorrow waxing wan and pale ;  
 At which sad sight, this poor implumed crew,  
 Stand faintly trembling in their sovereign's view ;  
 And having stretched his lordly talons forth,  
 To shew th' acceptance of this deed of worth ;  
 ' You silly birds, you wretched fowls (quoth he)  
 Henceforth let this a friendly warning be.  
 Had you (as nature and our laws admit)  
 Built where your noble ancestors did sit,  
 Wisely providing to maintain their state,  
 Whose names and freedoms you participate,  
 You had not thus been spoiled of your goods,  
 For subtilty now dwelleth in the woods.  
 For if too high and haughtily you soar,  
 Those see your falls that hover near the shore.  
 If in the cedar you your nests dispose,  
 The dreadful lightning ever threat'neth those.  
 If in the low earth (in the flattering shade)  
 The fowler's snare there secretly are laid.



Then, my dear subjects, as you wish my good,  
 Or have respect to your succeeding brood,  
 Let your wise fathers an example give,  
 And by their rules learn thriftily to live. [fight,  
 Let those weak birds, that want wherewith to  
 Submit to those that are of grip and might.  
 Let those of power the weaker still protect,  
 So none shall need his safety to suspect;  
 Suppressing those enormities that are,  
 Whose cure belongs unto our sovereign care.  
 For when wealth grows into a few men's hands,  
 And to the great the poor in many bands;  
 The pride in court doth make the country lean,  
 The abject rich hold ancient honour mean.  
 Men's wits employ'd to base and servile shifts,  
 And lay-men taught by learn'd men's subtil drifts,  
 Ill with the state 't must incidently fare.  
 For even as from th' infection of the air,  
 Sundry contagious sicknesses proceed,  
 These mischiefs more continually do breed.  
 Shun beastly lust (you young well-feather'd fowl)  
 That wounds the body and confounds the soul;  
 That, as the subtil'st of the Syrens brood,  
 Binds all the spirits, and overcomes the blood;  
 Dark'ning the pureness of the inward light,  
 Weak'neth the sense and murd'reth reason quite,  
 And you that sit as judges of the law,  
 Let not vile gain your equal balance draw.  
 O! still retain the Ethiopians guise,  
 (As just and upright, as select and wise)  
 That in their judgments (sacred and profound)  
 Dispos'd them ever meekly on the ground;  
 To skew the angels (sitting over head)  
 Them were to judge, as they had censured,

Thus spake the Eagle when with mutt'ring  
 noise,

The rest attentive to his powerful voice,  
 Giving a signal of their admiration,  
 The Owl this while in serious contemplation  
 Softly replies, 'O mighty sovereign!  
 With all the synod of thy winged train,  
 'Th' abundant joys that in my heart do throng,  
 Require more organs than the only tongue.  
 O blessed birds! how sweet is your subjection,  
 Under the safe and absolute protection  
 Of so exact and excellent a king,  
 So sole and perfect in his governing:  
 'The reason this (my grave selected peers)  
 Because 'tis known, that in these latter years,

The peaceful prepost'rously disturb'd  
 By such, whose power the great have hardly curb'd  
 The jocund Throistle, for his varying note,  
 Clad by the Eagle in a speckled coat;  
 Because his voice had judgment for the palm,  
 Suppos'd himself sole patron of our calm.  
 All say, for singing he had never peer:  
 But there were some that did his virtue fear.  
 Why shouldst thou then ambitionly despise  
 The manly Falcon? on whose courage lies  
 The kingdom's safety, which abroad doth roam,  
 By foreign wars to keep us safe at home.  
 I know, the strain of an alluring tongue  
 Can tye the full ear, and detain it long,  
 But other fortunes, and the altered place,  
 Crave new directions, and an active grace.  
 The former virtue may consist alone,  
 But better two, (if firmly join'd in one)  
 Experience once (by service in the wars)  
 Did quote his strong authorities in scars;  
 But in this latter time it hath been said,  
 The tongue doth all, contemning th' other's aid.  
 Virtue, whose chief praise in the act doth stand,  
 Could wish the tongue still coupled with the hand.  
 But in the Cock which death untimely wrack'd,  
 In him was both the elegance and act.  
 O! when that bird was ravish'd from our fight,  
 (Entombing him) the world entomb'd delight.  
 Let never mournful accent pass my pen,  
 That leaves his fame unregistr'd to men.  
 The muses veil'd with sad cypress-tree,  
 Upon his grave shall pour their tears with me.  
 O! if the world can weep so many tears  
 As his loss craves, or if in heaven appears  
 More plenteous sorrow; let them both agree,  
 T' lament that hour that rest the earth of thee.  
 O! thought I not some spirit could give thee more  
 Than this small portion of my scantled store:  
 I would not leave (I first would leave to live)  
 To give thee fame: O who can greater give?

This said, he sunk, as growing faint with speak-  
 ing, ing.  
 Sighing with all, as though his heart were break-  
 The princely Eagle pitying of his plight,  
 To cheer the poor Owl doing all he might;  
 The birds applauding with a free consent,  
 Followed the Eagle (with devout intent)  
 To the great mountain, to have all amended.  
 Thus I awak'd, and here my dream was ended.



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# THE MAN IN THE MOON.

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tales that ever have been told,  
shepherds lately, or of old,  
and Man, although the last in place,  
last; and thus befell the case.  
At a time when (for their good estate)  
all shepherds yearly celebrate  
bonfires on the vigils keep,  
and Pan, preserver of their sheep:  
At a high solemnity they spend,  
The long day grew unto an end:  
The night with a devout intent,  
They held religiously they went, [fray,  
Singing charms the "Warwolf thence to  
And theirs awaited to betray.  
The sun near half his course had run  
Arth, when coming every one  
To a place where usually they met,  
The ground together being set:  
And, to pass away the time, [rhyme:  
One shepherd should rehearse some  
; could their drooping hearts to glad,  
For swains, though inly they were sad;  
Amongst them perfectly there knew,  
The times were shortly to ensue,  
Of all the sorts of men neglected,  
Lads should wander unrespected.  
Shepherds that do watch by night,  
Nor see many a fearful sight:  
In observance they do wisely gather  
Of times, as well as of the weather.  
They strove this story who should tell,  
The rest to Rowland's lot it fell,  
Once, in time that then was grown  
That scarce there had been known  
Told in piping or in song:  
Among the company among  
Silent. Now the goodly Moon  
Full, and at her nighted noon,  
Great glory, shining now so bright,  
And, "She that gently lends us light  
Subject, and her love alone,  
Shepherd, wife Endymion,  
Latmus (b) that his flock did keep,  
Was in admiration deep

procrey turning themselves into wolves.  
in of Ionia; where Endymion is reigned:  
the Moon.

Of her perfections, that he us'd to lie,  
All the long night contemplating the sky,  
At her high beauties; often of his store,  
As to the god he only did adore,  
And sacrific'd: she perfect in his love,  
For the high gods enthroned above:  
From their clear mansions plainly do behold  
All that frail man doth in this grosser mould:  
For whom bright Cynthia gliding from her sphere,  
Used oft-times to recreate her there:  
That oft her want unto the world was strange,  
Fearing that heaven the wonted course would change,  
And Phoebus, her oft missing did inquire,  
If that elsewhere she borrowed other fire:  
But let them do to cross her what they could,  
Down unto Latmus every month she would.  
So that in heaven about it there was odds,  
And as a question troubled all the gods,  
Whether without their general consent,  
She might depart, but nath'less to prevent  
Her lawless course; they labour'd all in vain,  
Nor could their laws her liberty restrain:  
For of the seven, since she the lowest was,  
Unto the earth nought hinder'd her to pass:  
Before the rest of which she had the charge,  
No less her power was in the waters large:  
From her deriving naturally their source:  
Besides she being swiftest in her course,  
Of all the planets, therefore him defies,  
That her, her ancient liberty denies.  
That many a time apparelled in green,  
Arm'd with her dart, she huntress-like was seen:  
Her hair tuck'd up in many a curious plait,  
Sometimes in fields found feeding of her neat;  
A country maiden, then amongst the swains,  
A shepherdess, she kept upon the plains;  
Yet no disguise her deity could smother,  
So far in beauty she excelled other:  
Such was the virtue of the world, that then  
The gods did use t' accompany with men  
In human shapes, descending from their powers,  
Often were seen in homely shepherds bowers.  
But he her course that studied still to know,  
Muse not though oft he malcontent did go,  
Seldom in one state that her ever found, [round;  
Horned sometime, now half-fac'd (c) and then

(c) Pro vario ad solem aspectu varias induit figuras.



Shining on that part, then another more,  
 Then there most darken'd, where most light before;  
 Now all night shining, now a piece and then,  
 Observes the day, and in her course again;  
 Sometime to south, then northward she doth stir,  
 Him so amazing, he supposed her  
 Vain and inconstant, now herself t' attire,  
 And help her beauties with her brother's fire,  
 When most of all accomplish'd is her face,  
 A sudden darkness doth her quite disgrace.  
 For that the earth, by nature cold and dry,  
 By the much grosseness and obscurity,  
 Whose globe exceeds her compass being fixt,  
 Her (d) surface and her brother's beams betwixt:  
 Within whose shadow when she haps to fall,  
 Forceth her darkness to be general;  
 That he resolv'd she ever would be strange:  
 Yet marking well he found upon her change,  
 If that her brow with bloody red were stain'd,  
 Tempests soon after; and if black, it rain'd:  
 By his observance that he well discern'd,  
 That from her course things greater might be  
 learn'd.

Whilst that his brain he busied yet doth keep,  
 Now from the spleen the melancholy deep  
 Pierceth the veins, and like a raging flood,  
 Rudely itself extending through the blood,  
 Appalls the spirits, (e) denying their defence  
 Unto the organs, when as every sense  
 Ceaseth the office, then the labouring mind,  
 Strongest in that which all the powers doth bind,  
 Strives to high knowledge, being in this plight,  
 Now the sun's sister, mistress of the night,  
 His sad desires long languishing to cheer,  
 Thus at the last on Latmus doth appear,  
 Her brother's beams enforc'd to lay aside.  
 Herself for his sake seeming to divide.  
 For had she come apparell'd in her light,  
 Then should the swain have perish'd in her sight.  
 Upon a bull (f) as white as milk she rode,  
 Which like a huntress bravely she bestrode,  
 Her brow with beauty gloriously replete,  
 Her count'nance lovely with a swelling teat;  
 Gracing her broad breast curiously enchas'd,  
 With branched veins all bared to the waist.  
 Over the same she wore a vapour thin,  
 Thorough the which her clear and dainty skin  
 To the beholder amiably did show,  
 Like damask roses lightly clad in snow.  
 Her bow and quiver at her back behind,  
 That eas'ly moving with the wanton wind,  
 Made a soft rustling, such as you do hear  
 Amongst the reeds some gliding river near,  
 When the fierce Boreas thorough them doth ride,  
 Against whose rage the hollow canes do chide;  
 Which breath her mantle (g) amorously did swell,  
 From her strait shoulders carelessly that fell.  
 Now here, now there, now up and down that flew,  
 Of sundry colours, wherein you might view

(d) Eclips. Lunae.

(e) The depth of contemplation.

(f) The exaltation of the Moon in Taurus, therefore not improperly said to ride upon a bull.

(g) In this supposed mantle is described the surface of a sea and land in such sort.

A sea, that somewhat straitned by the land,  
 Two furious tides raise their ambitious hand,  
 One 'gainst the other, warring in their pride.  
 Like two fond worldlings that themselves divide  
 For some slight trifle, opposite in all,  
 Till both together ruined, they fall,  
 Some coming in, some out again doth go,  
 And the same way, and the same wind doth blow,  
 Both sails their course each labouring to prefer,  
 By th' hand of either's helpful mariner:  
 Outrageous tempest, shipwrecks overspread  
 All the rude Neptune, whilst that pale-fac'd dead  
 Seizeth the ship-boy, that his strength doth put  
 The anchor'd cable presently to cut.  
 All above board, the sturdy Eolus casts  
 Into the wide seas, whilst on planks and masts  
 Some 'say to swim; and there you might behold,  
 Whilst the rude waters enviously did scold,  
 Others upon a promontory high,  
 Thrusting his blue top through the bluer sky,  
 Looking upon those lost upon the seas;  
 Like worldly rich men that do sit at ease,  
 Whilst in this vain world others live in strife,  
 Warring with sorrow every where so rife;  
 And oft amongst the monsters of the main,  
 Their horrid foreheads through the billows strain,  
 Into the vast air driving on their breasts  
 The troubled water, that so ill digests  
 Their sway, that it them enviously assails,  
 Hanging with white jaws on their marble scales;  
 And in another inland part again,  
 Where springs, lakes, rivers, marshes and sea,  
 Wherein all kinds of water-fowl did won,  
 Each in their colours excellently done,  
 The greedy sea-maw fishing for the fry;  
 The hungry shell-fowl, from whose rape doth fly  
 Th' unnumber'd shoals; the mallard there and  
 feed;

The teal and morecote raking in the weed;  
 And in a creek where waters least did feed,  
 Set from the rest the nimble divedopper,  
 That comes and goes so quickly and so oft,  
 As seems at once both under and aloft:  
 The jealous swan, there swimming in his pride,  
 With his arch'd breast the waters did divide,  
 His saily wings him forward strongly pushing,  
 Against the billows with such fury rushing,  
 As from the same, a foam so white arose,  
 As seem'd to mock the breast that them oppos'd:  
 And here and there the wand'ring eye to feed,  
 Of scatter'd tufts of bulrushes and reed, (h) fern,  
 Segges, long-leav'd willow, on whose bending  
 The py'd king's-fisher, having got his prey,  
 Sate with the small breath of the water shaken,  
 Till he devour'd the fish that he had taken.  
 The long-neck'd hern, there watching by the stream,  
 And in a gutter near again to him  
 The bidding snipe, the plover on the moor,  
 The curlew, scratching in the ouse and ore:  
 And there a fowler set his lime and gin,  
 Watching the birds unto the same to win;  
 Sees in a boat a fisher near at hand,  
 Tugging his net full laden to the land,  
 Keep off the fowl, whereat the other's blood  
 Cha'd; from the place where secretly he stood.



gns, and closely beck'neth him away,  
 his hand, as threat'ning if he stay,  
 me stained with such natural grace,  
 e was lively pictured in his face :  
 at the other eagerly that wrought,  
 his sense still settled on his draught  
 an before, beats, plunges, hales the cord,  
 one look, the other can afford.  
 she wore, which of the sea did bear  
 : green colour, which like waved were  
 vast Neptune, of two colours mixt,  
 : could tell the difference was betwixt,  
 ks of crystal lively that were set,  
 ; whose feet with many a curious fret,  
 oves of coral, which not feeling weather,  
 aber branches were so lap'd together,  
 namour'd had of other been,  
 he air t' have intercourse between :  
 which clear (b) amber jellied seem'd to be,  
 whose transparence you might easily see  
 : of (i) pearl whereon the gum did sleep,  
 broad scallops, and their kind that keep  
 ous seed which of the waters come,  
 : but thriving, when as other some,  
 an the rest that strangely seem to swell,  
 : dear fruit that grew within the shell;  
 gain wide open there did yawn,  
 he gravel spew'd their orient spawn :  
 became amazed at her sight,  
 a man is troubled at the light  
 waked, and the white and red,  
 eyes twinkling, gathered and fled :  
 a mirror to the sun oppos'd  
 he margin equally enclos'd,  
 ag moved, as the hand directs,  
 instant taketh and reflects :  
 flection by the violent heat,  
 it, passion taketh up the seat  
 ll heart, whereby the joy or fear,  
 eceives either by th' eye or ear,  
 he object altereth the mood,  
 :tract, or forceth from the blood :  
 m the chief part violently sent,  
 kind thereby is vehement.  
 : the sad shepherd in this woful plight  
 l; the goddess with a longing sight  
 beheld; for worshipped by men,  
 enly powers so likewise love again  
 themselves, and make their glories known:  
 day marking when he was alone,  
 n coming, mildly him bespake'  
 e, ' Know, shepherd, only for thy sake.  
 ose Latmus, as the only place  
 ode, and have refus'd to grace  
 alus, well known in every coast,  
 e mount that once I loved most :  
 : alone of wretched mortals, thou  
 our'd (k) first my wand'ring course to  
 now;

succeeding thou alone shalt be,  
 a my motion shall be taught, quoth she,

er found in the Ligustic deeps.  
 bred in shells.  
 moon first found out the course of the moon.

For those first simple that my face did mark,  
 In the full brightness suddenly made dark,  
 Ere knowledge did the cause thereof disclose,  
 To be enchanted long did me suppose :  
 With sounding brass and all the while did ply,  
 The incantation thereby to untye,

But to our purpose, when our mother went,  
 The bright Latona, (l) (and her womb distant)  
 With the great burden that by Jove (m) she bare,  
 Me and my brother, the great thunderer's care ;  
 Whom floating Delos wand'ring in the main,  
 From jealous Juno hardly could contain :  
 Then much distress'd, and in a hard estate,  
 Cæus, fair daughter by our stepdame's hate,  
 Betwixt a laurel and an olive-tree,  
 Into the world did bring the sun and me.  
 When I was born (as I have heard her say)  
 Nature alone did rest her on that day :  
 In Jove's high house the gods assembled all,  
 To whom he held a sumptuous festival;  
 The well wherein my mother bath'd me first,  
 Hath that high virtue, that he shall not thirst,  
 Thereof that drinks, and hath the pain appeas'd  
 Of th' inward griev'd, and outwardly diseas'd :  
 And being young, the gods that haunt the deep,  
 Stealing to kiss me softly laid to sleep ;  
 And having felt the sweetness of my breath,  
 Missing me, mourn'd, and languished to death.  
 I am the rectress of this globe below,  
 And with my course the sea (n) doth ebb and  
 flow,

When from aloft my beams I oblique cast,  
 Straitways it ebbs, and floweth then as fast ;  
 Downward again my motion when I make,  
 Twice doth it swell, twice every day doth flake ;  
 Sooner or later shifting of the tide  
 As far or near my wand'ring course doth guide.

That kindly moisture that doth life maintain,  
 In every creature proves how I do reign  
 In fluxive humour, which is ever found,  
 As I do wane or wax up to my round ;  
 Those fruitful trees of victory and peace,  
 The palm and olive, still with my increase.  
 Shoot forth new branches ; and to tell my power,  
 As my great brother, so have I a (o) flower  
 To me peculiar, that doth ope and close,  
 When as I rise, and when I me repose.  
 No less than these that green and living be,  
 The precious gems do sympathize with me :  
 As most that (p) stone that doth the name derive  
 From me, with me that lesseneth or doth thrive,  
 Darkneth and shineth, as I do, her queen.  
 And as in these, in beasts my power is seen  
 As he whose grim face all the lesser fears,  
 The cruel panther, on his shoulder bears  
 A spot that daily changeth as I do.  
 And as that creature me affecteth too,

(l) Tibul. Elegia 8. Juven. Satyr. 6. Plutar. vi. Aemil.  
 (m) Apollo and Phoebe, feigned to be the twins of Ju-  
 piter and Latona. Vide Ovid. l. 6. Metam. & Plin. l. 27.  
 c. 44.

(n) Secundum motum diurnum singulis diebus blo  
 fluens, his refluens.

(o) Selenetropium, the flower of the moon.

(p) The Selenite, of σελήνη



It whose deep craft scarce any creature can,  
 Seeming with reason to divide with man,  
 The nimble (g) Babion mourning all the time,  
 Nor eats betwixt my waning and my prime.  
 The spotted cat, whose sharp and subtil sight  
 Pierceth the vapour of the blackest night,  
 My want and fulness in her eye doth find,  
 So great am I and powerful in that kind.  
 As those great burghers of the forest wild,  
 The hart, the goat, and (r) he that slew the child  
 Of wanton Mirrah, in their strength do know  
 The due observance nature doth me owe.  
 And if thou think me heavenly not to be,  
 That in my face thou often seem'st to see  
 A paleness, where those other in the sky  
 Appear so purely glorious in thine eye:  
 Those (a) freckles thou supposedst me disgrace,  
 Are those pure parts that in my lovely face,  
 By their so much tenuity do flight,  
 My brother's beams assisting me with light,  
 And keep that clearness as doth me bebove,  
 Of that pure heaven me set wherein to move.  
 My least spot seen unto the earth so near,  
 Wherefore that (b) compass that doth oft appear  
 About my body, is the dampy mist,  
 From earth arising, striving to resist  
 'The rays my full orb plenteously projects'  
 On the gross cloud, whose thickness it reflects,  
 And mine own light about myself doth sling  
 In equal parts, in fashion of a ring;  
 For near'st to mortals though my state I keep,  
 Yet not the colour of the troubled deep,  
 Those spots supposed, nor the fogs that rise  
 From the dull earth, me any whit agrise;  
 Whose perfect beauty no way can endure,  
 But what like me is excellently pure;  
 For moist and cold although I do respire,  
 Yet in myself had I not (c) genuine fire,  
 When the gross earth divided hath the space  
 Betwixt the full orb and my brother's face,  
 'Though I confess much lessen'd be my light,  
 I should be taken utterly from sight:  
 And for I so irregularly go,  
 'Therein wise nature most of all doth shew  
 Her searchless judgment: for did I in all  
 Keep on in that way, which star-gazers call  
 The (d) line ecliptic, as my glorious brother  
 Doth in his course, one opposite to other;  
 'Twice every month, th' eclipses of our light  
 Poor mortals should prodigiously affright;  
 Yet by proportion certainly I move,  
 In rule of number, and the most I love  
 That which you call full, that most perfect seven  
 Of three (e) and four made, which for odd and even  
 Are male and female, which by mixture frame,  
 It most mysterious, that as mine I claim;  
 Quarter'd thereby, first of which seven my prime,  
 'The second seven accomplisheth the time

(g) Cinophal: the Babion, or Baboon.  
 (r) Adonis slain by a boar.  
 (a) Partes Lunae rariores & proinde minus lucidae.  
 (b) The name of that circle which the philologists call Halo, which we often see about the moon.  
 (c) Luna lumen habet congenitum.  
 (d) The line supposed to divide the zodiac.  
 (e) Numerus impar inea par foemina.

Unto my fulness, in the third I range  
 Less'ning again, the fourth then to my change:  
 To which four sevens the eight and (f) twenty  
 make,

Through the bright circle of the zodiac  
 In which I pass, whose (g) quarters do appear  
 As the four seasons of my brother's year.  
 First in my birth am moisten'd as his spring;  
 Hot as the summer, he illumining  
 My orb, the second; my third quarter dry,  
 As is his autumn; when from him I fly,  
 Depriv'd his bright beams, and as waxing old,  
 Lastly, my wane is as his winter cold.'

Whereat she paus'd; who all the while she spake,  
 The bustling winds their murmur often brake;  
 And being silent seemed yet to stay,  
 To listen if she had ought else to say. [thought,  
 When now the while much troubled was he  
 And her fair speech so craftily had caught  
 Him, that the spirits soon shaking off the load  
 Of the gross flesh, and hating her abode;  
 Being thoroughly heated in these amorous fires,  
 Wholly transported with the dear desires  
 Of her embraces: for the living soul,  
 Being individual, uniform and whole,  
 By her unwearied faculties doth find  
 That which the flesh of duller earth by kind  
 Not apprehends, and by her function makes  
 Good her own state; Endymion now forsakes  
 All the delights that shepherds do prefer,  
 And sets his mind so gen'rally on her,  
 That all neglected to the groves and springs,  
 He follows Phoebe, that him safely brings  
 (As their great queen) unto the nymphish bowers,  
 Wherein clear rivers beautified with flowers,  
 The silver (b) Naides bathe them in the brack.  
 Sometime with her the sea-horse he doth back,  
 Amongst the blue (i) Nereides; and when  
 Weary of waters, goddess like again,  
 She the high mountains actively assays,  
 And there amongst the light (k) Oriades,  
 That ride the swift roes, Phoebe doth resort;  
 Sometime amongst those that with them consort;  
 The (l) Hamadriades, doth the woods frequent;  
 And there she stays not; but incontinent,  
 Calls down the Dragons that her chariot draw,  
 And with Endymion pleased that she saw,  
 Mounteth thereon, in twinkling of an eye,  
 Stripping the winds, beholding from the sky  
 'The earth in roundness of a perfect ball,  
 Which as a point but of this mighty all,  
 Wise nature fix'd, that permanent doth stay,  
 Whereas the spheres by a diurnal sway  
 Of the first Mover carried are about.  
 And how the several elements throughout,  
 Strongly enfolded, and the vast air spread  
 In sundry regions, in the which are bred  
 'Those strange impressions often that appear  
 To fearful mortals, and the causes there,

(f) The month of the year, of the moon.  
 (g) The four quarters of the month related to the  
 seasons of the year. Macro.  
 (b) The nymphs of the waters.  
 (i) Nymphs of the sea.  
 (k) Nymphs of the mountains.  
 (l) Nymphs of the woods.



by her piercing beams, he sees  
 Planets, how in their degrees,  
 seasons they do fall and rise :  
 Signs (♈) in their triplicities  
 ing in their trine consents,  
 inferior forming elements,  
 our bodies the complexions take,  
 number : strongly and do make  
 us like them, and on earth  
 the heavens have over mortal birth,  
 effects which men call fortune, are  
 led or inauspicious star,  
 frail nativity doth reign.  
 Love could Phœbe not contain,  
 give him so strongly doth inspire,  
 plenty, more he doth desire ;  
 up to those excelling sights,  
 heaven, where all the fixed lights,  
 supposed to be therein,  
 stars, whose names did first begin  
 ancients, not to stellify  
 gods heroes only, but imply  
 courses, for distinguished  
 names, a delight first bred  
 in, into the same to look,  
 these figures nomination took,  
 resembled her on earth below,  
 that Phœbe subtilly doth know  
 motions high her orb above,  
 these that under her do move.  
 titles do we her invest,  
 three most powerful of the rest,  
 , Hecate, do tell,  
 ty in heaven, in earth and hell :  
 ollo, that doth likewise send  
 beams, with them doth likewise send  
 knowledge, for that god most bright,  
 anets, (♈) fountain of the light :  
 things, will have her to see,  
 e the sacred angels be.  
 hies that Jove's great will supply,  
 formed in triplicity,  
 places by the treble trine,  
 holy (♈) theologic nine :  
 Cherubin, and Seraphin that rise,  
 free ; when Principalities,  
 in their triplicities sympathise with the

ucis.  
 most holy number.  
 orders of the angels.

With Dominations, Potestates are plac'd  
 The second, and the Ephionian last,  
 Which Virtues, Angels, and Archangels be.

Thus yonder Man that in the Moon you see,  
 Rapt up from Latmus, thus she doth prefer,  
 And goes about continually with her :  
 Over the world that every month doth look,  
 And in the same there's scarce that secret nook  
 That he surveys not, and the places hidden  
 Whence simple truth and candle-light forbidden  
 Dare not approach, he peepeth with his light ;  
 Whereas suspicious policy by night  
 Consults with Murder, Baseness at their hand,  
 Armed to act whatever they command,  
 With guilty conscience and intent so foul,  
 That oft they start at whooping of an owl,  
 And slyly peering at a little pore,  
 See one sometimes content to keep the door ;  
 One would not think the bawd that did not know,  
 Such a brave body could descend so low.  
 And the base churl, the sun that dare not trust,  
 With his old gold, yet smelling it doth rust,  
 Lays it abroad, but locks himself within  
 Three doubled locks, or ere he dare begin  
 To ope his bags, and being sure of all ;  
 Else, yet therewith dare scarcely trust the wall :  
 And with a candle in a filthy stick,  
 The grease not fully covering the wick,  
 Pores o'er his base god, forth a flame that fries,  
 Almost as dim as his soul bleared eyes :  
 Yet like to a great murderer, that gave  
 Some slight reward unto some bloody knave,  
 To kill, the second secretly doth slay,  
 Fearing lest he the former should betray :  
 He the poor candle ward'reth ere burnt out,  
 Because that he the secrecy doth doubt ;  
 And oftentimes the Mooned Man outspies  
 The eve-dropper, and circumspectly eyes  
 The thief and lover, 'specially which two  
 With night and darkness have the most to do.  
 And not long since, besides this, did behold  
 Some of you here, when you should 'tend your  
 fold,  
 A nights were wenching : thus he me doth tell.  
 With that, they all in such a laughter fell.  
 That the field rang : when from a village near  
 The watchful Cock crew, and with notes full  
 clear  
 The early Lark soon summoned the day,  
 When they departed every one their way.



---

**O D E S:**  
**WITH OTHER**  
**L Y R I C P O E S I E S.**

---

To the Worthy Knight, and my Noble Friend,  
**S I R H E N R Y G O O D E R E,**  
A GENTLEMAN of his MAJESTY'S PRIVY CHAMBER.

THESE lyric pieces, short and few,  
Most worthy Sir, I send to you,  
To read them be not weary:  
They may become John Hewes his lyre,  
Which oft at Powllsworth by the fire  
Hath made us gravely merry.

Believe it, he must have the trick  
Of rhyming with invention quick,  
That should do lyrics well:  
But how I have done in this kind,  
Though in myself I cannot find,  
Your judgment best can tell.

Th' old British bards, upon their harps,  
For falling flats, and rising sharps,  
That curiously were strung;

To stir their youth to warlike rage,  
Or their wild fury to assuage,  
In their loose numbers sung.

No more I for fools censures pass,  
Than for the braying of an ass,  
Nor once mine ear will lend them:  
If you but please to take in gree  
These odes, sufficient 'tis to me;  
Your liking can commend them.

Yours, &c.

M. DRAYTON



---

## TO THE READER.

---

As I have called these my few poems; which  
happy soever they prove, yet criticism itself  
not say, that the name is wrongfully usurped:  
(not to begin with definitions against the rule  
ratory, nor *ab ovo*, against the prescript rule of  
try in a poetical argument, but somewhat on-  
a season thy palate with a slight description)  
ode is known to have been properly a song,  
delled to the ancient harp, and neither too  
rt breathed, as hasting to the end, nor composed  
be longest verses, as unfit for the sudden turns  
lofty tricks with which Apollo used to manage

They are (as the learned say) divers: Some  
scendently lofty, and far more high than the  
c (commonly called the heroic poem) witness  
se of the inimitable Pindar, consecrated to the  
ry and renown of such as returned in triumph  
m Olympus, Elis, Isthmus, or the like: Others  
ong the Greeks are amorous, soft, and made  
chambers, as others for theatres; as were Ana-  
on's, the very delicacies of the Grecian Erato,  
ich muse seemed to have been the minion of  
t Teian old man, which composed them: Of a  
xed kind were Horace's, and may truly there-  
e be called his mixed; whatsoever else are mine,  
le partaking of the high dialect of the first:

Though we be all to seek  
Of Pindar that great Greek.

Nor altogether of Anacreon, the arguments being  
amorous, moral, or what else the muse pleaseth.  
To write much in this kind, neither know I how  
it will relish, nor in so doing, can I but injuriously  
presuppose ignorance or sloth in thee, or draw cen-  
sure upon myself, for sinning against the decorum  
of a preface, by reading a lecture, when it is enough  
to sum the points. New they are, and the work  
of playing hours; but what other commendation  
is theirs, and whether inherent in the subject, must  
be thine to judge. But to act the go-between  
of my poems and thy applause, is neither my mo-  
desty nor confidence, that oftener than once have  
acknowledged thee kind, and do not doubt hereaf-  
ter to do somewhat in which I shall not fear thee  
just: And would at this time also gladly let thee  
understand what I think above the rest, of the last  
ode of this number, or if thou wilt, ballad in my  
book: for both the great master of Italian rhymes  
Petrarch, and our Chaucer, and other of the up-  
per house of the muses, have thought their canzons  
honoured in the title of a ballad; which for that  
I labour to meet truly therein with the old English  
garb, I hope as able to justify, as the learned Colin  
Clout his roundelay. Thus requesting thee in thy  
better judgment, to correct such faults as have  
escaped in the printing, I bid thee farewell.

M. DRAYTON.



---

# O D E S.

---

## *To Himself and the Harp.*

And why not I, as he  
That's greatest, if as free,  
(In sundry strains that strive,  
Since there so many be)  
Th' old Lyric kind revive?

I will, yea, and I may;  
Who shall oppose my way?  
For what is he alone,  
That of himself can say,  
He's heir of Helicon?

Apollo, and the Nine,  
Forbid no man their shrine,  
That cometh with hands pure;  
Else they be so divine,  
They will him not endure.

For they be such coy things,  
That they care not for kings,  
And dare let them know it;  
Nor may he touch their springs,  
That is not born a poet.

The Phoecean (a) it did prove,  
Whom when foul lust did move,  
Those maids unchaste to make,  
Fell, as with them he strove,  
His neck, and justly, brake.

That instrument ne'er heard,  
Struck by the skilful bard,  
It strongly to awake;  
But it th' infernals scar'd,  
And made Olympus quake.

As those prophetic strings (b)  
Whose sounds with fiery wings  
Drove fiends from their abode,  
Touch'd by the best of kings,  
That song the holy ode.

So his (c), which women flew,  
And it int' Hebrus threw,  
Such sounds yet forth it sent,  
The banks to weep that drew,  
As down the stream it went.

That by the tortoise-shell,  
To (d) Maya's son it fell,  
The most thereof no doubt,  
But sure some power did dwell  
In him who found it out.

The wildest of the field,  
The air, with rivers t' yield,  
Which mov'd; that sturdy glebes,  
And massy oaks could wield  
To raise the piles of (e) Thebes.

And diversely though strong,  
So anciently we sung  
To it, that now scarce known,  
If first it did belong  
To Greece or it our own.

The (f) Druides imbru'd  
With gore, on altars rude  
With sacrifices crown'd  
In hollow woods bedew'd,  
Ador'd the trembling sound.

Though we be all to seek  
Of (g) Pindar that great Greek,  
To finger it aright,  
The soul with power to strike,  
His hand retain'd such might.

(c) Orpheus the Thracian poet. Caput Hebrælyn  
Erip. &c. Ovid. lib. 11. Metam.

(d) Mercury inventor of the harp, as Horace, c  
lib. 7. curvaeq. lyrae parentem.

(e) Thebes feigned to have been raised by music.

(f) The ancient British priests, so called from their  
in woods.

(g) Pindar prince of the Greek lyric, of whom H  
Pindarum quisquis audit, &c. Od. 2. lib. 4.

(a) Pyreus, king of Phocis attempting to ravish the  
Muses.

(b) Sam. lib. 1. cap. 10.



that Rome did grace;  
we all embrace,  
cely found his peer;  
Phœbus place  
as divinely clear.

I I admire,  
ave to that lyre,  
usic's mother,  
till I expire,  
uch another.

that so long  
his antique song,  
ll our carpers  
r fame to wrong,  
ght skilful harpers.

I, I long thee spare,  
e well to fare,  
leased'tt greatly,  
efore more rare,  
thy harp neatly.

t with despoight  
ese numbers flight,  
their judgment's blind,  
from the right,  
le kind.

verse doth make,  
or doth take,  
le to climb,  
r to flake,  
in (I) Skelton's rhyme.

*the New Year.*

double-fac'd.  
temples grac'd,  
thy godhead higher,  
ere altars shining,  
riests divining,  
ous fumes expire.

I thy pleasure,  
Thespian treasure,  
usly pursue;  
l year returning,  
e old adjourning,  
ging in the new.

vigils yearly  
ed clearly,  
As yet smoking be;  
store abroad is,  
ng to my goddess,  
been us'd by thee.

rt of the Romans in that kind.  
harp.  
an English lyric.  
gish rhymes.

Give her th' Eoan brightness,  
Wing'd with that subtil lightness,  
That doth transpierce the air;  
The roses of the morning  
The rising heav'n adorning,  
To mesh with flames of hair.

Those ceaseless sounds, above all,  
Made by those orbs that move all,  
And every swelling there,  
Wrap'd up in numbers flowing,  
Them actually bestowing,  
For jewels at her ear.

O rapture great and holy,  
Do thou transport me wholly,  
So well her form to vary,  
That I aloft may bear her,  
Whereas I will insphere her  
In regions high and starry.

And in my choice composures  
The soft and easy closures  
So amorously shall meet;  
That ev'ry lively ceasure  
Shall tread a perfect measure,  
Set on so equal feet.

That spray to fame so fertile,  
The lover-crowning myrtle,  
In wreaths of mixed bows,  
Within whose shades are dwelling  
Those beauties most excelling,  
Enthron'd upon her brows.

Those parallels so even,  
Drawn on the face of heaven,  
That curious art supposes,  
Direct those gems, whose clearness  
Far off amaze by nearness,  
Each globe such fire encloses.

Her bosom full of blisses,  
By nature made for kisses,  
So pure and wond'rous clear,  
Whereas a thousand graces  
Behold their lovely faces,  
As they are bathing there.

O, thou self-little blindness,  
The kindness of unkindness,  
Yet one of those divine;  
Thy brands to me were lever,  
Thy fascia, and thy quiver,  
And thou this quill of mine.

This heart so freshly bleeding,  
Upon its own self feeding,  
Whose wounds still dropping be;  
Of love, thy self confounding,  
Her coldness so abounding,  
And yet such heat in me.

Yet if I be inspired,  
I'll leave thee so admired,  
To all that shall succeed,  
O o ij



'That were they more than many,  
'Mongst all, there is not any  
'That time so oft shall need.

Nor adamant engraved,  
'That hath been choicely 'ft saved,  
Idea's name out-wears;  
So large a dower as this is,  
'The greatest often misses,  
'The diadem that bears.

---

*To his Valentine.*

Muse, bid the morn awake,  
Sad winter now declines,  
Each bird doth choose a make,  
'This day's Saint Valentine's;  
For that good bishop's sake  
Get up, and let us see,  
What beauty it shall be,  
'That fortune us assigns.

But lo, in happy hour,  
The place wherein she lies,  
In yonder climbing tow'r,  
Gilt by the glitt'ring rise;  
O Jove! that in a show'r,  
As once that thund'rer did,  
When he in drops lay hid,  
'That I could her surprise.

Her canopy I'll draw,  
With spangled plumes bedight,  
No mortal ever saw  
So ravishing a sight;  
That it the gods might awe,  
And pow'rfully transpierce  
'The globy universe,  
Out-shooting ev'ry light.

My lips I'll softly lay  
Upon her heav'nly cheek,  
Dy'd like the dawning day,  
As polish'd ivory sleek:  
And in her ear I'll say;  
O, thou bright morning-star,  
'Tis I that come so far,  
My Valentine to seek.

Each little bird, this tide,  
Doth choose her loved pheer,  
Which constantly abide  
In wedlock all the year,  
As nature is their guide:  
So may we two be true,  
'This year, nor change for new,  
As turtles coupled were.

The sparrow, swan, the dove,  
'Though Venus' birds they be,  
Yet are they are not for love  
So absolute as we:

For-reason us doth move;  
They but by billing woo:  
Then try what we can do,  
'To whom each sense is free.

Which we have more than they,  
By livelier organs sway'd,  
Our appetite each way  
More by our sense obey'd:  
Our passions to display,  
This season us doth fit;  
Then let us follow it,  
As nature us doth lead.

One kiss in two let's break,  
Confounded with the touch,  
But half words let us speak,  
Our lip's employ'd so much;  
Until we both grow weak,  
With sweetness of thy breath;  
O smother me to death:  
Long let our joys be such.

Let's laugh at them that choose  
Their Valentines by lot,  
To wear their names that use,  
Whom idly they have got:  
Such poor choice we refuse,  
Saint Valentine befriend;  
We thus this morn may spend,  
Else, Muse, awake her not.

---

*The Heart.*

If thus we needs must go,  
What shall our one heart do.  
This one made of our two?

Madam, two hearts we break,  
And from them both did take  
The best, one heart to make.

Half this is of your heart,  
Mine in the other part,  
Join'd by our equal art.

Were it cemented, or sown,  
By shreds or pieces known,  
We each might find our own.

But 'tis dissolv'd, and fix'd,  
And with such cunning mix'd,  
No diff'rence that betwixt.

But how shall we agree,  
By whom it kept shall be,  
Whether by you, or me?

It cannot two breasts fill,  
One must be heartless still,  
Until the other will.



ie to-day,  
'd it to say,  
er it would stay?

n your breast,  
ght hope to rest:  
e my guest,

r it knew,  
d still anew  
: to you.

k, had two  
o much to do,  
voo.

o cold and chaste,  
with zeal did waste,  
h water plac'd.

heart entreat,  
ow did it beat,  
give yours heat!

emper brought,  
perfection wrought,  
; either's thought.

ght it lies,  
se world's dull eyes,  
it not envies.

earth can show,  
all not once know,  
le and low.

---

*The Sacrifice to Apollo.*

Apollo, sacred be the room,  
'd meeting: let no barbarous groan,  
brave foe'er he be,  
npt to enter;  
f the Muses free,  
here may venture;  
Delphian prophets is prepar'd:  
vulgar are from hence debarr'd.

e feast so happily begins,  
fair Nine, with their violins;  
are begot by Jove,  
let us place them,  
e no clown in may shove,  
may disgrace them:  
near to young Apollo sit;  
oot-pace overflow with wit.

: Graces, where be those fair three?  
they may not absent be:  
to the gods are dear,  
hey can humbly  
us ourselves to bear,  
s comely:

They, and the Muses, rise both from one stem,  
They grace the Muses, and the Muses them.

Bring forth your flaggons (fill'd with sparkling  
wine)

Whereon swoln Bacchus, crowned with a vine,  
Is graven; and fill out,  
It well bestowing,  
To ev'ry man about,  
In goblets flowing:

Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound;  
To our god Phœbus let the health go round.

Let your jests fly at large; yet therewithal  
See they be salt, but yet not mix'd with gall:  
Not tending to disgrace,  
But fairly given,  
Becoming well the place,  
Modest and even;

That they with tickling pleasure may provoke  
Laughter in him, on whom the jest is broke.

Or if the deeds of heroes ye rehearse,  
Let them be sung in so well-order'd verse,  
That each word have its weight,  
Yet run with pleasure;  
Holding one stately height,  
In so brave measure,  
That they may make the stiffest storm seem weak,  
And damp Jove's thunder, when it loud 'st doth speak.

And if ye list to exercise your vein,  
Or in the sock, or in the buskin'd strain,  
Let art and nature go  
One with the other;  
Yet so, that art may shew  
Nature her mother;  
The thick-brain'd audience lively to awake,  
Till with shrill claps the theatre do shake.

Sing hymns to Bacchus then, with hands uprear'd,  
Offer to Jove, who most is to be fear'd;  
From him the Muse we have,  
From him proceedeth  
More than we dare to crave;  
'Tis he that feedeth  
Them, whom the world would starve; then let the  
lyre  
Sound, whilst his altars endless flame expire.

---

*To Cupid.*

MAIDENS, why spare ye?  
Or whether not dare ye  
Correct the blind shooter?  
Because wanton Venus,  
So oft that doth pain us,  
Is her son's tutor.

Now in the spring  
He proveh his wing.  
The field is his bower,  
O o iij



And as the small bee  
About flyeth he,  
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves  
Abroad in the groves,  
And in the air hovers,  
Which when it him deweth,  
His feathers he meweth,  
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doom'd by fate,  
(That well knew his hate)  
That he should be blind;  
For very despite,  
Our eyes be his white,  
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing,  
(Ill his mark choosing)  
Or his bow broken;  
The moan Venus maketh,  
And care that she taketh,  
Cannot be spoken.

To Vulcan commending  
Her love, and straight sending  
Her doves and her sparrows,  
With kisses unto him,  
And all but to woo him,  
To make her son arrows.

Telling what he hath done,  
(Saith she, Right mine own son)  
In her arms him she closes,  
Sweets on him fans,  
Laid in down of her swans,  
His sheets leaves of roses.

And feeds him with kisses;  
Which oft when he misses,  
He ever is froward:  
The mother's o'erjoying  
Makes by much coying  
The child so untoward.

Yet in a fine net,  
That a spider set;  
The maidens had caught him,  
Had she not been near him,  
And chanced to hear him,  
More good they had taught him.

---

*An Amouret Anacreontic.*

Most good, most fair,  
Or things as rare,  
To call you's lost;  
For all the cost  
Words can bestow,  
So poorly show

Upon your praise,  
That all the ways  
Sense hath, come short:  
Whereby report  
Falls them under;  
That when wonder  
More hath seized,  
Yet not pleased,  
That in kind  
Nothing can find,  
You to express:  
Nevertheless,  
As by globes small,  
This mighty All  
Is shew'd, though far  
From life, each star  
A world being:  
So we seeing  
You, like as that,  
Only trust what  
Art doth us teach;  
And when I reach  
At moral things,  
And that my strings  
Gravely should strike,  
Straight some mislike  
Blotteth mine Ode.  
As with the load  
The steel we touch,  
Forc'd ne'er so much,  
Yet still removes  
To that it loves,  
Till there it stays;  
So to your praise  
I turn ever,  
And though never  
From you moving,  
Happy so loving.

---

*Love's Conquest.*

WER'T granted me to choose,  
How I would end my days,  
Since I this life must lose,  
It should be in your praise;  
For there is no bays  
Can be set above you.

S'impossibly I love you  
And for you sit so high,  
Whence none may remove you  
In my clear poesy,  
That I oft deny  
You so ample merit.

The freedom of my spirit  
Maintaining still my cause,  
Your sex not to inherit,  
Urging the Salique laws;  
But your virtue draws  
From me every due.



you me pursue,  
 ere I can dwell,  
 made just to you,  
 ally rebel,  
 excel  
 uld I still endite,

you want some rite,  
 your high praise  
 to and fro,  
 ndry ways :  
 he right not know  
 it of this maze.

---

*To the Virginian Voyage.*

heroic minds,  
 or country's name,  
 our still pursue,  
 ring hinds  
 t home, with shame.  
 subdue,

ay too long,  
 ard bestow you,  
 ith a merry gale  
 your stretch'd sail,  
 as strong,  
 is that blow you.

securely steer,  
 y south forth keep,  
 , lee-shores, nor shoals,  
 Eolus scowls,  
 ot fear,  
 the deep.

ully at sea,  
 still entice,  
 t the pearl and gold,  
 urs to hold,

y paradise.

re hath in store  
 son, and fish,  
 he fruitful't soil,  
 out your toil,  
 uests more,  
 than your wish.

nbitious vine  
 th his purple mafs,  
 edar reaching high  
 s the sky,  
 s, pine,  
 sassafras.

the golden age  
 's laws doth give,  
 her cares that 'tend,  
 hem to defend

From winter's age,  
 That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell  
 Of that delicious land,  
 Above the seas that flows,  
 The clear wind throws,  
 Your heart's to swell  
 Approaching the dear strand.

In kenning of the shore  
 (Thanks to God first given)  
 O you the happy't men,  
 Be frolic then,  
 Let cannons roar,  
 Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far  
 Such heroes bring ye forth,  
 As those from whom we came,  
 And plant our name  
 Under that star  
 Not known unto our north.

And as there plenty grows  
 Of laurel every where,  
 Apollo's sacred tree,  
 You it may see,  
 A poet's brows  
 To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,  
 Industrious Hackluit,  
 Whose reading shall inflame  
 Men to seek fame,  
 And much commend  
 To after-times thy wit.

---

*An Ode written in the Peak.*

THIS while we are abroad,  
 Shall we not touch our lyre?  
 Shall we not sing an Ode?  
 Shall that holy fire,  
 In us that strongly glow'd,  
 In this cold air expire?

Long since the summer laid  
 Her lusty brav'ry down,  
 The autumn half is way'd,  
 And Boreas 'gins to frown,  
 Since now I did behold  
 Great Brute's first builded town.

Though in the utmost Peak  
 A while we do remain,  
 Amongst the mountains bleak  
 Expos'd to sleet and rain,  
 No sport our hours shall break  
 To exercise our vein.



And as the small bee  
About flyeth he,  
From flower to flower.

And wantonly roves  
Abroad in the groves,  
And in the air hovers,  
Which when it him deweth,  
His feathers he meweth,  
In sighs of true lovers.

And since doom'd by fate,  
(That well knew his hate)  
That he should be blind;  
For very despite,  
Our eyes be his white,  
So wayward his kind.

If his shafts losing,  
(Ill his mark choosing)  
Or his bow broken;  
The moan Venus maketh,  
And care that she taketh,  
Cannot be spoken.

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With kisses unto him,  
And all but to woo him,  
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Telling what he hath done,  
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Laid in down of her swans,  
His sheets leaves of roses.

And feeds him with kisses;  
Which oft when he misses,  
He ever is froward:  
The mother's o'erjoying  
Makes by much coying  
The child so untoward.

Yet in a fine net,  
That a spider set;  
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Or things as rare,  
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Upon your praise,  
That all the ways  
Sense hath, come short:  
Whereby report  
Falls them under;  
That when wonder  
More hath seized,  
Yet not pleased,  
That in kind  
Nothing can find,  
You to express:  
Nevertheless,  
As by globes small,  
This mighty All  
Is shew'd, though far  
From life, each star  
A world being:  
So we seeing  
You, like as that,  
Only trust what  
Art doth us teach;  
And when I reach  
At moral things,  
And that my strings  
Gravely should strike,  
Straight some mislike  
Blotteth mine Ode.  
As with the load  
The steel we touch,  
Forc'd ne'er so much,  
Yet still removes  
To that it loves,  
Till there it stays;  
So to your praise  
I turn ever,  
And though never  
From you moving,  
Happy so loving.

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*Love's Conquest.*

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How I would end my days,  
Since I this life must lose,  
It should be in your praise;  
For there is no bays  
Can be set above you.

S'impossibly I love you  
And for you sit so high,  
Whence none may remove you  
In my clear poesy,  
That I oft deny  
You so ample merit.

The freedom of my spirit  
Maintaining still my cause,  
Your sex not to inherit,  
Urging the Salique laws;  
But your virtue draws  
From me every due.



'They, and the Muses, rise both from one stem,  
They grace the Muses, and the Muses them.

Bring forth your flaggons (fill'd with sparkling  
wine)

Whereon swoln Bacchus, crown'd with a vine,  
Is graven; and fill out,  
It well bestowing,  
To ev'ry man about,  
In goblets flowing:

Let not a man drink, but in draughts profound;  
To our god Phœbus let the health go round.

Let your jests fly at large; yet therewithal  
See they be salt, but yet not mix'd with gall:  
Not tending to disgrace,  
But fairly given,  
Becoming well the place,  
Modest and even;

That they with tickling pleasure may provoke  
Laughter in him, on whom the jest is broke.

Or if the deeds of heroes ye rehearse,  
Let them be sung in so well-order'd verse,  
That each word have its weight,  
Yet run with pleasure;  
Holding one stately height,  
In so brave measure,

That they may make the stiffest storm seem weak,  
And damp Jove's thunder, when it loud'ly doth speak.

And if ye list to exercise your vein,  
Or in the sock, or in the buskin'd strain,  
Let art and nature go  
One with the other;  
Yet so, that art may shew  
Nature her mother;

The thick brain'd audience lively to awake,  
Till with shrill claps the theatre do shake.

Sing hymns to Bacchus then, with hands uprear'd,  
Offer to Jove, who most is to be fear'd;  
From him the Muse we have,  
From him proceedeth  
More than we dare to crave;  
'Tis he that feedeth

Them, whom the world would starve; then let the  
lyre

Sound, whilst his altars endless flame expire.

#### To Cypid.

MAIDENS, why spare ye?  
Or whether not dare ye  
Correct the blind shooter?  
Because wanton Venus,  
Whom that doth pain us,  
Is her son's tutor.

be spring  
in his wing.  
old is na bower,  
O u ij

oom,  
rbarous groom,

repar'd:  
debar'd.

Alms;



But see how patient I am grown,  
In all this coyle about thee;  
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,  
I cannot live without thee.

### AN HYMN

*To his Lady's Birth-place,*

COVENTRY, that dost adorn  
The country wherein I was born,  
Yet therein lies not thy praise,  
Why I should crown thy tow'rs with bays:  
'Tis not thy (a) wall me to thee weds,  
Thy ports, nor thy proud pyramids,  
Not thy trophies of the (b) boar,  
But that she which I adore,  
Which scarce goodness self can pair,  
First there breathing blest thy air.  
Idea, in which name I hide  
Her, in my heart deify'd,  
For what good man's mind can see,  
Only her Ideas be;  
She, in whom the virtues came  
In woman's shape, and took her name,  
She so far past imitation,  
As but nature our creation  
Could not alter, she had aimed  
More than woman to have framed:  
She, whose truly written story,  
To thy poor name shall add more glory,  
Than if it should have been thy chance  
I' have bred our kings that conquer'd France.

Had she been born the former age,  
That house had been a pilgrimage,  
And reputed more divine,  
Then (c) Walsingham or (c) Becket's shrine.

That (d) princess, to whom thou dost owe  
Thy freedom, whose clear-blushing snow  
The envious sun saw, when as she  
Naked rode to make thee free,  
Was but her type, as to foretel,  
'Thou should'st bring forth one, should excel  
Her bounty, by whom thou should'st have  
More honour than she freedom gave;  
And that great (e) queen, which but of late  
Rul'd this land in peace and state,  
Had not been, but heaven had sworn,  
A maid should reign when she was born.

Of thy streets which thou hold'st best,  
And most frequent of the rest,  
Happy (f) Mich-Parke of the year,  
On the (g) fourth of August there,  
Let thy Maids from Flora's bowers,  
With their choice and daintiest flowers

(a) Coventry finely walled.

(b) The shoulder-bone of a boar of mighty bigness.

(c) Two famous pilgrimages, the one in Norfolk the other in Kent.

(d) Godiva, duke Leofric's wife, who obtained the freedom of the city, of her husband, by riding through it naked.

(e) Queen Elizabeth.

(f) A noted street in Coventry.

(g) His mistress's birth-day.

Deck thee up, and from their store,  
With brave garlands crown that door,

The old man passing by that way,  
To his son in time shall say,  
There was that lady born, which long  
To after-ages shall be sung;  
Who unawares being passed by,  
Back to that house shall cast his eye,  
Speaking my verses as he goes,  
And with a sigh shut ev'ry close.

Dear city, travelling, by thee,  
When thy rising spires I see,  
Destined her place of birth;  
Yet methinks the very earth  
Hallowed is, so far as I  
Can thee possibly descry:  
Then thou dwelling in this place,  
Hearing some rude hind disgrace  
Thy city with some scurvy thing,  
Which some jester forth did bring,  
Speak these lines where thou do'st come,  
And strike the slave for ever dumb.

*To the CAMBRIO-BRITONS, and their HAR!*

*His Ballad of Agincourt.*

FAIR stood the wind for France,  
When we our sails advance,  
Nor now to prove our chance  
Longer will tarry;  
But putting to the main,  
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,  
With all his martial train,  
Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,  
Furnish'd in warlike sort,  
Marched towards Agincourt  
In happy hour;  
Skirmishing day by day  
With those that stop'd his way,  
Where the French gen'ral lay  
With all his power.

Which in his height of pride,  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
To the king sending.  
Which he neglects the while,  
As from a nation vile  
Yet with an angry smile,  
Their fall portending.

And turning to his men,  
Quoth our brave Henry then,  
Though they to one be ten,  
Be not amazed.  
Yet, have we well begun  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
By fame been raised.



self, quoth he,  
I rest shall be,  
'er mourn for me,  
ore esteem me.  
I remain,  
earth lie slain,  
the sustain  
to redeem me.

I Cressy tell,  
their pride did swell,  
swords they fell,  
our skill is,  
our grandfire great,  
the regal feat,  
warlike feat,  
the French lilies.

of York so dread,  
vaward led;  
ain Henry sped,  
gft his henchmen.  
d the rear,  
an not there,  
w hot they were  
: false Frenchmen!

to fight are gone;  
armour shone,  
to drum did groan,  
ar, was wonder;  
cries they make,  
arth did shake,  
trumpet spake,  
ler to thunder.

ne age became,  
pingham,  
the signal aim  
r hid forces;  
a meadow by,  
m suddenly,  
h archery  
the French horses.

ish yew so strong,  
cloth-yard long,  
o serpents stung,  
ng the weather;

None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts,  
And like true English hearts,  
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,  
And forth their bilbows drew,  
And on the French they flew;  
Not one was tardy;  
Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went,  
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,  
His broad sword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding,  
As to o'erwhelm it;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood besprent,  
And many a cruel dent  
Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood,  
With his brave brother,  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
Still as they ran up;  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which fame did not delay,  
To England to carry;  
O, when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
Such a King Harry?



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# PASTORALS:

CONTAINING

E C L O G U E S.

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To the Honour of my Noble Patron

SIR WALTER ASTON:

As other my Poems, so I consecrate these my PASTORAL POSIES.

M. DRAYTON,

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## TO THE READER OF HIS PASTORALS.

SOMEWHAT is to be said, by way of general preparative, touching the name, and nature of Pastoral poesy, before I give thee my Pastorals. Pastorals, as they are a species of poesy, signify feigned dialogues, or other speeches in verse, fathered upon herdsmen, whether *opiliones, bululei*, &c. that is to say, shepherds, neat-herds, &c. who are ordinary persons in this kind of poem, worthily therefore to be called base, or low. This, as all other forms of poesy (excepting perhaps the admirable Latin Piscatories of that noble Neapolitan Sanazara) hath been received from the Greeks, and as at the second hand, from the Romans. The subject of Pastorals, as the language of it ought to be poor, silly, and of the coarsest woof in appearance; nevertheless, the most high, and most noble matters of the world may be shadowed in them, and for certain sometimes are: But he who hath almost nothing pastoral in his Pastorals, but the name (which is my case) deals more plainly, because *detrahe velamine*, he speaks of most weighty things. The Greek Pastorals of Theocritus have the chief praise. Whether Virgil in his Bucolics hath kept within pastoral humbleness, let Scaliger, and the nation of learned censors dispute: the blessing which came in them to the testimonial majesty of the Christian name, out

of Sibyls monuments, cited before Christ's birth, must ever make Virgil venerable with me: And in the angels song to shepherds at our Saviour's nativity, Pastoral poesy seems consecrated. It is not of this time and place to shew the original of this invention; let it here suffice to have pointed out the best, and them so old, as may serve for prescription. The chief law of Pastorals is the same which is of all poesy, and of all wise carriage, viz. Decorum, and that not to be exceeded without leave, or without at least fair warning. For so did Virgil, when he wrote,

—————*Paulò majera canamus.*

Master Edmund Spenser had done enough for the immortality of his name, had he only given us his Shepherd's Kalendar, a master-piece if any. The Colin Clout of Skoggan, under King Henry the VII. is pretty: But Barkley's Ship of Fools hath twenty wiser in it. Spenser is the principal pastoralist of England. My Pastorals held upon new strain, must speak for themselves, and the reader striking up, if thou hast in thee any country quicksilver, thou hadst rather be at the foot than bear thereof. Farewell.



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## ECLOGUE I.

**P**ROSERUS full out his yearly course had run,  
(The woeful Winter labouring to outwear)  
And though 'twas long first, yet at length begun  
To heave himself up to our hemisphere,  
For which pleas'd heaven to see this happy hour,  
O'ercome with joy wept many a silver shower.

When Philomel, the augur of the Spring,  
Whose tunes express a brother's trait'rous fact,  
Whilst the fresh groves with her complaints doring,  
To Cynthia her sad tragedy doth act.  
The jocund mirl preach'd on the highest spray,  
Sings his love forth, to see the pleasant May.

The crawling snake against the morning sun,  
Like Iris shews his sundry colour'd coat,  
The gloomy shades and enviously doth shun,  
Ravish'd to hear the warbling birds to rot,  
The buck forsakes the lawns where he hath fed,  
Fearing the hunt should view his velvet head.

Through every part dispersed is the blood,  
The lusty Spring in fulness of her pride :  
Man, bird, and beast, each tree and every flood,  
Highly rejoicing in this goodly tide :  
Save Rowland, leaning on a (a) ranpike tree,  
Wasted with age, forlorn with woe was he.

Great God, quoth he, (with hands rear'd to the sky)  
Thou wise Creator of the starry light,  
Whose wond'rous works thy essence do imply,  
In the dividing of the day and night :  
The earth relieving with the teeming Spring,  
Which the late winter low before did bring,

O thou strong builder of the firmament,  
Who plac'd Phœbus in his fiery carr,  
And for the planets wisely did sent  
Their sundry mansions, that they should not jar,  
Appointing Phœbus mistress of the night,  
From Titans flames to fetch her forked light.

From that bright place where thou reign'st alone,  
Whose floor with stars is gloriously inchas'd ;  
Before the foot-stool of whose glittering throne  
Those thy high orders severally are plac'd,  
Receive my vows, that may thy court ascend ;  
Where thy clear presence all the powers attend.

Shepherds great Sovereign, graciously receive,  
Those thoughts to thee continually erected,  
(2) A tree with age beginning to decay at the top,

Nor let the world of comfort me bereave,  
Whilst I before it sadly lie dejected,  
Whose sins, like fogs that overcloud the air,  
Darken those beams which promis'd me so fair.

My hopes are fruitless, and my faith is vain,  
And but mere shews, disposed me to mock,  
Such are exalted basely that can feign,  
And none regards just *Rowland of the Rock*.  
To those fat pastures, which flocks healthful keep,  
Malice denies me entrance with my sheep.

Yet nill I nature enviously accuse,  
Nor blame the Heavens thus hapless me to make,  
What they impose, but vainly we refuse,  
When not our power their punishment can flake,  
Fortune the world that towzes to and fro,  
Fickle to all, is constant in my woe.

This only rests, time shall devour my sorrow,  
And to affliction minister relief,  
When as there never shall succeed a morrow,  
Whose labouring hours shall lengthen out my  
grief,  
Nor in my breast care sit again so deep,  
Tiring the sad night with distemper'd sleep.

And when that time expired hath the date,  
What wears out all things, lastly perish must,  
And that all-searching and impartial fate  
Shall take account of long-forgotten dust,  
When every being silently shall cease,  
Lock'd in the arms of everlasting peace.

Now in the ocean Titan quench'd his flame,  
That summon'd Cynthia, to set up her light,  
And she the near'st of the celestial frame,  
Sat the most glorious on the brow of night ;  
When the poor swain, with heaviness oppress'd,  
To the cold earth sunk sadly down to rest.

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## ECLOGUE II.

*Motto.*

MIGHT my youth's mirth become the aged years,  
My gentle shepherd, father of us all,  
Wherewith I wonted to delight my peers,  
When to their sports they pleas'd me to call.



Now would I tune my (*b*) miskins on this green,  
And frame my verse, the virtues to unfold  
Of that sole Phoenix bird, my life's sole queen,  
Whose locks do stain the three times burnish'd gold.

But melancholy settled in thy spleen,  
My rhymes seem harsh to thy unrelish'd taste,  
Thy wits that long replenish'd have not been,  
Wanting kind moisture, do unkindly waste.

WINKEN.

Well, wanton, laugh not my old age to scorn  
Nor twit me so, my senses to have lost,  
The time hath been, when as my hopeful morn  
Promis'd as much as now thy youth can boast.

My direful cares been drawn upon my face,  
In crooked lines with age's iron pen,  
The morphew quite discoloured the place,  
Which had the power t' attract the eyes of men.

What mock'd the lily, bears this tawny dye,  
And this once crimson, looks thus deadly pale,  
Sorrow hath set his foot upon mine eye,  
And hath for ever perished my fair.

A cumber-world, yet in the world am left,  
A fruitless plot with brambles overgrown :  
Of all those joys, that pleas'd my youth, bereft,  
And now too late my folly but bemoan.

Those dainty strains of my well-turned reed,  
Which many a time have pleas'd the curious ears,  
In me no more those pleasing thoughts do breed,  
But tell the errors of my wand'ring years.

Those pois'ning pills been hiding at my heart,  
Those loathsome drugs unseason'd youth did chew,  
Not once so sweet, but now they be as tart ;  
Not in the mouth, what they are in the maw.

MOTTO.

Even so I ween ; for thy old age's fever  
Deems sweetest potions bitter as the gall,  
And thy cold palate, having lost the favour,  
Receives no comfort by a cordial.

WINKEN.

As thou art, once was I a gamesome boy,  
Ill winter'd now, and aged as you see,  
And well I know, thy swallow-winged joy  
Quickly shall vanish as 'tis fled from me.

When on the arch of thy eclipsed eyes,  
Time shall have deeply character'd thy death,  
And sun-burnt age thy kindly moisture dries,  
Thy wasted lungs be niggards of thy breath ;

Thy brawn-fall'n arms and thy declining back  
To the sad burthen of thy years shall yield,  
And that thy legs their wonted force shall lack,  
Able no more thy wretched trunk to wield.

Now am I like the knotty aged oak,  
Whom wasting time hath made a tomb for dust,

(*b*) A little baggage,

That of his branches left by tempest's stroke  
His bark consumes with canker-worms and

And though thou seem'st like to the bragging  
And spread'st thee like the morn-lov'd may,  
Yet shall thy sap be shortly dry and sear,  
Thy gaudy blossoms blanchish'd with cold.

Even such a wanton and unruly swain,  
Was little Rowland, when as lately he  
Upon the verge of yonder neighb'ring plain  
Carved this rhyme upon a beechen tree.

Then this great universe no less  
Can serve her praises to express :  
Betwixt her eyes, the poles of love,  
The host of heavenly beauties move,  
Depainted in their proper stories,  
As well the fix'd as wandering glories,  
Which from their proper orbs not go  
Whether they gyre swift or slow :  
Where from their lips, when she doth speak  
The music of those spheres do break,  
Which their harmonious motion breeds  
From whose cheerful breath proceedeth  
That balmy sweetness that gives birth  
To every offspring of the earth :  
The structure of whose gen'ral frame,  
And state wherein she moves the same,  
Is that proportion, heaven's best treasure,  
Whereby it doth all poize and measure,  
So that alone her happy sight  
Contains perfection and delight.

MOTTO.

O divine love, which so aloft can raise,  
And lift the mind out of the earthly mire,  
And dost inspire us with so glorious praise,  
As with the heavens doth equal man's desire.

What doth not help to deck the holy shrine  
With Venus' myrtle and Apollo's tree ?  
Who will not say that thou art most divine  
At least, confess a deity in thee ?

WINKEN.

A foolish boy, full ill is he repay'd :  
For now the wanton pines in endless pain,  
And sore repents what he before mistaketh,  
So may they be, which can so lewdly feign.

Now hath this yokker torn his tress'd locks  
And broke his pipe which was of sound so fit  
Forfaking his companions and their flocks,  
And casts his garland loosely at his feet.

And being throw'd in a homely coat,  
And full of sorrow (I humbly sing by,)  
He turn'd his rebeck to a mournful note,  
And thereto sung this doleful elegy.

Upon a bank with roses set about,  
Where turtles oft sit joining bill to bill,  
And gentle springs steal softly murm'ring  
Washing the foot of pleasure's sacred hill  
There little Love sore wounded lies,  
His bow and arrows broken.



ew'd with tears from Venus' eyes,  
grievous to be spoken !

im my heart, slain with her scornful eye,  
sticks the arrow which that heart did kill,  
whose sharp pile, request him e'er he die,  
the same to write his latest will ;  
bid him send it back to me,  
instant of his dying,  
t cruel, cruel she, may see,  
faith and her denying.

apel be a mournful cypress' shade,  
or a chantry Philomel's sweet lay,  
prayers shall continually be made  
grim lovers passing by that way,  
h nymphs and shepherds yearly moan,  
timeless death beweeeping,  
elling that my heart alone  
h his last will in keeping.

MOTTO.

e for him that pineth so in pain,  
or Rowland, how for him I grieve !  
a bait should breed so foul a bane,  
not deign his sorrow to relieve.

WINKER.

y him, thou foolish wanton swain,  
harms thus may'st thou learn to heed :  
nd wealth been fraught with high disdain,  
t draws on : come, homeward let us speed.

### ECLOGUE III.

PERKIN.

d, for shame, awake thy drowsy Muse,  
ys the Hunt's-up to thy sleepy head ;  
t thou here, whilst we are ill bestead,  
le swain ?

r heard thy pipe and pleasing vein,  
doth hear this scurvy minstrelsy,  
to nought, but beastly ribaldry  
loth not Muse ?

mber not with dull Endymion,  
thy reed to dapper verilayes,  
a while of blessed Beta's praise,  
ic but she.

e rest so happy may'st thou be,  
ed Colin lays his pipes to gage,  
Fayrie gone a pilgrimage,  
ore our moan.

ROWLAND.

ta, shepherd ? she is Pan's belov'd,  
's praise beyond our strain doth stretch,  
so high for my poor pipe to reach,  
en reed.

unfit to speak of worthy's deed,  
y song unto a lower key,  
a horn-pipe I may safely play,  
ireprov'd.

With flattery my Muse could never fadge,  
Nor could this vain scurrility affect,  
From looser youth to win a light respect,  
Too base and vile.

Me that doth make, that I care not the while,  
Myself above 'I'om Piper to advance,  
Which so bestirs him at the Morrice dance,  
For penny wage.

PERKIN.

Rowland, so toys esteemed often are,  
And fashions ever vary with the time,  
But since the season doth require some rhyme,  
With lusty glee,

Let me then hear that roundelay of thee,  
Which once thou sang'st to me in Janevier,  
When Robin Redbreast sitting on a brier,  
'The burthen bare.

ROWLAND.

Well, needs I must, yet with a heavy heart,  
Yet were not Beta, sure, I would not sing,  
Whose praise the echoes cease not yet to ring  
Up to the skies.

PERKIN.

Be blithe, good Rowland then, and clear thine eyes,  
And since good Robin to his roost is gone,  
Supply his want, and put two parts in one,  
To shew thy art.

ROWLAND.

Stay, Thames, to hear my song, thou great and  
famous flood,  
Beta alone the Phoenix is of all thy watry brood,  
The queen of virgins only she,  
The king of floods allotting thee  
Of all the rest, be joyful then to see this happy day,  
Thy Beta now alone shall be the subject of my lay,

With dainty and delightful strains of dapper  
verilayes :  
Come lovely shepherds, sit by me, to tell our Be-  
ta's praise ;  
And let us sing so high a verse,  
Her sovereign virtues to rehearse, [sing,  
That little birds shall silent sit to hear us shepherds  
Whilst rivers backward bend their course, and flow  
up to their spring.

Range all thy swans, fair Thames, together on a  
rank,  
And place them each in their degree upon thy  
winding bank,  
And let them set together all,  
Time keeping with the waters fall :  
And crave the tuneful nightingale to help them  
with her lay.  
The woodcock and the trostile-cock, chief music of  
our May.

See what a troop of nymphs, come leading hand  
in hand,  
In such a number that well-near they take up all  
the strand :  
And hark how merrily they sing,  
That makes the neighbouring meadows ring,



And Beta comes before alone, clad in a purple pall,  
And as the queen of all the rest, doth wear a coronal.

Trim up her golden tresses with Apollo's sacred tree,

Whose tutage and especial care I wish her still to [be,  
That for his darling hath prepar'd

A glorious crown as her reward,  
Not such a golden crown as haughty Cæsar wears,  
But such a glittering starry one as Ariadne bears.

Maids, get the choicest flowers, a garland and entwine,

Nor pinks, nor pansies, let there want, be sure of [eglantine,  
See that there be store of lilies,

(Call'd of shepherds daffadillies)  
With roses damask, white, and red, the dearest fleur-de-lis,  
The cowslip of Jerusalem, and clove of Paradise.

O thou great eye of heaven, the day's most dearest light,

With thy bright sister Cynthia, the glory of the [night,  
And those that make ye seven,

To us the near'st of heaven,  
And thou O gorgeous Iris, with all thy colours dy'd,  
When she streams forth her rays, then dash't is all your pride.

In thee whilst she beholds. (O flood, her heavenly face,

The sea-gods in their wat'ry arms would gladly her embrace,

Th' enticing Syrens in their lays,  
And Tritons do resound her praise,

Hasting with all the speed they can unto the spacious sea,

And through all Neptune's court proclaim our Beta's holy day.

O evermore refresh the root of the fat olive tree,  
In whose sweet shadow ever may thy banks preserved be,

With bays that poets do adorn,  
And myrtle of chaste lovers worn,

That fair may be the fruit, the boughs preserved by peace,

And let the mournful cypress die, and here for ever cease.

We'll strew the shore with pearl, where Beta walks alone,

And we will pave her summer bower with the rich Indian stone.

Perfume the air and make it sweet,  
For such a goddess as is meet,

For if her eyes for purity contend with Titan's [light,  
No marvel then although their beams do dazzle human sight.

Sound loud your trumpets then from London's loftiest towers,

To beat the stormy tempests back, and calm the raging-showers,

Set the cornet with the flute  
The orpharion to the lute,  
Tuning the tabor and the pipe to the sweet  
And mock the thunder in the air with the clarions.

Beta, long may thine altars smoke with year  
crifice

And long thy sacred temples may their high  
solemnize,

Thy shepherds watch by day and night,  
Thy maids attend thy holy light,

And thy large empire stretch her arms from  
into the west,

And Albion on the Appenin's advance her  
quering crest.

PERKIN.

Thanks, gentle Rowland, for thy roundelay,  
And as for Beta, burden of thy song,

The shepherds gooddecs may she flourish for  
And happy be,

And not disdain to be belov'd of thee :  
Triumphing Albion, clap thy hands for joy,

That hast so long not tasted of annoy,  
Nor that thou may.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, and when my milk-white ewes  
yea'd,

Beta shall have the firstling of the fold,  
Yea though the horns were of the purest gold

And the fine fleece, the richest purple grai

PERKIN.

Believe me, as I am true shepherds swain,  
Then for thy love all others I forsake,

And unto thee myself I do betake,  
With faith unfeign'd.

## ECLOGUE IV.

MOTTO.

SHEPHERD, why creep we in this lowly vein,  
As though our store no better us affords?

And in this season when the stirring swain  
Makes the wide field sound with great thun-

ing words?

Not as 'twas wont, now rural be our rhymes,  
Shepherds of late are waxed wond'rous neat.

Though they were richer in the former time:  
We be enraged with more kindly heat.

The wither'd laurel freshly grows again,  
Which simply shadow'd the Pierian spring,

Which oft invites the solitary swain  
Thither, to hear those sacred virgins sing :

Then if thy muse have spent her wonted zeal  
With wither'd twists thy forehead shall be bea

But if with these she dare advance her sail,  
Amongst the best then may she be renown'd



CORBO.

These men at mighty things do aim,  
 ore press into the learned troop,  
 phrase to dignify their name,  
 the world shut in this shameful coop.

Subject ill beseemeth me,  
 pipe amongst the lowly sort,  
 herd-grooms who have laugh'd to see,  
 moon-shine made the fairies sport.

the toils of Hercules will treat,  
 his hand to an eternal pen,  
 his labours it behoves he sweat,  
 beyond the usual pitch of men :

her-tamers who would take in hand,  
 'd up the triple-headed hound,  
 giants which 'gainst heaven durst stand,  
 length the gods it troubled to confound :

with so mighty things to mell,  
 a task so great to undertake,  
 the black inhabitants of hell,  
 tempest on the Stygian lake.

worlds pyramids will build  
 great heroes got by heavenly powers,  
 ve a pen most plentifully fill'd  
 streams of learned Maro's showers.

foretell mutations, and of men,  
 things and wisely will inquire,  
 could slumber in that shady den,  
 did with prophecy inspire.

ing Sybils sleeping long ago,  
 their reed, but few have con'd their art,  
 r) Welsh wizard cleaveth to a stone,  
 s more wonders shall impart.

him this round that nearest over-ran,  
 ring mother to this light did bring,  
 that then from Orpheus' statue ran,  
 he prophets had whereon to sing.

tue had allotted her a prize,  
 n garland, and the laurel crown,  
 a resum'd her lofty wings to rise,  
 es were honour'd with the purple gown.

l religion with a golden chain  
 o fair civility did draw,  
 from heaven brought justice forth again,  
 the good, the viler sort to awe.

le age as simple sung of love,  
 of empire and of earthly sways,  
 good shepherd from his lass's glove,  
 f slaughter, and tumultuous frays.

e's love-theft was privily descry'd,  
 play'd false play in Amphitrio's bed,  
 terlin.  
 Alexander the Great.

III,

And young Apollo in the mount of Ide,  
 Gave Oenon physic for her maidenhead.

The tender grass was then the softest bed :  
 The pleasant'st shades esteem'd the stateliest halls :  
 No belly-churl with Bacchus banqueted,  
 Nor painted rags then cover'd rotten walls :

Then simple love, by simple virtue sway'd,  
 Flowers the favours, which true faith revealed,  
 Kindness again with kindness was repay'd,  
 And with sweet kisses covenants were sealed.

And beauty's self by herself beautify'd,  
 Scorn'd paintings pergit, and the borrow'd hair,  
 Nor monstrous forms deformities did hide,  
 The soul to varnish with compounded fair.

The purest fleece then cover'd the pure skin :  
 For pride as then with Lucifer remain'd ;  
 Ill-favour'd fashions then were to begin,  
 Nor wholesome clothes with poisoned liquor stain'd.

But when the bowels of the earth were fought,  
 Whose golden entrails mortals did espy,  
 Into the world all mischief then was brought,  
 This fram'd the mint, that coin'd our misery.

The lofty pines were presently hew'd down,  
 And men, sea-monsters, swam the braky flood,  
 In wainscot tubs to seek out worlds unknown,  
 For certain ill, to leave assured good.

The steed was tam'd and fitted to the field,  
 That serves a subject to the rider's laws,  
 He that before ran in the pastures wild,  
 Felt the stiff curb controul his angry jaws.

The Cyclops then stood sweating to the fire,  
 The use thereof in soft'ning metals found,  
 That did straight limbs in stubborn steel attire,  
 Forging sharp tools the tender flesh to wound.

The city builder then entrench'd his towers;  
 And laid his wealth within the walled town,  
 Which afterward in rough and stormy stow'rs  
 Kindled the fire that burnt his bulwarks down.

This was the sad beginning of our woe,  
 That was from hell on wretched mortals hurl'd,  
 And from this font did all those mischiefs flow,  
 Whose inundation drowneth all the world.

MOTTO.

Well, shepherd, well, the golden age is gone,  
 Wishes no way revoke that which is past :  
 Small wit there were to make two griefs of one ;  
 And our complaints we vainly should but waste.

Listen to me then, lovely shepherd lad,  
 And thou shalt hear, attentive if thou be,  
 A pretty tale I of my grandame had,  
 One winter's night when there were none but we.

CORBO.

Shepherd, say on, so may we pass the time,  
 There is no doubt, it is some worthy rhyme.

P p



## MOTTO.

FAR in the country of Arden,  
 'There won'd a knight, hight Cassamen,  
 As bold as Isenbras:  
 Fell was he and eager bent,  
 In battle and in tournament,  
 As was the good Sir Topas.  
 He had, as antique stories tell,  
 A daughter cleaped Dowfabel,  
 A maiden fair and free.  
 And for she was her father's heir,  
 Full well she was ycond the leir  
 Of mickle courtesy.  
 The silk well couth she twist and twine,  
 And make the fine march-pine,  
 And with the needle-work:  
 And she couth help the priest to say  
 His mattins on a holy-day  
 And sing a psalm in kirk.  
 She wore a frock of frolic green,  
 Might well become a maiden queen,  
 Which seemly was to see;  
 A hood to that so neat and fine,  
 In colour like the columbine,  
 I wrought full featously.  
 Her features all as fresh above,  
 As is the gras that grows by Dove,  
 And lythe as las of Kent.  
 Her skin as soft as Lemsiter wool.  
 As white as snow, on Peakish Hull,  
 Or swan that swims in Trent.  
 This maiden in a morn betime,  
 Went forth when May was in the prime,  
 To get sweet serywall,  
 The honey-suckle, the hariock,  
 The lily, and the lady-smock,  
 To deck her summer hall.  
 Thus as she wander'd here and there,  
 And picked off the bloomy brier,  
 She chanced to espy  
 A shepherd sitting on a bank,  
 Like Chanty-clear he crowned crank,  
 And pip'd full merrily.  
 He learn'd his sheep, as he him list,  
 When he would whistle in his list,  
 To feed about him round.  
 Whilst he full many a carrol sang,  
 Until the fields and meadows rang,  
 And all the woods did sound.  
 In favour this same shepherd swain  
 Was like the bedlam Tamerlane,  
 Which held proud kings in awe:  
 But meek as any lamb might be;  
 And innocent of ill as he  
 Whom his lewd brother slaw.  
 The shepherd wore a sheep-gray cloak,  
 Which was of the finest lock,  
 That could be cut with sheer.  
 His mittens were of bazons skin,  
 His cockers were of cordwin,  
 His hood of miniver.  
 His aul and lingel in a thong,  
 His tar-box on his broad belt hung,  
 His bre ch of Cointree blue.

Full crisp and curled were his locks,  
 His brows as white as Albion rocks,  
 So like a lover true.  
 And piping still he spent the day,  
 So merry as the popinjay,  
 Which liked Dowfabel;  
 That would she ought, or would she nough  
 'This lad would never from her thought,  
 She in love-longing fell.  
 At length she tucked up her frock,  
 White as a lily was her smock,  
 She drew the shepherd nigh:  
 But then the shepherd pip'd a good,  
 That all his sheep forsook their food,  
 To hear this melody.  
 Thy sheep, quoth she, cannot be lean,  
 That have a jolly shepherd swain,  
 The which can pipe so well:  
 Yea but (saith he) their shepherd may,  
 If piping thus he pine away,  
 In love of Dowfabel.  
 Of love, fond boy, take thou no keep,  
 Quoth she, lock well unto thy sheep,  
 Lest they should hap to stray.  
 Quoth he, so had I done full well,  
 Had I not seen fair Dowfabel  
 Come forth to gather May.  
 With that she 'gan to vail her head,  
 Her cheeks were like the roses red,  
 But not a word she said,  
 With that the shepherd 'gan to frown,  
 He threw his pretty pipes adown,  
 And on the ground him laid.  
 Saith she, I may not stay till night,  
 And leave my summer hall undight,  
 And all for love of thee.  
 My cote, saith he, nor yet my fold,  
 Shall neither sheep nor shepherd hold,  
 Except thou favour me.  
 Saith she, yet lever I were dead,  
 Than I should lose my maidenhead,  
 And all for love of men.  
 Saith he, yet are you too unkind,  
 If in your heart you cannot find  
 To love us now and then.  
 And I to thee will be as kind,  
 As Colin was to Rosalind,  
 Of courtesy the flower.  
 Then will I be as true, quoth she,  
 As ever maiden yet might be  
 Unto her paramour.  
 With that she bent her snow-white knee,  
 Down by the shepherd kneeled she,  
 And him she sweetly kist.  
 With that the shepherd whoop'd for joy,  
 Quoth he, there's never shepherd's boy  
 That ever was so blest.

## GORBO.

Now by my sheephock, here's a tale alone,  
 Learn me the same, and I will give thee hire,  
 This was as good as curds for our Joan,  
 When at a night we sitten by the fire.

## MOTTO.

Why gentle Gorbo, I'll not stick for that,  
 When we shall meet upon some merry day:



re have set us down to chat,  
ne began to steal away.

se to come unto our green,  
r, when as we have our feast,  
ext unto the shepherds queen,  
be the only welcome guest.

## E C L O G U E V.

olic merrily, my swain,  
at spirit there quickens yet in thee,  
a be left but as a grain  
stock of antique poesy,  
one slip of Phœbus' sacred tree.

rom time's devouring rage,  
ruins scorning once to fall,  
left thee as a gage :  
nt of simple pastoral,  
vive, whom care seems to appal.

phans nature hath bequeath'd  
est monarchs seldom have possess'd,  
eaven this influence is breath'd,  
ine impression of the breast,  
h' one pines, the other oft doth feast

At this fond gentility,  
fool world open mouthed gazes,  
of great ability.  
eat great grandfire's glory blazes,  
out fictions in untimely phrases.

that honour can inflame  
g pictures, made but for the street,  
) that over-live their name,  
olivion is their winding sheet,  
trodden under vulgar feet.

ng all her poison'd darts,  
mind is temper'd with that fire,  
oose that weakly never starts,  
ght, doth force her to retire,  
is feet and spurns her in the mire.

ROWLAND.

of such as fall or climb,  
f arms, and of heroic deeds,  
shepherd's rural rhyme,  
ing with my oaten reeds :  
y song gross flattery proceeds.

idols I do hate to smile,  
ir names e'er in my page appear,  
ness I account it vile,  
r looks, nor greatness that I fear,  
e known by me, that such there  
[were.

s, nor fruitless vain desires,  
d curt'sies to a painted wall,  
tten sticks on needful fires,  
ays to climb, nor fears to fall,  
o base do I affect at all.

MOTTO.

If these, nor these may like thy varying quill,  
As of too high, or of too low a strain,  
That do not aptly parallel thy skill,  
Nor well agreeing with a shepherd's vein,  
Subjects (suppos'd) ill to besecm a swain.

Then tune thy pipe to thy Idea's praise,  
And teach the woods to wonder at her name,  
Thy lowly notes so may'st thou lightly raise,  
And thereby others happily inflame :  
Yet thou the whilst stand farthest off from blame.

Thy temples then with laurel shall be dight,  
When as thy muse got high upon her wing,  
With nimble pinions shall direct her flight  
Toth' place from whence all harmonies do spring,  
To rape the fields with touches of her string.

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, since thou so strongly dost persuade,  
And her just worth so amply us affords,  
O sacred fury, all my powers invade,  
All fulness flows from thy abundant hoards,  
Her praise requires the excellentest words.

Shall I then first sing of her heavenly eye,  
To it attracting every other sight ?  
May a poor shepherd's praise aspire so high,  
Which if the sun should give us up to night,  
The stars from it should fetch a purer light.

Or that fair brow, where Beauty keeps her state,  
There still residing as her proper sphere,  
Which when the world she meaneth to amate,  
Wonder invites to stand before her there,  
Throughout the world the praise thereof to bear.

Or touch her cheek, dear nature's treasury,  
Whereas she stores th' abundance of her bliss,  
Where of herself she 'xacts such usury,  
That she's else needy by inwealthying this,  
And like a miser her rich chest doth kiss.

Or those pure hands, in whose delicious palms  
Love takes delight the palmeater to play,  
Whose crystal fingers dealing heavenly alms,  
Give the whole wealth of all the world away.  
O, who of these sufficiently can say !

Or th' ivory columns, which this fane upbear,  
Where Dian's nuns their goddesses to adore,  
Before her, ever sacrificing there,  
Her hallow'd altars kneeling still before, [more.  
Where more they do perform, their zeal the

Unconning shepherd of these praise I none,  
Although surpassing, yet let I them pass,  
Nor in this kind her excellence is shewn,  
To sing of these not my intent it was,  
Our muse must undergo a weightier mass,

And be directed by a straighter line,  
Which me must unto higher regions guide,  
That I her virtues rightly may define,

P p ij



From me myself that's able to divide,  
Unless by them my weakness be supply'd.

That be the end wherest I only aim,  
Which to perform, I faithfully must strive,  
Fair as I can to build this goodly frame,  
And every part so aptly to contrive,  
That time from this example may derive.

In whom, as on some well prepared stage,  
Each moral virtue acts a princely part,  
Where every scene pronounced by a sage,  
Hath the true fulness both of wit and art,  
And wisely stealeth the spectator's heart;

That every censure worthily doth brook,  
And unto it a great attention draws,  
Int' which when wisdom doth severely look,  
Often therewith she forced is to pause,  
To yield a free and general applause.

Who unto goodness can she not excite,  
And in the same not teacheth to be wise,  
And deeply seen in each obsequious rite,  
Wherein of that some mystery there lies,  
Which her sole study is, and only exercise?

But the great'st volume, nor exactest comment,  
Wherein art ever absolute'st shined,  
Nor the small'st letter filling up the margent,  
Yet every space with matter interlined,  
In th' highest knowledge, rightly her defined.

O! if but sense effectually could see,  
What is in her t' be worthily admired,  
How infinite her excellencies be,  
The date of which can never be expired,  
From her high praise the world could not be hired.

But since that heaven must only be the mirror,  
Wherein the world can her perfections view,  
And Fame is stricken silent with the terror,  
Wanting wherewith to pay what is her due,  
Colours can give her nothing that is new.

Then since there wants ability in colours,  
Nor pencil yet sufficiently can blaze her,  
For her I'll make a mirror of my dolours,  
And in my tears sheest' look herself and praise her;  
Happy were I, if such a glass might please her.

Go, gentle winds, and whisper in her ear,  
And tell Idea, how much I adore her,  
And you, my flocks, report ye to my fair,  
How far she passeth all that went before her,  
And as their goddess all the plains adore her.

And thou, clear brook, by whose pure silver stream  
Grow those tall oaks, where I have carv'd her name,  
Convey her praise to Neptune's wat'ry realm,  
And bid the Tritons to sound forth her fame,  
Until wide Neptune scarce contain the same.

MOTTO.

Stay there, good Rowland, whither art  
Beyond the moon that strivest thus  
Into what frenzy lately art thou hapt,  
That in this sort intoxicates thy brain  
Much disagreeing from a shepherd's

ROWLAND.

Motto, why me so strangely shouldst thou  
Above my strength with th' magic of  
The scope of which from limits is exc  
As be all they that of it do compile  
Able to raise the spirit that is most

Didst thou me first unto her praises set  
And now at last dost thou again ref  
What if perhaps with too much love I  
And that therein the forward muse  
The cause thou gav'st is able to exc

MOTTO.

Rowland then cease, reserve thy plaint  
Till future time, thy simple oaten reed  
Shall with a far more glorious rage int  
To sing the glory of some worthy  
For this I think, but little shall the

ROWLAND.

Shepherd, farewell, the skies begin to  
Yon pitchy cloud, that hangeth in  
Shews us, ere long, that we shall have  
Come, let us home, for I so think it  
For to their cotes our flocks are go

MOTTO.

Content, and if thou'lt come to my place  
Although, God knows, my cheer be  
For wealth with me was never yet all  
Yet take in gree whatever do befall  
We'll sit and turn a crab, and tune

## ECLOGUE VI.

GORBO.

Well met, good Winken, whither  
wend?

How hast thou far'd, old shepherd, man  
His days in darkness thus can Winken  
Who I have known for piping had no

Where be those fair flocks thou w  
guide?

What, be they dead, or hapt in some  
Or mischief thee their master doth bet  
Or lordly love hath cast thee in a tran

What, man, let's still be merry while  
And take a truce with sorrow for a tim  
The whilst we pass this weary winter's  
In reading riddles, or in making rhyme

WINKEN.

A woe's me, Gorbo, mirth is far away  
Nor may it sojourn with sad discontent  
O! blame me not (to see this dismal  
Then, though my poor heart it in pie



turn'd into a swan-like song,  
becomes me drawing to my death,  
, methinks, that every hour is long,  
become a prison to my breath.

more lothsome than the cheerful light,  
by night, when once appears the day :  
if sun is odious to my sight,  
me liketh, but the screech owl's lay.

GORBO.

if thou be that old Winken de Word,  
shepherds wert the man alone, [board,  
he with laughter shook'st the shepherds  
own madness lastly overthrown ?

on dost in thy declining age,  
looseness of thy youth art sorry,  
fore vow'st some solemn pilgrimage,  
) Hayle's or (d) Patrick's purgatory.

we down under this hawthorn tree,  
w's light shall lend us day enough,  
tell of Gawen, or Sir Guy,  
Hood, or of old Clem a Clough.

ie romant unto us areed,  
shepherds taught thee in thy youth,  
ords and ladies gentle deed,  
ove, or of thy las's truth.

WINKEN.

no, no, that world with me is past,  
it, when we those toys might tell :  
now as when thou saw'st me last,  
schance me since that time befell.

ead, and in his grave is laid,  
ort it, how my heart it grieveth !  
fate, that so the time betray'd,  
r joys untimely us depriveth.

GORBO.

n thy tender heart doth bleed ?  
at living was the shepherds pride :  
death so merciless a deed,  
done, and ill may him betide :

th he got, nor of much more can boast,  
paid the utmost of her due,  
receiv'd so dearly that him cost :  
, his virtues did belong to you !

ou then incessantly complain,  
he mean besit the wife in mourning :  
all that, labour not in vain,  
y fate prohibited returning.

WINKEN.

the best this present world affords,  
our sorrows might be eas'ly cast,  
is loss requireth more than words,  
lightly can be overpast.

fair flocks he fed upon the downs,  
st shepherd suffered not annoy :

cient pilgrimage in Gloucestershire, called the  
of Hayles.  
amous cave of Ireland.

Now are we subject to those beastly clowns,  
That all our mirth would utterly destroy.

Long after he was shrowded in the earth,  
The birds for sorrow did forbear to sing,  
Shepherds forewent their wonted summer's mirth,  
Winter therewith outwore a double spring.

That had not nature lastly call'd to mind  
The near approaching of her own decay,  
Things should have gone contrary unto kind,  
And to the *Cbaos* all was like to sway.

The nymphs forbear in silver springs to look,  
With sundry flowers to braid their yellow hair,  
And to the deserts sadly them betook,  
So much oppress'd, and overcome with care.

And for his sake the early wanton lambs,  
That 'mongst the hillocks wont to skip and play,  
Sadly ran bleating to their careful dams,  
Nor would their soft lips to the udders lay,

The groves, the mountains, and the pleasant heath,  
That wonted were with roundelay's to ring,  
Are blasted now with the cold northern breath,  
That not a shepherd takes delight to sing.

Who would not die when Elphin now is gone ?  
Living, that was the shepherds true delight.  
With whose blest spirit (attending him alone)  
Virtue to heaven directly took her flight.

Only from fools he from the world did fly, [bring,  
Knowing the time strange monsters forth should  
That should his lasting poesy deny,  
His worth and honour rashly censuring :

Whilst he aloft with glorious wings is borne,  
Singing with angels in the gorgeous sky,  
Laughing even kings and their delights to scorn,  
And all those sots that them do deify.

And, learned shepherd, thou to time shalt live,  
When their false names are utterly forgotten,  
And fame to thee eternity shall give,  
When with their bones their sepulchres are rotten.

Nor mournful cypress, nor sad widowing yew,  
About thy tomb to prosper shall be seen,  
But bay and myrtle which be ever new,  
In spite of winter flourishing and green.

Summer's long'st day shall shepherds not suffice,  
To sit and tell full stories of thy praise,  
Nor shall the longest winter's night comprise  
Their sighs for him, the subject of their lays.

And, gentle shepherds, (as sure some there be)  
That living yet his virtues do inherit,  
Men from base envy and detraction free,  
Of upright hearts and of as humble spirit :

Thou, that down from the goodly western waste,  
To drink at Avon driv'st thy sunned sheep.



Good Melibœus, that so wisely hast  
Guided the flocks deliver'd thee to keep,

Forget not Elphin; and thou gentle swain,  
That dost thy pipe by silver Doven sound,  
Alexis, that dost with thy flocks remain,  
Far off within thy Caledonian ground,

Be mindful of that shepherd that is dead :  
And thou too long that I to pipe have taught,  
Unhappy Rowland, that from me art fled,  
And let't old Winken and his words at  
nought;

And like a graceless and untutor'd lad,  
Art now departed from my aged sight,  
And need'st fly to the southern fields wilt gad,  
Where thou dost live in thriftless vain delight;

'Thou wanton boy, as thou can'st pipe as well  
As any he, a bagpipe that doth bear,  
Still let thy rounds of that good shepherd tell,  
'To whom thou hast been evermore so dear.

Many, you seeming, to excel in fame,  
And say as they, that none can pipe so high,  
Scorning well-near a shepherd's simple name,  
So puff'd and blown with worldly vanity :

These, if an aged man may umpire be,  
Whose pipes are well near worn out of his  
hand,  
The highest skill, that in their songs I see,  
Scarce reach the base whercon his praises stand.

And all these toys that vainly you allure  
Shall in the end no other garden have,  
But living shall you mickle woe procure,  
And lastly bring you to an unknown grave.

'Then, gentle shepherds, wheresoever you rest,  
In hill or dale, whoever that you be,  
Whether with love or worldly care oppress,  
Or be you bond, or happy be free :

The closing evening 'ginning to be dark,  
When as the small birds sing the sun to sleep,  
You fold your lambs; or, with the early lark,  
Into the fair fields drive your harmless sheep :

Still let your pipes be busied in his praise,  
Until your flocks be learnt his loss to know,  
And tattling echo many sundry ways  
Be taught by you to warble forth our woe.

GORBO.

Cease, shepherd, cease, from future plaints re-  
frain,

See but of one, how many do arise,  
That by the tempest of my troubled brain,  
The floods already swelling up mine eyes.

And now the sun beginneth to decline :  
Whilst we in woes the time away do wear,  
See where yon little moping lamb of mine  
Itself hath tangled in a crawling brier.

## ECLOGUE VII.

BATTE.

BORRIL, why sit'st thou musing in thy cote,  
Like dreaming Merlin in his drowsy cell?  
With too much learning doth the shepherd dot  
Or art enchanted with some magic spell?  
A hermit's life or mean'st thou to profess?  
Or to thy beads fall like an anchorite?

See how fair Flora decks our fields with flower  
And clothes our groves in gawdy summer's green  
And wanton Ver distils herself in showers  
To hasten Ceres, harvest's hallowed queen,  
Near-hand that in her yellow robe appears,  
Crowning full summer with her ripen'd ears.

Now shepherds lay their winter weeds away,  
And in neat jackets mimsen on the plains,  
And at the rivers fishing day by day,  
Now who so frolic as the shepherd swains?  
Why lig'st thou here then in thy loathsome cave,  
Like as a man put quick into his grave?

BORRIL.

Batte, my cote from tempest standeth free,  
When stately towers been often shak'd with wind:  
And wilt thou, Batte, come and sit with me,  
'The happy life here shalt thou only find,  
Free from the world's vile and inconstant qualms,  
And herry Pan with orizons and alms,

And scorn the crowd of such as cog for pence,  
And waste their wealth in sinful bravery,  
Whose gain is loss, whose thrift is lewd expense,  
Content to live in golden slavery,  
Wond'ring at toys, as foolish wordlings do,  
Like to the dog that barketh at the moon?

Here may'st thou range the goodly pleasant field  
And search out simples to procure thy heal,  
What sundry virtues, sundry herbs do yield,  
'Gainst grief which may thy sheep or thee assail:  
Here may'st thou hunt the little harmless hare,  
Or laugh t'entrap false Reynard in a snare.

Or if thee please in antique romances read  
Of gentle lords and ladies that of yore,  
In foreign lands did many a famous deed,  
And been renown'd from east to western shore,  
Or shepherds skill i'th' course of heaven to know,  
When this star falls, when that itself doth show.

BATTE.

Shepherd, these things been all too coy for me.  
Whole youth is spent in jollity and mirth,  
Sike hidden arts been better fitting thee,  
Whose days are fast declining to the earth :  
May'st thou suppose that I shall e'er endure  
To follow that no pleasure can procure?

These been for such them votaries do make  
And do accept the mantle and the ring,  
And the long night continually do wake,  
Musing themselves how they to heaven may bring.



That whisper still of sorrow in their bed,  
And do despise both love and lustyhead.

Like to the cur with anger well near wood,  
Who makes his kennel in the ox's stall,  
And snarleth when he seeth him take his food,  
And yet his chaps can chew no hay at all :  
Borril, even so it with thy state doth fare,  
And with all those that such like wizards are.

BORRIL.

Sharp is the thorn soon I perceive by thee,  
Bitter the blossom when the fruit is sour,  
And early crook'd that will a camock be ;  
Loud is the wind before a stormy shower :  
Pity thy wit should be so much milled,  
And thus ill-guided by a giddy head.

Ah, foolish elf, I at thy madness grieve,  
That art abus'd by thy lewd brain-sick will,  
'Those hidden baits that canst not yet perceive,  
Nor find the cause that breedeth all thy ill,  
'Thou think'st all gold, that hath a golden  
show,  
But art deceiv'd, and that I truly know.

Such one art thou, as is the little fly,  
Who is so crowse and gamesome with the flame,  
'Till with her bus'nets and her nicety.  
Her nimble wings are scorched with the same :  
Then falls she down with piteous buzzing note,  
And in the fire doth singe her mourning coat.

BATTE.

Alas, goodman, thou now begin'st to rave,  
Thy wits do err and miss the cushion quite,  
Because thy head is gray, and words be grave,  
Thou think'st thereby to draw me from delight ;  
Tush, I am young, nor sadly can I sit,  
But must do all that youth and love besit.

Thy back is crook'd, thy knees do bend for age,  
Whilst I am swift and nimble as the roe ;  
Thou, like a bird, art shut up in a cage,  
And in the fields I wander to and fro ;  
Thou must do penance for thy old misdeeds,  
On the world's joys the whilst my fancy feeds.

Say what thou canst, yet me it shall not let :  
For why, my fancy straineth me so sore,  
That day and night my mind is wholly set,  
How to enjoy, and please my paramour :  
Only on love I set my whole delight,  
The summer's day, and all the winter's night.

That pretty Cupid, little god of love,  
Whose imp'd wings with speckled plumes are  
dight,  
Who woundeth men below, and gods above,  
Roving at random with his feather'd flight :  
Whilst lovely Venus stands to give the aim,  
Smiling to see her wanton bantling's game.

Upon my staff his statue will I carve,  
His bow and quiver on his winged back ;  
His forked heads for such as them deserve,  
And not of his one implement shall lack,

And in her coach fair Cypria set above,  
Drawn with a swan, a sparrow, and a dove.

And under them Thisbe of Babylon,  
With Cleopatra Egypt's chief renown,  
Phillis that dy'd for love of Demophon,  
And lovely Dido, queen of Carthage town :  
Who ever held god Cupid's laws so dear,  
To whom we offer sacrifice each year.

BORRIL.

A wilful boy, thy folly now I find,  
And it is hard a fool's talk to endure,  
Thou art as deaf, as thy poor god is blind,  
Such as the saint, such is the servitor.  
Then of this love wilt please thee hear a  
song,

That's to the purpose, though it be not long ?

BATTE.

Borril, sing on, I pray thee, let us hear,  
That I may laugh to see thee shake thy beard ;  
But take heed, shepherd, that thy voice be clear,  
Or (by my hood) thou'lt make us all afraid ;  
Or 'tis a doubt that thou wilt fright our  
flocks,  
When they shall hear thee bark so like a fox.

BORRIL.

Now, lie upon thee, wayward love,  
Woe to Venus which did nurse thee,  
Heaven and earth thy plagues do prove,  
Gods and men have cause to curse thee !  
What art thou but th' extremest madness,  
Nature's first and only error,  
'That consum'st our days in sadness,  
By the mind's continual terror :  
Walking in Cymmerian blindness,  
In thy courses void of reason,  
In thy trust the highest treason ?  
Sharp reproof thy only kindness,  
Both the nymph and ruder swain,  
Vexing with continual anguish,  
Which dost make the old complain,  
And the young to pine and languish :  
Who thee keeps his care doth nurse,  
'That seducest all to folly,  
Blessing, bitterly dost curse,  
Tending to destruction wholly.  
Thus of thee as I began,  
So again, I make an end :  
Neither god, neither man,  
Neither fairy, neither fiend.

BATTE.

Now surely, shepherd, here's a goodly song,  
Upon my word, I never heard a worse ;  
Away, old fool, and learn to rule thy tongue,  
I would thy clap were shut up in my purse.  
It is thy life, if thou may'st scold and brawl,  
Though in thy words there be no wit at all.

And for the wrong that thou to love hast done,  
I will revenge it, and defer no time,  
And in this manner as thou hast begun,  
I will recite thee a substantial rhyme ;  
That to thy teeth sufficiently shall prove,  
There is no power to be compar'd to love.



BORRIL.

Come on, good boy, I pray thee let us hear,  
Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the near.

BATTE.

What is love, but the desire  
Of that thing the fancy pleaseth?  
A holy and resistless fire,  
Weak and strong, alike that ceaseth,  
Which not heaven hath power to let,  
Nor wise nature cannot smother.  
Whereby Phœbus doth beget  
On the universal mother,  
That the everlasting chain,  
Which together all things ty'd,  
And unmov'd doth them retain,  
And by which they shall abide:  
That consent we clearly find,  
Which doth things together draw,  
And so strong in every kind,  
Subjecs them to nature's law,  
Whose high virtue number teaches,  
In which every thing doth move,  
From the lowest depth that reaches,  
To the height of heaven above:  
Harmony that wisely found,  
When the cunning hand doth strike,  
Whereas every amorous sound  
Sweetly marries with the like.  
The tender cattle scarcely take  
From their dams the fields to prove,  
But each seeketh out a mate;  
Nothing lives that doth not love:  
Not so much as but the plant,  
As nature every thing doth pair.  
By if it the male do want,  
Doth dislike and will not bear.  
Nothing then is like to love,  
In the which all creatures be,  
From it ne'er let me remove,  
Nor let it remove from me.

BORRIL.

Remove from thee? Alas, poor silly lad,  
Too soon shalt thou be weary of thy guest:  
For where he rules, no reason can be had,  
That is an open enemy to rest:  
I grieve to think, ere many years be spent,  
How much thou shalt thy time in love repent.

BATTE.

Gramercy, Borril, for thy company,  
For all thy jests, and all thy merry bourds,  
Upon thy judgment much I shall rely,  
Because I find such wisdom in thy words:  
Would I might watch, whenever thou dost  
ward,  
So much thy love and friendship I regard.

## ECLOGUE VIII.

PERKIN.

Pray me, Gorbo, yet we meet at last,  
Thou many a month since I the shepherd saw,

Methinks thou look'st as thou wert much aghast,  
What is't so much that should thy courage awe?

What, man? have patience, wealth will come  
and go,

And to the end the world shall ebb and flow.

The valiant man, whose thoughts be firmly plac'd  
And sees sometime how fortune lists to rage;  
That by her frowns he would not be disgrac'd,  
By wisdom his straight actions so doth gage,  
That when she fawns, and turns her squinting eye  
He laughs to scorn her loose inconstancy.

When as the cullian, and the viler clown,  
That like the swine on draff sets his desire,  
Feeling the tempest, sadly lays him down,  
Whilst that blind strumpet treads him in the mire:  
Yet tasting weal, the beast will quickly bray,  
But feeling woe, as soon consumes away.

GORBO.

Perkin, I thy philosophy approve,  
And know who well hath learn'd her sacred ways,  
The storms of fortune not so easily move,  
With her high precepts arm'd at all assays,  
When other folk her force may not endure,  
Because they want that med'cine for their cure.

Yet altogether blam'd let me not pass,  
Though often I, and worthily admire,  
Wise men disgraced, and the barbarous ass  
Unto high place and dignity aspire:  
What should I say, that fortune is to blame?  
Or unto what should I impute the shame?

PERKIN.

Why, she is queen here of this world below,  
That at her pleasure all things doth dispose,  
And blind, her gifts as blindly doth bestow,  
Yet where she raises, still she overthrows:  
Therefore her emblem is a turning wheel,  
From whose high top the high soon'st down-  
ward reel.

Gave she her gifts to virtuous men and wise,  
She would confirm this worldly state so sure,  
That very babes her godhead would despise,  
Nor longer here her government endure:  
Best she may give from whom she ever takes,  
Fools she may mar, for fools she ever makes.

For her own sake we wisdom must esteem,  
And not how other basely her regard:  
For howso'er disgraced she doth seem,  
Yet she her own is able to reward,  
And none are so essentially high,  
As those that on her bounty do rely.

GORBO.

O but, good shepherd, tell me where been they,  
That as a god did virtue so adore?  
And for her imps did with such care purvey  
Ah, but in vain, their want we do deplore,  
Long time since swaddled in their winding sheet:  
And she, I think, is buried at their feet.

PERKIN.

Nay, stay, good Gorbo, virtue is not dead,  
Nor been her friends gone all that were used here;



nymph for succour she is fled,  
 Her doth cherish, and most holdeth dear,  
 Sweet bosom she hath built her nest,  
 From the world, there doth she live at rest.

That nymph, on that great western waste  
 As far whiter than the driven snow,  
 Where shepherds clear (a) Willy's banks that grac'd,  
 Them both for pureness doth out-go :  
 From all shepherds dedicate their lays,  
 On her altars offer up their bays.

Sometime she to that shepherd was,  
 For piping never had his peer,  
 That did all other swains surpass,  
 In she was of living things most dear,  
 In his death-bed by his latest will,  
 He bequeath'd the secrets of his skill.

GORBO.

Yet hope then in their weaker kind,  
 There be some, poor shepherds that respect :  
 Would else universally inclin'd  
 In an inconsiderate neglect,  
 The rude times their ord'rous matter fling  
 The sacred and once hallowed spring.

Be weak, and subject most to change,  
 For to any can they steadfast be,  
 Their eyes, their minds do ever range,  
 Every object varying that they see :  
 'Tis then in them that possibly can live,  
 A nature most denieth them to give?

Is the steadfastness of those  
 In even nature wills us to rely,  
 That the elements compose,  
 The state of all mortality,  
 As the humour in the blood doth move,  
 Do hate, what they did lately love.

Great Olcon, which a Phœbus seem'd,  
 All good shepherds gladly flock'd about,  
 Whom god of Rowland was esteem'd,  
 His praise drew all the rural rout :  
 After Rowland, as it had been Pan,  
 So Olcon every shepherd ran.

Forakes the herd-groom and his flocks,  
 His bag-pipes takes at all no keep,  
 The stern wolf and deceitful fox  
 The poor shepherd and his harmless sheep,  
 All those rhymes that he of Olcon sung,  
 Again disgrac'd, participate his wrong.

PERKIN.

Is the world's distemp'rance is such,  
 Made blind by her deceitful shew,  
 True in their weaker sex is much,  
 In them much the muses owe,  
 Raising some may happily inflame,  
 In time with liking of the same.

Two sisters most discreetly wise,  
 Whose hearts religious obey,

Ever running by Wilton, near to the plain of Sa-

Whose praise my skill is wanting to comprise,  
 Th' eldest of which is that good Panape,  
 In shady (a) Arden her dear flock that keeps,  
 Where mournful Ankor for her sickness weeps.

The younger then, her sister not less good,  
 Bred where the other lately doth abide,  
 Modest Idea, flower of womanhood,  
 That Rowland hath so highly deify'd :  
 Whom Phœbus' daughters worthily prefer,  
 And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her flocks up to the fruitful (b) Meene,  
 Which daily looks upon the lovely Slowre,  
 Near to that (c) vale, which of all vales is queen,  
 Lastly, forsaking of her former bow'r :  
 And of all places holdeth Cotswold dear,  
 Which now is proud, because she lives it near.

Then is dear Sylvia one the best alive,  
 That once in (d) Moreland by the silver Trent,  
 Her harmless flocks as harmlessly did drive,  
 But now allured to the fields of Kent :  
 The faithfull'st nymph wherever that she won,  
 That at this day doth live under the sun.

Near (e) Ravensburn in cottage low she lies,  
 There now content her calm repose to take,  
 The perfect clearness of whose lovely eyes  
 Hath oft enforc'd the shepherds to forsake  
 Their flocks, and folds, and on her set their keep,  
 Yet her chaste thought's still settled on her  
 sheep.

Then that dear nymph that in the muses joys,  
 That in wild (f) Charnwood with her flocks  
 doth go,  
 Mirrilla, sister to those hopeful boys,  
 My loved Thyrsis, and sweet Palmeo :  
 That oft to (g) Soar the southern shepherds  
 bring,  
 Of whose clear waters they divinely sing.

So good she is, so good likewise they be,  
 As none to her might brother be but they,  
 Nor none a sister unto them, but she,  
 To them for wit few like, I dare will say :  
 In them as nature truly meant to show,  
 How near the first, she in the last could go.

GORBO.

Shepherd, their praise thou dost so clearly sing,  
 That even when groves their nightingales shall  
 want,  
 Nor valleys heard with rural notes to ring :  
 And every where when shepherds shall be scant :  
 Their names shall live from memory unraz'd,  
 Of many a nymph and gentle shepherd prais'd.

(a) A river in the confines of Warwick and Leicester-shire, in some parts dividing the shires.

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(d) A part of Staffordshire, famous for breeding cattle.

(e) A river falling at Dartford into the Thames.

(f) A forest in Leicestershire.

(g) A river under the same forest.



BORRIL.

Come on, good boy, I pray thee let us hear,  
Much will be said, and ne'er a whit the near.

BATTE.

What is love; but the desire  
Of that thing the fancy pleaseth?  
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Weak and strong, alike that ceaseth,  
Which not heaven hath power to let,  
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Whereby Phœbus doth beget  
On the universal mother,  
That the everlasting chain,  
Which together all things ty'd,  
And unmov'd doth them retain,  
And by which they shall abide:  
That consent we clearly find,  
Which doth things together draw,  
And so strong in every kind,  
Subjects them to nature's law,  
Whose high virtue number teaches,  
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From the lowest depth that reaches,  
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Harmony that wisely found,  
When the cunning hand doth strike,  
Whereas every amorous sound  
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Remove from thee? Alas, poor silly lad,  
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Because I find such wisdom in thy words:  
Would I might watch, whenever thou dost  
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PERKIN.

In love me, Gorbo, yet we meet at last,  
This many a month since I the shepherd saw,

Methinks thou look'st as thou wert dead  
What is't so much that should thy eyes  
What, man? have patience, wait  
and go,

And to the end the world shall ebb and

The valiant man, whose thoughts be free  
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Yet time she to that shepherd was,  
For piping never had his peer,  
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In she was of living things most dear,  
In his death-bed by his latest will,  
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Yet hope then in their weaker kind,  
There be some, poor shepherds that respect :  
Would else universally inclin'd  
To an inconsiderate neglect,  
The rude times their ord'rous matter fling  
To sacred and once hallowed spring.

Be weak, and subject most to change,  
To any can they steadfast be,  
Their eyes, their minds do ever range,  
Every object varying that they see :  
'Tis thou in them that possibly can live,  
Whom nature most denieth them to give?

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His bag-pipe takes at all no keep,  
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And give their gifts abundantly to her.

Driving her flocks up to the fruitful (b) Meene,  
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Near to that (c) vale, which of all vales is queen;  
Lastly, forsaking of her former bow'r :  
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Yet her chaste thought's still settled on her sheep.

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That in wild (f) Charnwood with her flocks  
Doth go,  
Mirtilla, sister to those hopeful boys,  
My loved Thyrsis, and sweet Palmo :  
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Of whose clear waters they divinely sing.

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(d) A part of St. Edmund's, famous for breeding cattle.

(e) A river falling at Darnford into the Thames.

(f) A forest in Herefordshire.

(g) A river under the name of Soar.



## ECLOGUE IX.

LATE 'twas in June, the fleece when fully grown,  
In the full compass of the passed year,  
The season well by skilful shepherds known,  
'I hat them provide immediately to shear.

Their lambs late wax'd so lusty and so strong,  
That time did them their mothers teats forbid,  
And in the fields the common flocks among,  
Eat of the same grafs that the greater did.

When not a shepherd any thing that could,  
But greag'u his flart-ups black as autumn floe,  
And for the better credit of the wold,  
In their fresh rustles every one doth go.

Who now a posie pins not in his cap?  
And not a garland haldrick-wife doth wear?  
Some, of such flowers as to his hand doth hap;  
Others, such as a secret meaning bear:

He from his lafs him lavender hath sent,  
Shewing her love, and doth requital crave,  
Him rosemary his sweet-heart, whose intent  
Is that he her should in remembrance have.

Roses, his youth and strong desire expresse;  
Her sape, doth shew his lov's reignity in all;  
The juy-flower declares his gentleness;  
'Thym' struts, the pansie heart's-ease maidens call:

In cotes such simples, simply in request,  
Wherewith proud courts in great est-forn to mell,  
For country toys be on the country best,  
And please poor shepherds, and become them well.

When the new-wax'd flock from the river's side,  
Coming as white as January's snow,  
The ram with nosegay bears his horns in pride,  
And nolets brave the be-lewether doth go.

After their fair flocks in a lusty rout,  
Came the gay swains with bag-pipes strongly blown,  
And busied, though this solemn sport about,  
Yet had each one an eye unto his own.

And by the ancient statutes of the field,  
He that his flocks the earliest lamb should bring,  
(As it be' out then, Rowland's charge to yield)  
Always for that year was the shepherds king.

And soon preparing for the shepherds board,  
Upon a green that curiously was squar'd,  
With country eates be'ng plentifully stor'd:  
An l' gainst their coming handsomely prepar'd.

New whig, with water from the clearest stream,  
Green plumbs, and wildings, cherries chief of  
feast,

Fresh cherrie, and dowsets, cards, and clouted  
cream,

Spic'd sylibubs, and cyder of the best.

And to the same down solemnly they sit,  
In the fresh shadow of their summer bowers,  
With sundry sweets them every way to sit,  
Their neighbouring vale despoiled of her flowers.

And whilst together merry thus they make,  
The sun to west a little 'gan to lean,  
Which the late fervour soon again did take  
When as the nymphs came forth upon the plain.

Here might you many a shepherd's have  
Of which no place, as Cotswold, such doth  
Some of it native, some for love I ween,  
Thather were come from many a fertile field.

There was the widow's daughter of the glen,  
Dear Rosalynd that scarcely brook'd company,  
The moorland-maiden, so admir'd of men,  
Bright Gurdy-Locks, and Phillida the fair.

Lettice and Parnel, pretty lovely peats,  
Cusse of the fold, the virgin of the well,  
Fair Ambry with the alabaster teats,  
And more, whose names were here too long to tell.

Which now came forward following  
sheep,

Their bating flocks on grassy leas to hold,  
Thereby from skathe and peril them to hold,  
Till evening come, that it were time to fold.

When now, at last, as lik'd the shepherds best  
(At whose command they all obedient were)  
Was pointed, who the roundelay should sing,  
And who again the under-song should best.

The first wherof he Batte doth be'g with  
A wittier wag on all the wold's not found,  
Gorbo, the man, that had then a long bereav'd  
Which his loud bag-pipe skillfully could sound.

Who amongst all the nymphs that were in  
Batte his dainty Daffadill to seek must,  
Which, to inquire of, doing all his might,  
Him his companion kindly doth seek.

Gorbo, as thou canst this way,  
By yonder little hill,  
Or, as thou, through the fields dost stray,  
Saw'st thou any Daffadill?

She's in a flock of Lincoln green,  
Which colour likes her sight,  
And never hath her beauty seen,  
But through a veil of white.

Than roses richer to behold,  
That trim up lovers bowers,  
The pansie and the marigold,  
'Though Phoebus' paramours.

Carlo. That well describes the daffadill,  
It is not full an hour,  
Since by the spring, near yonder hill,  
I saw that lovely flower.



. Yet my fair flower thou didst not meet,  
 As of her didst bring,  
 Not my Daffadil's more sweet  
 Than that by yonder spring.

. I saw a shepherd that doth keep  
 His field of lilies,  
 Feeding (as he fed his sheep)  
 Amongst of daffadillies.

. Yet, Gorbo, thou delud'st me still,  
 As if thou didst not see;  
 Now, my pretty Daffadil  
 Of none but me.

Not itself but near her seat  
 Is so bold,  
 To shade her from the heat,  
 And keep her from the cold.

. Through yonder vale as I did pass,  
 Coming from the hill,  
 Smelling bonny lasses,  
 All her Daffadil:

In presence, as along she went,  
 Pretty flowers did greet,  
 Lifting their heads they downward bent,  
 In homage to her feet.

Like the shepherds that were nigh,  
 On top of every hill,  
 The vallies loud did cry,  
 Goes sweet Daffadil.

Like the shepherd, now with joy  
 All my flocks do fill,  
 She alone, kind shepherd boy,  
 Leads to Daffadil.

Her turns and quaintness of the song,  
 At occasion whereupon 'twas rais'd,  
 In his jolly company among,  
 Could well judge) highly that not prais'd.

Not to next with Perkin pay their debt,  
 The land-maiden Sylvia that espy'd,  
 Other nymphs a little that was set,  
 In valley by a river's side.

For reign flowers her sweetness well ex-  
 Press'd,  
 Nor'd fight a little not them mov'd:  
 In their song they reverently address'd,  
 For loving, both of her lov'd.

. Tell me, thou skilful shepherd swain,  
 Yonder in the valley set?  
 In. O! it is she, whose sweets do stain  
 The rose, the violet.

. Why doth the sun against his kind,  
 As a bright chariot in the skies?  
 In. He pauseth, almost stricken blind,  
 Gazing on her heavenly eyes.

*Motto.* Why do thy flocks forbear their food,  
 Which sometime was their chief delight?

*Perkin.* Because they need no other good,  
 That live in presence of her sight.

*Motto.* How come those flowers to flourish  
 Still,

Not withering with sharp winter's breath?

*Perkin.* She hath robb'd nature of her skill,  
 And comforts all things with her breath.

*Motto.* Why slide these brooks so flow away,  
 As swift as the wild roe that were?

*Perkin.* O! muse not shepherd that they stay,  
 When they her heavenly voice do hear.

*Motto.* From whence come all those goodly  
 Swains,

And lovely girls attir'd in green?

*Perkin.* From gathering garlands on the plains,  
 To crown thy Syl: our shepherds queen.

*Motto.* The sun that lights this world below,  
 Flocks, brooks, and flowers can witness bear.

*Perkin.* These shepherds, and these nymphs do  
 know,  
 Thy Sylvia is as chaste as fair.

Lastly, it came unto the clownish king,  
 Who, to conclude this shepherds yearly feast,  
 Bound as the rest, his roundelay to sing,  
 As all the other him were to assist.

When she (whom then they little did expect,  
 The fairest nymph that ever kept in field)  
 Idea did her sober pace direct  
 Towards them, with joy that every one beheld.

And whereas others drave their careful keep,  
 Hers did her follow duly at her will,  
 For, through her patience she had learnt her sheep,  
 Where'er she went, to wait upon her still.

A milk-white dove upon her hand she brought,  
 So tame, 'twould go, returning at her call,  
 About whose neck was in a collar wrought,  
*Only like me, my mistress bath no gall.*

To whom her swain (unworthy though he were)  
 Thus unto her his roundelay applies,  
 To whom the rest the under part did bear,  
 Casting upon her their still longing eyes.

*Rowland.* Of her pure eyes (that now is seen,)

*Chorus.* Come, let us sing, ye faithful swains.

*Rowland.* O! she alone the shepherds queen.

*Chorus.* Her flock that leads,

The goddess of these meads,

The mountains and these plains.

*Rowland.* Those eyes of hers that are more clear,

*Chorus.* Than can poor shepherds songs express:

*Rowland.* They be his beams that rules the year,

*Chorus.* Fie on that praise,

In striving things to raise:

That doth but make them less.



*Rowland.* That do the flow'ry spring prolong.

*Chorus.* So all things in her sight do joy,

*Rowland.* And keeps the plenteous summer young:

*Chorus.* And do assuage

The wrathful winter's rage,

That would our flocks annoy.

*Rowland.* Jove saw her breast that naked lay,

*Chorus.* A sight most fit for Jove to see:

*Rowland.* And swore it was the milky way,

*Chorus.* Of all most pure,

The path (we us assure)

To his bright court to be.

*Rowland.* He saw her tresses hanging down,

*Chorus.* That moved with the gentle air,

*Rowland.* And said that Ariadne's crown

*Chorus.* With those compar'd,

The gods should not regard,

Nor Berenice's hair.

*Rowland.* When she hath watch'd my flocks by night,

*Chorus.* O happy flocks that she did keep,

*Rowland.* They never needed Cynthia's light,

*Chorus.* That soon gave place,

Amazed with her grace,

That did attend thy sheep.

*Rowland.* Above, where heaven's high glories are,

*Chorus.* When she is placed in the skies,

*Rowland.* She shall be call'd the shepherds star.

*Chorus.* And evermore,

We shepherds will adore

Her sitting and her rise.

### ECLOGUE X.

WHAT time the weary weather-beaten sheep,  
To get them fodder, hie them to the fold,  
And the poor herds that lately did them keep,  
Shudder'd with keenness of the winter's cold:

The groves of their late summer pride forlorn,  
In mossy mantles sadly seem'd to mourn.

That silent time, about the upper world,  
Phœbus had forc'd his fiery-footed team,  
And down again the steep Olympus whirl'd  
To wash his chariot in the western stream,  
In night's black shade, when Rowland all alone,  
Thus him complains his fellow shepherd's gone.

You flames, quoth he, wherewith thou heaven art  
dight,

That me (alive) the woful'st creature view,  
You, whose aspects have wrought me this despight  
And me with hate yet ceaselessly pursue,  
For whom too long I tarried for relief,  
Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

Yearly my vows, O heavens, have I not paid,  
Of the best fruits, and firstlings of my flock?  
And oftentimes have bitterly inveigh'd

'Gainst them that you profanely dar'd to me  
O, who shall ever give what is your due  
If mortal man be uprighter than you?

If the deep sighs of an afflicted breast,  
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected e  
Of a poor wretch with miseries oppress'd,  
For whose complaints, tears never could su  
Have not the power your deities to mov  
Who shall e'er look for succour from ab

O night, how still obsequious have I been,  
To thy flow silence whispering in thine ear  
That thy pale sovereign often hath been se  
Stay to behold me sadly from her sphere,  
Whilst the flow minutes duly I have tol  
With watchful eyes attending on my sol

How oft by thee the solitary swain,  
Breathing his passion to the early spring,  
Hath left to hear the nightingale complain,  
Pleasing his thoughts alone to hear me sing  
The nymphs forsook their places of abo  
To hear the sounds that from my music

To purge their springs, and sanctify their g  
The simple shepherds learned I the mean,  
And sov'reign simples to their use I found,  
Their teeming ewes to help when they did  
Which when again in summer time the  
Their wealthy fleece my cunning did de

In their warm cotes, whilst they have found  
And pass'd the night in many a pleasant bo  
On the bleak mountains I their flocks have  
And bid the brunt of many a cruel snow  
Warring with beasts, in safety mine to k  
So true was I, and careful of my sheep.

Fortune and time, why tempted you me so  
With those your flattering promises of gra  
Fickle, so falsely to abuse my worth,  
And now to fly me, whom I did embrace?  
Both that at first encourag'd my desire,  
Lastly against me lewdly do conspire.

Or nature, didst thou prodigally waste  
Thy gifts on me unfortunatest swain,  
Only thereby to have thyself disgrac'd?  
Virtue, in me why wert thou plac'd in vain  
If to the world predestined a prey,  
Thou wert too good to have been cast a

There's not a grove that wond'roth not my  
Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,  
I hear the echoes (wand'ring to and fro)  
Resound my grief through every hill and d  
The birds and beasts yet in their simple  
Lament for me, no pity else that find.

None else there is gives comfort to my grief  
Nor my mishaps amended with my moan.  
When heaven and earth have shut up all the  
Nor care avails what curlet's now is grown  
And tears I find do bring no other good  
But as new showers increase the rising so



When on an old tree, under which e'er now  
He many a merry roundelay had sung,  
Upon a leafless canker-eaten bough  
His well tun'd bag-pipe carelesly he hung :  
And by the same, his sheep-hook, once of price,  
That had been carv'd with many a rare de-  
vice.

He call'd his dog, (that sometime had the praise)  
Whitefoot, well known to all that keep the plain,  
That many a wolf had worried in his days,  
A better cur there never followed swain ;  
Which, though at he his master's sorrows knew,  
Wag'd his cut tail, his wretched plight to rue.

Poor cur, quoth he, and him therewith did stroke ;  
Go to our cote, and there thyself repose,  
Thou with thine age, my heart with sorrow broke.  
Be gone, e'er death my restless eyes do close,  
The time is come thou must thy master leave,  
Whom the vile world shall never more deceive,

With folded arms thus hanging down his head,  
He gave a groan, his heart in sunder cleft,  
And as a stone, already seem'd dead,  
Before his breath was fully him bereft :  
The faithful swain here lastly made an end,  
Whom all good shepherds ever shall defend,



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T H E  
*MUSES ELYSIUM.*

---

To the Right Honourable

EDWARD EARL OF DORSET,

Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, of his Majesty's Privy Council, and Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty.

*My most honoured Lord,*

I HAVE ever found that constancy in your favours, since your first acknowledging of me, that their durableness have now made me one of your family, and I am become happy in the title to be called yours: that for retribution, could I have found a fitter way to publish your bounties, my thankfulness before this might have found it out; I crave of your Lordship the patronage of my Elysium, which, if the Muse fail me not, shall not be altogether unworthy of your protection. I have often

adventured upon desperate untrodden ways, which hath drawn some severe censures upon many of my labours; but that neither hath, nor can ever trouble me. The Divine Poems in this small volume inserted, I consecrate to your religious Cares, my most worthy lady. And so I rest

The honourer of you, and your noble family,

M. DRAYTON.



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## THE DESCRIPTION OF ELYSIUM.

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ADISE on earth is found,  
Far from vulgar sight,  
With those pleasures doth abound  
Elysium hight.

In delights that never fade,  
Senses lulled be,  
At pleasure in the shade  
By a stately tree,

No rough tempest makes to reel,  
Nor strait bodies bows,  
Softy tops do never feel  
Sight of winter's snows;

Birds that evermore are green,  
No leaf is there,  
Philomel (of birds the queen)  
Here spends the year.

Perch upon her myrtle perch  
The mavis sings,  
From the top of some curl'd berch  
Notes redoubled rings;

Lilies damask every place,  
See their beauties lose,  
When proud Phœbus hides his face  
Lives they scorn to close.

Rose and the violet here,  
Vying to descend,  
From one root, a very pair,  
Richness do contend,

Intending to a pink to tell  
Bears it, it is loath  
To give it; but replies, for smell  
Excels them both;

With displeas'd they hang their heads,  
Yet soon they grow,  
In their odoriferous beds  
Reverts at it they throw.

The winter here a summer is,  
No waste is made by time,  
Nor doth the autumn ever miss  
The blossoms of the prime.

The flower that July forth doth bring  
In April here is seen,  
The primrose that puts on the spring  
In July decks each green.

The sweets for sov'reignty contend,  
And so abundant be,  
That to the very earth they lend,  
And bark of every tree.

Rills rising out of every bank,  
In wild meanders strain,  
And playing many a wanton prank  
Upon the speckled plain,

In gambols and lascivious gyres  
Their time they still bestow,  
Nor to their fountains none retires,  
Nor on their course will go.

Those brooks with lilies bravely deck'd,  
So proud and wanton made,  
That they their courses quite neglect,  
And seem as though they staid.

Fair Flora in her state to view  
Which through those lilies looks,  
Or as those lilies lean'd to shew  
Their beauties to the brooks;

That Phœbus in his lofty race  
Oft lays aside his beams,  
And comes to cool his glowing face  
In these delicious streams;

Oft spreading vines climb up the cleaves,  
Whose ripen'd clusters there  
Their liquid purple drop, which drives  
A vintage through the year:



Those cleaves whose craggy sides are clad  
With trees of sundry suits,  
Which make continual summer glad,  
Even bending with their fruits,

Some rip'ning, ready some to fall,  
Some blossom'd, some to bloom,  
Like gorgeous hangings on the wall  
Of some rich princely room :

Pomegranates, lemons, citrons, so  
Their laded branches bow,  
Their leaves in number that outgo,  
Nor roomth will them allow.

There in perpetual summer's shade,  
Apollo's prophets sit,  
Among the flowers that never fade,  
But flourish like their wit.

To whom the nymphs upon their lyres  
Tune many a curious lay,  
And with their most melodious quires  
Make short the longest day.

The thrice three virgins heavenly clear,  
Their trembling timbrels sound,  
Whilst the three comely graces there  
Dance many a dainty round.

Decay nor age there nothing knows,  
There is continual youth,  
As time on plant or creatures grows,  
So still their strength renew'th.

The poets paradise this is,  
To which but few can come ;  
The Muses only bower of bliss,  
Their dear Elysium.

Here happy souls, (their blessed bowers,  
Free from the rude resort  
Of beastly people) spend the hours  
In harmless mirth and sport.

Then on to the Elysian plains  
Apollo doth invite you,  
Where he provides with pastoral strains,  
In nymphs to delight you.

## N Y M P H A L. I.

RODOPE, DORIDA.

This nymphal of delights doth treat,  
Choice beauties, and proportions neat,  
Of curious shapes and dainty features  
Describ'd in two most perfect creatures.

When Phœbus with a face of mirth  
Had flung abroad his beams,  
To blanch the bosom of the earth,  
And glaze the gliding streams ;  
Within a goodly myrtle grove,  
Upon that hallow'd day  
The nymphs to that bright queen of love  
Their vows were us'd to pay.  
Fair Rodope and Dorida  
Met in those sacred shades,  
Than whom the sun in all his way  
Ne'er saw two daintier maids.  
And through the thickets thrill'd his fires,  
Supposing to have seen  
The sovereign goodests of desires,  
Or Jove's imperious queen :  
Both of so wond'rous beauties were,  
In shape both so excel,  
That to be paralleld elsewhere,  
No judging eye could tell,

And their affections to surpass,  
As well it might be deem'd,  
That th' one of them the other was,  
And but themselves they seem'd.  
And whilst the nymphs that near this place  
Disposed were to play  
At barley-break and prison base,  
Do pass the time away :  
This peerless pair together set,  
The other at their sport,  
None near their free discourse to let,  
Each other thus they court.

*Dorida.* My sweet, my sovereign Rodope,  
My dear delight, my love,  
That lock of hair thou sent'st to me,  
I to this bracelet wove ;  
Which brighter every day doth grow  
The longer it is worn,



delicious fellows do,  
 temples that adorn.

*ape.* Nay, had I thine, my Dorida,  
 and them so bestow,  
 at the wind upon my way  
 backward make them flow,  
 could it in its great'st excels  
 to becalmed air,  
 quite forget all boist'rousness  
 by with every hair.

*ida.* To me like thine had nature given  
 w, so arch'd, so clear,  
 it, wherein so much of heaven  
 to each eye appear;  
 world should see, I would strike dead  
 filky Way that's now,  
 by that nectar Hebe shed  
 I upon my brow.

*pe.* O had I eyes like Dorida's,  
 and enchant the day,  
 make the sun to stand at gaze,  
 forgot his way:  
 muse his sister Queen of Streams,  
 so I list by night,  
 much blushing at my beams  
 please her borrowed light.

*ida.* Had I a cheek like Rodope's,  
 list of which doth stand  
 re of roses, such as these,  
 a snowy land:  
 would make the lily which we now  
 ch for whiteness name,  
 popping down the head to bow,  
 ie for very shame.

*pe.* Had I a bosom like to thine,  
 I it pleas'd to shew,  
 at part of th' sky I would incline  
 would make the ethereal bow;  
 rannish breast branch'd all with blue,  
 very like the spring:  
 ater to the general view  
 summer forth should bring.

*ida.* Had I a body like my dear,  
 I so strait, so tall,  
 so broad my shoulders were,  
 a waist so small;  
 would challenge the proud Queen of Love  
 would to me for shape,  
 should fear that Mars or Jove  
 I venture for my rape.

*ape.* Had I a hand like thee, my girl,  
 hand O let me kiss)  
 ivory arrows pil'd with pearl,  
 a hand like this;  
 would not doubt at all to make  
 finger of my hand  
 k swift Mercury to take  
 his enchanting wand.

Vol. III.

*Dorida.* Had I a thigh like Rodope's;  
 Which 'twas my chance to view,  
 When lying on yon bank at ease  
 The wind thy skirt up blew;  
 I would say it were a column wrought  
 To some intent divine,  
 And for our chaste Diana sought  
 A pillar for her shrine.

*Rodope.* Had I a leg but like to thine,  
 That were so neat, so clean,  
 A swelling calf, a small so fine,  
 An ancle round and lean;  
 I would tell nature she doth miss  
 Her old skill; and maintain,  
 She shewed her masterpiece in this,  
 Not to be done again.

*Dorida.* Had I that foot hid in those shoes  
 (Proportion'd to my height)  
 Short heel, thin instep, even toes,  
 A sole so wond'rous strait;  
 The forresters and nymphs at this  
 Amazed all should stand,  
 And kneeling down should meekly kiss  
 The print left in the sand.

By this the nymphs came from their sport,  
 All pleased wond'rous well,  
 And to those maidens make report  
 What lately them befell:  
 One said the dainty Lelipa  
 Did all the rest outgo;  
 Another would a wager lay  
 She would outstrip a roe;  
 Says one, how like ye Florimel,  
 There is your dainty face:  
 A fourth reply'd, she lik'd that well,  
 Yet better lik'd her grace;  
 She's counted, I confess, quoth she,  
 To be our only pearl,  
 Yet have I heard her oft to be  
 A melancholy girl.  
 Another said, she quite mistook,  
 That only was her art,  
 When melancholy had her look  
 Then mirth was in her heart.  
 And hath she then that pretty trick?  
 Another doth reply;  
 I thought no nymph could have been sick  
 Of that disease but I.  
 I know you can dissemble well,  
 Quoth one, to give you due,  
 But here be some (who I'll not tell)  
 Can do't as well as you.  
 Who thus replies, I know that too,  
 We have it from our mother,  
 Yet there be some this thing can do  
 More cunningly than other:  
 If maidens but dissemble can  
 Their sorrow and their joy,  
 Their poor dissimulation then,  
 Is but a very toy.



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 NYMPHAL II.

LALUS, CLEON, LIROPE.

The Muse new courtship doth devise,  
By nature's strange varieties,  
Whose rarities she here relates,  
And gives you pastoral delicates.

LALUS a jolly youthful lad,  
With Cleon no less crown'd  
With virtues; both their beings had  
On the Elysium ground.  
Both having parts so excellent,  
That it a question was,  
Which should be the most eminent,  
Or did in ought surpass.  
'This Cleon was a mountaineer,  
And of the wilder kind,  
And from his birth had many a year  
Been nurs'd up by a hind:  
And as the sequel well did shew,  
It very well might be;  
For never hart, nor hare, nor roe,  
Were half so swift as he.  
But Lalus in the vale was bred  
Amongst the sheep and neat,  
And by those nymphs there choicely fed  
With honey, milk, and wheat;  
Of stature goodly, fair of speech,  
And of behaviour mild,  
Like those there in the valley rich,  
'That bred him of a child.  
Of falconry they had the skill,  
'Their hawks to feed and fly,  
No better hunters e'er clomb hill,  
Nor hollowed to a cry:  
In dingles deep, and mountains hore,  
Oft with the bearded spear  
'They combated the tusky boar,  
And slew the angry bear.  
In music they were wond'rous quaint,  
Fine airs they could devise;  
'They very curiously could paint,  
And neatly poetize;  
That wagers many times were laid  
On questions that arole,  
Which song the witty Lalus made,  
Which Cleon should compose.  
'The stately steed they manag'd well,  
Of fence the art they knew,  
For dancing they did all excel  
The girls that to them drew;

To throw the sledge, to pitch the bar,  
To wrestle and to run,  
They all the youth excell'd so far,  
That still the prize they won.  
These sprightly gallants lov'd a lass,  
Call'd *Lirope the Bright*,  
In the whole world there scarcely was  
So delicate a wight.  
There was no beauty so divine  
That ever nymph did grace,  
But it beyond itself did shine  
In her more heavenly face:  
What form she pleas'd each thing would  
That e'er she did behold,  
Of pebbles she could diamonds make,  
Gross iron turn to gold:  
Such power there with her presence came  
Stern tempests she allay'd,  
The cruel tiger she could tame,  
She raging torrents stay'd.  
She chid, she cherish'd, she gave life,  
Again she made to die,  
She rais'd a war, appeas'd a strife,  
With turning of her eye.  
Some said a god did her beget,  
But much deceiv'd were they,  
Her father was a Rivulet,  
Her mother was a Fay.  
Her lineaments so fine that were,  
She from the fairy took,  
Her beauties and complexion clear,  
By nature from the brook.  
These rivals waiting for the hour  
(The weather calm and fair)  
When as she us'd to leave her bower  
To take the pleasant air:  
Accosting her, their compliment  
To her their goddesses done;  
By gifts they tempt her to consent,  
When Lalus thus began.

*Lalus.* Sweet Lirope I have a lamb  
Newly weaned from the dam,



right kind, it is (a) notted,  
 ly with purple spotted,  
 ghter it will put you,  
 how prettily 'twill butt you;  
 on sporting it is set,  
 beat you a curvet,  
 every nimble bound  
 self above the ground;  
 tis hungry it will bleat  
 our hand to have its meat;  
 en it hath fully fed,  
 fetch jumps about your head;  
 cently to express  
 sheepish thankfulness.  
 ou bid it, it will play;  
 her night or day:  
 rope, I have for thee,  
 along wilt live with me.

From him O turn thine ear away,  
 r me, my lov'd Lirope,  
 kid as white as milk,  
 as soft as Naples silk,  
 is in length are wond'rous even,  
 iously by nature writhen;  
 h' Arcadian kind,  
 not the like 'twixt either Ind;  
 alk, 'twill walk you by,  
 down, it down will lie,  
 gesture will you woo,  
 urtherfeit those things you do;  
 h hillock it will vault,  
 bly do the summer-fault,  
 e hinder legs 'twill go,  
 ow you a furlong so;  
 y chance a tune you rote,  
 ot it finely to your note;  
 world and you may miss  
 out such a thing as this:  
 love I have for thee,  
 t leave him and go with me.

Believe me, youths, your gifts are rare,  
 offer wond'rous fair;  
 lamb, Cleon for kid,  
 to judge which most doth bid,  
 e you two such things in store,  
 'er knew of them before?  
 I dare a wager lay  
 g my little dog shall play  
 / tricks when I shall bid,  
 ' lamb, or Cleon's kid.  
 y fall out that I may need them.  
 y ye may do well to feed them;  
 t and mutton pretty be,  
 hs, these are no baits for me:  
 d men, in vain ye woo,  
 our lamb nor kid will do.

I have two sparrows white as snow,  
 etty eyes like sparks do shew;  
 son Venus hatch'd them  
 r little Cupid watch'd them,

Till they too fledge their nests forsook,  
 Themselves and to the fields betook,  
 Where by chance a fowler caught them  
 Of whom I full dearly bought them;  
 They'll fetch your conceive from the (b) hip,  
 And lay it softly on your lip,  
 Through their nibbling bills they'll chirrup  
 And fluttering feed you with the sirup,  
 And if thence you put them by  
 They to your white neck will fly,  
 And if you expulse them there,  
 They'll hang upon your braided hair;  
 You so long shall see them prattle  
 Till at length they'll fall to battle;  
 And when they have fought their fill;  
 You will smile to see them bill:  
 These birds my Lirope's shall be,  
 So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

*Cleon.* His sparrows are not worth a rush;  
 I'll find as good in every bush;  
 Of doves I have a dainty pair,  
 Which when you please to take the air,  
 About your head shall gently hover  
 Your clear brow from the sun to cover,  
 And with their nimble wings shall fan you,  
 That neither cold nor heat shall tan you.  
 And like umbrella's with their feathers  
 Shields you in all sorts of weathers:  
 They be most dainty coloured things,  
 They have damask backs and chequer'd wings;  
 Their necks more various colours shew  
 Than there be mixed in the bow;  
 Venus saw the lesser dove,  
 And therewith was far in love,  
 Offering for't her golden ball,  
 For her son to play withal:  
 These my Lirope's shall be  
 So she'll leave him and go with me.

*Lirope.* Then for sparrows, and for doves;  
 I am fitted 'twixt my loves;  
 But Ialus, I take no delight  
 In sparrows, for they'll scratch and bite;  
 And though join'd, they are ever brooding,  
 Always billing if not doing;  
 'Twixt Venus' breasts if they have lien,  
 I much fear they'll infect mine.  
*Cleon.* your doves are very dainty,  
 Tame pigeons else you know are plenty,  
 These may win some of your narrows,  
 I am not caught with doves nor sparrows.  
 I thank ye kindly for your cost,  
 Yet your labour is but lost.

*Ialus.* With full-leav'd lilies I will stick  
 Thy braided hair all o'er so thick,  
 That from it a light shall throw  
 Like the sun's upon the snow.  
 Thy mantle shall be violet leaves,  
 With the fin't the silk-worm weaves,  
 As finely woven, whose rich smell  
 The air about thee so shall swell

(a) Without horns.

(b) The red fruit of the smooth bramble.



That it shall have no power to move.  
 A ruff of pinks thy robe above  
 About thy neck so neatly set  
 That art it cannot counterfeit,  
 Which still shall look so fresh and new,  
 As if upon their roots they grew :  
 And for thy head I'll have a tire  
 Of netting, made of strawberry wire ;  
 And in each knot that doth compose  
 A mesh, shall stick a half blown rose,  
 Red, damask, white, in order set  
 About the sides, shall run a fret  
 Of primroses, the tire throughout  
 With thrift and daisies fring'd about ;  
 All this, fair nymph, I'll do for thee,  
 So thou'lt leave him and go with me.

*Cleon.* These be but weeds and trash he brings,  
 I'll give thee solid costly things ;  
 His will wither and be gone  
 Before thou well can'st put them on ;  
 With coral I will have thee crown'd,  
 Whose branches intricately wound  
 Shall girt thy temples every way ;  
 And on the top of every spray  
 Shall stick a pearl orient and great,  
 Which to the wand'ring birds shall cheat,  
 That some shall stoop to look for cherries,  
 As other for traculent berries.  
 And wand'ring, caught e'er they be ware  
 In the curl'd tramels of thy hair :  
 And for thy neck a crystal chain,  
 Whose links shap'd like to drops of rain,  
 Upon thy panting breast depending,  
 Shall seem as they were still descending ;  
 And as thy breath doth come and go,  
 So seeming still to ebb and flow ;  
 With amber bracelets cut like bees,  
 Whose strange transparency who sees,  
 With silk small as the spider's twist  
 Doubled so oft about thy wrist,  
 Would surely think alive they were,  
 From lilies gathering honey there.  
 Thy buskins ivory, carv'd like shells  
 Of scallop, which as little bells  
 Made hollow, with the air shall chime,  
 And to thy steps shall keep the time :  
 Leave Lalus, Lirpe, for me,  
 And these shall thy rich dowry be.

*Lirpe.* Lalus for flowers, Cleon for gems,  
 For garlands, and for diadems  
 I shall be sped ; why this is brave :  
 What nymph can choicer presents have ?  
 With dressing, brading, frowning, flow'ring,  
 All your jewels on me pouring,  
 In this bravery being drest,  
 To the ground I shall be prest,  
 That I doubt the nymphs will fear me,  
 Nor will venture to come near me ;  
 Never lady of the May  
 To this hour was half so gay ;  
 All in flowers, all so sweet,  
 From the crown beneath the feet,

Amber, coral, ivory, pearl ;  
 If this cannot win a girl,  
 There's nothing can, and this ye woo me.  
 Give me your hands, and trust ye to me ;  
 (Yet to tell ye I am loth)  
 That I'll have neither of you both.

*Lalus.* When thou shalt please to stem the  
 (As thou art of the wat'ry brood)  
 I'll have twelve swans more white than snow  
 Yok'd for the purpose, two and two,  
 To draw thy barge wrought of fine reed  
 So well, that it nought else shall need.  
 The traces by which they shall hail  
 Thy barge, shall be the winding trail  
 Of woodbine, whose brave tassell'd flowers  
 (The sweetness of the wood-nymphs bowen  
 Shall be the trappings to adorn  
 The swans, by which the barge is borne ;  
 Of flower'd flags I'll rob the bank,  
 Of water-cans and king-cups rank,  
 To be the covering of thy boat ;  
 And on the stream as thou dost float,  
 The Naiades that haunt the deep,  
 Themselves about thy barge shall keep,  
 Recording most delightful lays.  
 By sea-gods written in thy praise,  
 And in what place thou hap'st to land,  
 There the gentle silvery sand  
 Shall soften, curled with the air,  
 As sensible of thy repair :  
 This, my dear love, I'll do for thee,  
 So thou'lt leave him, and go with me.

*Cleon.* Tush, nymph, his swans will prove  
 His barge drinks water like a fleece ;  
 A boat is base ; I'll thee provide  
 A chariot, wherein Jove may ride,  
 In which when bravely thou art borne,  
 Thou shalt look like the glorious morn  
 Ushering the sun, and such a one,  
 As to this day was never known,  
 Of the rarest Indian gums,  
 More precious than your balsamums,  
 Which I by art have made so hard,  
 That they with tools may well be carv'd  
 To make a coach of ; which shall be  
 Materials of this one for thee,  
 And of thy chariot, each small piece  
 Shall inlaid be with amber grease,  
 And gilded with the yellow ore  
 Produc'd from Tagus' wealthy shore ;  
 In which along the pleasant lawn,  
 With twelve white flags thou shalt be drawn,  
 Whose brancht palms of a stately height,  
 With several nosegays shall be dight ;  
 And as thou rid'st thy coach about,  
 For thy strong guard shall run a rout  
 Of ostriches, whose curled plumes,  
 Cens'd with thy chariot's rich perfumes,  
 The scent into the air shall throw,  
 Whose naked thighs shall grace the show ;  
 Whilst the wood nymphs, and those bred  
 Upon the mountains, o'er thy head



a canopy of flowers,  
with drops of April showers,  
all make more glorious shews  
glees, or your silver oars :  
the nymph, I'll do for thee,  
leave him and go with me.

Vie and revie, like chapmen proffer'd,  
re received what you have offer'd,  
honour cannot do me,  
ding altars to me :  
rater, and by land,  
chariot at command ;  
on the streams to taw me,  
the land to draw me ;

In all this pomp should I be seen,  
What a poor thing were a queen !  
All delights in such excess,  
As but ye, who can express :  
Thus mounted should the nymphs me see,  
All the troop would follow me,  
Thinking by this state that I  
Would assume a deity.  
There be some in love have been,  
And I may commit that sin ;  
And if e'er I be in love,  
With one of you I fear 'till prove ;  
But with which I cannot tell,  
So my gallant youths farewell.

## NYMPHAL III.

DORON, NAIIS, CLORIS, CLAIA, DORILUS, CLOE, MERTILLA, FLORIMEL.

*With nymphs and feresfers,*

Poetic raptures, sacred fires,  
With which Apollo his inspires,  
This Nymphal gives you; and withal  
Observes the Muses festival.

th' Elysians many mirthful feasts,  
the Muses are the certain guests,  
e one day with most imperial state,  
pollo which they dedicate,  
god, and to his altars bring  
ll'd bravery of the beauteous spring,  
their bowers with every precious sweet,  
wax fresh, most trod on with their feet ;  
choice flowers each nymph doth braid  
hair,  
e mean'st but bauldrick wife doth wear  
ly garland, and the most renown'd  
us roscat anadems are crown'd.  
g come into the place where they  
erve the orgies to that day,  
from their Heliconian spring  
ful mazers to the feasting bring :  
deep draughts out of those plenteous  
ls,  
youth have swill'd their thirsty souls,  
nrag'd with a sacred heat,  
their brains do once begin to sweat,  
brave and stately numbers break,  
word that any one can speak  
phetic ; and so strangely far  
h fury they transported are,

As there's not one, on any thing can strain,  
But by another answered is again  
In the same rapture, which all sit to hear ;  
When as two youths, that soundly liquor'd were,  
Dorilus and Doron, two as noble swains  
As ever kept on the Elysian plains,  
First by their signs attention having won,  
Thus they the revels frolickly begun.

*Doron.* Come, Dorilus, let us be brave,  
In lofty numbers let us rave,  
With rhymes I will enrich thee.

*Dorilus.* Content, say I, then bid the base,  
Our wits shall run the wild-goose chase,  
Spur up, or I will switch thee.

*Doron.* The sun out of the east doth peep,  
And now the day begins to creep  
Upon the world at leisure.

*Dorilus.* The air enamour'd with the greaves,  
The west wind strokes the velvet leaves,  
And kisses them at pleasure.

Q q iij



*Doron.* The spinners webs 'twixt spray and  
spray  
The top of every bush make gay,  
By filmy cords there dangling.

*Dorilus.* For now the last day's evening dew  
Even to the full itself doth shew,  
Each bough with pearl bespangling.

*Doron.* O boy, how thy abundant vein  
Even like a flood breaks from thy brain,  
Nor can thy muse be gaged.

*Dorilus.* Why nature forth did never bring  
A man that like to me can sing,  
If once I be enraged.

*Doron.* Why, Dorilus, I in my skill  
Can make the swiftest stream stand still,  
Nay, bear back to his springing.

*Dorilus.* And I into a trance most deep  
Can cast the birds, that they shall sleep  
When fain't they would be singing.

*Doron.* Why, Dorilus, thou mak'st me mad,  
And now my wits begin to gad,  
But sure I know not whither.

*Dorilus.* O Doron, let me hug thee, then,  
There never was two madder men,  
Then let us on together.

*Doron.* Hermes the winged horse bestid,  
And thorow thick and thin he rid,  
And flounder'd through the fountain.

*Dorilus.* He spur'd the tit until he bled,  
So that at last he ran his head  
Against the forked mountain.

*Doron.* How say'st thou, but py'd Iris got  
Into great Juno's chariot,  
I spake with one that saw her.

*Dorilus.* And there the pert and saucy elf  
Behav'd her as 'twere Juno's self,  
And made the peacocks draw her.

*Doron.* I'll borrow Phœbus' fiery jades,  
With which about the world he trades,  
And put them in my plough.

*Dorilus.* O thou most perfect frantic man,  
Yet let thy rage be what it can,  
I'll be as mad as thou.

*Doron.* I'll to great Jove, hap good, hap ill,  
Though he with thunder threat to kill,  
And beg of him a boon.

*Dorilus.* To swerve up one of Cynthia's  
And there to bathe thee in the streams,  
Discover'd in the moon.

*Doron.* Come, frolic youth, and follow me,  
My frantic boy, and I'll shew thee  
The country of the fairies.

*Dorilus.* The fleshy mandrake where 't  
grow  
In noonshade of the mistletoe,  
And where the phoenix aries.

*Doron.* Nay shore, the swallow's winter bed  
The caverns where the winds are bred,  
Since thus thou talk'st of shewing.

*Dorilus.* And to those indraughts I'll thee  
That wonderous and eternal spring  
Whence th' ocean hath its flowing.

*Doron.* We'll down to the dark house of sle  
Where snoring Morpheus doth keep,  
And wake the drowsy groom.

*Dorilus.* Down shall the doors and windows  
The stools upon the floor we'll throw,  
And roar about the room.

The Muses here commanded them to stay,  
Commending much the carriage of their lay:  
As greatly pleas'd at this their madding bout  
To hear how bravely they had borne it out  
From first to last, of which they were right;  
By this they found that Helicon still had  
That virtue it did anciently retain  
When Orpheus, Lynus, and th' Ascrean swai  
Took lusty rowses, which hath made their rh  
To last so long to all succeeding times.  
And now amongst this beauteous bevie here,  
Two wanton nymphs, though dainty ones  
were,  
Naiis and Cloe in their female fits  
Longing to shew the sharpness of their wits.  
Of the Nine sisters special leave do crave  
That the next bout they two might freely h  
Who having got the suffrages of all,  
Thus to their rhyming instantly they fall.

*Naiis.* Amongst you all let us see  
Who is't opposes me,  
Come on the proudest she  
To answer my ditty.

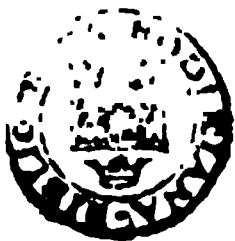
*Cloe.* Why, Naiis, that am I,  
Who dares thy pride defy;  
And that we soon shall try  
Though thou be witty.

*Naiis.* Cloe, I scorn my rhyme,  
Should observe feet or time,  
Now I fall, then I climb,  
What is't I dare not.

*Cloe.* Give thy invention wing,  
And let her flirt and sing,  
'Till down the rock she ding,  
For that I care not.



As presence delights me,  
Invites me,  
Excites me  
To be merry.



I beyond measure,  
With pleasure,  
Each seizure,  
I be't weary.

Hold the rosy dawn,  
All'd lawn,  
Seems to fawn  
Mountains.

Awaked from her dreams  
Th' golden beams,  
On the streams  
The fountains.

These more than sweet showrets,  
These flowrets,  
Our bowrets,  
G our coats.

First the birds billing  
With his dilling,  
Is still filling  
Ororous notes.

He bees up in honey roll'd  
Their thighs can hold,  
Our liquid gold,  
Are us bringing.

These rillets purling  
Ones curling,  
Out whirling,  
Now'rd their springing.

The wood-nymphs sit singing,  
With notes ringing  
Th' Ver is flinging  
Antics abroad.

As much as the turtle  
Low myrtle,  
Ads fertile,  
Es doth unload.

Nay 'tis a world to see  
Ush and tree,  
With mirth and glee  
As they woo.

He robin and the wren,  
K with his hen,  
Old not we and men  
Hey do.

The fairies are hopping,  
Flowers cropping,  
Dew dropping,  
Orow the greaves.

*Clor.* At barley-break they play  
Merrily all the day,  
At night themselves they lay  
Upon the soft leaves.

*Naiis.* The gentle winds fally  
Upon every vally,  
And many times dally  
And wantonly sport.

*Clor.* About the fields tracing,  
Each other in chafing,  
And often embracing,  
In amorous fort.

*Naiis.* And Echo oft doth tell  
Wond'rous things from her cell,  
As her what chance befell,  
Learning to prattle.

*Clor.* And now she sits and mocks  
The shepherds and their flocks,  
And the herds from the rocks  
Keeping their cattle.

When to these maids the muses silence cry,  
For 'twas th' opinion of the company,  
That were not these two taken off, that they  
Would in their conflict wholly spend the day.  
When as the turn to Florimel next came,  
A nymph for beauty of especial name,  
Yet was she not so jolly as the rest;  
And though she were by her companions prest,  
Yet she by no entreaty would be wrought  
To sing, as by th' Elysian laws she ought:  
When two bright nymphs that her companions  
were,  
And of all other only held her dear,  
Mild Cloris and Mertilla, with fair speech,  
Their most beloved Florimel beseech,  
T' observe the muses, and the more to woo her,  
They take their turns, and thus they sing unto her.

*Cloris.* Sing, Florimel, O sing and we  
Our whole wealth will give to thee,  
We'll rob the brim of every fountain,  
Strip the sweets from every mountain,  
We will sweep the curled valleys,  
Brush the banks that mound our alleys,  
We will muster nature's dainties  
When she wallows in her plenties,  
The luscious smell of every flower  
New wash'd by an April shower,  
The mistress of her store we'll make thee  
That she for herself shall take thee;  
Can there be a dainty thing,  
That's not thine if thou wilt sing?

*Mertilla.* When the dew in May distilleth,  
And the earth's rich bosom filleth,  
And with pearl embrouds each meadow,  
We will make them like a widow,  
And in all their beauties dress thee,  
And of all their spoils possess thee,



With all the beauties Zephyr brings,  
Breathing on the yearly springs,  
The gaudy blooms of every tree  
In their most beauty when they be,  
What is here that may delight thee,  
Or to pleasure may excite thee,  
Can there be a dainty thing  
That's not thine if thou wilt sing?

But Florimel still sullenly replies  
I will not sing at all, let that suffice:  
When as a nymph one of the merry ging,  
Seeing she no way could be won to sing;  
Come, come, quoth she, ye utterly undo her  
With your entreaties, and your reverence to her;  
For praise nor prayers she careth not a pin;  
They that our froward Florimel would win,  
Must work another way, let me come to her,  
Either I'll make her sing, or I'll undo her.

*Claia.* Florimel, I thus conjure thee,  
Since their gifts cannot allure thee;  
By stamp'd garlic that doth stink  
Worse than common sewer or sink;  
By henbane, dogsbane, wolfsbane, sweet  
As any clown's or carrier's feet;  
By stinking nettles, pricking teasels,  
Raising blisters like the measles;  
By the rough burbreeding docks,  
Ranker than the oldest fox;  
By filthy hemlock, pois'ning more  
Than any ulcer or old sore;  
By the cockle in the corn,  
That smells far worse than doth burnt horn;  
By hemp in water that hath lain,  
By whose stench the fish are slain;  
By toadflax which your nose may taste,  
If you have a mind to cast;  
May all filthy stinking weeds  
That e'er bore leaf, or e'er had seeds;  
Florimel, be given to thee,  
If thou'lt not sing as well as we.

At which the nymphs to open laughter fell,  
Amongst the rest the beauteous Florimel,  
(Pleas'd with the spell from Claia that came,  
A mirthful girl, and given to sport and game)  
As game some grows as any of them all,  
And to this ditty instantly doth fall.

*Florimel.* How in my thoughts shall I contrive  
The image I am framing,  
Which is so far superlative,  
As 'tis beyond all naming?  
I would Jove of my counsel make,  
And have his judgment in it,  
But that I doubt he would mistake  
How rightly to begin it:  
It must be builded in the air,  
And 'tis my thoughts must do it,  
And only they must be the fair  
From earth to mount me to it:  
For of my sex I frame my lay,  
Each hour ourselves forsaking,

How should I then find out the way,  
To this my undertaking?  
When our weak fancies working still,  
Yet changing every minute,  
Will shew that it requires some skill,  
Such difficulties in it.  
We would things, yet we know not what,  
And let our will be granted,  
Yet instantly we find in that  
Something unthought of wanted:  
Our joys and hopes such shadows are,  
As with our motions vary,  
Which when we oft have fetch'd from far,  
With us they never tarry:  
Some worldly cross doth still attend  
What long we have been spinning,  
And e'er we fully get the end,  
We lose of our beginning.  
Our policies so peevish are,  
That with themselves they wrangle,  
And many times become the snare  
That soonest us entangle;  
For that the love we bear our friends,  
Though ne'er so strongly grounded,  
Hath in it certain oblique ends,  
If to the bottom sounded:  
Our own well wishing making it  
A pardonable treason;  
For that it is deriv'd from wit,  
And underprop'd with reason.  
For our dear selves beloved sake  
(Even in the depth of passion)  
Our centre though ourselves we make,  
Yet is not that our station;  
For whilst our brows ambitious be,  
And youth at hand awaits us,  
It is a pretty thing to see  
How finely beauty cheats us.  
And whilst with time we triling stand  
To practise antick graces,  
Age with a pale and wither'd hand  
Draws furrows in our faces.

When they which so desirous were before  
To hear her sing; desirous are far more  
To have her cease; and call to have her staid,  
For she too much already had bewray'd.  
And as the thrice three sisters thus had grac'd  
Their celebration, and themselves had plac'd  
Upon a violet bank, in order all  
Where they at will might view the festival,  
The nymphs and all the lusty youth that were  
At this brave nymphal, by them honour'd there  
To gratify the heavenly girls again  
Lately prepare in state to entertain  
Those sacred sisters, fairly, and confer  
On each of them their praise particular.  
And thus the nymphs to the nine muses sung,  
When as the youth and foresters among,  
That well prepared for this business were,  
Become the Chorus, and thus sung they there.

*Nymphs.* Clio, thou first of these celestial Nines  
That daily offer to the sacred shrine



Apollo; queen of stories,  
at vindicat'st the glories  
ages, and renew'st  
Us, which every day thou view'st,  
in a lethargy dost keep  
dying Time, else prone to sleep.

Clio, O crave of Phœbus to inspire  
his altars with his holiest fire,  
his glorious ever-shining rays  
and growth to our Elysian bays.

Melpomene, thou melancholy maid,  
wife Phœbus, we invoke thy aid,  
as that dost stride the stage,  
thy deep distracted rage,  
shed that dost take delight,  
set the most fearful sight,  
'st the sighs, the shrieks, and sounds  
that arise from wounds.

Sad muse, O crave of Phœbus to inspire  
his altars with his holiest fire,  
his glorious ever-shining rays  
and birth to our Elysian bays.

Comic Thalia, then we come to thee,  
mirthful maiden, only that in glee  
thou'st deceits thy pleasure tak'st,  
thy varying scene that mak'st,  
thy nimble sock doth stir  
laughter through the theatre,  
in the peasant mak'st thee sport,  
as with the better sort.

Thalia, crave of Phœbus to inspire  
his altars with his holiest fire,  
his glorious ever-shining rays  
and growth to our Elysian bays.

Euterpe, next to thee we will pro-  
ceed,  
sound'st out the music on the reed,  
with ath and fingers giving life  
to the cornet and the flute,  
every stop and key  
upon the pipe that play,  
rich wind-instruments we call,  
loud, or great, or small.

Euterpe, ask of Phœbus to inspire  
his altars with his holiest fire,  
his glorious ever-shining rays  
and growth to our Elysian bays.

Terpsichore, thou of the lute and  
re,  
instruments that sound with cords and wire,  
the mistress to command  
of the most curious hand,  
every quaver doth embrace  
in a true diapase;  
thy string his sound doth fill,  
with the finger or the quill.

*Chorus.* Terpsichore, crave Phœbus to inspire  
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious ever-shining rays  
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

*Nymphs.* Thou, Erato, wise muse, on thee we  
call

In lines to us that dost demonstrate all,  
Which, neatly, with thy staff and bow,  
Doth measure, and proportion show;  
Motion and gesture that dost teach  
That every height and depth can't reach;  
And dost demonstrate by thy art  
What nature else would not impart.

*Chorus.* Dear Erato, crave Phœbus to inspire  
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious ever-shining rays  
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

*Nymphs.* To thee, thou brave Caliope, we come,  
Thou that maintain'st the trumpet and the  
drum,  
The neighing steeds that lov'st to hear,  
Clashing of arms doth please thine ear;  
In lofty lines that dost rehearse  
Things worthy of a thund'ring verse,  
And at no time art heard to strain  
On ought that suits a common vein.

*Chorus.* Caliope, crave Phœbus to inspire  
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious ever-shining rays  
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

*Nymphs.* Thou, Polyhymnia, most delicious  
maid,  
In rhetoric's flowers that art array'd;  
In tropes and figures richly drest,  
The filed phrase that lov'st best,  
That are all elocution, and  
The first that gav'st to understand  
The force of words, in order plac'd,  
And with a sweet delivery grac'd.

*Chorus.* Sweet muse, persuade our Phœbus to in-  
spire  
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious ever-shining rays  
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.

*Nymphs.* Lofty Urania, then we call to thee,  
To whom the heavens for ever open'd be,  
Thou th' asterisms by name dost call,  
And shew'st when they do rise and fall;  
Each planet's force, and dost divine  
His working, seated in his sign;  
And how the starry frame still rolls  
Between the fixed steadfast poles.

*Chorus.* Urania, ask of Phœbus to inspire  
Us for his altars with his holiest fire,  
And let his glorious ever-shining rays  
Give life and growth to our Elysian bays.



## NYMPHAL IV.

CLORIS, MERTILLA.

Chaste Cloris doth disclose the shames  
Of the Felician frantic dames,  
Mertilla strives t' appease her woe,  
To golden wishes then they go.

*Mertilla.*

W<sup>H</sup>AT, how now Cloris, what, thy head  
Bound with forsaken willow?  
Is the cold ground become thy bed?  
The grass become thy pillow?  
O let not those life-light'ning eyes  
In this sad veil be shrowded,  
Which into mourning puts the skies,  
To see them over-clouded.

*Cloris.* O, my Mertilla, do not praise  
These lamps, so dimly burning,  
Such sad and fullen lights as these  
Were only made for mourning:  
Their objects are the barren rocks  
With aged moss o'er-shaded;  
Now, whilst the spring lays forth her locks,  
With blossoms bravely braided.

*Mertilla.* O, Cloris, can there be a spring,  
O my dear nymph, there may not,  
Wanting thine eyes it forth to bring,  
Without which nature cannot:  
Say what it is that troubleth thee,  
Increas'd by thy concealing,  
Speak, sorrows many times we see  
Are lessen'd by revealing.

*Cloris.* Being of late too vainly bent,  
And but at too much leisure,  
Nor with our groves and downs content,  
But surfeiting in pleasure;  
Felicia's fields I would go see,  
Where fame to me reported,  
The choice nymphs of the world to be  
From meaner beauties sorted;  
Hoping that I from them might draw  
Some graces to delight me,  
But there such monstrous shapes I saw,  
That to this hour affright me.  
Through the thick hair, that thatch'd their brows,  
Their eyes upon me stared,  
Like to those raging frantic froes  
For Bacchus' feasts prepared;

Their bodies, although straight by kind,  
Yet they so monstrous make them,  
That for huge bags, blown up with wind,  
You very well may take them.  
Their bowels in their elbows are,  
Whereon depend their paunches,  
And their deformed arms, by far,  
Made larger than their haunches:  
For their behaviour and their grace,  
Which likewise should have priz'd them,  
Their manners were as beastly base  
As th' rags that so disguis'd them;  
All anticks, all so impudent,  
So fashion'd out of fashion,  
As black Cocytus up had sent  
Her fry into this nation,  
Whose monstrousness doth so perplex,  
Of reason and deprives me,  
That, for their sakes, I loathe my sex,  
Which to this sadness drives me.

*Mertilla.* O, my dear Cloris, be not sad,  
Nor with these furies daunted,  
But let these female fools be mad,  
With hellish pride enchanted;  
Let not thy noble thoughts descend  
So low as their affections,  
Whom neither counsel can amend,  
Nor yet the gods corrections:  
Such mad folks ne'er let us bemoan,  
But rather scorn their folly,  
And since we two are here alone,  
To banish melancholy,  
Leave we this lowly creeping vein,  
Not worthy admiration,  
And in a brave and lofty strain  
Let's exercise our passion,  
With wishes of each other's good,  
From our abundant treasures,  
And, in this jocund sprightly mood  
Thus alter we our measures.

O I could wish this place were strew'd with rose  
And that this bank were thickly thrumb'd with grass



as leave or fardenet ever was,  
in my Cloris her sweet self reposes.

O that these dewrose-water were for thee,  
if perfumes that hang upon these thickets,  
if the winds were all aromatics,  
if my wish could make them, they should be.

Mertilla. O that my bottle one whole diamond  
were  
with nectar that a fly might sup,  
one draught that thou might'st drink it up,  
arouse not good enough I fear.

O that all the pearl, the seas or Indias have  
well dissolv'd, and thereof made a lake,  
wherein bathing, and I by to take  
to see thee clearer than the wave.

Mertilla. O that the horns of all the herds we see  
of fine gold, or else that every horn  
like to that one of the unicorn,  
all these, not one but were thy see.

O that their hoofs were ivory, or some  
thing  
he pur'st ivory far more crystalline,  
with the food wherewith the gods do dine,  
p thy youth in a continual spring.

Mertilla. O that the sweets of all the flowers  
that grow  
pouring air would gather into one,

In gardens, fields, nor meadows leaving none,  
And all their sweetness upon thee would throw.

Cloris. Nay that those sweet harmonious strains  
we hear,  
Amongst the lively birds melodious lays,  
As they recording sit upon the sprays.  
Were hovering still for music at thine ears.

Mertilla. O that thy name were carv'd on every  
tree,  
That as these plants, still great, and greater grow,  
Thy name, dear nymph, might be enlarged so,  
That every grove and coppice might speak  
thee.

Cloris. Nay would thy name upon their rinds  
were set,  
And by the nymphs so oft and loudly spoken,  
As that the echoes to that language broken  
Thy happy name might hourly counterfeit.

Mertilla. O let the spring still put stern winter  
by,  
And in rich damask let her revel still,  
As it should do if I might have my will,  
That thou might'st still walk on her tapestry;  
And thus since fate no longer time allows  
Under this broad and shady sycamore,  
Where now we sit, as we have oft before,  
Those yet unborn shall offer up their vows.

## NYMPHAL V.

CLAIA, LELIPA, CLARINAX—a Hermit.

Of garlands, anadems, and wreaths  
'This nymphal nought but sweetness breathes,  
Presents you with delicious posies,  
And with powerful simples closes.

Cluia.

Here old Clarinax is set,  
dry simples sorting,  
whose experience we may get  
worthy is reporting;  
Lelipa, let us draw near,  
he his weeds is weathering,  
me powerful simples there  
e hath late been gathering.

Hail, gentle hermit, Jove thee speed,  
And have thee in his keeping,  
And ever help thee at thy need,  
Be thou awake or sleeping.

Clarinax. Ye pair of most celestial lights,  
O beauties three times burnish'd,  
Who could expect such heavenly wights  
With angels' features furnish'd?



What god doth guide you to this place,  
 To bless my homely bower ?  
 It cannot be but this high grace  
 Proceeds from some high power ;  
 The hours like handmaids still attend,  
 Disposed at your pleasure,  
 Ordained to no other end  
 But to await your leisure ;  
 The dews drawn up into the air,  
 And by your breaths perfumed,  
 In little clouds do hover there  
 As loth to be consumed :  
 The air moves not but as you please,  
 So much, sweet nymphs, it owes you,  
 The winds do cast them to their ease,  
 And amorously inclose you.

*Lelipa.* Be not too lavish of thy praise,  
 Thou good Elysian hermit,  
 Lest some to hear such words as these,  
 Perhaps may flattery term it ;  
 But of your simples something say,  
 Which may discourse afford us,  
 We know your knowledge lies that way,  
 With subjects you have stor'd us.

*Claia.* We know for physic yours you get,  
 Which thus you here are sorting,  
 And upon garlands we are set,  
 With wreaths and posies sporting :  
 Each garden great abundance yields,  
 Whose flowers invite us thither ;  
 But you abroad in groves and fields  
 Your med'cinal simples gather.

*Lelipa.* The chaplet and the anadem,  
 The curled tresses crowning,  
 We looser nymphs delight in them,  
 Not in your wreaths renowning.

*Clarinox.* The garland long ago was worn,  
 As time pleas'd to bestow it,  
 The laurel only to adorn  
 The conqueror and the poet.  
 The palm his due, who, uncontroul'd,  
 On danger looking gravely,  
 When fate had done the worst it could,  
 Who bore his fortunes bravely.  
 Most worthy of the oaken wreath  
 The ancients him esteemed,  
 Who in a battle had from death  
 Some man of worth redeemed.  
 About his temples grass they tie,  
 Himself that so behaved  
 In some strong siege by th' enemy  
 A city that hath saved.  
 A wreath of vervain heralds wear,  
 Amongst our garlands named,  
 Being sent that dreadful news to bear,  
 Offensive war proclaimed.  
 The sign of peace who first displays,  
 The olive wreath possesses :  
 The lover with the myrtle sprays  
 Adorns his crisped tresses.  
 In love the sad forsaken wight  
 The willow garland weareth :

The funeral man, besitting night,  
 The baleful cypress beareth.  
 To Pan we dedicate the pine,  
 Whose slips the shepherd graceth :  
 Again, the ivy and the vine  
 On his swollen Bacchus placeth.

*Claia.* The boughs and sprays, of which you  
 By you are rightly named :  
 But we with those of precious smell  
 And colours are enflamed ;  
 The noble ancients to excite  
 Men to do things worth crowning,  
 Not unperformed lest a rite  
 To heighten their renowning :  
 But they that those rewards devis'd,  
 And these brave wights that wore them,  
 By these base times though poorly priz'd,  
 Yet, hermit, we adore them.  
 The store of every fruitful field  
 We nymphs at will possessing,  
 From that variety they yield  
 Get flowers for every dressing :  
 Of which a garland I'll compose,  
 Then busily attend me,  
 These flowers I for that purpose chose,  
 But where I miss amend me.

*Clarinox.* Well, *Claia*, on with your intent,  
 Let's see how you will weave it ;  
 Which done, here for a monument,  
 I hope, with me you'll leave it.

*Claia.* Here damask roses, white and red,  
 Out of my lap first take I,  
 Which still shall run along the thread,  
 My chiefest flower this make I :  
 Amongst these roses in a row,  
 Next place I pinks in plenty,  
 These double daisies then for shew,  
 And will not this be dainty ?  
 The pretty pansy then I'll tie  
 Like stones some chain inchasing ;  
 And next to them, their near ally,  
 The purple violet placing.  
 The curious choice clove July flower,  
 Whose kinds hight the carnation,  
 For sweetness of most sovereign power,  
 Shall help my wreath to fashion ;  
 Whose sundry colours of one kind,  
 First from one root deriv'd,  
 Them in their several suits I'll bind,  
 My garland so contrived :  
 A course of cowslips then I'll stick,  
 And here and there (though sparsely)  
 The pleasant primrose down I'll prick,  
 Like pearls, which will show rarely ;  
 Then with these marygolds I'll make  
 My garland somewhat swelling,  
 These honey suckles then I'll take  
 Whose sweets shall help their smelling.  
 The lily and the flower-de-lis,  
 For colour much contenting,  
 For that I them do only prize,  
 They are but poor in scenting :



Sadil most dainty is  
 Ch with these in meetness;  
 Umbine compar'd to this,  
 Ch alike for sweetness;  
 n their natures only are  
 mbofs the border,  
 ore I'll take especial care  
 e them in their order:  
 williams, champions, sops-in-wine  
 another neatly:  
 ave I made this wreath of mine,  
 ished it featly.

e. Your garland thus you finish'd have;  
 s we have attended  
 isure, likewise let me crave  
 he like be friended.  
 andy garish flowers you choose,  
 ch our nymphs are flaunting,  
 they at feast and bridals use,  
 ht and smell enchanting:  
 let me of herbs I'll make,  
 hich though yours be braver,  
 s of mine I'll undertake  
 ot be short in favour.  
 asil then I will begin,  
 scent is wond'rous pleasing:  
 plantine I'll next put in,  
 use with sweetness seizing.  
 n my lavender I'll lay,  
 do put among it,  
 ere and there a leaf of bay,  
 still shall run along it.  
 nder, marjoram, and thyme,  
 used are for strewing,  
 yfop, as an herb most prime,  
 n my wreath bestowing.  
 palm and mint helps to make up  
 aplet, and for trial,  
 ry that so likes the cup,  
 ext it pennyroyal:  
 urnet shall bear up with this,  
 leaf I greatly fancy,  
 amomile doth not amiss,  
 avory and some tansy;  
 ere and there I'll put a sprig  
 mary into it:  
 ot too little nor too big,  
 ne if I can do it.

x. Chia, your garland is most gay,  
 s'd of curious flowers,  
 , most lovely Lelipa,  
 aplet is of yours;  
 lly gardens yours you get,  
 you your laps have laded;  
 ples are by nature set  
 es and fields untreaded.  
 ows most curiously you twine,  
 ne his place supplying,

But these rough harsher herbs of mine,  
 About me rudely lying;  
 Of which some dwarfish weeds there be,  
 Some of a larger stature,  
 Some by experience, as we see,  
 Whose names express their nature.  
 Here is my moly of much fame,  
 In magics often used,  
 Mugwort and night-shade for the same,  
 But not by me abused;  
 Here henbane, poppy, hemlock here,  
 Procuring deadly sleeping,  
 Which I do minister with fear,  
 Not fit for each man's keeping:  
 Here holy vervayne, and here dill,  
 'Gainst witchcraft much availing,  
 Here hornhound 'gainst the mad dog's ill  
 By biting, never failing.  
 Here mandrake that procureth love,  
 In pois'ning filters mixed,  
 And makes the barren fruitful prove,  
 The root about them fixed;  
 Inchanting lunary here lies,  
 In forceries excelling,  
 And this is dictam, which we prize,  
 Shot shafts and darts expelling;  
 Here saxifrage against the stone  
 That powerful is approved,  
 Here dodder, by whose help alone  
 Old agues are removed;  
 Here mercury, here helibore,  
 Old ulcers mundifying,  
 And shepherd's-purse, the flux most sore  
 That helps by the applying;  
 Here wholesome plantane, that the pain  
 Of eyes and ears appeases;  
 Here cooling sorrel that again  
 We use in hot diseases:  
 The med'cinable mallow here,  
 Assuaging sudden tumours,  
 The jagged polypodium there,  
 To purge old rotten humours;  
 Next these here egremony is,  
 That helps the serpent's biting,  
 The blessed betony by this,  
 Whose cures deserving writing:  
 This all-heal, and so nam'd of right,  
 New wounds so quickly healing;  
 A thousand more I could recite,  
 Most worthy of revealing,  
 But that I hinder'd am by fate,  
 And business doth prevent me,  
 To cure a mad man, which of late  
 Is from Felicia sent me.

Claia. Nay, then, thou hast enough to do,  
 We pity thy enduring,  
 For they are there infected so,  
 That they are past thy curing.



## NYMPHAL VI.

SILVIUS, HALCIUS, MELANTHUS.

A woodman, fisher, and a swain  
'This nymphal through with mirth maintain;  
Whose pleadings so the nymphs do please,  
'That presently they give them bays.

CLEAR had the day been from the dawn,  
All chequer'd was the sky,  
Thin clouds like scarfs of cobweb lawn  
Veil'd heaven's most glorious eye.  
The wind had no more strength than this,  
That leisurely it blew,  
To make one leaf the next to kiss,  
That closely by it grew.  
The rills that on the pebbles play'd  
Might now be heard at will;  
This world they only music made,  
Else every thing was still.  
The flowers like brave embroider'd girls,  
Look'd as they much desir'd,  
To see whose head with orient pearls  
Most curiously was tyr'd;  
And to itself the subtil air  
Such sovereignty assumes,  
That it receiv'd too large a share  
From nature's rich perfumes,  
When the Elysian youth were met,  
That were of most account,  
And to disport themselves were set  
Upon an easy mount:  
Near which, of stately fir and pine  
There grew abundant store,  
'The tree that weepeth turpentine,  
And shady sycamore.  
Amongst this merry youthful train  
A forester they had,  
A fisher, and a shepherd swain,  
A lively country lad:  
Betwixt which three a question grew,  
Who should the worthiest be,  
Which violently they pursue,  
Nor stickled would they be:  
'That it the company doth please  
This civil strife to slay,  
Freely to hear what each of these  
For his brave self could say.  
When first this forester, of all  
That Silvius had to name,  
'To whom the lot being cast doth fall,  
Doth thus begin the game.

*Silvius.* For my profession then, and for the  
life I lead,  
All others to excel, thus for myself I plead;  
I am the prince of sports, the forest is my seat,  
He's not upon the earth, for pleasure lives like me;  
The morn no sooner puts her rosy mantle on,  
But from my quiet lodge I instantly am gone,  
When the melodious birds from every bush and  
brier  
Of the wild spacious wastes, make a continual choir;  
The mottled meadows then, new varnish'd with  
the sun, [rise,  
Shoot up their spicy sweets upon the winds that  
In easily ambling gales, and softly seem to pace,  
That it the longer might their lusciousness em-  
brace.  
I am clad in youthful green, I other colours scorn,  
My silken bauldrick bears my bugle or my horn;  
Which setting to my lips, I wind so loud and shrill  
As makes the echoes shout from every neighbour-  
ing hill:  
My dog-hook at my belt, to which my Lyam's girth  
My sheaf of arrows by, my wood-knife by my side,  
My cross-bow in my hand, my gaddie or my rack  
To bend it when I please, or it I list to slack;  
My hound then in my Lyam, I by the wood-  
man's art [hang;  
Forecast where I may lodge the goodly hic-patt'd  
To view the grazing herds, so sundry times I use,  
Whereby the lostiest head I know my deer to track;  
And to unherd him then, I gallop o'er the green  
Upon my well breath'd nag, to cheer my earnest  
hound.  
Sometime I pitch my toils the deer alive to take.  
Sometime I like the cry, the deep mouth'd ket-  
nel make.  
Then underneath my horse, I stalk my game to  
strike,  
And with a single dog to hunt him hurt I like.  
The silvans are to me true subjects, I their king,  
The stately hart his hind doth to my presence  
bring,  
The buck his loved doe, the roe his tripping mate  
Before me to my bower, whereas I sit in state.



rads, hamadryads, the satyrs and the fawns,  
 at hide and seek before me on the lawns;  
 asking fairy oft, when horned Cynthia  
 shines,  
 ne as I walk dance wanton matachines;  
 nerous feather'd flocks, that the wild fo-  
 rests haunt,  
 lvan songs to me, in cheerful ditties chaunt;  
 des like ample shields, defend me from  
 the sun, [run;  
 h which me to refresh the gentle rivulets  
 : bubbling brook from any spring that falls,  
 the pebbles plays me pretty madrigals.  
 orn I climb the hills, where wholesome  
 winds do blow,  
 i tide to the vales, and shady groves below;  
 evening I again the crystal floods frequent,  
 re thus my life continually is spent.  
 es and great lords have palaces, so I  
 the forests here, my hall and gallery  
 and stately woods, which underneath are  
 plain; [again  
 ves my gardens are; the heath and downs  
 e and spacious walks. Then say all what  
 ye can,  
 after is still your only gallant man.

his speech scarce made an end,  
 they load with praise,  
 mphs most highly him commend,  
 w to give him bays:  
 w cry'd up of every one,  
 so but only he?  
 after's the man alone,  
 rthiest of the three.  
 me than th' other far more staid,  
 hem a while to pause,  
 e was more yet to be said,  
 ight deserve applause,  
 Halcius his turn next plys,  
 nce having won,  
 or the fisherman he cries,  
 is his plea begun.

No, forester, it so must not be borne  
 away,  
 what for himself the fisher first can say;  
 stal current streams continually I keep,  
 every pearl-pav'd ford, and every blue-  
 y'd deep,  
 e familiar are; when in my boat being set,  
 I take in hand, my angle and my net  
 e; like a prince myself in state I steer,  
 , now down the stream, now am I here,  
 now there,  
 it and the fraught myself; and at my ease  
 l me when I list, or in what place I please;  
 er-scaled shoals, about me in the streams,  
 as ye discern the atoms in the beams,  
 the shady bank where slender sallies grow.  
 lows their shag'd tops down t'wards the  
 vaters bow, [heat,  
 n with my boat to shield me from the  
 hoofing from my bag some prov'd especial  
 air,

The goodly well-grown trout I with my angle  
 strike,  
 And with my bearded wire I take the ravenous  
 pike, [away,  
 Of whom when I have hold he seldom breaks  
 Though at my line's full length, so long I let him  
 play  
 Till by my hand I find he well near weary'd be,  
 When softly by degrees I draw him up to me.  
 The lusty salmon too, I oft with angling take,  
 Which me above the rest most lordly sport doth  
 make,  
 Who feeling he is caught, such frisks and bounds  
 doth fetch, [stretch,  
 And by his very strength my line so far doth  
 As draws my floating cork down to the very  
 ground,  
 And wrestling of my rod, doth make my boat  
 turn round.  
 I never idle am, sometime I bait my weels,  
 With which by night I take the dainty silver eels,  
 And with my draught-net then, I sweep the  
 streaming flood, [mud,  
 And to my trammel next, and cast net from the  
 I beat the scaly brood; no hour I idly spend,  
 But weary'd with my work I bring the day to end.  
 The Naiades and Nymphs that in the rivers keep,  
 Which take into their care the store of every deep,  
 Amongst the flowery flags, the bullrushes and  
 reed, [breed)  
 That of the spawn have charge (abundantly to  
 Wellmounted upon swans, their naked bodies lend  
 To my discerning eye, and on my boat attend,  
 And dance upon the waves, before me (for my  
 sake) [make.  
 To th' music the soft wind upon the reeds doth  
 And for my pleasure more, the rougher gods of  
 seas  
 From Neptune's court send in the blue Neriades,  
 Which from his brackly realm upon the billows  
 ride, [tide,  
 And bear the rivers back with every streaming  
 Those billows 'gainst my boat, borne with de-  
 lightful gales,  
 Oft seeming as I row to tell me pretty tales,  
 Whilst loads of liquid pearl still load my labour-  
 ing oars, [shores:  
 As stretch'd upon the stream they strike me to the  
 The silent meadows seem delighted with my lays,  
 And sitting in my boat I sing my lass's praise.  
 Then let them that like, the forester up-cry,  
 Your noble fisher is your only man say I.

This speech of Halcius turn'd the tide,  
 And brought it so about,  
 That all upon the fisher cry'd,  
 That he would bear it out;  
 Him for the speech he made, to clap  
 Who lent him not a hand?  
 And said t'would be the waters' hap,  
 Quite to put down the land.  
 This while Melanthus silent sits,  
 (For so the shepherd hight)  
 And having heard these dainty wits,  
 Each pleading for his right:



To hear them honour'd in this wife,  
His patience doth provoke,  
When for a shepherd room, he cries,  
And for himself thus spoke

*Melanthus.* Well fisher you have done, and forester for you  
Your tale is neatly told, s'are both's to give you due.

And now my turn comes next, then hear a shepherd speak :

My watchfulness and care gives day scarce leave to break

But to the fields I haste, my folded flock to see,  
Where when I find, nor wolf, nor fox hath injured me,

I to my bottle strait, and soundly baste my throat,  
Which done, some country song or roundelay I rote

So merrily ; that to the music that I make,  
I force the lark to sing ere she be well awake ;  
Then Ball my cut-tail'd cur and I begin to play,  
He o'er my sheephook leaps, now th' one now th' other way.

Then on his hinder feet he doth himself advance,  
I tune, and to my note, my lively dog doth dance ;  
Then whistle in my fist, my fellow swains to call,  
Down go our hooks and scrips, and we to nine-holes fall,

At dust point, or at quoits, else are we at it hard,  
All false and cheating games, we shepherds are debar'd ;

Surveying of my sheep, if ewe or wether look  
As though it were amiss, or with my cur or crook

I take it, and when once I find what it doth ail,  
It hardly hath that hurt, but that my skill can heal ;  
And when my careful eye I cast upon my sheep,  
I sort them in my pens, and sorted so I keep :  
Those that are big'ft of bone, I still reserve for breed,

My cullings I put off, or for the chapman feed.  
When th' evening doth approach I to my bagpipe take,

And to my grazing flocks such music then I make,  
That they forbear to feed ; then me a king you see,

I playing go before, my subjects follow me ;

My bell wether most brave, before the rest doth stalk,  
The father of the flock, and after him doth walk  
My writhen headed ram, with posies crown'd in pride  
Fast to his crooked horns with ribbons neatly ty'd ;  
And at our shepherds board that's cut out of the ground,

My fellow swains and I together at it round  
With green cheese, clouted cream, with flawns and custards stor'd,

Whig, cyder, and with whey, I domineer a lord.  
When sheering time is come I to the river drive  
My goodly well fleec'd flocks, (by pleasure thus I thrive)

Which being wash'd at will, upon the sheering day,  
My wool I forth in locks, fit for the winder lay,  
Which upon lusty heaps into my cote I heave,  
That in the handling feels as soft as any sleeve ;  
When every ewe two lambs that yeaned hath that year, [wear ;

About her new shorn neck a chaplet then doth  
My tarbox, and my scrip, my bagpipe at my back,  
My sheephook in my hand, what can I say I lack ?  
He that a sceptre sway'd, a sheephook in his hand  
Hath not disdain'd to have ; for shepherds then I stand.

Then forester, and you my fisher, cease your strife,  
I say your shepherd leads your only merry life.

They had not cry'd the forester,  
And fisher up before,  
So much : but now the nymphs prefer  
The shepherd ten times more,  
And all the ging goes on his side,  
Their minion him they make,  
To him themselves they all apply,  
And all his party take ;  
Till some in their discretion cast,  
Since first the strife begun,  
In all that from them there had pass  
None absolutely won ;  
That equal honour they should share ;  
And their deserts to show,  
For each a garland they prepare,  
Which they on them bestow,  
Of all the choicest flowers that were  
Which purposely they gather,  
With which they crown them, parting there  
As they came first together.



## NYMPHAL VII.

FLORIMEL, LELIPA, NAIIS, CODRUS—a Ferryman.

The Nymphs the queen of love pursue,  
Which oft doth hide her from their view :  
But lastly from th' Elysian nation  
She banish'd is by proclamation.

*Florimel.*

Dea Lelipa, where hast thou been so long?  
Was't not enough for thee to do me wrong,  
To rob me of thyself, but with more spite  
To take my Naiis from me, my delight?  
Ye lazy girls, your heads where have ye laid,  
Whilst Venus here her antick pranks hath play'd?

Lelipa. Nay, Florimel, we should of you in-  
quire,

The only maiden, whom we all admire  
For beauty, wit, and chastity, that you  
Amongst the rest of all our virgin crew,  
In quest of her, that you so slack should be,  
And leave the charge to Naiis and to me.

Florimel. Y'are much mistaken, Lelipa, 'twas I,  
Of all the nymphs, that first did her descry,  
At our great hunting, when as in the chace  
Amongst the rest, methought I saw one face  
So exceeding fair, and curious, yet unknown,  
That I that face not possibly could own.  
And in the course, so goddess like a gait,  
Each step so full of majesty and state;  
That with myself, I thus resolv'd, that she  
Less than a goddess, surely, could not be.  
Thus as Idalia stedfastly I ey'd,  
A little nymph, that kept close by her side,  
I noted, as unknown as was the other,  
Which Cupid was disguis'd so by his mother,  
The little purblind rogue, if you had seen,  
You would have thought he verily had been  
One of Diana's votaries, so clad,  
He every thing so like a huntress had:  
And she had put false eyes into his head,  
That very well he might us all have sped.  
And still they kept together in the rear,  
But as the boy should have shot at the deer,  
He shot amongst the nymphs, which when I saw,  
Closer unto them I began to draw;  
And fell to hearken, when they nought suspecting,  
Because I saw them utterly neglecting,  
I heard her say, My little Cupid to't,  
Now, boy, or never, at the bevic shoot,

Have at them, Venus, quoth the boy anon,  
I'll pierce the proud'st, had she a heart of stone:  
With that I cry'd out, 'Treason, treason; when  
The nymphs, that were before, turning again  
To understand the meaning of this cry,  
They out of sight were banish'd presently.  
Thus but for me, the mother and the son,  
Here, in Elysium, had us all undone.

Naiis. Believe me, gentle maid, 'twas very well;  
But now hear me, my beauteous Florimel.  
Great Mars his lemman being cry'd out here,  
She to Felicia goes, still to be near  
Th' Elysian nymphs, for at us is her aim,  
The fond Felicians are her common game.  
I upon pleasure idly wand'ring thither,  
Something worth laughter from those fools to-  
gather,  
Found her, who thus had lately been surpris'd,  
Fearing the like, had her fair self disguis'd  
Like an old witch, and gave out to have skill  
In telling fortunes, either good or ill:  
And that more neatly she with them might close,  
She cut the corns of dainty ladies toes;  
She gave them physic either to cool or move  
them  
And powders too to make their sweethearts love  
them:

And her son Cupid as her zany went,  
Carrying her boxes, whom she often sent  
To know of her fair patients how they slept,  
By which means she and the blind archer crept  
Into their favours, who would often toy,  
And took delight in sporting with the boy;  
Which many times, amongst his waggish tricks,  
These wanton wenches in the bosom pricks;  
That they before which had some frantic fits,  
Were by his witchcraft quite out of their wits.  
Watching this wizard, my mind gave me skill  
She some impostor was, and that this skill  
Was counterfeit, and had some other end:  
For which discovery, as I did attend,  
Her wrinkled vizard being very thin,  
My piercing eye perceiv'd her clearer skin

R r



Through the thick rivels perfectly to shine;  
 When I perceiv'd a beauty so divine,  
 As that so clouded, I began to pry  
 A little nearer, when I chanc'd to 'spy  
 That pretty mole upon her cheek, which when  
 I saw; surveying every part again,  
 Upon her left hand I perceiv'd the scar  
 Which she received in the Trojan war:  
 Which when I found, I could not choose but smile;  
 She who again had noted me the while,  
 And, by my carriage, found I had descry'd her,  
 Slipp'd out of sight, and presently doth hide her.

*Lelipa.* Nay, then, my dainty girls, I make no doubt

But I myself as strangely found her out  
 As either of you both; in field and town,  
 When like a pedlar she went up and down:  
 For she had got a pretty handsome pack,  
 Which she had fardled neatly at her back:  
 And opening it, she had the perfect cry,  
 Come, my fair girls, let's see, what will you buy?  
 Here be fine night-masks, plaster'd well within,  
 To supple wrinkles, and to smooth the skin:  
 Here's crystal, coral, bugle, jet, in beads,  
 Cornelian bracelets, for my dainty maids:  
 Then perriwigs and searcloth gloves doth show,  
 To make their hands as white as swan or snow;  
 Then takes she forth a curious gilded box,  
 Which was not open'd but by double locks,  
 Takes them aside, and doth a paper spread,  
 In which was painting both for white and red;  
 And next a piece of silk, wherein there lies  
 For the decay'd, false breasts, false teeth, false eyes:  
 And all the while she's opening of her pack,  
 Cupid, with his wings bound close down to his back,  
 Playing the tumbler, on a table gets,  
 And shews the ladies many pretty feats.  
 I seeing behind him that he had such things;  
 For well I knew no boy but he had wings,  
 I view'd his mother's beauty, which to me  
 Less than a goddess said she could not be:  
 With that, quoth I to her, The other day,  
 As you do now, so one that came this way,  
 Shew'd me a neat piece, with the needle wrought,  
 How Mars and Venus were together caught  
 By polt-foot Vulcan in an iron net;  
 I griev'd me after that I chanc'd to let  
 It go from me; whereat waxing red,  
 Into her hamper she hung down her head,  
 As she had stoop'd some novelty to seek,  
 But 'twas indeed to hide her blushing cheek:  
 When she her trinkets trusleth up anon,  
 Ere we were 'ware, and instant ly was gone.

*Flori-mel.* But hark you, nymphs, amongst our idle prate,

'Tis current news through the Elysian state,  
 That Venus and her son were lately seen  
 Here in Elysiun, whence they oft have been  
 Banish'd by our edict, and yet still merry  
 Were here in public row'd o'er at the ferry,  
 Where, as 'tis said, the ferryman and she  
 Had much discourse, she was so full of glee,

Codrus much wond'ring at the blind boy's b

*Nais.* And what it was, that easil; you may  
 Codrus himself comes rowing here at hand.

*Lelipa.* Codrus, come hither, let your w  
 stand,

I hope upon you ye will take no state,  
 Because two gods have grac'd your boat of 1  
 Good ferryman, I pray thee let us hear  
 What talk they had, aboard thee whilst they

*Codrus.* Why thus, fair nymphs,  
 As I a fare had lately past,  
 And thought that side to ply,  
 I heard one, as it were in haste,  
 A boat, a boat, to cry;  
 Which as I was about to bring,  
 And came to view my freight,  
 Thought I, what more than heavenly thing  
 Hath fortune hither brought?  
 She seeing mine eyes still on her were,  
 Soon, smilingly, quoth she,  
 Sirrah! look to your rudder there,  
 Why look'st thou thus at me?  
 And nimbly stepp'd into my boat,  
 With her a little lad  
 Naked and blind, yet did I note,  
 That bow and shafts he had,  
 And two wings to his shoulders fixt,  
 Which stood like little sails,  
 With far more various colours mixt  
 Than be your peacocks tails:  
 I seeing this little dapper elf  
 Such arms as these to bear,  
 Quoth I, thus softly to myself,  
 What strange thing have we here?  
 I never saw the like, thought I,  
 'Tis more than strange to me,  
 To have a child have wings to fly,  
 And yet want eyes to see;  
 Sure this is some devised toy,  
 Or it transform'd hath been,  
 For such a thing, half bird, half boy,  
 I think was never seen:  
 And in my boat I turn'd about,  
 And wistly view'd the lad.  
 And clearly saw his eyes were out,  
 I hough bow and shafts he had.  
 As wistly she did me behold,  
 How lik'st thou him? quoth she.  
 Why, well, quoth I, and better should,  
 Had he but eyes to see.  
 How say'st thou? honest friend, quoth she  
 Wilt thou a prentice take?  
 I think, in time, though blind he be,  
 A ferryman he'll make.  
 To guide my passage boat, quoth I,  
 His fine lands were not made,  
 He hath been bred too wantonly  
 To undertake my trade.  
 Why help him to a master then,  
 Quoth she, such youths be scarce,  
 It cannot be but there be men  
 That such a boy do want.



I, when you your best have done,  
 ter way you'll find,  
 o a harper bind your son,  
 nost of them are blind.  
 vely mother and the boy,  
 'd heartily thereat,  
 ome nimble jest or toy,  
 r my homely chat.  
 I, I pray you let me know,  
 ie thus first to light,  
 ome sickness, hurt, or blow,  
 'd of his sight?  
 re, quoth she, he thus was born.  
 unge! born blind! quoth I;  
 ou put this as a scorn,  
 simplicity,  
 she, Thus blind I did him bear.  
 I, If't be no lie,  
 e's the first blind man I'll swear,  
 'tis'd archery.  
 I quoth she, nay there you miss,  
 ll a boy as now,  
 e elder than he is  
 is will him allow.  
 o elder than he is!  
 re he is some sprite,  
 eply'd. Again at this  
 ldes laugh'd outright.  
 ystery to me,  
 er, and yet blind!  
 again, how can it be,  
 his mark should find?  
 s, quoth she, whose will it was  
 should want his sight,  
 in something should surpass,  
 nspense their spite,  
 n this gift, though at his game  
 hot in the dark,  
 should have so certain aim,  
 o miss his mark.

By this time we were come ashore,  
 When me my fare she pay'd,  
 But not a word she utter'd more,  
 Nor had I her bewray'd.  
 Of Venus nor of Cupid I  
 Before did never hear,  
 But that a fisher coming by  
 Then told me who they were.

*Florimel.* Well; against them then proceed  
 As before we have decreed,  
 That the goddess, and her child,  
 Be for ever hence exil'd,  
 Which, Lelipa, you shall proclaim  
 In our wife Apollo's name.

*Lelipa.* To all th' Elysian nymphish nation,  
 Thus we make our proclamation,  
 Against Venus and her son,  
 For the mischiefs they have done:  
 After the next last of May,  
 The fix'd and peremptory day,  
 If she or Cupid shall be found  
 Upon our Elysian ground,  
 Our edict mere rogues shall make them,  
 And as such, whoe'er shall take them,  
 Them shall into prison put;  
 Cupid's wings shall then be cut,  
 His bow broken, and his arrows  
 Given to boys to shoot at sparrows,  
 And this vagabond be sent,  
 Having had due punishment,  
 To mount Cytheron, which first fed him,  
 Where his wanton mother bred him,  
 And there out of her protection:  
 Daily to receive correction;  
 Then her passport shall be made,  
 And to Cyprus isle convey'd,  
 And at Paphos in her shrine,  
 Where she hath been held divine,  
 For her offences found contrite,  
 There to live an anchorite.



## N Y M P H A L VIII.

MERTILLA, CLAIA, CLORIS.

A Nymph is married to a Fay,  
Great preparations for the day;  
All rites of nuptials they recite you,  
To the bridal and invite you.

*Mertilla.*

BUT will our Tita wed this Fay?

*Claia.* Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

*Mertilla.* But why should she bestow herself  
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

*Claia.* Why by her smallness you may find,  
That she is of the fairy kind,  
And therefore apt to choose her make  
Whence she did her beginning take:  
Besides, he's deft and wond'rous airy,  
And of the noblest of the fairy,  
Chief of the crickets of much fame,  
In fairy a most ancient name,  
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,  
The pretty wench is woo'd and won.

*Cloris.* If this be so, let us provide  
The ornaments to fit our bride;  
For they knowing she doth come  
From us in Elysium,  
Queen Mah will look she should be drest  
In those attires we think our best;  
'Therefore some curious things let's give her,  
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

*Mertilla.* I'll have a jewel for her ear,  
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear)  
'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein  
Of Cupids I will have a twin,  
Which struggling, with their wings shall break  
The bubble, out of which shall leak  
So sweet a liquor as shall move  
Each thing that smells, to be in love.

*Claia.* Believe me, girl, this will be fine,  
And to this pendent, then take mine;  
A cup in fashion of a fly,  
Of the lynx's piercing eye,  
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,  
Shot in through the clearest day,

Whose brightness Venus' self did move,  
Therein to put her drink of love,  
Which for more strength she did distil,  
The limbeck was a phoenix' quill;  
At this cup's delicious brink,  
A fly approaching but to drink,  
Like amber, or some precious gum,  
It transparent doth become.

*Cloris.* For jewels for her ears she's sped:  
But for a dressing for her head  
I think for her I have a tire,  
That all fairies shall admire:  
The yellows in the full-blown rose,  
Which in the top it doth inclose,  
Like drops of gold-ore shall be hung  
Upon her tresses, and among  
Those scatter'd seeds (the eye to please)  
The wings of the cantharides:  
With some o' th' rainbow that doth rail  
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:  
Whose dainty colours being mix'd  
With th' other beauties, and so fix'd,  
Her lovely tresses shall appear  
As though upon a flame they were.  
And to be sure she shall be gay,  
We'll take those feathers from the jay;  
About her eyes in circlets set,  
To be our Tita's coronet.

*Mertilla.* Then, dainty girls, I make no dou  
But we shall neatly send her out:  
But let's amongst ourselves agree,  
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

*Claia.* Of pansy, pink, and primrose leaves,  
Most curiously laid on in threaves:  
And all embroidery to supply,  
Powder'd with flowers of rosemary:  
A trail about the skirt shall run,  
'The silk-worm's finest, newly spun:  
And every seam the nymphs shall sew  
With th' smallest of the spinner's clue:



ing done their work, again  
The church shall bear her train :  
For our Tita we will make  
A slough of a snake,  
Living as the wind doth blow,  
All it like tinsel show.

And being led to meet her mate,  
Sure that she want no state,  
From the peacock's tail we'll shred,  
Hers from the pheasant's head :  
In the plume of (so high price)  
Our bird of paradise.  
To make up our nymphs shall ply  
A ionic canopy,  
For her head (by our equerry)  
Be fittest of the fairy.

2. But all this while we have forgot  
Our neighbours, have we not ?

We had, for those I'll fit her now,  
I be of the lady-cow :  
A shell upon her back  
In strew'd with spots of black ;  
She holds a stately pace,  
Will wonderfully grace.

But then for music of the best,  
To be thought on for the feast.

3. The nightingale of birds most choice  
The best shall strain her voice ;  
This bird to make a set,  
Is, merl, and robinet :  
The linnet, and the thrush,  
Be a choir of every bush.  
All music, we will keep  
The titmouse, which to sleep  
The bride, when she's alone,  
Into their chambers gone.  
Those upon ropes that walk  
Over, from stalk to stalk,  
Doing fairy tricks shall play  
During of the wedding day.

But for the bride-bed, what were fit,  
Has not yet been talk'd of yet.

Of leaves of roses white and red,  
The covering of her bed :  
Lilies, vallens, tester, all,  
The flower imperial ;  
The fringe, it all along  
The harebells shall be hung ;  
All the pillows be,  
Even stuff of the butterfly.

4. Thus far we handsomely have gone,  
Our prothalamion,  
A song, of all the rest,  
That much must grace our feast.  
A while then to sing it  
Before the assembly bring it ;  
The organ must do it,  
The dainty girls set to it.

*Claia.* This day must Tita married be,  
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

*Mertilla.* But is it certain that ye say ?  
Will she wed the noble Fay ?

*Cloris.* Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dew,  
Such as the gods at banquets use :  
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,  
And make proud the poets with posies :  
Shoot your sweets into the air,  
Charge the morning to be fair,

*Claia.* } For our Tita is this day  
*Mertilla.* } To be married to a Fay.

*Claia.* By whom then shall our bride be led  
To the temple to be wed ?

*Mertilla.* Only by yourself and I,  
Who that roomth should else supply ?

*Cloris.* Come, bright girls, come all together,  
And bring all your off'rings hither,  
Ye most brave and buxom bevy,  
All your goodly graces levy,  
Come in majesty and state  
Our bridal here to celebrate.

*Mertilla.* } For our Tita is this day  
*Claia.* } Married to a noble Fay.

*Claia.* Whose lot will't be the way to strow,  
On which to church our bride must go ?

*Mertilla.* That I think as fit'st of all,  
To lively Lelipa must fall.

*Cloris.* Summon all the sweets that are,  
To this nuptial to repair ;  
Till with their throngs themselves they smother,  
Strongly stifling one another ;  
And at last they all consume,  
And vanish in one rich perfume.

*Mertilla.* } For our Tita is this day  
*Claia.* } Married to a noble Fay.

*Mertilla.* By whom must Tita married be,  
'Tis fit we all to that should see ?

*Claia.* The priest he purposely doth come,  
Th' Arch Flamen of Elysiun.

*Cloris.* With tapers let the temples shine,  
Sing to Hymen hymns divine ;  
Load the altars till there rise  
Clouds from the burnt sacrifice,  
With your censers fling aloof  
Their smells, till they ascend the roof.

*Mertilla.* } For our Tita is this day  
*Claia.* } Married to a noble Fay.

*Mertilla.* But coming back when she is wed,  
Who breaks the cake above her head ?



*Claia.* That shall Mertilla, for she's tallest,  
And our Tita is the smallest.

*Cloris.* Violins, strike up aloud,  
Ply the gittern, scour the crowd,  
Let the nimble hand belabour  
The whistling pipe, and drumbling tabor:  
'To the full the bagpipe rack,  
'Till the swelling leather crack.

*Mertilla.* } For our Tita is this day  
*Claia* } Married to a noble Fay.

*Claia.* But when to dine she takes her seat,  
What shall be our Tita's meat?

*Mertilla.* The gods this feast, as to begin,  
Have sent of their ambrosia in.

*Cloris.* Then serve we up the straw's rich berry.  
The respas, and Elysian cherry:  
The virgin honey from the flowers  
In Hibla, wrought in Flora's bowers:

Full bowls of nectar, and no girl  
Carouse but in dissolved pearl.

*Mertilla.* } For our Tita is this day  
*Claia.* } Married to a noble Fay.

*Claia.* But when night comes, and she must  
go  
To bed, dear nymphs, what must we do?

*Mertilla.* In the posset must be brought,  
And points be from the bridegroom caught.

*Cloris.* In masks, in dances, and delight,  
And rare banquets spend the night:  
Then about the room we ramble,  
Scatter nuts, and for them scramble:  
Over stools and tables tumble,  
Never think of noise nor rumble.

*Mertilla.* } For our Tita is this day  
*Claia.* } Married to a noble Fay.

## NYMPHAL IX.

### MUSES and NYMPHS.

The Muses spend their lofty lays,  
Upon Apollo and his praise;  
The Nymphs with gems his altars build.  
This Nymphal is with Phœbus fill'd.

A TEMPLE of exceeding state,  
The nymphs and muses rearing,  
Which they to Phœbus dedicate,  
Elysium ever cheering:  
These muses and these nymphs contend  
This phœbe to Phœbus offering,  
Which side the other should transcend,  
These praise, those prizes proffering.  
And at this long appointed day,  
Each one their largess bringing,  
Those nine fair sisters led the way,  
Thus to Apollo singing.

*The Muses.* Thou youthful god that guid'st the  
hours,  
The muses thus implore thee,  
By all those names, due to thy powers,  
By which we still adore thee  
Sol, Titan, Delius, Cynthia, styles,  
Much rev'rence that have won thee,

Deriv'd from mountains as from isle,  
Where worship first was done thee,  
Rich Delos brought thee forth divine,  
Thy mother thither driven,  
At Delphos thy most sacred shrine,  
Thy oracles were given,  
In thy swift course from east to west,  
The minutes miss to find thee,  
That bear'st the morning on thy breast,  
And leav'st the night behind thee.  
Up to Olympus' top so steep,  
Thy startling couriers currying;  
Thence down to Neptune's vally deep  
Thy flaming chariot hurrying.  
(c) Eos, Ethon, Phlegon, Pirois, proud,  
Their lightning manes advancing,  
Breathing forth fire on every cloud  
Upon their journey prancing:

(c) The horses drawing the chariot of the sun.



sparkling hoofs with gold for speed  
 od, to 'scape all dangers,  
 they upon ambrosia feed  
 r celestial mangera.

(b) Colatina, that of hills  
 lefs, and hath keeping  
 mpha, the clear Oreades wills  
 and thee from thy sleeping.

(c) Demogorgon feels thy might,  
 nes about him heating;  
 hrough his bosom dart'ft thy light,  
 the centre sweating.

but touch the golden lyre,  
 (d) Minos mov'ft to hear thee;  
 cks feel in themselves a fire.

se up to come near thee,  
 ou that physics didst devise,  
 by their natures calling;  
 ich some opening at thy rise,  
 ofing at thy falling.

yacinth, thy most lov'd lad,  
 with the sledge thou slewest,  
 n a flower the life he had,

root thou still renewest:

aphne thy beloved tree,  
 corns thy father's thunder,

y dear (e) Clitia yet we see,  
 ne can from thee sunder;  
 thy bright bow that arrow flew  
 h'd from thy golden quiver)

that fell serpent Python slew,  
 ming thee for ever.

(f) Actian and the Pythian games  
 d were to praise thee,

ill th' Apollinary names

a' ancients thought could raise thee.

re upon this mountain high

re we'll have erected,

thou the god of poesy

are to have protected:

thy lov'd Cynthus that shall share,

all his shady bowers,

icia's Cragus shall compare

his, for thee, of ours.

s having sung, the nymphish crew

in amongst them thronging,

g they might have the due

vas to them belonging,

they, Ye Muses, as divine,

his glories graced,

is we must build the shrine

in they must be placed:

of those precious gems we'll make  
 ature can afford us,

from that plenty we will take,

with we here have stor'd us:

ious Phœbus! most divine!

altars, then we hallow,

with those stones we build a shrine

e our wise Apollo.

he mountain first saluting the sun at his rising.

pposed the god of earth.

ie of the judges of hell.

nymph lov'd of Apollo, and by him changed in-

ner.

ays or games in honour of Apollo.

*The Nymphs.* No gem from rocks, seas, running  
 streams,

(Their numbers let us muster)

But hath from thy most perfect beams

The virtue and the lustre;

The diamond, the king of gems,

The first is to be placed,

That glory is of diadems,

Them gracing, by them graced:

In whom thy power the most is seen,

The raging fire refelling:

The emerald then, most deeply green,

For beauty most excelling,

Resisting poison often prov'd

By those about that wear it.

The cheerful ruby then, much lov'd

That doth revive the spirit,

Whose kind to large extensure grown

The colour so inflamed,

Is that admired mighty stone

The carbuncle that's named,

Which from it such a flaming light

And radiancy ejecteth,

That in the very darkest night

The eye to it directeth.

The yellow jacinth, strengthening sense,

Of which who hath the keeping,

No thunder hurts nor pestilence,

And much provoketh sleeping.

The crysolite that doth resist

Thirst, prov'd never-failing,

The purple-colour'd amethyst,

'Gainst strength of wine prevailing:

The verdant gay green smaragdus,

Most sovereign over passion:

The sardonyx, approv'd by us

To master incantation.

Then that celestial colour'd stone

The saphyr, heavenly wholly,

Which worn, there weariness is none,

And cureth melancholy;

The lazulus whose pleasant blue

With golden veins is graced;

The jaspis of so various hue,

Amongst our other placed;

The onyx from the ancients brought,

Of wond'rous estimation,

Shall in amongst the rest be wrought

Our sacred shrine to fashion;

The topaz we'll stick here and there,

And sea-green colour'd beryl,

And turcoise, which who haps to bear

Is often kept from peril:

The selenite, of Cynthia's light

So nam'd, with her still ranging,

Which as she wanes or waxeth bright

Its colours so are changing.

With opals more than any one

We'll deck thine altar fuller,

For that of every precious stone

It doth retain some colour.

With bunches of pearl paragon

Thine altar underpropping,

Whose base is the cornelian,

Strong bleeding often stopping:



With th' agate very oft that is  
Cut strangely in the quarry,  
As nature meant to shew in this,  
How she herself can vary :  
With worlds of gems from mines and seas  
Elysium well might store us,

But we content ourselves with these  
That readiest lie before us.  
And thus, O Phœbus! most divine,  
Thine altars still we hallow,  
And to thy godhead rear this shrine,  
Our only wise Apollo.

## NYMPHAL X.

*Naiis, Claia, Corbilus, Satyr.*

A Satyr on Elysium lights,  
Whose ugly shape the Nymphs affrights,  
Yet when they hear his just complaint,  
They make him an Elysian saint.

*Corbilus.*

WHAT; breathless nymphs? bright virgins let me  
What sudden cause constrains ye to this haste?  
What have you seen that should affright you so?  
What might it be from which ye fly so fast?  
I see your faces full of pallid fear,  
As though some peril follow'd on your flight;  
Take breath a while, and quickly let me hear  
Into what danger ye have lately light.

*Naiis.* Never were poor distressed girls so glad,  
As when kind, loved Corbilus we saw,  
When our much haste us so much weak'ned had,  
That scarcely we our wearied breaths could draw.  
In this next grove under an aged tree,  
So fell a monster lying there we found,  
As till this day, our eyes did never see,  
Nor ever came on the Elysian ground.  
Half man, half goat, he seem'd to us in shew,  
His upper parts our human shape doth bear,  
But he's a very perfect goat below,  
His crooked cambrils arm'd with hoof and hair.

*Claia.* Through his lean chops a chattering he  
doth make,  
Which stirs his staring beastly drivell'd beard,  
And his sharp horns he seem'd at us to shake  
Canst thou then blame us though we were afraid.

*Corbilus.* Surely it seems some Satyr this should  
Come and go back and guide me to the place,  
Be not afraid, ye are safe enough with me,  
Silly and harmless be their sylvan race.

*Claia.* How, Corbilus; a Satyr do you say?  
How should he over high Parnassus hit?  
Since to these fields there's none can find the way,  
But only those the Muses will permit.

*Corbilus.* 'Tis true; but oft the sacred sisters  
The silly Satyr, by whose plainness they  
Are taught the world's enormities to trace,  
By beastly means abominable way;  
Besides he may be banish'd his own home  
By this base time, or be so much distressed,  
That he the craggy by-clift hill hath clome  
To find out these more pleasant fields of rest.

*Naiis.* Yonder he sits, and seems himself to bow  
At our approach; what, doth our presence awe  
him?

Methinks he seems not half so ugly now,  
As at the first, when I and Claia saw him,

*Corbilus.* 'Tis an old Satyr, nymph, I now discern,  
Sadly he sits, as he were sick or lame,  
His looks would say, that we may eas'ly learn  
How, and from whence, he to Elysium came.  
Satyr, these fields how cam'st thou first to find?  
What fate first shew'd thee this most happy shore?  
When never any of thy sylvan kind  
Set foot on the Elysian earth before?

*Satyr.* O never ask, how I came to this place,  
What cannot strong necessity find out?  
Rather bemoan my miserable case,  
Constrain'd to wander the wide world about.  
With wild Silvanus and his woody crew,  
In forests I, at liberty and free,  
Liv'd in such pleasure as the world ne'er knew,  
Nor any rightly can conceive but we.  
This jocund life we many a day enjoy'd,  
Till this last age, these beastly men forth brought.  
That all those great and goodly woods destroy'd,  
Whose growth their grandfathers with such suc-  
cess sought,



For Felicia which was but of late  
 paradise, that never had her peer,  
 now in that most lamentable state,  
 that a sylvan will inhabit there;  
 in the soft and most delicious shade,  
 of summer we were wont to play,  
 the long day too short for us was made,  
 the hours so flily stole away;  
 Felicia's light, and on the pleasant lawn,  
 the fayr we were wont to chase,  
 the nimble cloven-footed fawn,  
 the plain durst boldly bid the base.  
 the sportive nymphs, with shouts and laughter  
 took

the sand valleys in their wanton play,  
 the echoes, their last words that took,  
 the last they louder were than they.  
 the high wood, and the lower spring,  
 the deer, in many a sudden shower;  
 the choir of birds oft wonted were to sing,  
 the ring furnace wholly doth devour;  
 For Felicia, but now quite defac'd,  
 her raveries gone wherein she did abound,  
 the shady groves, when she was highly grac'd  
 the odly oak, ash, elm, and beeches crown'd;  
 from heaven their judgment blinded is,  
 no reason it could never be,  
 they might have clearly seen by this,  
 the plagues their next posterity shall see.  
 the infant on the mother's lap  
 the fire shall be so sore distress,  
 till it draws the lank and empty pap,  
 her lips shall freeze unto the breast;  
 the king cattle which their warm stall want,  
 the bleak winter's northern wind oppress,  
 the crows and stouer waxing thin and scant,  
 the gry crows shall with their carrion feast.  
 the cutting timber wherewith they should  
 build,  
 the forest in Felicia found,  
 enforc'd upon the open field  
 the hem caves for houses in the ground:  
 thus robb'd of all her rich attire,  
 and bare herself to heaven doth shew,  
 from thence that Jove would dart his fire  
 the wretches that disrob'd her so;

This beastly brood by no means may abide  
 The name of their brave ancestors to hear,  
 By whom their sordid slavery is descri'd,  
 So unlike them as though not theirs they were;  
 Nor yet they sense, or understanding have,  
 Of those brave Muses that their country song,  
 But with false lips ignobly do deprave  
 The right and honour that to them belong;  
 This cruel kind thus viper-like devour  
 That fruitful soil which them too fully fed  
 The earth doth curse the age and every hour  
 Again, that it these viperous monsters bred.  
 I seeing the plagues that shortly are to come  
 Upon this people, clearly them forlook:  
 And thus am light into Elysium,  
 To whose strait search I wholly me betook.

*Nais.* Poor silly creature, come along with us,  
 Thou shalt be free of the Elysian fields:  
 Be not dismay'd, nor inly grieved thus,  
 This place content in all abundance yields.  
 We to the cheerful presence will thee bring  
 Of Jove's dear daughters, where in shades they sit,  
 Where thou shalt hear those sacred sisters sing  
 Most heavenly hymns, the strength and life of wit.

*Clais.* Where to the Delphian God upon their  
 lyres  
 His priests seem ravish'd in his height of praise:  
 Whilst he is crowning his harmonious choirs  
 With circling garlands of immortal bays.

*Cerberus.* Here live in bliss, till thou shalt see  
 those slaves  
 Who thus set virtue and desert at nought,  
 Some sacrific'd upon their grandsires graves,  
 And some like beasts in markets sold and bought.  
 Of fools and madmen leave thou then the care,  
 That have no understanding of their state:  
 For whom high heaven doth so just plagues pre-  
 pare,  
 That they to pity shall convert thy hate.  
 And to Elysium be thou welcome then,  
 Until those base Felicians thou shalt hear,  
 By that vile nation captived again,  
 That many a glorious age their captives were.



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# **NOAH'S FLOOD, &c.**

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**To the Right Noble,**

**RELIGIOUS, AND TRULY VIRTUOUS LADY,**

**MARY, COUNTESS OF DORSET,**

Worthy of all titles and attributes, that were ever given to the most renowned of her Sex, and of me most deservedly to be honoured. To her fame and memory, I consecrate these my Divine Poems, with all the wishes of a grateful heart, for the preservation of her, and her children, the succeeding hopes of the ancient and noble family of the Sackvilles.

**Her Servant,**

**MICHAEL DRAYTON.**



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## NOAH'S FLOOD.

---

AL and all-working God, which wast  
he world, whose frame by thee was cast,  
utify'd with beaming lamps above,  
great wisdom set how they shall move  
e the seasons, equally to all,  
come and go as they do rise and fall,  
mighty Maker, O do thou infuse  
and spirit into my labouring muse,  
may sing (what but from Noah thou hid'st)  
atest thing that ever yet thou didst  
e creation; that the world may see  
e is heav'nly, and (a) deriv'd from thee.  
that glorious angel which since kept  
geous Eden, where once Adam slept,  
empting Eve was taken from his side;  
great God, not only be my guide,  
h his fiery fauchon still be nigh,  
affliction far from me, that I  
free soul thy wond'rous works may show,  
e that deluge shall my numbers flow,  
the state wherein this earth then stood,  
art race, the universal flood.  
fruitful earth being lusty then and strong,  
a woman, fit for love, and young;  
t forth her creatures mighty, not a thing  
om her, but a continual spring  
increase it, and to make it flourish,  
herself she had that power to nourish  
creation, that her children then  
t the instant of their birth, half men.  
en begot so soon, and got so long,  
arcely one a thousand men among,  
ten thousand in his time might see,  
om his loins deriv'd their lineage.  
l-womb'd women very hardly went  
ir nine months, abundant nature lent  
ruit such thriving, as that once wax'd quick,  
ge-limb'd mother, neither faint nor sick,  
her hour by her abundant health,  
so play'd the unthrif with her wealth,  
ligally lavishing her store  
he teeming earth, then wasting more  
had need of: (b) not the smallest weed  
in that first age, but the natural seed

love Musa.

be multitudes and bravery of the earth before the

Made it a plant, to these now since the flood,  
So that each garden look'd then like a wood:  
Beside, in med'cine simples had that power,  
'That none need then the planetary hour  
To help their working, they so juicy were,  
'The winter and the spring-time of the year  
Seem'd all one season: that most stately tree  
Of Libanus, which many times we see  
Mention'd for tallness in the holy writ,  
Whose tops the clouds oft in their wand'ring hit,  
Were shrubs to those then on the earth that grew,  
Nor the most sturdy storm that ever blew  
Their big-grown bodies to the earth o'er shook,  
Their mighty roots so certain fast'ning took;  
Cover'd with grass more soft than any silk,  
'The trees dropt honey, and the springs gush'd  
milk:

The flower-fleec'd meadow, and the gorgeous grove,  
Which should smell sweetest in their bravery strove;  
No little shrub but it some gum let fall,  
To make the clear air aromatical:  
Whilst to the little birds melodious strains  
The trembling rivers tript along the plains.  
Shades serv'd for houses, neither heat nor cold  
Troubled the young, nor yet annoy'd the old:  
The bat'ning earth all plenty did afford,  
And without tilling, of her own accord;  
That living idly without taking pain.  
(Like to the first) made every man a Cain.  
Seven hundred years a man's age scarcely then,  
Of mighty size so were these long-liv'd men,  
'The flesh of lions, and of bulls they tore,  
Whose skins those giants for their garments wore.  
Yet not term'd giants only, for that they  
Excell'd men since, in bigness every way:  
Nor that they were so puissant of their hand,  
But that the race wherewith the earth was mann'd,  
So wrathful, proud, and tyrannous were then,  
Not (c) dreading God, nor yet respecting men;  
For they knew neither magistrate nor law,  
Nor could conceive ought that their wills could awe;  
For which wax'd proud, and haughty in their  
thought,  
They set th' eternal living God at nought:

(c) Josephus,



Mankind increasing greatly every day,  
 Their fine increase in numbers more than they;  
 Seven ages had past Adam, when men prone  
 To tyranny, and no man knew his own :  
 His sensual will then followed, and his lust  
 His only law, in those times to be just  
 Was to be wicked ; God so quite forgot,  
 As what was damn'd, that in that age was not.  
 With one another's flesh themselves they fill'd,  
 And drank the blood of those whom they had kill'd.  
 They dar'd to do what none should dare to name,  
 They never heard of such a thing as shame.  
 Man mixt with man, (d) and daughter, sister, mo-  
 ther,

Were to these wicked men as any other.  
 To rip their women's wombs, they would not sick,  
 When they perceiv'd once they were waxed quick;  
 Feeding on that from their own loins that sprung;  
 Such wickedness these monsters was among,  
 That they us'd beasts, digressing from all kind ;  
 That the Almighty pond'ring in his mind  
 Their beastliness, (from his intent) began  
 'I' repent himself that he created man.  
 Their sins ascending the Almighty's seat,  
 Th' eternal throne with horror seem'd to threat ;  
 Still daring God a war with them to make,  
 And of his power no knowledge seem'd to take :  
 So that he vow'd, the world he would destroy,  
 Which he revealed only to just Noy.

For but that man, none worthy was to know,  
 Nor he the manner to none else would show.  
 For since with stars he fir'd high heaven enchas'd,  
 And Adam first in paradise had plac'd,  
 Amongst all those inhabiting the ground,  
 He not a man so just as Noah had found.  
 For which he gave him charge an ark to build,  
 And by those workmen which were deepest skill'd  
 In architecture, to begin the frame,  
 And thus th' Almighty taught just Noah the same.  
 (e) Three hundred cubits the whole length to be,  
 Fifty the breadth, the height (least of the three)  
 Full thirty cubits ; only with one light  
 A cubit broad, and just so much in height :  
 And in three stories bad him to divide  
 The inner room, and in the vessel's side  
 To place a door, commanding Noah to take  
 Great care thereof : and this his ark to make  
 Of Gopher wood, which some will need'sly have  
 To be the pine tree, and commandment gave  
 That the large planks whereof it was compos'd,  
 When they by art should curiously be clos'd,  
 Should with bitumen both within and out  
 Be deeply pitch'd, the vessel round about,  
 So strong a glew as could not off be worn,  
 The rage of winds and waters that doth scorn ;  
 Like to a chest or coffer it was fram'd,  
 For which an ark most fitly it was nam'd ;  
 Nor like a ship, for that a ship below  
 Is ridg'd and narrow, upward but doth grow  
 Wider and wider : but this mighty bark,  
 Built by just Noah, this universal ark,  
 Held one true breadth i' th' bottom as above,  
 That when this frame upon the flood should move,

On the fall'n waters it should float secure,  
 As it did first the falling shower endure :  
 And close above, so to bear out the weather  
 For forty days when it should rain together.

A hundred years the ark in building was,  
 So long a time e'er he could bring to pass  
 This work intended ; all which time just Noy  
 Cry'd, that th' Almighty would the world de-  
 stroy :

And as this good man used many a day  
 To walk abroad, his building to survey,  
 These cruel giants coming in to see,  
 (In their thoughts wond'ring what this work  
 should be)

He with erected hands to them doth cry,

" (f) Either repent ye, or ye all must die.

" Your blasphemies, your beastliness, your wrong,

" Are heard to heaven, and with a thousand  
 " tongues

" Shoot in the ears of the Almighty Lord ;

" So that your sins no leisure him afford

" To think on mercy, they so thickly throng,

" That when he would your punishment bring,

" Their horror hales him on, that from himself

" In his own nature, you do him enforce,

" Nay, wrest plagues from him upon human kind,

" Who else to mercy wholly is inclin'd.

" From Seth, which God to Eve gave in lieu

" Of her son Abel whom his brother slew,

" That curst Cain, how hath th' Almighty

" The seed of Adam though he so transgress'd,

" In Enoch by whose godliness men came

" At first to call on the Almighty name,

" And Enoch, whose integrity was such,

" In whom the Lord delighted was so much,

" As in his years he suffer'd no decay,

" But God to heaven took bodily away ;

" With long life blessing all that goodly stem,

" From the first man down to Methusalem ;

" Now from the loins of Lamech sendeth me,

" (Unworthy his ambassador to be)

" To tell ye yet, if ye at last repent,

" He will lay by his wrathful punishment,

" That God, who was so merciful before

" To our forefathers, likewise hath in store

" Mercy for us their nephews, if we fall

" With tears before him, and he will recal

" His wrath sent out already ; therefore fly

" To him for mercy, yet the threat'ning sky

" Pauses, e'er it the deluge down will pour,

" For every tear you shed, he'll stop a shower ;

" Yet of th' Almighty mercy you may win,

" He'll leave to punish, if you leave to sin ;

" That God eternal, which old Adam cast

" Out of that earthly heaven, where he had plac'd

" That first-made man, for his forbidden deed

" From thence for ever banishing his seed,

" For us his sinful children doth provide,

" And with abundance hath us still supply'd ;

" And can his blessings, who respects you thus,

" Make you most wicked, most rebellious ?

" Still is your stubborn obstinacy such ?

" Have ye no mercy, and your God so much ?

(d) Verofus cited by Plerius.

(e) The structure of the ark.

(f) Noah threatening God's vengeance upon the world  
 with his sermon of repentance.



God! said I, O wherefore said I so?  
 words deny him, and your works say no;  
 the day doth but too fast approach,  
 in heav'n's Maker means to set abroad  
 world of water, which shall overflow  
 mighty mountains whereon now ye go,  
 roptied clouds, see, your destruction threat,  
 an and moon both in their course are set  
 ur by water, and do all they can  
 ing destruction upon sinful man;  
 very thing shall suffer for your sake,  
 ie whole earth shall be but one whole lake.  
 for mercy, leave your wicked ways,  
 God from time shall separate those days  
 ngeance coming, and he shall disperse  
 clouds now threat'ning the whole uni-  
 verse,

ive the world, which else he will destroy."  
 his good man, this terror-preaching Noy,  
 's and tigers might have taught as well,  
 ough'd to hear this godly man to tell  
 d would drown the world, they thought  
 him mad,

r great Maker they forgotten had.  
 ew none such, Th' Almighty God, say they,  
 ight he be? and when shall be the day  
 lk'st of to us? can'st thou think that we  
 suppose that such a thing can be?  
 n he do that we cannot defeat?  
 rawny fists to very dust can beat  
 d'st rock, and with our breasts can bear  
 ng'st stream backward; dost thou think  
 o scar

these dreams of deluges? to make  
 own ways and courses to forsake?  
 ut see that God who dares to stand  
 : thou speak'st, that with his furious hand  
 he'll drown us and we will defy  
 his teeth; and if he keep the sky  
 re him thence, and if he then come down,  
 llenge us that he the world will drown,  
 llow him until his threats be stints,  
 ill batter his blue house with flints.  
 rk is finish'd, and the Lord is wrath,  
 ust Noah, and he provided hath  
 'ed angels, bidding them to bring  
 e and female of each living thing  
 ark, by whom he had decreed  
 r the world, and by their fruitful seed  
 : as before, and is precise

for men, and for his sacrifice,  
 en just pairs, of birds, and beasts that were  
 can by him, should happily repair  
 great ark, the other made unclean,  
 and female only should come twain:  
 y the angels every where were sought,  
 ther by their ministry were brought.  
 loah sets ope the ark and doth begin  
 his freight, his mighty lading in:  
 r the beasts are walking from the wood,  
 of ravine, as that chew the cud,  
 g of beasts his fury doth suppress,  
 he ark leads down the lions;  
 for his beloved mate doth low,  
 he ark brings on the fair-ey'd cow:

The stately courser for his mare doth neigh,  
 And t'wards the new ark guideth her the way;  
 The wreath'd-horn'd ram his safety doth pursue,  
 And to the ark ushers his gentle ewe;  
 The bristly boar, who with his snout up plow'd  
 The spacious plains, and with his grunting loud,  
 Rais'd rattling echoes all the woods about,  
 Leaves his dark den, and having scented out  
 Noah's new-built ark, in with his sow doth come,  
 And stye themselves up in a little room;  
 The hart with his dear hind, the buck and doe,  
 Leaving their wildness, bring the tripping roe  
 Along with them; and from the mountain steep  
 The clamb'ring goat, and coney, us'd to keep  
 Amongst the cliffs, together get, and they  
 To this great ark find out the ready way;  
 Th' unwieldy elk, whose skin is of much proof,  
 Throngs with the rest t' attain this wooden roof;  
 The unicorn leaves off his pride, and close  
 There sets him down by the rhinoceros;  
 The elephant there coming to embrak,  
 And as he softly getteth up the ark,  
 Feeling by his great weight his body sunk,  
 Holds by his huge tooth and his nervy trunk;  
 The crook-back'd camel climbing to the deck,  
 Draws up himself with his long sinewy neck;  
 The spotted panther, whose delicious scent  
 Oft causeth beasts his harbour to frequent,  
 But having got them once into his power,  
 Sucketh their blood, and doth their flesh devour,  
 His cruelty hath quickly cast aside,  
 And waxing courteous, doth become their guide,  
 And brings into the universal shop  
 The ounce, the tiger, and the antelope;  
 By the grim wolf the poor sheep safely lay,  
 And was his care, which lately was his prey;  
 The ass upon the lion lean'd his head,  
 And to the cat the mouse for succour fled;  
 The lilly hare doth cast aside her fear,  
 And forms herself fast by the ugly bear,  
 At whom the watchful dog did never bark,  
 When he espy'd him clamb'ring up the ark:  
 The fox got in, his subtilties hath left,  
 And as ashamed of his former theft,  
 Sadly sits there, as though he did repent,  
 And in the ark became an innocent:  
 The fine-furr'd ermin, marten, and the cat  
 That voideth civet, there together sat  
 By the shrewd monkey, babion, and the ape,  
 With the hyæna, much their like in shape,  
 Which by their kind are ever doing ill,  
 Yet in the ark sit civilly and still;  
 The skipping squirrel of the forest free,  
 That leap'd so nimbly betwixt tree and tree,  
 Itself into the ark then nimbly cast,  
 As 'twere a ship-boy come to climb the mast;  
 The porcupine into the ark doth make,  
 Nor his sharp quills, though angry, once doth  
 shake;

The sharp-sang'd beaver, whose wide gaping jaw  
 Cutteth down plants as it were with a saw,  
 Whose body poised, weigheth such a mass,  
 As though his bowels were of lead or brass,  
 His cruel chaps though breathless he doth c'se,  
 As with the rest into the ark he goes.



Th' uneven-legg'd badger (whose eye-pleasing skin  
The case to many a curious thing hath been,  
Since that great flood) his fortresses forsakes  
Wrought in the earth, and though but halting,  
makes

Up to the ark; the o'ter then that keeps  
In the wild rivers, in their banks and sleeps,  
And feeds on fish, which under water still,  
He with his keld feet and keen teeth doth kill;  
The other two into the ark do follow,  
Though his ill shape doth cause him but to wallow;  
The tortoise and the hedgehog both so slow,  
As in their motion scarce discern'd to go,  
Good footmen grown, contrary to their kind,  
Left from the rest they should be left behind;  
The rooting mole, as to foretell the flood,  
Comes out o' th' earth, and clambers up the  
wood;

The little dormouse leaves her leaden sleep,  
And with the mole up to the ark doth creep;  
With many other, which were common then,  
Their kind decay'd, but now unknown to men:  
For there was none that Adam e'er did name,  
But to the ark from every quarter came;  
By two and two the male and female beast,  
From swift'st to slow'st, from greatest to the least;  
And as within the strong pale of a park,  
So were they all together in the ark.

And as our God the beasts had given in charge  
To take the ark, themselves so to embarge,  
He bids the fowl, the eagle in his flight,  
Cleaving the thin air, on the deck doth light;  
Nor are his eyes so piercing to controul,  
His lowly subjects, the far lesser fowl,  
But the Almighty who all creatures fram'd,  
And them by Adam in the garden nam'd,  
Had given courage fast by him to sit,  
Nor at his sharp sight are amaz'd one whit;  
The swan by his great Maker taught this good,  
To avoid the fury of the falling flood,  
His boat-like breast, his wings rais'd for his sail,  
And oar-like feet, him nothing to avail  
Against the rain, which likely was to fall,  
Each drop so great, that like a pond'rous mall  
Might sink him under water, and might drown  
Him in the deluge, with the crane comes down,  
Whose voice the trumpet is, that through the air  
Doth summon all the other to repair  
To the new ark; when with his mooned train,  
The shutting peacock yawling 'gainst the rain,  
Flutters into the ark, by his shrill cry  
Telling the rest the tempest to be nigh;  
The iron-eating ostrich, whose bare thighs  
Resembling man's, fearing to low'ring skies,  
Walks to the great boat; when the crowned cock,  
That to the village lately was the clock,  
Comes to roost by him, with his hen, foreshewing  
The tower would quickly fall, that then was  
brewing;

The swift-wing'd swallow feeding as it flies,  
With the fleet martlet thrilling through the skies,  
As at their pastime sportively they were,  
Feeling th' unusual moisture of the air,  
Their feathers fling, into the ark they come,  
As to some rock or building, their own home;

The airy lark his hal-lu-lu sung,  
Finding a slackness seize upon his tongue,  
By the much moisture, and the welkin dark,  
Drops with his female down into the ark;  
The soaring kite there scanted his large wings,  
And to the ark the hovering castril brings;  
The raven comes, and croaking, in doth call  
The carrion crow, and she again doth brawl,  
Foretelling rain; by these there likewise sat  
The careful (t) stork, since Adam wonder'd at  
For thankfulness, to those where he doth breed,  
That his ag'd parents naturally doth feed,  
In filial duty as instructing man;  
By them there sat the loving pelican,  
Whose young ones poison'd by the serpent's sting  
With her own blood to life again doth bring;  
The constant turtle up her lodging took  
By these good birds; and in a little nook  
The nightingale with her melodious tongue  
Sadly there sits, as she had never sung;  
The merl and mavis on the highest spray,  
Who with their music wak'd the early day,  
From the proud cedars to the ark come down,  
As though forewarn'd, that God the world would  
drown;

The prattling parrot comes to them aboard,  
And is not heard to counterfeit a word;  
The falcon and the dove sit there together,  
And th' one of them doth prune the other's feather  
The goss-hawk and the pheasant there do twin,  
And in the ark are perch'd upon one pin;  
The partridge on the spar-hawk there doth 'tend  
Who entertains her as a loving friend;  
The ravenous vulture feeds the small birds fast  
Upon his back, and is not mov'd a whit;  
Amongst the thickest of these several fowl  
With open eyes still sat the broad-fac'd owl;  
And not a small bird as they wonted were,  
Either persuade or wond'ring at her there.  
No wayless desert, heath, nor fen, nor moor,  
But in by couples sent some of their store;  
The osprey, and the cormorant for bear  
To fish, and thither with the rest repair:  
The heron leaves watching at the river's brim,  
And brings the snipe and plover in with him;  
There came the halcyon, whom the sea obeys  
When she her nest upon the water lays;  
The goose which doth for watchfulness excel  
Came for the rest to be the sentinel;  
The charitable robinet in came,  
Whose nature taught the others to be tame.  
All feather'd things yet ever known to men,  
From the huge (u) ruck, unto the little wren;  
From forests, fields, from rivers and from pool,  
All that have webs, or cloven-footed ool;  
To the grand ark together friendly came,  
Whose several species were too long to name.

The beasts and birds thus by the angel brought,  
Noah found his ark not fully yet was brought,  
To shut it up for as he did begin,  
He still saw (x) serpents, and their like comen

(t) The stork used to build upon houses, especially in the south of France.

(u) The mighty Indian bird.

(x) Crocodiles, &c. the fish of Gen. 1. 10.



Remander to the ark retires,  
 The flood, it doth forsake the fires;  
 A range camelion, comes t' augment the crew,  
 The ark doth never change her hue;  
 A poor silly few of harmless things,  
 As their serpents, with their teeth and stings  
 All to man, yet will th' Almighty have,  
 Noah their seed upon the earth should save;  
 A watchful dragon comes the ark to keep,  
 He'd with murmur, gently falls to sleep:  
 A cruel scorpion comes to climb the pile,  
 Meeting with the greedy crocodile,  
 The ark together meekly go,  
 Like kind mates themselves they there bestow;  
 Art and diphas, to the ark com'n in,  
 Each other as they were a twin;  
 A cockatrice there kills not with his sight,  
 His object joys, and in the light;  
 Easily killing (y) aspic when he seeth,  
 A world of creatures sheaths his poison'd teeth,  
 With the adder and the speckled snake,  
 To a corner harmlessly betake;  
 A lizard shuts up his sharp-sighted eyes,  
 He glist these serpents, and there sadly lies;  
 A small-ey'd slow-worm held of many blind,  
 As great ark it quickly out could find,  
 As the ark it was about to climb,  
 With its teeth shoots the envenom'd slime;  
 A vilest creatures on the earth that creep,  
 With their bellies the cold dews do sweep;  
 These base grovelling, and ground-licking sute,  
 The large (z) boar, to the little neuter;  
 All as birds, or the four-footed beasts,  
 To the ark their hoftry as Noah's guests.  
 As, fully furnish'd, Noah need not to cark  
 For provifion for the ark:  
 That wife God, who first direction gave,  
 He the ftructure of the ark would have,  
 Or his fervant could provide this fraught,  
 Whither he miraculoufly brought,  
 He did the food for every thing survey,  
 At him on lofts it orderly to lay:  
 With some feed, as others fish do eat,  
 As the kind, fo various was the meat:  
 Some on fine grafs, as some on groffer weeds,  
 Some on fruits, fo other some on feeds,  
 'Twas for food for one whole year for all,  
 The flood, which prefently fhould fall  
 The whole world, his hand again fhould drain,  
 Under water fhould that while remain.  
 Almighty meafur'd the proportion fuch,  
 Could not be too little, nor too much:  
 That breath to every thing did give,  
 Not that God them likewise make to live,  
 With a little, and therewith to thrive,  
 At his pleafure all things can contrive?  
 Now, fome there be, too curious at this day,  
 From their reafon dare not ftick to fay,  
 Good a thing fufpicious is, and vain,  
 That the ark could poffibly contain  
 Sundry creatures, from whose being came  
 Living things man poffibly could name.

The aspic hath a fkin of fkin which covereth him  
 Until he be angry.  
 A ferpent of an incredible bignefs.

I fay it was not, and I thus oppofe  
 Them by my reafon, ftrong enough for thofe:  
 My inftance is a mighty argofie,  
 That in it bears, befides th' artillery,  
 Of fourfcore pieces of a mighty bore,  
 A thoufand foldiers (many times and more)  
 Befides the fails, and arms for every one,  
 Cordage, and anchors, and provifion,  
 The large fpread fails, the masts both big and tall,  
 Of all which Noah's ark had no need at all,  
 Within the fame eight perfons only were:  
 If fuch a fhip can fuch a burthen bear,  
 What might the ark do, which doth fo excel  
 That fhip, as that fhip doth a cockle fhell;  
 Being fo capacious for this mighty load,  
 So long, fo high, and every where fo broad;  
 Befides three lofts juft of one perfect ftrength,  
 And bearing out proportionably in length,  
 So fitly built, that being thus employ'd,  
 There was not one inch in the ark was void:  
 Befide, I'll charge their reafon to allow  
 The cubits doubled to what they are now,  
 We are but pigmies (even our tallft men)  
 To the huge giants that were living then:  
 For but th' Almighty, which to this intent  
 Ordain'd the ark, knew it fufficient,  
 He in his wifdom (had he thought it meet)  
 Could have bid Noah to have built a fleet,  
 And many creatures on the earth fince grown  
 Before the flood that were to Noah unknown:  
 For though the mule begotten on the mare,  
 By the dull afs is faid doth never pair,  
 (a) Yet fundry others naturally have mix'd  
 And thofe that have been gotten them betwixt  
 Others begot, on others from their kind.  
 In fundry climates, fundry beafts we find,  
 That what they were, are nothing now the fame,  
 From one felf ftain, though at the firft they came,  
 But by the foil they often alter'd be,  
 In fhape and colour as we daily fee.

Now Noah's three fons all bufy that hath been  
 To place thefe creatures as they ftill came in:  
 Sem, Ham, and Japheth, with their (b) wives  
 Affign'd

To be the parents of all human kind:  
 Seeing the ark thus plentifully ftor'd,  
 The wond'rous work of the Almighty Lord,  
 Behold their father looking every hour,  
 For this all-drowning earth-deftroying fhower,  
 When Noah their faith thus laftly to awake,  
 To his lov'd wife, and their fix children fpake:  
 "The mighty hand of God do you not fee,  
 In thefe his creatures, that fo well agree?  
 Which were they not thus mafter'd by his power,  
 Us filly eight would greedily devour:  
 And with their hoofs and paws, to fplinters rend  
 This only ark, in which God doth intend  
 We from the flood that remnant fhall remain  
 T' reftore the world, in aged Adam's ftain:  
 Ye feven, with fad aftonifhment then fee [me!  
 The wond'rous things the Lord hath wrought for

(a) The opinions of the beft naturalifts that have written.  
 (b) The names of the women were Tita, Pandora, Ne-  
 ella and Noegla, as fome of the moft ancient write; but  
 Epiphanius will have Noah's wife's name to be Bartholomew.



# THE WORKS OF DRAYTON.

What have I done, so gracious in his sight,  
 Prail, wretched man, but that I justly might  
 Have with the earth's abominable brood  
 Been overwhelm'd, and buried in the flood?  
 But in his judgment, that he hath decreed,  
 That from my loins by your successful seed,  
 The earth shall be replenish'd again,  
 And the Almighty be at peace with men.  
 A hundred years are past (as well you know)  
 Since the Almighty God, his power to show,  
 Taught me the model of this mighty frame,  
 And it the ark commanded me to name.  
 He strong in faith, for now the time is night,  
 That from the conduits of the lofty sky,  
 The flood shall fall, that in short time shall bear  
 This ark we are in up into the air,  
 Where it shall float, and farther in the end,  
 Shall situate within the high'st hills transcend.  
 Then bid the goodly fruitful earth adieu,  
 For the next time it shall be sown of you,  
 It with an ill complexion shall appear,  
 The weight of waters shall have chang'd her cheer:  
 Be not affrighted when ye hear the roar  
 Of the wide waters when they charge the shore  
 Nor be dismay'd at all, when you shall feel  
 Th' unwieldy ark from wave to wave to reel;  
 Nor at the shrieks of those that swimming by  
 On trees and rafters, shall for succour cry,  
 O ye most lov'd of God, O take us in!  
 For we are guilty, and condemn our sin."

Thus whilst he speaks, the skies grew thick and dark,

And a black cloud hung hovering o'er the ark;  
 (c) Venus and Mars, God puts this work upon,  
 Jupiter and Saturn in conjunction  
 I th' tail of Cancer, inundations threat,  
 Luna dispos'd generally to wet,  
 The Hieses and Pleiades put too  
 Their helps; Orion doth what he can do.  
 No star so small, but some one drop let down,  
 And all conspire the wicked world to drown:  
 On the wide heaven there was not any sign,  
 To wat'ry Pisces but it doth incline.

Now some will ask, When th' Almighty God,  
 (but Noy

And his) by waters did the world destroy,  
 Whether those seven then in ark were good,  
 And just as he (reserved from the flood)?  
 Or what th' Almighty for his only sake,  
 Did on the other such compassion take?  
 'Tis doubtless Noah, being one so clearly just,  
 That God did with his secret judgments trust  
 From the whole world; one that so long had  
 known

That living Lord, would likewise teach his own  
 To know him too, who by this mean might be,  
 As well within the covenant as he.

(d) By this the sun had suck'd up the vast deep,  
 And in gross clouds like cisterns did it keep;  
 The stars and signs by God's great wisdom set,  
 By their conjunctions water to beget,

(e) God makes the stars his instruments to punish the  
 wicked.

(f) A description of the tempest, at the falling of the  
 deluge.

Had wrought their utmost, and even now legal  
 Th' Almighty's justice upon sinful man:  
 From every several quarter of the sky,  
 The thunder roars, and the fierce lightnings fly  
 One at another, and together dash,  
 Volley on volley, flash comes after flash,  
 Heaven's lights look sad, as they would mock away,  
 The night is come i' th' morning of the day:  
 The cardinal winds he makes at once to blow,  
 Whose blasts to buffets with such fury go,  
 That they themselves into the centre flue,  
 Into the bowels of the earth and got,  
 Being condens'd (e) and strongly stiff'ned there,  
 In such strange manner multiply'd the air,  
 Which turn'd to water, and increas'd the springs  
 To that abundance, that the earth forth brings  
 Water to drown herself, should heaven deny  
 With one small drop the deluge to supply,  
 That through her pores, the soft and spongy soil  
 As in a drop, or unskilful birth,  
 A woman, swollen, sends from her founts  
 Her oozy springs, that there was scarcely room  
 For the waste waters which came in to fill,  
 As though the earth her entrails up would cast.  
 But these seem'd yet but easily let go,  
 And from some sluice came softly in, and low,  
 Till God's great hand so squer'd the bottom  
 clouds,

That from the founts of heaven's embowels  
 Even like a flood-gate pluck'd up by the height,  
 Came the wild rain, with such a pond'rous weight,  
 As that the fierceness of the hurrying flood,  
 Remov'd huge rocks, and ramm'd them into  
 Pressing the ground with that impetuous power,  
 As that the first shock of this drowning shower  
 Furrow'd the earth's late plump and cheerful  
 Like an old woman, that in little space  
 With rivell'd cheeks, and with blear'd  
 She willy look'd upon the troubled stream.  
 Up to some mountain as the people make,  
 Driving their cattle till the shower should slack;  
 The flood o'ertakes them, and away doth sweep  
 Great herds of neat, and mighty flocks of sheep  
 Down through a valley as one stream doth come,  
 Whose roaring strikes the neighbouring  
 Another meets it, and whilst there they stand,  
 Which of them two the other back should send,  
 Their dreadful currents they together dash,  
 So that their waves like furious tides do wash  
 The head of some near hill, which falleth down  
 For very fear, as it itself would drown  
 Some back their beasts, so hoping to swim out,  
 But by the flood encompassed about  
 Are overwhelmed; some clamber up in towers;  
 But these and them the deluge soon devours:  
 Some to the top of pines and cedars get,  
 Thinking themselves they safely there should sit;  
 But the rude flood that over all doth sway,  
 Quickly comes up, and carrieth them away.  
 The (f) roe's much swiftness doth no more avail,  
 Nor help him now, than if he were a snail:  
 The swift-wing'd swallow, and the slow-wing'd owl,  
 The fleetest bird, and the most sluggish owl,

(e) Water is but air condens'd.

(f) The roe deer the swiftest beast known.



As the flood so high hath gone,  
 Ground to set a foot upon :  
 At follow'd moistness, now it fly,  
 Wet land to find out the dry ;  
 Mighty tempest beaten down,  
 Water they do lie and drown.  
 Built tower is quickly overborne,  
 An oak out of the earth is torn :  
 Over the earth hath soft'ned so,  
 Waves, the trees tost to and fro,  
 Loosen, and the tops down sway,  
 Forests quickly swim away.  
 Heaven hath shut up all her lights,  
 Moon make neither days nor nights,  
 Exceedingly abound  
 Time the sea itself is drown'd,  
 Freshness of the falling rain,  
 None his saltness doth retain ;  
 Scaly creatures us'd to keep  
 Wastes of the unmeasur'd deep,  
 General and their natural brack,  
 Colour every where to lack,  
 Seas wherein they swam before,  
 Pressed with their wat'ry store.  
 Dolphin on those mountains plays,  
 Ere that time, not many days,  
 Grazing ; and the mighty whale  
 Out of his way doth fall,  
 Ere before one eas'ly might have seen  
 Big clouds far under to have been.  
 And the whirlpool, as they rove,  
 Chance upon a lofty grove  
 World of waters, are so much touch,  
 Their wombs each tender branch to  
 Give slime upon the curled sprays,  
 The birds sung their harmonious lays.  
 Hills still waves are wallowing in,  
 The world so wond'rously do win,  
 Mountains which on tiptoe stood,  
 They scorn'd the force of any flood,  
 Even of their proud tops could see  
 From this great inundation free.  
 As ere the frame was fix'd,  
 Water were so strongly mix'd,  
 As a bulk of grossness do compose,  
 Thick clouds which the globe enclose,  
 Living Spirit were yet again to wade,  
 And earth again were to be made.  
 The great and universal ark,  
 Night were groping in the dark,  
 Billow, then another rock'd,  
 The boards all living things were lock'd ;  
 As safety not at all doth fear,  
 Angels his bless'd barge do steer :  
 Shower continued had so long,  
 Motion wax'd so wond'rous strong,  
 Cubits caus'd the ark to move  
 Part of any hill above :  
 As earth so violently binds,  
 As coasts it had enclos'd the winds ;  
 Whole wide surface of the flood,  
 Whole height of the tide it stood,  
 Fleek and even as the seas  
 Still and calmest halcyon days.  
 Of the grossness of the deluge,  
 All

The birds, the beasts, and serpents safe on board,  
 With admiration look upon their lord,  
 The righteous Noah ; and with submissive fear  
 Tremble his grave and awful voice to hear,  
 When to his household (during their abode)  
 He preach'd the power of the Almighty God.

“ (b) Dear wife and children, quoth this goodly  
 Noy,

Since the Almighty vow'd he would destroy  
 The wicked world, a hundred years are past,  
 And see, he hath performed it at last ;  
 In us poor few the world consists alone,  
 And besides us there not remaineth one,  
 But from our seed the emptied earth agen  
 Must be repeople'd with the race of men ;  
 Then since thus far his covenant is true,  
 Build ye your faith on that which shall ensue ;  
 Such is our God, who thus did us embark  
 (As his select) to save us by the ark,  
 And only he whose angels guard our boat,  
 Knows over what strange region now we float,  
 Or we from hence that very place can sound,  
 From which the ark was lifted first from ground :  
 He that can span the world, and with a grip  
 Out of the bowels of the clouds could rip  
 This mass of waters, whose abundant birth  
 Almost to heaven thus drowneth up the earth ;  
 He can remove this round if he shall please,  
 And with these waters can sup up the seas,  
 Can cause the stars out of their spheres to fall,  
 And on the winds can toss this earthly ball,  
 He can wrest drops from the sun's radiant beams,  
 And can force fire from the most liquid streams,  
 He curls the waves with whirlwinds, and doth  
 make

The solid centre fearfully to shake ;  
 He can stir up the elements to wars,  
 And at his pleasure can compose their jars ;  
 The sands serve not his wondrous works to count,  
 Yet doth his mercy all his works surmount ;  
 His rule and power eternally endures,  
 He was your fathers God, he's mine, he's yours :  
 In him, dear wife and children, put your trust,  
 He only is Almighty, only just.”

But on the earth the waters were so strong ;  
 And now the flood continued had so long,  
 That (i) the let year foreflow'd about to bring  
 The summer, autumn, winter, and the spring ;  
 The gyring planets with their starry train,  
 Down to the south had sunk, and rose again  
 Up towards the north, whilst the terrestrial globe  
 Had been involved in this wat'ry robe.  
 During which season every twinkling light  
 In their still motion, at this monstrous sight,  
 By their complexion a distraction shew'd,  
 Looking like embers that through ashes glow'd.  
 When righteous Noah remembereth at the last.  
 The time prefix'd to be approaching fast,  
 After a hundred fifty days were gone,  
 Which to their period then were drawing on,  
 The flood should somewhat slack, God promis'd so,  
 On which relying, the just godly Noah,

(b) Noah preaching faith to his family.

(i) The revolution of the year by a short periphrasis.



To try if then but one poor foot of ground.  
 Free from the flood might any where be found,  
 Let's forth a raven, which strait cuts the sky,  
 And wond'rous proud his rested wings to try,  
 In a large circle girdeth in the air,  
 First to the east, then to the south doth bear,  
 Follows the sun, then towards his going forth,  
 And then runs up into the rising north,  
 Thence climbs the clouds to prove if his sharp eye  
 From that proud pitch could possibly descry  
 Of some tall rock-crown'd mountain, a small stone  
 A minute's space to set his foot upon,  
 But finding his long labour but in vain,  
 Returneth wearied to the ark again;  
 By which Noah knew he longer yet must stay,  
 For the whole earth still under water lay.

Seven days he rests, but yet he would not cease,  
 (For that he knew the flood must needs decrease)  
 But as the raven lye, he next sends out  
 The damask-colour'd dove, his nimble scout,  
 Which thrills the thin air, and his pinions plies,  
 That like to lightning, gliding through the skies,  
 His sundry colour'd feathers by the sun,  
 As his swift shadow on the lake doth run,  
 Causeth a twinkling both at hand and far,  
 Like that we call the shooting of a star;  
 But finding yet that labour lost had been,  
 Comes back to Noah, who gently takes him in.

Noah rests a while, but meaning still to prove  
 A second search, again sends out the dove,  
 After other seven, some better news to bring,  
 Which by the strength of his unwearied wing  
 Finds out at last a place for his abode,  
 When the glad bird stays all the day abroad,  
 And wond'rous proud that he a place had found,  
 Who of a long time had not touch'd the ground,  
 Draws in his head, and thrusteth out his breast,  
 Spreadeth his tail, and swelleth up his crest,  
 And turning round and round with cutty-coo,  
 As when the female pigeon and he woo;  
 Bathing himself, which long he had not done,  
 And dries his feathers in the welcome sun,  
 Pruning his plumage, cleansing every quill,  
 And going back, he heareth in his bill  
 An olive; by which Noah understood  
 The great decrease and waning of the flood:  
 For that on mountains olives seldom grow,  
 But in flat vallies and in places low;  
 Never such comfort came to mortal man,  
 Never such joy was since the world began,  
 As in the ark, when Noah and his behold  
 The olive leaf, which certainly them told  
 The flood decreas'd, and they such comfort take,  
 That with their mirth the birds and beasts they  
 make

Sportive, which send forth such a hollow noise:  
 As said they were partakers of their joys.  
 The lion roars, but quickly doth forbear,  
 Lest he thereby the lesser beasts should fear;  
 The bull doth bellow, and the horse doth neigh,  
 The stag, the buck, and shag-hair'd goat do bray,  
 The bear doth grunt, the wolf doth howl, the ram  
 Doth bleat, which yet so faintly from him came,  
 As though for very joy he seem'd to weep;  
 The ape and monkey such a chattering keep

With their thin lips, which they so well express'd,  
 As they would say, we hope to be releas'd;  
 The silly ass set open such a throat,  
 That all the ark resounded with the note;  
 The watchful dog doth play, and skip, and bark,  
 And leaps upon his masters in the ark;  
 The raven croaks, the carrion crow doth squall,  
 The pie doth chatter, and the partridge call,  
 The jocund cock crows as he claps his wings,  
 The merl doth whistle, and the mavis sings,  
 The nightingale strains her melodious throat,  
 Which of the small birds being heard to rote,  
 They soon set to her, each a part doth take,  
 As by their music up a choir to make;  
 The parrot lately sad, then talks and jeers,  
 And counterfeiteth every sound he hears;  
 The purblind owl which heareth all this do,  
 T' express her gladness, cries too-whit too-who.  
 No beast nor bird was in the ark with Noe,  
 But in their kind express'd some sign of joy;  
 When that just man, who did himself apply  
 Still to this dear and godly family,  
 Thus to them spake, and with erected hands  
 The like obedience from the rest demands.

"The world's foundation is not half so sure  
 As is God's promise, nor is heaven so pure  
 As is his word, to me most sinful man;  
 To take the ark, who, when I first began,  
 Said on the hundred and the fiftieth day  
 I should perceive the deluge to decay;  
 And 'tis most certain, as you well may know,  
 Which this poor pigeon by his leaf doth shew.  
 He that so long could make the waters stand  
 Above the earth, see how his powerful hand  
 Thrusts them before it, and so fast doth drive  
 The big-swoln billows, that they seem to drive  
 Which shall fly fastest on that secret path,  
 Whence first they came to execute his wrath;  
 The sun which melted every cloud to rain,  
 He makes it now to sup it up again;  
 The wind by which he brought it on before,  
 In their declining drives it o'er and o'er:  
 The tongues of angels serve not to express  
 Neither his mercy nor his mightiness.  
 Be joyful, then, in our Great God (which he)  
 For we the parents of mankind shall be,  
 From us poor few, his pleasure that attend,  
 Shall all the nations of the earth descend."

When righteous Noah desirous still to hear,  
 In what estate th' unwieldy waters were,  
 Sends forth the dove as he had done before,  
 But it found dry land and came back no more:  
 Whereby this man precisely understood  
 The great decrease of this world crowning Noe.  
 Thus as the ark is floating on the main,  
 As when the flood rose, in the fall again,  
 With currents still encountered every where  
 Forward and backward which it still do bear,  
 As the stream strait'neth, by the rising dikes  
 Of the tall mountains, 'twixt which it drives  
 Until at length by God's almighty hand,  
 It on the hills of (A) Ararat doth land.

(A) Mountains of a wondrous height, either situated  
 bordering upon Armenia.



ose within it felt the ark to strike  
 firm ground, was ever comfort like  
 a, which felt it fixed there to stay,  
 and the waters went so fast away,  
 ah set up the covering of the ark,  
 ose which long had sitten in the dark,  
 e saluted with the cheerful light,  
 the world, was ever such a sight!)  
 eeping things as well as bird or beast,  
 vernal comforts sundry ways express?  
 and children then ascend to see  
 ace it was so happy that should be  
 rk to rest on, where they saw a plain,  
 ain's top which seemed to contain,  
 h they might discern within their ken,  
 ases of birds, of beasts, and men,  
 y the deluge, when Noah spake them thus:  
 old th' Almighty's mercy shew'd to us,  
 ough the waves our way not only wrought,  
 ese mountains safely hath us brought,  
 untly tops all earthly pleasures crown,  
 he green-sward sets us safely down.  
 most gracious God not been our guide,  
 had fall'n upon some mountain side;  
 a rush removing of our freight  
 well have turn'd it backward with the  
 eight.

ese billows lastly over-borne  
 me rock her ribs might have been torn.  
 xcept these here, each living thing  
 pt, or went, or kept the air with wing  
 before us to manure the land;  
 ie power of God's all-working hand."  
 six hundredth year of that just man,  
 nd (1) month, the seventeenth day, began  
 rid deluge, when heaven's windows were  
 ill open'd, then did first appear  
 ighty's wrath, when for full forty days  
 ain'd from heaven not showers, but  
 ighty seas,  
 nd fifty days that so prevail'd,  
 ie mountains till the great ark fail'd,  
 tenth (2) month, upon the seventeenth  
 y,  
 ip fall'n into a quiet bay,  
 hills of Ararat doth light:  
 deny'd yet to discharge the freight,  
 the mountains clearly were not seen,  
 irst day of the tenth month, when green  
 the blue skies, when the earth began  
 p cheerly, yet the waters ran  
 ough the vallies, till the (3) month again  
 before it first began to rain;

ry, according to the expositors.  
 of September and part of October.  
 e same month the flood began, it ceased: which  
 e year.

Of which, the seven-and-twentieth day expir'd,  
 Quite from the earth the waters were retir'd:  
 When the Almighty God bad Noah to set  
 Open the ark, at liberty to let  
 The beasts, the birds, and creeping things, which  
 came

Like as when first they went into the same;  
 Each male comes down, his female by his side,  
 As 'twere the bridegroom bringing out his bride,  
 Till th' ark was emptied, and that mighty load,  
 For a whole year that there had been bestow'd,  
 (Since first that forty days still-falling rain  
 That drown'd the world, was then dry'd up again)  
 Which with much gladness do salute the ground,  
 The lighter sort some caper, and some bound,  
 The heavier creatures tumble them, as glad  
 That they such ease by their enlargement had;  
 The creeping things together fall to play;  
 Joy'd beyond measure for this happy day,  
 The birds let from this cage, do mount the sky,  
 To shew they yet had not forgot to fly,  
 And sporting them upon the airy plain,  
 Yet to their master Noah they stoop again,  
 To leave his presence, and do still forbear,  
 Till they from him of their release might hear;  
 The beasts each other woo, the birds they bill,  
 As they would say to Noah, they meant to fill  
 The roomy earth, then altogether void,  
 And make, what late the deluge had destroy'd.  
 When righteous Noah, who ever had regard  
 To serve his God, immediately prepar'd  
 To sacrifice, and of the cleanest beasts  
 That in the ark this while had been his guests,  
 He seizeth, (yet obedient to his will)  
 And of them he for sacrifice doth kill:  
 Which he and his religiously attend,  
 And with the smoke their vows and thanks as-  
 cend; [then,  
 Which pleas'd th' Almighty, that he promis'd  
 Never by flood to drown the world again;  
 And that mankind his covenant might know,  
 He in the clouds left the celestial bow.

When to these living things, quoth righteous  
 Noah,

"Now take you all free liberty to go,  
 And every way do you yourselves dispose  
 Till you have fill'd this globy universe  
 With your increase, let every soil be yours,  
 He that hath sav'd ye faithfully assures  
 Your propagation - and dear wife, quoth he,  
 And you my children, let your trust still be  
 In your preserver, and on him rely,  
 Whose promise is that we shall multiply,  
 Till in our days, of nations we shall hear  
 From us poor few in th' ark that lately were."  
 To make a new world, thus works every one,  
 The deluge ceaseth, and the old is gone.



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# Moses's Birth and Miracles.

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## BOOK I.

### *The Argument.*

'This Canto our attracted Muse  
'The Prophet's glorious birth pursues,  
The various changes of his fate,  
From humbleness to high estate,  
His beauty, more than mortal shape,  
From *Egypt* how he doth escape,  
By his fair bearing in his flight,  
Obtains the lovely *Midianite*,  
Where God unto the Hebrew spake,  
Appearing from the burning brake,  
And back doth him to *Egypt* send,  
That mighty things doth there intend,

GIRT in bright flames, rapt from celestial fire,  
That our unwearied faculties refine,  
By zeal transported boldly we aspire  
To sing a subject gloriously divine :  
Him that of mortals only had the grace,  
(On whom the spirit did in such power descend)  
To talk with God face opposite to face,  
Even as a man with his familiar friend.

Muse, I invoke the utmost of thy might,  
That with an armed and auspicious wing,  
Thou be obsequious in his doubtless right  
'Gainst the vile atheist's vituperious sting :  
Where thou that gate industriously may'st flie,  
Which nature strives but feignedly to go,  
Borne by a power so eminent and high,  
As in his course leaves reason far below,  
To shew how poetry (simply hath her praise)  
That from full Jove takes her celestial birth,  
And quick as fire, her glorious self can raise  
Above this base abominable earth.

O, if that time have happily reserv'd,  
(Besides that sacred and canonic writ,  
What once in flutes and barks of trees was carv'd)  
Things that our Muse's gravity may fit,

Unclasp the world's great register to me,  
'That smoky rust hath very near defac'd,  
That I in those dim characters may see  
From common eyes that hath aside been cast,  
And thou translator of that faithful Muse  
This ALL's creation that divinely song,  
From courtly French (no travel do'st refuse)  
To make him master of thy genuine tongue,  
Salust to thee and Silvester thy friend,  
Comes my high poem peaceably and chaste  
Your hallow'd labours humbly to attend.  
That wreckful Time shall not have power to wait  
A gallant Hebrew (in the height of life)  
Amram a Levite honourably bred,  
Of the same offspring won a beauteous wife,  
And no less virtuous, goodly Jacobed :  
So fitly pair'd that (without all ostent)  
Even of the wise it hardly could be said  
Which of the two was most pre-eminent,  
Or he more honour'd, or she more obey'd.  
In both was found that livelihood and meetness  
By which affection any way was mov'd :  
In him that shape, in her there was that sweetness  
Might make him lik'd, or her to be belov'd :



omnition, so their married mind  
 and corrected, or their ill reliev'd,  
 loving as discreetly kind,  
 joy'd, as mutually griev'd :  
 ptial bed by abstinence maintain'd;  
 gave fuel to love's sacred fire,  
 in fruition plentifullest gain'd  
 : they chaste in fulness of desire.  
 rieved Israel many a woeful day,  
 heir vile servility repin'd,  
 with the burthens of rude boist'rous clay,  
 Egyptian tyranny assign'd :  
 the more the Hebrews are oppress'd  
 firm seed they fructify the more,  
 th' eternal providence fore-blest,  
 ives roomth but scanty to their store.  
 wise midwives in their natural need,  
 fair males immediately should kill,  
 abhorr'd and heathenish a deed,  
 s harsh bruteness and rebellious will.  
 ll effect perceiving by the same,  
 men-children (greatly that abound)  
 t day into the world that came,  
 ir birth should instantly be drown'd.  
 the time came had been long foretold,  
 d be born unto the Hebrews joy,  
 issant hand such fatal power should hold,  
 ort time all Egypt should destroy.  
 ution which more strongly forc'd,  
 y where so generally done,  
 all time unnaturally divorc'd  
 lear mother and as dear a son.  
 her chaste bosom that fair altar were,  
 ve's pure vows he dutifully paid,  
 to her a sanctuary dear,  
 so much his tyranny obey'd,  
 onsent to separate their bed,  
 all no children yet to have,  
 ir dead love should procreate the dead,  
 issue for a timeless grave.  
 a vision whilst he slept by night,  
 him so not Jacobed to leave,  
 that Egypt did so much affright,  
 pregnant womb should happily conceive.  
 r finding that she was with child,  
 conceals by all the means she can,  
 h' appearance she might be beguil'd,  
 birth it prov'd to be a man.  
 she goes till her account was nigh,  
 ing belly no conception shews,  
 e time of her delivery,  
 women panged in her throes.  
 , the fair fruit of that prospering womb  
 the kind parents in the prime of joy,  
 rth pronounceth his too timeless doom,  
 y nature forming it a boy :  
 sweet, so amiably fair,  
 r pleas'd eyes with rapture it behold,  
 sad parents full of joy and care  
 ld reserve their infant if they could ;  
 they tempt the sundry varying hours,  
 d despairs together strangely mixt,  
 sweets with many cordial fours,  
 nterchangeably betwixt.

And Joseph.

If ought it ail'd or haplessly it cry'd,  
 Unheard of any that she might it keep,  
 With one short breath she did entreat and chide,  
 And in a moment she did sing and weep.  
 Three lab'ring months them flatterer-like be-  
 And danger still redoubling as it lasts, [guil'd,  
 Suspecting most the safety of the child,  
 Thus the kind mother carefully forecasts :  
 (For at three months a scrutiny was held,  
 And searchers then sent every where about,  
 That in that time if any were conceal'd, [out)  
 They should make proof and straitly bring them  
 To Pharaoh's will she awfully must bow,  
 And therefore hastens to abridge these fears,  
 And to the flood determines it should go,  
 Yet e'er it went she'll drown it with her tears.  
 This afternoon love bids a little stay,  
 And yet these pauses do but lengthen sorrow,  
 But for one night although she make delay,  
 She vows to go unto his death to-morrow.  
 The morning comes, it is too early yet,  
 The day so fast not hast'ning on his date,  
 The gloomy evening murder best doth fit,  
 The evening come, and then it is too late.  
 Her pretty infant lying on her lap  
 With his sweet eyes her threat'ning rage beguiles,  
 For yet he plays and dallys with his pap,  
 To mock her sorrows with his am'rous smiles,  
 And laugh'd, and chuck'd, and sprea the pretty  
 hands,  
 When her full heart was at the point to break,  
 (This little creature yet not understands  
 The woful language mothers tears did speak.)  
 Wherewith surpris'd, and with a parent's love  
 From his fair eyes she doth fresh courage take,  
 And nature's laws allowing, doth reprove  
 The frail edicts that mortal princes make.  
 It shall not die, she'll keep her child unknown,  
 And come the worst in spite of Pharaoh's rage,  
 As it is here, she will dispose her own,  
 And if't must, it must die at riper age.  
 And thus revolving of her frailties care, [mind,  
 A thousand strange thoughts throng her troubled  
 Sounding the dangers deeply what they are,  
 Betwixt the laws of cruelty and kind.  
 But it must die, and better yet to part,  
 Since pre-ordain'd to his disast'rous fate,  
 His want will fit the nearer to the heart  
 In riper and more flourishing estate.  
 The perfect husband, whose impressiv soul  
 Took true proportion of each pensive throe,  
 Yet had such power his passion to controul,  
 As not the same immediately to shew ;  
 With carriage full of comeliness and grace,  
 As grief not felt nor sorrow seem'd to lack,  
 Courage and fear so temper'd in his face,  
 Thus his beloved Jacobed bespake :  
 Dear heart be patient, stay these timeless tears,  
 Death of thy son shall never quite bereave thee,  
 My soul with thine that equal burthen bears,  
 As what he takes, my love again shall give thee :  
 For Israel's sin if Israel's seed must suffer,  
 And we of mere necessity must leave him,  
 Please yet to grace me with this gentle offer,  
 Give him to me by whom thou did'st conceive him.



So though thou with so dear a jewel part,  
 'This yet remaineth lastly to relieve thee,  
 'Thou hast impos'd this hind'rance on my heart,  
 Another's loss shall need the less to grieve thee;  
 Nor are we Hebrews abject by our name,  
 Though thus in Egypt hatefully despis'd,  
 'That we that blessing fruitlessly should claim  
 Once in that holy covenant compris'd.  
 It is not fit mortality should know  
 What his eternal providence decreed,  
 'That unto Abraham ratify'd the vow  
 In happy Sarah and her hallowed seed.  
 Nor shall the wrong to godly Joseph done  
 In his remembrance ever be inroll'd,  
 By Jacob's sighs for his lost little son  
 A captiv'd slave to the Egyptian's sold:  
 Reason sets limits to the longest grief,  
 Sorrow scarce past when comfort is returning,  
 He sends affliction that can lend relief,  
 Best that is pleas'd with measure in our mourning.

Lost in herself, her spirits are so distracted,  
 All hopes dissolv'd might fortify her further,  
 Her mind seems now of misery compacted,  
 'That must consent unto so dear a murder.  
 Of slime and twigs she makes a simple thread  
 (The poor last duty to her child she owes,  
 'This pretty martyr, this yet living dead)  
 Wherein she doth his living corpse enclose:  
 And means to bear it presently away,  
 And in some water secretly bestow it,  
 But yet a while bethinks herself to stay,  
 Some little kindness she doth further owe it:  
 Nor will she in this cruelty persevere,  
 'That by her means his timeless blood be spilt,  
 If of her own she doth herself deliver,  
 Let others hands be 'nocent of the guilt:  
 Yet if she keep it from the ruthless flood  
 'That is by Pharaoh's tyranny assign'd it,  
 What boots that wretched miserable good,  
 If so dispos'd where none do come to find it;  
 For better yet the homicide should kill it,  
 Or by some beast in pieces to be rent,  
 'Than ling'ring sanune cruelly should spill it,  
 'That it endure a double languishment:  
 And neighbouring near to the Egyptian court,  
 She knows a place that near the river side  
 Was oft frequented by the worthier sort,  
 For now the spring was newly in her pride.  
 'Thither she hastes but with a painful speed  
 The nearest way she possibly could get,  
 And by the clear brim 'mongst the flags and reed,  
 Her little coffin carefully she set;  
 Her little girl (her mother following near)  
 As of her brother that her leave would take,  
 Which the sad woman unexpected there,  
 Yet it to help her kindly thus bespake:  
 Quoth she, Sweet Miriam, secretly attend,  
 And for his death see who approacheth hither,  
 'That once for all assured of his end,  
 His days and mine be confuminate together;  
 It is some comfort to a wretch to die,  
 (If there be comfort in the way of death)  
 'To have some friend or kind alliance by,  
 'To be officious at the parting breath.

Thus she departs, oft stays, oft turneth back,  
 Looking about lest any one espy'd her,  
 Fain would she leave, that leaving she doth let;  
 'That in this sort so strangely doth divide her.  
 Unto what dame (participating kind)  
 My verse her sad perplexity shall shew,  
 'That in a lost'ned and relenting mind  
 Finds not a true touch of that mother's woe?  
 Yet all this while full quietly it slept,  
 (Poor little brat incapable of care)  
 Which by that powerful providence is kept,  
 Who doth this child for better days prepare.  
 See here an object utterly forlorn,  
 Left to destruction as a violent prey,  
 Whom man might judge accursed to be born,  
 'To dark oblivion moulded up in clay.  
 'That man of might in after-times should be  
 (The bounds of frail mortality that brake)  
 Which that Almighty gloriously should see,  
 When he in thunder on Mount Sinai spake. [fair,  
 Now Pharaoh's daughter, Termuth, young and  
 With such choice maidens as she favour'd most,  
 Needs would abroad to take the gentle air,  
 Whilst the rich year his braveries seem'd to boast;  
 Softly she walks down to the secret flood,  
 'Through the calm shades most peaceable and quiet,  
 In the cool streams to check the pamper'd blood,  
 Stir'd with strong youth and their delicious diet;  
 Such as the princess, such the day address,  
 As though provided equally to pair her,  
 Either in other fortunately blest,  
 She by the day, the day by her made fairer,  
 Both in the height and fulness of their pleasure,  
 As to them both some future good divining,  
 Holding a steady and accomplish'd measure,  
 'This in her perfect clearness, that in shining:  
 The very air to emulate her meekness,  
 Strove to be bright and peaceable as she,  
 'That it grew jealous of that sudden sleekness,  
 Fearing it oster otherwise might be.  
 And if the fleet wind by some vigorous gale  
 Seem'd to be mov'd, and patiently to chide her,  
 It was as angry with her lawny vail,  
 'That from his sight it enviously should hide her:  
 And now approaching to the flowery mead  
 Where the rich summer curiously had dight her,  
 Which seem'd in all her jollity array'd,  
 With nature's cost and pleasures to delight her:  
 See this most blessed! this unusual hap!  
 She the small basket sooner should espy,  
 'That the child wak'd, and missing of his pap,  
 As for her succour instantly did cry;  
 Forth of the flags she caus'd it to be taken,  
 Calling her maids this orphanet to see,  
 Much did she joy an innocent forsaken  
 By her from peril privileg'd might be:  
 'This most sweet princess, pitiful and mild,  
 Soon on her knee unwatches it as her own,  
 Found for a man, so beautiful a child,  
 Might for an Hebrew easily be known:  
 Nothing the care in dressing it bestow'd,  
 Each thing that fitted gentleness to wear,  
 Judg'd the sad parents this lost infant owe;  
 Were as invulgar as their fruit was fair.



she, My mind not any way suggests  
 unchaste womb these lineaments hath bred,  
 by fair brow apparently contests  
 current stamp of a clean nuptial bed :  
 nam'd it Moses, which in time might tell  
 names do many mysteries expound)  
 n it was young the chance that it befel,  
 by the water strangely it was found,  
 ng milch women that Egyptians were,  
 to the teat his lips he could not lay,  
 ough offended with their sullied tear,  
 ing as still to turn his head away.  
 he little girl that near at hand did lurk,  
 nking this while she tarried but too long)  
 ing these things so happily to work,  
 ly being crafty, wise as she was young,  
 am, faith she, wil't please you I provide  
 re to breed the infant you did find,  
 e is an Hebrew dwelling here beside,  
 w can do it fitly to your mind :  
 right Hebrew if the infant be,  
 well produce you instances I can,  
 by this child as partly you may see)  
 ll not suck of an Egyptian.  
 courteous princess offered now so fair,  
 which before she earnestly desir'd,  
 of her foundling had a special care,  
 girl to fetch her instantly requir'd.  
 y the girl goes, doth her mother tell  
 t favour God had to her brother shewn,  
 what else in this accident befel,  
 she might now be nurse unto her own.  
 : it boots to bid the wench to ply her,  
 he kind mother hearken to her son,  
 to provoke her to the place to hie her,  
 h seem'd not now on earthly feet to run :  
 to herself yet hasting as she flew,  
 ast affection forward did her bear)  
 ough forewasted with the breath she drew,  
 : by the force of nature and of fear,  
 : the time, and little is the way,  
 for her business either's speed doth crave,  
 n her haste bethinks her what to say,  
 how herself in presence to behave,  
 she'll not seem, lest to another's trust  
 opeful charge were happily directed,  
 et too forward shew herself she must,  
 her sweet fraud thereby might be suspected,  
 n she doth bow her humbly to the ground,  
 every joint incessantly doth tremble,  
 ells and fear each other so confound,  
 rd a thing for mothers to dissemble.  
 this sweet Termuth, Well I like thy beauty,  
 : me this child (if it thy state behove)  
 ough a prince I'll not enforce thy duty,  
 ay thy labour, and reward thy love :  
 gh even as God's, is Pharaoh's high com-  
 mand,  
 as strong nature so precise and strict,  
 : rests that power yet in a princess' hand,  
 e one Hebrew from this strong edict :  
 shall in rich habiliments be dight,  
 d in the gems that admirablest shine,  
 ing our own robe gracious in our sight,  
 n our court, and nourished for mine :

Love him, dear Hebrew, as he were thine own ;  
 Good nurse be careful of my little boy,  
 In this to us thy kindness may be shewn,  
 Some mother's grief is now a maiden's joy.

This while all mute, the poor astonish'd mother,  
 With admiration as transpierced stood,  
 One bursting joy doth so confound another,  
 Passion so powerful in her ravish'd blood,  
 Whisp'ring some soft words which deliver'd were,  
 As rather seem'd her silence to impart,  
 And being enforc'd from bashfulness and fear,  
 Came as true tokens of a graceful heart.  
 Thus she departs her husband to content,  
 With this dear present back to him she brought,  
 Making the time short, telling each event,  
 In all shape joy presented to her thought.  
 Yet still his manly modesty was such,  
 (That his affections strongly so controul'd)  
 As if joy seem'd his manly heart to touch,  
 It was her joy and gladness to behold ;  
 When all rejoic'd unmov'd thereat the whiles,  
 In his grave face such constancy appears,  
 As now scarce shewing comfort in his smiles,  
 Nor then revealing sorrow in his tears :  
 Yet oft beheld it with that steadfast eye,  
 Which though it 'sdain'd the pleas'dness to confess,  
 More in his looks in fulness there did lie,  
 Than all their words could any way express.

(b) In time the princess playing with the child,  
 In whom she seem'd her chief delight to take,  
 With whom she oft the weary time beguil'd,  
 That as her own did of this Hebrew make :  
 It so fell out as Pharaoh was in place,  
 Seeing his daughter in the child to joy,  
 To please the princess, and to do it grace,  
 Himself vouchsafes to entertain the boy :  
 Whose shape and beauty when he did behold,  
 With much content his princely eye that fed,  
 Giving to please it any thing it would,  
 Set his own crown upon the infant's head,  
 Which this weak child regarding not all  
 (As such a baby carelessly is meet)  
 Unto the ground the diadem let fall,  
 Spurning it from him with neglectful feet.  
 Which as the priests beheld this ominous thing,  
 (That else had past unnoted as a toy)  
 As from their skill report unto the king,  
 This was the man that Egypt should destroy.  
 Told by the Magi that were learn'd and wise,  
 Which might full well the jealous king enflame,  
 Said by th' Egyptian ancient prophecies  
 That might give credit eas'lier to the same.  
 She as discreet as she was chaste and fair,  
 With princely gesture, and with countenance mild,  
 By things that hurtful and most dangerous were,  
 Shews to the king the weakness of the child :  
 Hot burning coals doth to his mouth present,  
 Which he to handle simply doth not stick,  
 This little fool, this retchless innocent  
 The burning glee with his soft tongue doth lick :  
 Which though in Pharaoh her desire it wrought,  
 His babish imbecility to see,  
 To the child's speech impediment it brought,  
 From which he never after could be free.

(b) Josephus Pet. Collier. r.



The child grew up, when in his manly face  
 Beauty was seen in an unusual cheer,  
 Such mixture sweet of comeliness and grace,  
 Likely apparell'd in complexion clear.  
 The part of earth contends with that of heaven,  
 Both in their proper purity excelling,  
 To whether more pre-eminence was given,  
 Which should excel, the dweller or the dwelling.  
 Men's usual stature he did far exceed,  
 And every part proportioned so well,  
 The more the eye upon his shape did feed,  
 The more it long'd upon the same to dwell:  
 Each joint such perfect harmony did bear,  
 That curious judgment taking any limb,  
 Searching might miss to match it any where,  
 Nature so fail'd in paralleling him:  
 His hair bright yellow, on an arched brow  
 Sat all the beauties kind could ever frame,  
 And did them there so orderly bestow,  
 As such a seat of majesty became.  
 As time made perfect each exterior part,  
 So still his honour with his years increas'd,  
 That he sat lord in many a tender heart:  
 With such high favours his fair youth was blest'd.

So fell it out that Æthiop war began,  
 Invading Egypt with their armed powers,  
 And taking spoils, the country over-ran  
 To where as Memphis vaunts her climbing towers;  
 Wherefore they with their oracles confer  
 About th' event, which do this answer make:  
 That if they would transport this civil war,  
 They to their captain must an Hebrew take.  
 And for fair Moses happily was grown  
 Of so great towardness and especial hope,  
 Him they do choose as absolute known,  
 To lead their power against the Æthiophe.  
 Which they of Termuth hardly can obtain,  
 Though on their altars by their gods they vow  
 Him to deliver safe to her again,  
 (Once the war ended) safe as he was now.  
 Who for the way the army was to pass,  
 That by th' Egyptians only was intended,  
 Most part by water more proxious was  
 Than present peril any whit commended:  
 To intercept the Æthiopians wrought  
 A way far nearer who their legions led,  
 Which till that time impassable was thought,  
 Such store of serpents in that place was bred:  
 Devis'd by birds this danger to eschew,  
 Whereof in Egypt he exceeding store,  
 The stork and ibis, which he wisely knew,  
 All kinds of serpents naturally abhor.  
 Which he in baskets of Egyptian reed,  
 Borne with his carriage easily doth convey,  
 And where encampeth sets them forth to feed,  
 Which drive the serpents presently away.  
 Thus them preventing by this subtil course,  
 That all their succour suddenly bereft,  
 When Æthiop flies before th' Egyptian force,  
 Shut up in Saba their last refuge left.  
 Which whilst with strait siege they beleagued long  
 The (c) king's fair daughter haps him to behold,  
 And became setter'd with affection strong,  
 Which in short time could hardly be controul'd.

(c) Comester.

Tarbis that kindled this rebellious rage,  
 That they to Egypt tributary were,  
 When the old king decrepit now with age,  
 She in his stead the sovereignty did bear.  
 Up to his tower where she the camp might see,  
 To look her new love every day she went,  
 And when he happen'd from the field to be,  
 She thought her blest'd beholding but his tent;  
 And oftentimes doth modestly inveigh  
 'Gainst him the city walled first about,  
 That the strong site should churlishly deny  
 Him to come in, or her for passing out,  
 Had the gates been but soften'd as her breast  
 (That to behold her loved enemy stands)  
 He had ere this of Saba been possess'd,  
 And therein planted the Egyptian bands:  
 Oft from a place as secretly she might  
 (That from her palace look'd unto his tent)  
 When she came forth appearing in his sight,  
 Shewing by signs the love to him she meant.  
 For in what arms it pleas'd him to be dight,  
 After the Hebrew or th' Egyptian guise:  
 He was the bravest, the most goodly wight  
 That ever graced Æthiop with his eyes.  
 And finding means to parley from a place  
 By night, her passion doth to him discover,  
 To yield the city if he would embrace  
 Her a true princess, as a faithful lover,  
 The features of so delicate a dame  
 Motives sufficient to his youth had been,  
 But to the lord of kingdoms by the same,  
 And of so great and absolute a queen,  
 Soon gently stole him from himself away,  
 That doth to him such rarities partake,  
 Off'ring so rich, so excellent a prey,  
 Loving the treason for the traitor's sake.

But whilst he lived in this glorious vein,  
 Israel his conscience oftentimes doth move,  
 That all this while in Egypt did remain,  
 Virtue and grace overcoming youth and love.  
 And though God knows unwilling to depart,  
 From so high empire wherein now he stood,  
 And her that sat so near unto his heart,  
 Such power hath Israel in his happy blood,  
 By skill to quit him forcibly he wrought,  
 As he was learn'd and traded in the wars,  
 Both by the Hebrews and th' Egyptians taught.  
 That were the first, the best astronomers,  
 (d) Two sundry figures makes, whereof the one  
 Cause them that wear it all things past forget,  
 As th' other of all accidents foregone  
 The memory as eagerly doth whet,  
 Which he insculped in two likely stones,  
 For rareness of invaluable price,  
 And cunningly contriv'd them for the zones  
 In likely rings of excellent device:  
 That of oblivion giving to his queen,  
 Which soon made shew the violent effect,  
 Forgot him straight as he had never been,  
 And did her former kindnesses neglect.  
 The other (that doth memory assist)  
 Him with the love of Israel doth inflame:  
 Departing thence not how the princess will,  
 In peace he leaves her as in war he came.

(d) Comester ex. et. l. 1. 1.



pleasures of th' Egyptian court  
 h power upon his springing years,  
 sad and tragical report  
 burdens captiv'd Israel bears :  
 regards he to be grac'd of kings ?  
 greatness idly to await ?  
 pects he the negotiating  
 sporting emperic and state ?  
 e and servility that lay  
 Israel (sunk in ordurous slime)  
 spirit down heavily doth weigh,  
 n care oft lent the prosperous time.  
 Hebrew happen'd to behold,  
 a sad burdens without all remorse,  
 atian barb'rously controul'd,  
 s pin'd and miserable corse,  
 beholding vexed as he stood,  
 ns swelling with impatient fire,  
 ge so wrestled in his blood  
 passage to conceived ire,  
 ie man th' Egyptian doth resist :  
 m his vile hands forcibly he took)  
 rong blow with his valiant fist,  
 breath out of his nostrils struck,  
 igh his courage boldly dare aver,  
 d power of his imperious hand,  
 igh honour deigneth to inter  
 ed carcase in the smouldring sand ;  
 i suppos'd in secret to be wrought,  
 th envy such a jealous eye,  
 e same incontinent it fought,  
 king delivered by and by,  
 i gave vent to Pharoah's cover'd wrath,  
 this instant reason did confine,  
 strait way, and apparent path  
 great and terrible design :  
 is safety forcing his retreat  
 affliction every day did breed,  
 revengeful tyranny did threat  
 st horror to the Hebrew seed ;  
 i now his pilgrimage he took,  
 irth's only paradise for pleasures,  
 ny a soft rill, many a sliding brook,  
 ie sweet valleys trip in wanton measures,  
 he curl'd groves and the flow'ry fields  
 : soul so peaceable and quiet,  
 delight and choice contentment yields  
 pt's braveries and luxurious diet :  
 ering long he happen'd on a well,  
 oy paths frequented might espy,  
 with trees where pleasure seem'd to  
 ell,  
 repose him, eas'y down doth lie :  
 : soft winds did mutually embrace  
 : harbours nature there had made,  
 icir sweet breath gently in his face  
 he calm cincture of the am'rous shade :  
 t nigh'd the noon-stead of the day,  
 ching heat the gadding herds do grieve,  
 herds now and herdsmen every way  
 sting cattle to the fountain drive :  
 he rest seven shepherdesses went  
 way for watering of their sheep,  
 s him seemed such reflection sent,  
 he flocks even white that they did keep :

Girls that so goodly and delightful were,  
 The fields were fresh and fragrant in their view,  
 Winter was as the spring-time of the year,  
 The grass so proud that in their footsteps grew :  
 Daughters they were unto a holy man,  
 (And worthy too of such a fire to be)  
 Jethro the priest of fertile Midian,  
 Few found so just, so righteous men as he.  
 But see the rude swain, the untutor'd slave,  
 Without respect or rev'rence to their kind,  
 Away their fair flocks from the water drave,  
 Such is the nature of the barb'rous hind.  
 The maids, perceiving where a stranger sat,  
 Of whom those clowns so basely did esteem  
 Were in his presence discontent thereat,  
 Whom he perhaps improvident might deem ;  
 Which he perceiving kindly doth entreat,  
 Reproves the rustics for that offer'd wrong,  
 Averring it an injury too great,  
 To such, of right, all kindness did belong.  
 But finding well his oratory fail,  
 His fists about him frankly he bestows,  
 That where persuasion could not late prevail,  
 He yet compelleth quickly by his blows.  
 Entreats the damsels their abode to make,  
 With courtly semblance and a manly grace,  
 At their fair pleasures quietly to take,  
 What might be had by freedom of the place.  
 Whose beauty, shape, and courage they admire,  
 Exceeding these, the honour of his mind,  
 For what in mortal could their hearts desire,  
 That in this man they did not richly find ?  
 Returning sooner than their usual hour,  
 All that had happen'd to their father told,  
 That such a man reliev'd them by his power,  
 As one all civil courtesy that could :  
 Who full of bounty, hospitably meek,  
 Of his behaviour greatly pleas'd to hear,  
 Forthwith commands his servants him to seek,  
 To honour him by whom his honour'd were :  
 Gently receives him to his goodly seat,  
 Feasts him his friends and families among,  
 And him with all those offices entreat,  
 That to his place and virtues might belong :  
 Whilst in the beauty of those goodly dames,  
 Wherein wise nature her own skill admires.  
 He feeds those secret and impiercing flames,  
 Nurs'd in fresh youth, and gotten in desires :  
 Won with this man this princely priest to dwell.  
 For greater hire than bounty could devise,  
 For her whose praise makes praise itself excel.  
 Fairer than fairness, and as wisdom wise.  
 In her, her sisters severally were seen,  
 Of every one she was the rarest part,  
 Who in her presence any time had been.  
 Her angel-eye transpierced not his heart.  
 For Zipora a shepherd's life he leads,  
 And in her sight deceives the subtil hours,  
 And for her sake oft robs the flow'ry meads,  
 With those sweet spoils t' enrich her rural  
 bowers,  
 Up to mount Horeb with his flock he took,  
 The flock wise Jethro willed him to keep.  
 Which well he guarded with his shepherd's crook.  
 Goodly the shepherd, goodly were the sheep :



To feed and fold full warily he knew,  
 From fox and wolf his wandering flocks to free,  
 The goodliest flowers that in the meadows grew  
 Were not more fresh and beautiful than he.  
 Gently his fair flocks lessow'd he along  
 Through the firm pastures freely at his leisure,  
 Now on the hills, the vallies then among,  
 Which seem themselves to offer to his pleasure.  
 Whilst feather'd silvans from each blooming spray,  
 With murm'ring waters wisely as they creep,  
 Make him such music, to abridge the way,  
 As fits a shepherd company to keep.  
 When lo! that great and fearful God of might  
 To that fair Hebrew strangely doth appear,  
 In a bush burning visible and bright,  
 Yet unconsuming as no fire there were:  
 With hair erected and upturned eyes,  
 Whilst he with great astonishment admires,  
 Lo! that eternal Rector of the skies, [fires:  
 Thus breathes to Moses from those quick'ning  
 Shake off thy sandals, saith the thund'ring God,  
 With humbled feet my wond'rous power to see,  
 For that the soil where thou hast boldly trod,  
 Is most select and hallow'd unto me:  
 The righteous Abraham for his God me knew,  
 Isaac and Jacob trusted in my name,  
 And did believe my covenant was true,  
 Which to their seed shall propagate the same:  
 My folk that long in Egypt had been barr'd,  
 Whose cries have enter'd heaven's eternal gate,  
 Our zealous mercy openly hath heard,  
 Kneeling in tears at our eternal state;  
 And am come down them in the land to see,  
 Where streams of milk through bat'ful valleys flow,  
 And luscious honey dropping from the tree  
 Load the full flowers that in their shadows grow:  
 By thee my power am purposed to try, [bring,  
 That from rough bondage shalt the Hebrews  
 Bearing that great and fearful embassy  
 To that monarchal and imperious king.  
 And on this mountain, standing in thy sight,  
 When thou returnest from that conquer'd land,  
 'Thou hallow'd altars unto me shalt light,  
 'This for a token certainly shall stand.

O! who am I! this wond'rous man replies,  
 A wretched mortal, that I should be sent,  
 And stand so clear in thine eternal eyes,  
 To do a work of such astonishment!  
 And trembling now with a transfixed heart,  
 Humbling himself before the Lord, quoth he,  
 Who shall I tell the Hebrews that thou art,  
 That giv'st this large commission unto me?  
 Say, quoth the spirit from that impetuous flame,  
 Unto the Hebrews asking thee of this,  
 That 'twas, I AM; which only is my name,  
 God of their fathers, so my title is;  
 Divert thy course to Goshen, then again,  
 And to divulge it constantly be bold,  
 And their glad ears attractively retain,  
 With what at Sinai Abraham's God hath told:

And tell great Pharaoh, that the Hebrews God  
 Commands from Egypt that he set you free,  
 Three journeys thence in deserts far abroad  
 To offer hallow'd sacrifice to me:  
 But he refusing to dismiss you so,  
 On that proud king I'll execute such force,  
 As never yet came from the sling, the bow,  
 The keen-edg'd cutlas or the puissant horse.  
 But if th' afflicted miserable sort,  
 To idle incredulity inclin'd,  
 Shall not, quoth Moses, credit my report,  
 That thou to me hast so great power assign'd.  
 Cast down, quoth God, thy wand unto the  
 ground.

Which he obeying fearfully, behold  
 The same a serpent suddenly was found,  
 Itself contorting into many a fold.  
 With such amazement Moses doth surprise,  
 With cold convulsions shrinking every vein,  
 That his affrighted and uplifted eyes,  
 Even shot with horror, sink into his brain.  
 But being encouraged by the Lord to take  
 The ugly tail into his trembling hand,  
 As from a dream he suddenly doth wake,  
 When at the instant it became a wand.  
 By the same hand into his bosom shut,  
 Whose eyes his wither'd leprosy abhor'd,  
 When forth he drew it, secondly being put,  
 Unto the former purity restor'd.  
 These signs he gives this sad admiring man,  
 Which he the weak incredulous should show,  
 When this frail mortal freshly now began  
 To forge new causes, why unfit to go?  
 Egypt accusing to have done him wrong,  
 Scantling that bounty nature had bestow'd,  
 Which had well-near depriv'd him of his  
 tongue,

Which to this office chiefly had been ow'd:  
 When he whose wisdom nature must obey,  
 In whose resistance reason weakly fails,  
 To whom all human instances give way,  
 'Gainst whom not subtil argument prevails,  
 Thus doth remove this idle vain excuse,  
 Who made the mouth? who th' eye? or ~~the~~  
 ear?

Or who deprives those organs of their use?  
 That thou thy imbecility should'st fear?  
 Thy brother Aaron cometh unto thee,  
 Which as thy speaker purposely I bring,  
 To whom thyself even as a God shalt be,  
 And he interpret to th' Egyptian king.  
 That when he at thy miracles shall wonder,  
 And wan with fear shall tremble at thy rod,  
 To feel his power that sways the dreadful thun-  
 der.

That is a jealous and a fearful God.  
 Then shall mine own self purchase me renown,  
 And win me honour by my glorious deed  
 On all the Pharaohs on th' Egyptian throne,  
 That this proud mortal ever shall succeed.



# MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

## B O O K II.

### *The Argument.*

Moses doth his message bring,  
Acts miracles before the king  
With him the Magi do contend,  
Which he doth conquer in the end,  
When by th' extensure of the wand  
He brings ten plagues upon the land,  
And in despite of Pharaoh's pride,  
From Goshen doth the Hebrews guide.

When now from Midian Moses forward set,  
With whom his wife and fair retinue went,  
Where on his way him happily hath met  
His brother Aaron to the Lord's intent,  
And to the Hebrews in th' impatient hand  
Of mighty Egypt all his power implies,  
And as the Lord expressly did command,  
Acteth his wonders in their pleased eyes.  
Those miracles mortality beholds  
With an astonish'd and distracted look,  
The mind that so amazedly enfolds,  
That every sense the faculty forsook,  
The little infant with abundant joy,  
To man's estate immediately is sprung,  
And though the old man could not back turn boy,  
Casts half his years so much becoming young,  
Whilst mirth in fulness measureth every eye,  
Each breast is heap'd up with excess of pleasure,  
Rearing their spread hands to the glorious sky,  
Gladly embracing the Almighty's leisure.  
These Hebrews ent'ring the Egyptian court,  
Their great commission publicly proclaim,  
Which there repulsed as a slight report,  
Doth soon denounce defiance to the same,  
Where now these men their miracles commend,  
By which their power precisely might be try'd,  
And Pharaoh for his forcerers doth send,  
By them the Hebrews only to deride.

Where heaven must now apparently transcend  
Th' infernal powers imperiously to thwart,  
And the bright perfect Deity contend  
With abstruse magic and fallacious art.  
Never was so miraculous a strife  
Where admiration ever so abounded,  
Where wonders were so prodigally rise,  
That to behold it nature stood confounded,  
Casting his rod a serpent that became,  
Which he suppos'd with marvel them might strike,  
When every priest essaying in the same,  
By his black skill did instantly the like:  
Which Pharaoh's breast with arrogance doth fill,  
Above the high God's to exalt his power,  
When by his power (t' amate their weaker skill)  
The Hebrew's rod doth all their rods devour:  
Which deed of wonder slightly he rejects,  
His froward spirit insatiently elate,  
Which after caus'd those violent effects  
That sat on Egypt with the power of fate.  
When he whose wisdom ere the world did fare,  
From whom not counsel can her secrets hide,  
Forewarneth Moses early to prepare  
T' accost the proud king by the river's side.  
What heavenly rapture doth enrich my brain,  
And through my blood extravagantly flows,  
That doth transport me to that endless main,  
Whereas th' Almighty his high glories shows?



That holy heat into my spirit infuse,  
 Wherewith thou wouldest thy prophets to inspire,  
 And lend that power to our delightful muse,  
 As dwelt in sounds of that sweet Hebraick lyre.  
 A task unusual I must now essay,  
 Striving through peril to support this mass,  
 No former foot did ever track a way,  
 Where I propose unto myself to pass:

When Moses meeting the Egyptian king,  
 Urgeth afresh the Israelites depart,  
 And him by Aaron stoutly menacing,  
 To try the temper of his stubborn heart.

(y) When lo! the torrent, the fleet hurrying flood,  
 So clear and perfect crystalline at hand,  
 As a black lake or settled marish stood  
 At the extensure of the Hebrew's wand.  
 Where segs, rank bulrush, and the sharpen'd  
 reed,

That with the fluxure of the wave is fed,  
 Might be discern'd unnaturally to bleed,  
 Dying their fresh green to a sullied red:  
 Like issuing ulcers every little spring,  
 That being ripen'd void the filthy core,  
 Their loathsome slime and matter vomiting  
 Into the rivers they enrich'd before:  
 What in her banks hath bath'ning Nilus bred,  
 Serpent, or fish, or strange deformed thing,  
 That on her bosom she not beareth dead,  
 Where they were born them lastly burying?  
 That bird and beast incontinently fly  
 From the detested and contagious stink,  
 And rather choose by cruel thirst to die,  
 Than once to taste of this contaminate drink;  
 And useful cisterns delicately fill'd,  
 With which rich Egypt wondrously abounds,  
 Looking as bowls receiving what was spill'd  
 With which rich Egypt wondrously abounds,  
 That the faint earth even poison'd now remains,  
 In her own self so grievously dejected,  
 Horrid pollution travelling her veins,  
 Desperate of cure so dangerously infected  
 The spongy soil, that digging deep and long  
 To suck clear liquor from her plenteous pores,  
 This bloody issue breaketh out among,  
 As sickly menstruas or inveterate sores:  
 Seven days continuing in this flux of blood,  
 Sadly fits Egypt a full week of woe,  
 Shame taints the brow of every stew and flood;  
 Blushing, the world her filthiness to show.  
 Yet 'tis vain proud Pharaoh Israel thus to free,  
 Nor this dire plague his harden'd heart can tame,  
 Which he suppos'd but fallacies to be,  
 When his magicians likewise did the same.

When he again that glorious rod extends  
 'Gainst him that heaven presumeth thus to  
 dare:

On Egypt soon a (z) second plague that sends,  
 Which he till now seem'd partially to spare  
 The soil, that late the owner did enrich  
 Him his fair herds and goodly flocks to feed,  
 Lies now a leytall, or a common ditch,  
 Where in their totter loathly paddocks breed.

(y) The first plague.  
 (z) The second plague.

Where as the up-land mountainous and high  
 To them that sadly do behold it shows,  
 As though in labour with this filthy fry,  
 Stirring with pain in the parturient throes:  
 People from windows looking to the ground,  
 At this stupendous spectacle amaz'd,  
 See but their sorrow every where abound,  
 That most abhorring whereon most they gaz'd.  
 Their troughs and ovens treadstools now become,  
 That housewives wont so carefully to keep,  
 These loathsome creatures taking up the room,  
 And croaking there continually do creep.  
 And as great Pharaoh on his throne is set,  
 From thence affrighted with this odious thing,  
 Which crawling up into the same doth get,  
 And him deposing sitteth as a king.  
 The wearied man his spirits that to refresh  
 Gets to his bed to free him from his fear,  
 Scarce laid but feels them at his naked flesh,  
 So small the succour that remaineth there.  
 No court so close to which the speckled toad  
 By some small cranny creeps not by and by,  
 No tower so strong, nor natural abode,  
 To which for safety any one might fly.  
 Egypt now hates the world her so should call,  
 Of her own self so grievously ashamed,  
 And so contemned in the eyes of all,  
 As but in scorn she scarcely once is nam'd,  
 When this profane king with a wounded heart  
 (His Magi though these miracles could do)  
 Sees in his soul one greater than their art,  
 Above all power, that put a hand thereto:  
 But as these plagues and sad afflictions ceas'd  
 At the just prayer of this mild godlike man,  
 So Pharaoh's pride and stubbornness increas'd,  
 And his lewd course this headstrong mortal ran  
 Which might have surelier settled in his mind,  
 (At his request which Moses quickly flew,  
 Leaving a stench so pestilent behind)  
 As might preserve old sorrows freshly new.

But stay, my muse, in height of all this speed,  
 Somewhat plucks back to quench this sacred heat  
 And many perils doth to us arrear  
 In that whereof we seriously entreat.  
 Lest too concise injuriously we wrong  
 Things that such state and fearfulness impart.  
 Or led by zeal irregularly long,  
 Infringe the curious liberties of art,  
 We that calumnious critic may eschew,  
 That blasphemeth all things with his poison'd breath.  
 Detracting what laboriously we do,  
 Only with that which he but idly saith.  
 O be our guide, whose glories now we preach,  
 That above books must steer us in our fate,  
 For never ethnic to this day did teach,  
 (In this) whose method we may imitate.

When now these men of miracle proceed,  
 And by extending of that wondrous wand,  
 As that resistless providence decreed,  
 Thereby bring (a) lice on the distemper'd land:  
 All struck with lice so numberless they lie,  
 The dust grown quick in every place doth creep.  
 The sands their want do secondly supply,  
 As they at length would suffocate the deep.

(a) The third plague.



atoms that in the beams appear,  
 the sun through crannies shining see,  
 none of those detested things do bear,  
 able the Egyptians be :  
 k'd the brands the passed evening burn'd,  
 he use the morning fire to keep)  
 the soul vermin finds the ashes turn'd,  
 on the earth, so thick thereon they creep.  
 prince and peasant equally are dress'd,  
 the finest silks and coarsest rags alike,  
 first goes now companion with the best,  
 and of God so generally doth strike.  
 Pharaoh's pavilion and the captive's pad  
 now in choice indifferent unto either,  
 small, fair, foul, rich, poor, the good and bad,  
 are in this pestilence together.

to cleanse, in vain to purge and pick,  
 every mote that with the breath doth rise,  
 with appeareth venomously quick,  
 though so small scarce taken with the eyes.  
 Though his wisdom strongly doth prevail,  
 his self-wise, this overweening man,  
 at the least, the slightest thing doth fail,  
 every beggar absolutely can ;

now these wizards with transfixed hearts  
 seek his glory by the same the more,  
 as a godhead shining through their arts,  
 by their magics they deny'd before.

As proud Pharaoh as oppugning fate,  
 doth resist that majesty so high,  
 himself doth yet appropriate  
 divine power his godhead to deny :

from his wilful stubbornness doth grow  
 great amazement to all ears and eyes,  
 now the Lord by Aaron's rod will show  
 mighty power even in the wretched'st (b) flies :

giving his vengeance in as many kinds,  
 Pharaoh doth his obstinancies vary,  
 as their plagues so fitly with their minds,  
 though their sin his punishments did carry.

under time as in an evening fair,  
 crickets are heard in a tumultuous sound  
 as of hills, so troubled is the air  
 by disturbance of the wondering ground.

the skies are darken'd as they yet do hover  
 gross clouds congested in their flight,  
 the whole land with multitudes they cover,  
 turning the streams as generally the light.

all land, might these not yet thee move ?  
 thou alone so destitute of fear ?

thou mean thy utmost to approve  
 many plagues thou able art to bear ?

thou have fore-threat'ned thy destruction sure,  
 now the fourth is following on as fast,  
 thou suppose thy pride can still endure ?  
 at his vengeance longer cannot last ?

thou are as weak and worthless as the rest,  
 much enfeebled, and his strength is more,  
 prepar'd, thee sadly to infect,  
 sins so many, by their equal store.

wretched creature man might well suppose  
 at the least that he had need to fear,  
 against the rest is terrify'd with those  
 which before none ever troubled were.

The fourth plague.

As we behold a swarming cast of bees  
 In a swollen cluster to some branch to cleave :  
 Thus do they hang in branches on the trees,  
 Pressing each plant, and loading ev'ry greave.  
 The houses cover'd with these must'ring flies,  
 And the fair windows that for light were made,  
 Eclips'd with horror, seeming to their eyes,  
 Like the dim twilight, or some ominous shade.  
 For human food what Egypt had in store,  
 The creatures feed on, till they bursting die,  
 And what in this unhappy land was more,  
 Their loathsome bodies lastly putrify.

O goodly Goshen where the Hebrews rest,  
 How dear thy children in th' Almighty's sight,  
 That for their sakes thou only should'st be blest,  
 When all these plagues on the Egyptians light ?  
 What promis'd people rested thee within,  
 To whom no peril ever might aspire,  
 For whose dear sake some watchful cherubim  
 stood to defend thee arm'd in glorious fire ?  
 Thou art that holy sanctuary made,  
 Where all th' afflicted cast aside their fear,  
 Whose privileges ever to invade,  
 The heavens command their horrors to forbear.  
 But since man's pride and insolence is such,  
 Nor by these plagues his will to pass could bring,  
 Nor with a sharp and wounding hand will touch  
 The dearer body of each living thing :  
 To other ends his courses to direct,  
 By all great means his glory to advance,  
 Altereth the cause by altering the effect,  
 To work by wonder their deliverance.

As Aaron grasping ashes in his hand,  
 Which scarcely cast into the open air,  
 But brings a murrain over all the land,  
 With (c) scabs and botches such as never were.  
 What chews the cud, or hoof, or horn allotted,  
 Wild in the fields, or tamed by the yoke,  
 With this contagious pestilence is rotted,  
 So universal's the Almighty's stroke.  
 The goodly horse of hot and fiery strain  
 In his high courage hardly brook'd his food,  
 That ditch or mound not lately could contain,  
 On the firm ground so scornfully that stood,  
 Crest-fall'n hangs down his hardly manag'd head,  
 Lies where but late disdainfully he trod,  
 His quick eye fixed heavily and dead,  
 Stirs not when prick'd with the impulsive goad.  
 The swine which nature secretly doth teach,  
 Only by fasting sicknesses to cure,  
 Now but in vain is to itself a leech,  
 Whose sudden end infallibly is sure.  
 Where frugal shepherds reckoning wool and  
 lamb,

Or who by herds hop'd happily to win,  
 Now sees the young one perish with the dam,  
 Nor dare his hard hand touch the poison'd skin.  
 Those fertile pastures quickly overspread  
 With their dead cattle, where the birds of prey  
 Gorg'd on the garbidge (woefully bestead)  
 Poison'd fall down as they would fly away.  
 And hungry dogs the tainted flesh refrain'd,  
 Whereon their master gormondiz'd of late,

(c) The fifth plague.



he cock the country horologe that rings  
 the cheerful warning to the sun's awake,  
 bidding the dawning scanteles in his wings,  
 and to his roost doth sadly him betake.  
 One to his neighbour in the dark doth call,  
 When the thick vapour so the air doth smother,  
 Making the voice so hideous therewithal,  
 That one's afraid to go unto the other.  
 The little infant for the mother shrieks,  
 Then lies it down astonished with fear,  
 Who for her child whilst in the dark she seeks,  
 Treads on the babe that she doth hold so dear.  
 Darkness so long upon the land doth dwell,  
 Whilst men amaz'd, the hours are stol'n away,  
 Erring in time that now there's none can tell  
 Which sho'ld be night, and which should be the  
 day.

Three doubled nights the proud Egyptian lies  
 With hunger, thirst, and weariness oppress,  
 Only relieved by his miseries,  
 By fear enforced to forget the rest.  
 Those lights and fires they laboured to defend,  
 With the foul damp that over all doth flow,  
 Such an eclipsed fulliedness doth send,  
 That darkness far more terrible doth show;  
 When the perplexed and astonish'd king,  
 Twixt rage and fear distracted in his mind,  
 Israel to pass now freely limiting,  
 Only their cattle to be staid behind.  
 Commanding Moses to depart his sight,  
 And from that time to see his face no more,  
 Which this mild man doth willingly acquit  
 That he well knew would come to pass before.  
 That for the droves the Israelites should leave,  
 Forbid by Pharaoh to be borne away,  
 Israel shall Egypt of her store hercave,  
 To bear it with her as a violent prey.  
 So wrought her God in the Egyptians thought,  
 As he is only provident and wise,  
 That he to pass for his chieue people brought  
 More than man's wisdom ever might devise.  
 Touching their soft breasts with a wounding love  
 Of those who yet they enviously admir'd,  
 Which doth the happy Jacobites behove,  
 To compass what they instantly requir'd,  
 That every Hebrew borrowed of a friend  
 Some special jewel feignedly to use,  
 Every Egyptian willing is to lend,  
 Nor being ask'd can possibly refuse.  
 Now closets, chests, and cabinets are sought  
 For the rich gem, the rarity, or thing,  
 And they the happiest of the rest are thought,  
 That the high'st prize' I officiously could bring.  
 Rings, chains, and bracelets, jewels for the ear,  
 The perfect glorious, and most lustrous stone.  
 The carcases so much request'd there,  
 The pearl most orient, and a paragon.  
 What thing so choice that curious art could frame,  
 Luxurious Egypt had not for her pride?  
 What so rare an Israelite could name,  
 But asking was thereof deny'd?  
 And doth now the passover command.  
 That sacred mystery doth tell,  
 'd o'er them with a spareful hand,  
 Left-love of th' Egyptian sell.



What nature for man's appetite ordain'd,  
 The creature that's most ravenous doth hate.  
 Thus all that breathes and kindly hath encrease,  
 Suffer for him that proudly did offend,  
 Yet in this manner here it shall not cease,  
 (c) In beasts begun, in wretched man to end.  
 To whom it further violently can,  
 Not by th' Almighty limited to stake,  
 As beast is plagued for rebellious man,  
 Man in some measure must his pain partake.  
 Those dainty breasts that open'd lately were,  
 Which with rich veins so curiously did flow,  
 With boils and blains most loathsome do appear,  
 Which now the damsel not desires to show.  
 Features disfigur'd only now the fair,  
 (All are deformed) most ill-favour'd be,  
 Where beauty was most exquisite and rare,  
 There the least blemish cas'tiest you might see.  
 For costly garments fashion'd with device  
 To form each choice part curious eyes to please,  
 The sick man's gown is only now in price,  
 To give their blotch'd and blister'd bodies ease.  
 It is in vain the surgeon's hand to prove,  
 Or help of physic to assuage the smart,  
 For why, the power that ruleth from above  
 Crossing all means of industry and art.  
 Egypt is now an hospital forlorn,  
 Where only cripples and diseased are,  
 How many children to the world are born,  
 So many lazars thither still repair.  
 When those proud Magi as oppos'd to fate,  
 That durst high heaven in every thing to dare,  
 Now in most vile and miserable state  
 As the mean'st caitif equally do fare.  
 Thus stands that man so eminent alone,  
 Arm'd with his power that governeth the sky,  
 Now when the wizards lastly overthrown,  
 Grovelling in sores before his feet do lie.  
 Not one is found unpunished escapes  
 So much to do his hungry wrath to feed,  
 Which still appeareth in as many shapes  
 As Pharaoh doth in tyrannies proceed.  
 (d) Even as some grave wise magistrate to find  
 Out some vile treason, or some odious crime,  
 That beareth every circumstance in mind,  
 Of place, of manner, instance, and of time :  
 That the suspected strongly doth arrest,  
 And by all means invention can devise  
 By hopes or torture out of him to wrest  
 The ground, the purpose, and confederacies,  
 Now slack his pain, now doth the same augment,  
 Yet in his strait hand doth contain him still,  
 Proportioning his allotted punishment  
 As he's removed or pliant to his will.  
 But yet hath Egypt somewhat left to vaunt,  
 What's now remaining may her pride repair,  
 But lest perhaps she should be arrogant,  
 Till she be humbled he will never spare.  
 These plagues seem yet but nourished beneath,  
 And even with man terrestrially to move,  
 Now heaven his fury violently shall breath,  
 Rebellious Egypt scourging from above.

(e) Winter let loose in his robustious kind  
 Wildly runs raving through the airy plains,

As though his time of liberty assign'd  
 Roughly now shakes off his impris'ning chains.  
 The winds spit fire in one another's face,  
 And mingled flames fight furiously together,  
 Through the wild heaven that one the other chase,  
 Now flying thence and then returning thither.  
 No light but lightning ceaselessly to burn  
 Swifter than thought from place to place to pass,  
 And being gone doth suddenly return  
 E'er you could say precisely that it was.  
 In one self moment darkness and the light  
 Instantly born, as instantly they die,  
 And every minute is a day and night  
 That breaks and sets in twinkling of an eye.  
 Mountain and valley suffer one self ire,  
 The stately tower and lowly cote alike,  
 The shrub and cedar this impartial fire  
 In one like order generally doth strike :  
 On flesh and plant this subtil lightning preys,  
 As through the pores its passage fitly finds,  
 In the full womb the tender burden slays,  
 Piercing the stiff trunk through the spongy rinds.  
 Throughout this great and universal bill  
 The wrath of heaven outrageously is thrown,  
 As the lights quick'ning and celestial  
 Had put themselves together into one.  
 This yet continuing the big-bellied clouds,  
 With heat and moisture in their fulness brake,  
 And the stern thunder from the airy shrouds  
 To the sad world in fear and horror spake.  
 The black storm bellows and the yerning vault,  
 Full charg'd with fury as some signal given,  
 Preparing their artillery to assault,  
 Shoot their stern vollics in the face of heaven.  
 The bolts new wing'd with fork'd æthereal fire,  
 Through the vast region every where do rove,  
 Goring the earth in their imperious ire,  
 Pierce the proud'st building, rend the thick  
 grove.

When the breem hail as rising in degrees  
 Like ruffled arrows through the air doth sing,  
 Beating the leaves and branches from the trees  
 Forcing an autumn earlier than the spring.  
 The birds late shrouded in their safe repair,  
 Where they were wont from winter's wrath to hide,  
 Lest by the tempest to the open air,  
 Shot with cold bullets through the trembling brake.  
 Whilst cattle grazing on the barful ground,  
 Finding no shelter from the shower to hide,  
 In ponds and ditches willingly are drown'd,  
 That this sharp storm no longer can abide.  
 Windows are shiver'd to forgotten dust,  
 The slates fall shatter'd from the roof above,  
 Where any thing finds harbour from this gust,  
 Now even as death it seareth to remove.  
 The rude and most impenetrable rock  
 Since the foundation of the world was laid,  
 Never before stirr'd with tempestuous shock,  
 Melts with this storm as sensibly afraid.  
 Never yet with so violent a hand,  
 A brow contracted and so full of fear,  
 God scourg'd the pride of a rebellious land,  
 Since into kingdoms nations gather'd were.  
 But he what mortal was there ever known,  
 So many strange afflictions did abide,

(c) The sixth plague.

(d) A simile of God's justice.

(e) The seventh plague.



om so many miseries were thrown,  
 heaven so oft and angerly did chide?  
 ut relenting Moses doth relieve?  
 off that which oft on him doth light,  
 God so oft doth punish and forgive,  
 oy to prove his mercy and his might.  
 t eternal providence could frame  
 cans whereby his glory should be try'd,  
 s he please, miraculously can tame  
 sensual ways, his transitory pride.  
 haroah bent to his rebellious will;  
 te to Israel instantly renews,  
 uing author of his proper ill,  
 now the plague of grasshoppers ensues.  
 Long e'er they fell, on th' face of heaven  
 they hung,  
 ast clouds as covered all the skies,  
 ing the sun-beams piercing through their  
 throng,  
 Strange distraction to beholding eyes.  
 He creature that is said to sing  
 in summer, and in winter poor,  
 g the emmet's painful labouring,  
 ats the labourer and the heaped store.  
 de of grass remaineth to be seen,  
 herb, nor flower, to which the spring gives  
 birth,  
 'ry path, even barren hills are green,  
 those that eat the greenness from the earth.  
 is most sweet, what most extremely sour,  
 athsome hemlock as the verdurous rose,  
 filthy locusts equally devour,  
 the heavens of every thing dispose.  
 ces all barkles nakedly are left  
 eople stript of things that they did wear,  
 e enforcement of disastrous theft,  
 ng as frightened with erected hair:  
 doth the Lord her nakedness discover,  
 by to prove her stoutness to reclaim,  
 when nor fear nor punishment could move  
 her,  
 ight at length be tempted with her shame.  
 d of all her ornaments she stands,  
 ein rich nature whilom did her dight,  
 the sad verges of the neighbouring lands  
 with much sorrow wond'ring at the sight.  
 gypt is so impudent and vile,  
 ush is seen that pity might compel,  
 from all eyes to cover her a while,  
 ord in darkness leaveth her to dwell.  
 Over the great and universal face  
 rawn the curtains of the horrid night,  
 would be continually in place,  
 from the world had banished the light.  
 the light, so likewise to the touch  
 ppropriate object equally is dealt,  
 ness is now so palpable and much,  
 as 'tis seen, as easily is felt.  
 now it hap'd to travel by the way,  
 the field did chance abroad to roam;  
 ng himself then wander'd as astray,  
 inds his hoftry nor returneth home.

The eighth plague.  
 The ninth plague.

The cock the country horologe that rings  
 The cheerful warning to the sun's awake,  
 Missing the dawning scantles in his wings,  
 And to his roost doth sadly him betake.  
 One to his neighbour in the dark doth call,  
 When the thick vapour so the air doth smother,  
 Making the voice so hideous therewithal,  
 That one's afraid to go unto the other.  
 The little infant for the mother shrieks,  
 Then lies it down astonished with fear,  
 Who for her child whilst in the dark she seeks,  
 Treads on the babe that she doth hold so dear.  
 Darkness so long upon the land doth dwell,  
 Whilst men amaz'd, the hours are stol'n away,  
 Erring in time that now there's none can tell  
 Which should be night, and which should be the  
 day.

Three doubled nights the proud Egyptian lies  
 With hunger, thirst, and weariness oppress'd,  
 Only relieved by his miseries,  
 By fear enforced to forget the rest.  
 Those lights and fires they laboured to defend,  
 With the foul damp that over all doth flow,  
 Such an eclipsed sulliedness doth send,  
 That darkness far more terrible doth show;  
 When the perplexed and astonish'd king,  
 'Twixt rage and fear distracted in his mind,  
 Israel to pass now freely limiting,  
 Only their cattle to be staid behind.  
 Commanding Moses to depart his sight,  
 And from that time to see his face no more,  
 Which this mild man doth willingly acquit  
 That he well knew would come to pass before.  
 That for the droves the Israelites should leave,  
 Forbid by Pharaoh to be borne away,  
 Israel shall Egypt of her store bereave,  
 To bear it with her as a violent prey.  
 So wrought her God in the Egyptians thought,  
 As he is only provident and wise,  
 That he to pass for his choice people brought  
 More than man's wisdom ever might devise.  
 Touching their soft breasts with a wounding love  
 Of those who yet they enviously admir'd,  
 Which doth the happy Jacobites behove,  
 To compass what they instantly requir'd,  
 That every Hebrew borrowed of a friend  
 Some special jewel feignedly to use,  
 Every Egyptian willing is to lend,  
 Nor being ask'd can possibly refuse.  
 Now closets, chests, and cabinets are sought  
 For the rich gem, the rarity, or thing,  
 And they the happiest of the rest are thought,  
 That the high'st priz'd officiously could bring.  
 Rings, chains, and bracelets, jewels for the ear,  
 The perfect glorious, and most lustrous stone,  
 The carcahet so much requested there,  
 The pearl most orient, and a paragon.  
 What thing so choice that curious art could frame,  
 Luxurious Egypt had not for her pride?  
 And what so rare an Israelite could name,  
 That he but asking was thereof deny'd?  
 When God doth now the passover command,  
 Whose name that sacred mystery doth tell,  
 That he pass'd o'er them with a spareful hand,  
 When all th' first-born of th' Egyptians fell,



Which should to their posterity be taught,  
 That might for ever memorize this deed,  
 The fearful wonders he in Egypt wrought,  
 For Abraham's off-spring, Sarah's promis'd seed.  
 A lamb unblemish'd, or a spotless kid,  
 That from the dam had weaned out a year,  
 Which he without deformity did bid,  
 Held to himself a sacrifice so dear.  
 Roasted and eaten with unleaven'd bread,  
 And with four herbs such viands as became,  
 Meat for the ev'ning, that prohibited  
 The morn ensuing partner of the same.  
 Girding their loins, shoes fasten'd to their feet,  
 Staves in their hands, and passing it to take,  
 In manners as to travellers is meet,  
 A voyage forth immediately to make.  
 Whose blood being put upon the outmost posts,  
 Whereby his chosen Israelites he knew,  
 That night so dreadful when the Lord of hosts  
 All the (b) first-born of the Egyptians slew.  
 Darkness invades the world, when now forth went  
 The spoiling angel as the Lord did will,  
 And where the door was not with blood besprent,  
 There the first-born he cruelly did kill.  
 Night never saw so tragical a deed,  
 Thing so replete with heaviness and sorrow,  
 Nor shall the day hereafter ever read  
 Such a black time as the ensuing morrow.  
 The dawn now breaking, and with open sight  
 When every lab'ring and affrighted eye  
 Beholds the slaughter of the passed night,  
 The parting plague protracted misery.  
 One to his neighbour hastes his heedless feet,  
 To bring him home his heavy chance to see,  
 And him he goes to by the way doth meet,  
 As grieved and as miserable as he.  
 Who out of door now hastily doth come,  
 Thinking to howl and bellow forth his woe,  
 Is for his purpose destitute of room,  
 Each place with sorrow doth so overflow.  
 People awaked with this sudden fright,  
 Run forth their doors as naked as they be,  
 Forget the day, and bearing candle light  
 To help the sun their miseries to see.  
 Who lost his first-born e'er this plague begun,  
 Is now most happy in this time of woe,  
 Who mourn'd his eld'st, a daughter or a son,  
 Is now exempt from what the rest must do.  
 To one that fains poor comfort to his friend,  
 His child was young, and need the less be car'd,  
 Replies if his had liv'd the other's end,  
 With all his heart he could him well have spar'd.  
 No eye can lend a mourning friend one tear,  
 So busy is the gen'ral heart of moan,  
 So strange confusion sits in every ear,  
 As warneth power to entertain his own.

(b) The tenth plague.

Imparted woe, the heavy heart's relief,  
 When it hath done the utmost that it may,  
 Outright is murder'd with a second grief,  
 To see one mute tell more than it can say :  
 The greatest blessing that the heart could give,  
 The joy of children in the married state,  
 To see his curse the parent now doth live,  
 And none be happy but th' unfortunate.  
 Whilst some for burial of their children stay,  
 Others pass by with theirs upon the bier,  
 Which from the church met mourners by the way,  
 Others they find that yet are burying there.

Afflicted London, in six hundred three,  
 When God thy sin so grievously did strike,  
 And from th' infection that did spring from thee,  
 The spacious isle was patient of the like.  
 That sickly season, when I undertook  
 This composition faintly to supply,  
 When thy affliction serv'd me for a book  
 Whereby to model Egypt's misery.  
 When pallid horror did possess the street,  
 Nor knew thy children refuge where to have,  
 Death them so soon in every place did meet,  
 Unpeopling houses to possess the grave.

When woeful Egypt with a wounded heart  
 So many plagues that suffered for their stay,  
 Now on their knees entreat them to depart,  
 And even impatient of their long delay.  
 Six hundred thousand Israelites depart,  
 Besides the nations that they thence releas'd,  
 And Hebrew babes, the joy of many a heart,  
 That Sarah's happy promises had bless'd.  
 After four hundred thirty years expir'd,  
 (Measuring by minutes many a woeful hour)  
 That day they came they thence again depart,  
 By his eternal providence and power.  
 With all the jewels Egypt could afford  
 With them away that wisely they did bear,  
 Th' Egyptians ask'd not to have back restor'd,  
 All then so busy at their burials were :  
 And (i) Joseph's bones precisely thence convey,  
 Whose tomb by Nile's oft inundations drown'd,  
 Yet the deceased strictly to obey  
 By Moses were miraculously found.  
 (k) Who did in gold that powerful word engrave,  
 By which th' Almighty fully is express'd,  
 Which bare the metal floating on the wave,  
 Till o'er his coffin lastly it did rest.  
 As by a sheep that shew'd them to the same,  
 To make them mindful of the reverend dead,  
 Which beast thenceforth they call'd by Joseph's name  
 And when they went from Egypt, with them led  
 But that he thus did find his burying place,  
 As we tradition wisely may suspect,  
 We only this as history embrace,  
 But else in faith as fabulous neglect.

(i) Corner in Exod.

(k) Tétragrammaton.



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# MOSES'S BIRTH AND MIRACLES.

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## B O O K III.

### *The Argument.*

God drowns th' Egyptians in his ire,  
Doth march before his host in fire,  
From the hard rocks strikes gushing springs,  
Rains quails and manna, conquers kings,  
And fearful plagues on them doth try,  
For murm'ring and idolatry:  
Unto the promis'd land them brought,  
When it they forty years had fought;  
Balaam to bless them he doth send,  
Their good success, mild Moses' end.

which at home scorn'd Pharoah and his  
force,  
whose departure he did humbly pray,  
pursues with his Egyptian horse  
warlike foot to spoil them on the way.  
his choice people strongly to protect,  
by God of empire and of might,  
his host his standard doth erect,  
his pillar in a field of light,  
he by day in sable doth unfold,  
e the sun his ardour to forbear,  
it converts it into flaming gold,  
the coldness of the same to fear.  
Philistia he his force will lead,  
h the far nearer and the happier way,  
n of war a glorious march shall tread  
vast bowels of the bloody sea.  
nds the winds as couriers forth before  
ke them way from Pharoah's power to fly,  
convey them to a safer shore;  
his might that can make oceans dry.  
by the stroke of that commanding wand,  
er'd the rough seas forcibly together,  
III.

Raised as ramparts by that glorious hand,  
( 'Twixt which they march ) that did conduct them  
thither.  
The surly waves their ruler's will obey'd,  
By him made up in this confused mass,  
Like as an ambush secretly were laid,  
To set on Pharoah as his power should pass.  
Which soon with wombs insatiably wide, [power,  
Loos'd from their late bounds by th' Almighty's  
Came raging in, enclosing every side,  
And the Egyptians instantly devour.  
The sling, the stiff bow, and the sharpen'd lance,  
Floating confus'dly on the waters rude,  
They which these weapons lately did advance,  
Perish in sight of them that they pursu'd.  
Clashing of armours, and the rumor of sound  
Of the stern billows in contention stood,  
Which to the shores do every way rebound,  
As doth affright the monsters of the flood.  
Death is discern'd triumphantly in arms  
On the rough seas his slaughtery to keep,  
And his cold self in breath of mortals warms,  
Upon the dimpled bosom of the deep.

T t



There might you see a chequer'd ensign swim  
About the body of the envy'd dead,  
Serve for a hearse or coverture to him,  
Ere while did waft it proudly 'bout his head:  
'The warlike chariot turn'd upon the back  
With the dead horses in their traces ty'd,  
Drags their fat carcase through the foamy brack  
That drew it late undauntedly in pride:  
There floats the bard steed with his rider drown'd,  
Whose foot in his caparison is cast,  
Who late with sharp spurs did his courser wound,  
Himself now ridden with his strangled beast.  
The waters conquer (without help of hand)  
For them to take for which they never toil,  
And like a quarry cast them on the land,  
As those they slew they left to them to spoil.

In eighty-eight at Dover that had been,  
To view that navy (like a mighty wood)  
Whose sails swept heaven, might eas'ly there have  
seen,

How puissant Pharoah perish'd in the flood.  
What for a conquest strictly they did keep,  
Into the channel presently was pour'd.  
Castilian riches scatter'd on the deep,  
That Spain's long hopes had suddenly devour'd.  
Th' afflicted English rang'd along the strand  
To wait what would this threat'ning power be-  
tide,

Now when the Lord with a victorious hand  
In his high justice scourg'd th' Iberian pride.

Hence three days march to Mara leads them on,  
Where Sur's wild deserts as the army past  
Seemed as from their presence to have flown,  
The mountains stood so miserably aghast.  
Where, for with drought they hardly are bested,  
And the foul waters bitter as the gall,  
That they should through this wilderness be led  
To thankful murmur presently they fall.  
God pointeth Moses to a precious tree,  
Whose med'c'nal branches cast into the lake,  
Of that rare virtue he approv'd to be,  
'The waters sweet and delicate to make.  
Not that his hand stands any way in need  
Of mediate means his purposes to bring,  
But that in state his wisdom will proceed  
To shew his power in every little thing.  
Nor metaphysics fully him confine,  
All-measuring so immeasurably great,  
That doth in nature every cause combine,  
This All in him so aptly hath recreate.  
Which might have learn'd them in this helpless  
case,

With tribulations willingly to meet,  
When men with patience troubles do embrace,  
How oftentimes it makes afflictions sweet.  
And his free bounty fully now they found,  
As they for Mara to mount Sinai made,  
Pitching in Elin in that plentiful ground  
Of pleasant fountains and delicious shade.  
But as at Sur, so they again at Sin,  
Before of thirst, of hunger now complain,  
Withing they might in Egypt still have been,  
Where never famine all their time did reign.  
When clouds of quails from the Arabian shore  
Upon the camp immediately are sent,

Which came so long and in such mass  
That with their flight they smother'd  
This glads the ev'ning; each unto his  
With souls even satiated with these dainties  
And the great goodness of the Lord on  
That in like measures each participate.  
The morn strews manna all about the  
(The meat of Angels) morsels to rebel  
Candying the fresh grass, as the winter  
Ne'er such banquet unto such dainty fell.  
O Israel pamper'd with this heavenly food  
Which else to nations earthly he denies,  
To raise thy spirits; to rectify thy mind  
With these so rare celestial purities.

Then the fat flesh-pots they so much did  
Whereon in Egypt gluttoning they fed,  
When they came hungry home from  
mire,

Which only dulness, and gross humour  
Yet in the sweetness and th' abundance  
His power not so conclusively express,  
But who took most not capable of more  
Than in his Gomer he that gathered last  
By night corrupting, each day gathering  
But for the Sabbath what they did prove  
That day descended not that heavenly dew  
That so that day was only sanctify'd.  
Thence through these deserts desolate  
They reach to Raph'dem where as th'  
pass,

There was not found a fountain far nor  
Such want of water every where there was  
Thither the Lord by Moses did them lead  
His force the faithless Israelites might lead  
For even in the impossiblest thing,  
He most delights his wondrous might to  
Far worse than Mara is this fruitless soil,  
For there were waters (bitter though th'  
But here are none, though sought with  
toil,

That they from murmur longer not  
Commanding Moses he should take the  
Wherewith in Egypt he such wonders  
For that most wise, that secret-seeing God  
Saw there were some thus reason'd in their  
The mystery of that miraculous wand  
He did to plagues and fearful things imply  
That Aaron yet ne'er took it in his hand  
When work of mercy was achiev'd then  
Therefore bids Moses to his high intent,  
The same to use, they visibly might see,  
That this which erst had been the instrument  
Of justice, so of clemency to be.

Which with a blow, the cleaves in flint  
As with an earthquake violently rent,  
Whence came so strong and rough a storm  
That in the stones were gutters as it were  
The springs spout forth such plenty, that  
Down the slope sides it violently swept,  
So divers ways, so various in the fall,  
Through every cranny the clear water  
In pails, kits, dishes, basons, pinbaskets, &c.  
Their scorched bosoms merrily they lick,  
Until this very hour their thirsty souls  
Never touch'd water of so sweet a taste.



suffic'd but in the very neck  
 'tis bruted by the watchful post,  
 the near-bord'ring envious Amalek  
 arching towards them with a mighty host.  
 forth Joshua from the rest doth draw,  
 selected, of courageous spirit,  
 Moses with prophetic eye foresaw,  
 be the man his room that should inherit.  
 nding him to muster out of hand,  
 aw his forces presently to head,  
 that proud Amalekite to stand,  
 in the field a puissant army led.  
 on rock Horeb, with erected hand,  
 the rod up to the glorious sky,  
 Hur and Aaron, Amram's son doth stand,  
 both the hosts for victory do try.  
 blades are brandish'd, and the fight begun,  
 hund'ring horror trumpets do proclaim,  
 the reflection of the radiant sun,  
 o beholders as a general flame.  
 ourage and dexterity that day  
 er side sufficiently is shown,  
 the earth full many a soldier lay,  
 ing through danger to make good his own.  
 an might see how many a strenuous guide  
 to make his enemy to bleed,  
 e fierce vaward, then the rereward ply'd,  
 erceiveth the battalions need.  
 ght the full day, he the rod upheld,  
 en his strength by long continuing fails,  
 as before the Israelites had quell'd,  
 erse proud Amalekite prevails.  
 he two Hebrews provident of harms,  
 grave Moses down upon a stone,  
 their force support his wearied arms,  
 e foe was lastly overthrown.  
 o the just, to whom report had told  
 ievements wrought by his renowned son,  
 the world did tributary hold,  
 s in Egypt God by him had done :  
 od old man to consummate their joys,  
 r hour his son is come to see,  
 g his wife and his two little boys  
 int back to Midian safe to be :  
 ry this time two proper youths are grown,  
 their grandsire with exceeding care,  
 e host there hardly could be shown  
 th those boys for beauty could compare.  
 rth and feasting as for them was seen,  
 grave father and this goodly dame,  
 is day in Israel had not been,  
 kind Joseph righteous Jacob came.  
 mild Moses scarcely can suffice  
 his man the troubles they had past,  
 nders God had acted in their eyes,  
 ey in Midian kindly parted last.  
 hat mark'd the pains that Moses took,  
 ; early, and in resting late,  
 d himself into all causes look,  
 his person censure each debate :  
 nely priest, a man exceeding wise,  
 g experienc'd in this great affair,  
 that time few states or monarchies  
 government he could not well declare)

Reproves good Moses in this zealous deed :  
 Quoth he, Methinks thou dost not well in this,  
 The course wherein I see thou dost proceed  
 Trouble to thee and to the people is.  
 Appoint out judges, and inferior courts,  
 'I wixt the plebeians and thyself to be,  
 From them receive those matters by report,  
 Speak thou to God, and let them speak to thee ;  
 In things important be thou still in place,  
 In lesser causes leaving them to deal,  
 So may you both your quietness embrace,  
 By an exact and perfect commonweal.

Now when to Sinai they approached near,  
 God calls up Moses to the mount above,  
 And all the rest commandeth to forbear,  
 Nor from the bounds assign'd them to remove.  
 For who the limits loosely did exceed,  
 Which were by Moses mark'd them out beneath,  
 The Lord had irrevocably decreed  
 With darts or stones should surely die the death.  
 Where as the people in a wond'rous fright  
 (With hearts transfixed even with frozen blood)  
 Beheld their leader openly in sight  
 Pass to the Lord, where he in glory stood.  
 Thunder and lightning led him down the air,  
 Trumpets celestial sounding as he came,  
 Which struck the people with astounding fear,  
 Himself invested in a splendrous flame.  
 Sinai before him fearfully doth shake,  
 Covered all over in a smould'ring smoke,  
 As ready the foundation to forsake,  
 On the dread presence of the Lord to look.  
 Erect your spirits and lend attentive ear  
 To mark at Sinai what to you is said,  
 Weak Moses now you shall not simply hear,  
 The son of Amram and of Jacobed.  
 But he that Adam did imp'adise,  
 And lent him comfort in his proper blood,  
 And saved Noah, that did the ark devise,  
 When the old world else perish'd in the flood,  
 To righteous Abraham Canaan frankly lent,  
 And brought forth Isaac so extremely late,  
 Jacob so fair and many children sent,  
 And rais'd chaste Joseph to so high estate.  
 He whose just hand plagu'd Egypt for your sake,  
 That Pharaoh's power so scornfully did mock,  
 Why for his people through the sea did make,  
 Gave food from heaven, and water from the rock.  
 Whilst Moses now in this cloud cover'd hill  
 Full forty days his pure abode did make,  
 Whilst that great God in his almighty will,  
 With him of all his ordinances brake.  
 The decalogue from which religion took  
 The being ; sin and righteousness began  
 The different knowledge ; and the certain book  
 Of testimony betwixt God and man.  
 The ceremonial as judicious laws,  
 From his high wisdom that receiv'd their ground,  
 Not to be alter'd in the smallest clause,  
 But as their Maker wond'rously profound.  
 The composition of that sacred phane,  
 Which as a symbol curiously did shew,  
 What all his six days workmanship contain,  
 Whose perfect model his own finger drew.



Whose absence thence gave leisure to their lust,  
Oppugning Aaron, idols them to frame,  
And by their power still strengthen this disgust,  
In him denouncing the Almighty's flame.  
A gold made god how durst you ever name,  
For him so long had led you from the sky,  
In sight of Sinai crowned with a flame,  
His glory thence residing in your eye?  
Such things might melt mortality to see,  
'That even the very clements did fright,  
He that in Egypt had perform'd for thee  
What made the world amazed at his might.  
'Thy soul transpierced ne'er before thou felt'st,  
But like a quarry it even clave thy breast,  
Coming from Sinai when as thou beheld'st  
Th' elected Israel kneeling to a beast.  
Him sense forsook, his sinews strengthless are,  
He came so much amazed therewithal,  
The stony tables slipp'd him unaware,  
'That with their own weight brake them in the fall.  
Down this proud lump ambitiously he flung,  
Into base dust dissolving it with fire,  
'That since they for variety did long,  
They should thereby even surfeit their desire.  
And sent the mineral through their hateful throats,  
Whence late those horrid blasphemies did fly,  
On bestial figures when they fell to doat  
In prostitution to idolatry.  
Now when this potion that they lately took,  
'This chymic medicine (their deserved fare)  
Upon their beards, and on their bosoms stuck,  
He doth their slaughter presently prepare.  
What's he himself to Levi could ally  
Before this calf not suitably did fall,  
Girds not his broad blade to his sinewy thigh,  
When he hears Moses unto arms to call?  
Killing not him appointed he should slay,  
'Though they had slept in either's arms before,  
Though in one womb they at one burthen lay,  
Yea, when this dead, though that could be no  
more?

You whom not Egypt's tyranny could wound,  
Nor seas, nor rocks could any thing deny,  
'That till this day no terror might astound  
On the sharp points of your own swords to die?

When Moses now those tables to renew  
Of that essential Duty doth merit,  
Which from his har he dissolutely threw  
In the deep anguish of his grieved spirit.  
When forty days without all nat'ral food,  
He on Mount Sinai fixed his abode,  
Retaining strength and fervour in his blood,  
Rapt with the presence of that glorious God.  
Who in his high estate whilst he past by  
In the cleft rock that holy man did hide,  
I oft he should perish by his radiant eye,  
When Moses seeing but his glorious side,  
Celestial brightness seized on his face,  
That did the wond'ring Israelites amaze,  
When he returned from that sovereign place,  
His brows encircled with splendid rays;  
'That their weak sight beholding of the same,  
He after cover'd from the common eyes,  
Lest when for answer unto him they came,  
The lustful people should idolatize,

Might we those muster'd Israelites admire,  
From plains of Sinai mighty Moses led,  
Or else to view that opulent desire,  
To that rich ark so freely offered,  
The marv'lous model of that rarest piece,  
Th' engravings, carvings, and embroideries tell  
The cunning work and excellent device  
Of neat Aholiah, and Bezaliel.  
But we our Moses seriously pursue,  
And our strong nerves to his high praise apply,  
That through this maze shall guide us as a clew,  
And may his virtues absolutely try.  
Whose charge being weary of their mighty arms,  
And much offended they had march'd so long,  
As oft disturbed with their stern alarms,  
Suppose by Moses to have suffered wrong.  
When with the luggage such as lagg'd behind  
And that were set the carriages to keep,  
'Gainst God and Moses grievously repin'd,  
Wanting a little sustenance and sleep.  
Who with their murmur'ing moved in his ire,  
That they so soon his providence mistrust,  
Down from his full hand flung that forceful fire,  
Which in a moment bruis'd their bones to dust  
Other the mutt'ring Israelites among,  
When now to Pharan having come so far,  
For flesh, fish, sallads, and for fruits do long,  
Manna, they say, is not for men of war.  
Their glut'nous stomachs lothe that heavenly fare,  
That with full chargers hunger here relieve,  
As by the belly when they strongly feed  
On hearty garlic and the flesh of beeves.  
Mild man, what fearful agony thee vex'd,  
When thou thy God unkindly didst upbraid?  
How grievously thy suffer'ing soul perplex'd.  
When thou repin'st the charge on thee was laid  
With God to reason why he should dispose  
On thee that burthen heavy to sustain,  
As though he did his purposes enclose  
Within the limits of man's shallow brain.  
To judge so many marching every day,  
That all the flesh of forest and of flood,  
(When the wild deserts scarcely yield the  
way)

Should them suffice for competence of food  
That thou should'st wish that hand so turbulent  
Thy ling'ring breath should suddenly expire,  
Than that the clamorous multitude should spread  
These wicked slanders to incite his ire.  
That God to punish whom he still did love,  
And in compassion of thy frailties fear,  
The spirit he gave thee lastly should remove  
To those thy burthen that should after bear.  
O wond'rous man! who parallell'd thee ever?  
How large a portien diddest thou inherit?  
That unto seventy he should it dis sever,  
Yet all be prophets only with thy spirit?  
When, lo, a cloud comes sailing with the wind,  
Unto these rebels terrible to see,  
That when they now some fearful thing divine  
A sight of quails perceived it to be.  
A full day's journey round about the host,  
Two cubits thickness over all they flew,  
That when by Israel he was tempted so,  
His glory then most notably to show.



ly people with the very sight  
 before they come thereof to taste,  
 such surfeit gluts their appetite,  
 asy stomachs ready are to cast.  
 t for beef in gluttony did call  
 high'st God his powerfulness to try,  
 h the fowl that from the heavens do fall,  
 r stuff their stomachs by the eye.  
 the flesh betwixt their teeth they chew,  
 the fat so delicately sweet,  
 much plenty that even fulsome grew  
 so common trodden under feet.)  
 impartial and so rightly just,  
 had given them more than they desire,  
 unish their insatiate lust,  
 n his plagues consuming as his fire.  
 a strong hand violently strake  
 od, distemper'd with luxurious diet,  
 the sores in groins and arm-pits brake,  
 d the Lord scourge their rebellious riot.  
 d Miriam, all too much it were  
 when Moses ready is to die;  
 whom one womb happily did bear  
 our mild brother needs must mutiny.  
 Aaron when thou fondly fram'dst,  
 t-like idol bowing Israel's knee,  
 see begg'd, and those so basely blam'dst,  
 divert the judgment due to thee.  
 Miriam, when the hand of might  
 with lothsome leprosy defil'd,  
 d and abject in the vilest sight,  
 great host perpetually exil'd:  
 ou hadst spit the utmost of thy spite,  
 hy sin this plague on thee was thrown,  
 rfook thee, but in heavy plight  
 to God obtain'd thee for his own.  
 rous patience ever was apply'd  
 on him that causelessly complain,  
 with comely carelessness deride  
 py men should evermore disdain.  
 now the spials for the promis'd soil,  
 twelve tribes that twelve in number went,  
 iscover'd forty days with toil,  
 urn'd as happily they went:  
 the figs, pomegranates, and the grapes,  
 rdurous clusters that with moisture swell,  
 the taste and strangeness of the shapes,  
 that bare them faithfully to tell:  
 xpress'd the nature of the earth,  
 liquor and so wond'rous great,  
 a such wished fruitfulness in birth,  
 e sweet marrow of a plenteous teat.  
 t they stand attentively to hear  
 y soils wherein they late had been,  
 hat giants did inhabit there,  
 ns of war that walled they had seen.  
 's offspring when they came to tell,  
 - huge stature when they let them see,  
 eir shapes so terrible and fell,  
 ere suppos'd the Titanois to be;  
 arts sunk down, and though the fruits  
 ey saw  
 are beauty might allure their eyes,  
 eport their coward souls did awe,  
 uch daunt the forward enterprise,

That they their God do utterly refuse,  
 Against just Moses openly exclaim,  
 And were in hand a captain them to choose  
 To guide them back to Goshen whence they came,  
 Not at the dread of the Egyptian days,  
 What by mild Moses he to pass had brought,  
 Nor seen by him done at the purple seas,  
 On their vile minds a higher temper wrought.  
 Whom when of God he begg'd with bloody eyes,  
 And against heaven did obstinately strive,  
 Obtain'd so hardly their immunities,  
 Whose sin seem'd greater than he could forgive.  
 Caleb and Joshua, you courageous men,  
 When bats and stones against your breasts were  
 laid,

Oppose yourselves against the other ten,  
 That expedition basely that dissuade.

Quoth they. To conquer as he did before  
 No more than men, what praise his puissance yields;  
 But he whose force the very rocks did gore;  
 Can with the same hand cleave their brazen shields.  
 He that foresaw that this should be our seat,  
 And only knew the goodness of the same,  
 Possess'd the place with those that were so great  
 For us to keep it safely till we came.  
 For which the Lord did vow that not a man  
 At Sinai muster'd, where such numbers were,  
 Should live to come to fruitful Canaan,  
 Only those two so well themselves that bear.  
 And for the baseness of those recreant spies,  
 Whose melting minds this impious slander bred,  
 And the vile people's incredulities,  
 In that their God so strongly promised.  
 For forty days discovery of the land,  
 They forty years in wilderness shall waste,  
 Consum'd with plagues from his impetuous hand,  
 Until that age be absolutely past.  
 Which scarcely spoke, but quickly took effect,  
 For those so cold, and cowardly before,  
 Hearing the censure of their base neglect,  
 To make his vengeance and their sin the more.  
 Ent'ring the land which Moses them denies,  
 Their desp'rate will no better can afford,  
 Offering those lives they did so lightly prize  
 Unto the vengeance of the heath'nish sword.  
 And in the host new factions daily grew,  
 When Choran, Dathan, and Abiram rise,  
 Two hundred men of special note that drew,  
 Whose strength gave power to their confederacies.  
 But the vast earth incontinently clave,  
 And on the sudden hurried them to hell;  
 With the shrill scream the shrieking people gave,  
 The fainting host into a fever fell  
 The rest of the conspirators were left  
 (From the first's fall enforcing their retire,  
 Of all the succours of the host bereft)  
 Consum'd to ashes with heaven's violent fire  
 And those th' abettors of this vile attempt  
 That did mild Moses cruelly pursue,  
 From th' other's sin that could not be exempt,  
 Them with the dreadful pestilence he slew.  
 That had not Aaron when all hope was fled,  
 With holy incense their atonement wrought,  
 Thrusting himself 'twixt the living and the dead,  
 All had to ruin utterly been brought.



Where fourteen thousand and seven hundred sunk  
Under the burden of their odious sin,  
Which now was wax'd so insufferably rank,  
It was high time his vengeance should begin.

When after this so terrible a thing,  
Now that triumphant and miraculous wand  
Brings forth ripe almonds, strongly witnessing  
In Levi's tribe the priesthood still to stand.  
With leaves and blossoms bravely it doth flourish,  
Some budding, some as instantly but blown.  
As when the same the natural rind did nourish,  
For Moses' sake such miracles were shewn.  
Forward to Cadon they their journey cast,  
Where the good Miriam makes her latest hour,  
Miriam the fair, the excellent, the chaste,  
Miriam that was of womanhood the flower,  
Here bids her brothers lovingly adieu,  
Who at her parting kiss her closing eyes,  
Whose wond'rous loss sufficiently to rue,  
More is the grief that tears cannot suffice.  
Moist are their eyes, their lips are shrunk with heat,  
'Their grief within, as outward it appears,  
'Their want of water in that place as great,  
As it to them is plentiful of tears.  
'They at one instant merrily and mourn,  
Sorrows creep confusedly together,  
'The tears for her incontinent they turn  
'To words 'gainst Moses that did guide them thi-  
ther.

Who from the rock struck water with the wand,  
'That man and beast might plentifully maintain,  
But he from rocks that fountains can command,  
Cannot yet stay the fountains of his brain.  
Much woe for Miriam these good men did make  
Whilst there were two that might bewail this one,  
But two departing for their mutual sake,  
Moses remains to mourn himself alone,  
Aaron the ancientst of Hebrew line,  
Replete with natural comeliness and grace,  
(God-like to far as man might be divine)  
Endeth his days in this predestin'd place.  
Which being forewarned to await his end,  
And here the fate foretelling him to die,  
'That the good hour doth only now attend,  
Will'd to ascend the mountain (being nigh.)  
With Eleazar his dear child he goes,  
Led by mild Moses as the Lord decreed,  
'To his lev'd son his garments to dispose,  
Him in the priesthood 'pointed to succeed.  
'When turning back to bid them all adieu,  
'Who look'd as fast to bid it is bid farewell.  
Fountains of late so fast from rocks ne'er flew,  
As the fat drops down their sad bosoms fell.  
Nor the obdurate, nor the stoniest hearts,  
'That in deep sorrow melting here forbear,  
'Those to whom nature not the fat drops imparts,  
Spent what in sighs, the other did in tears.  
Sated with joys, but hungry with his sight,  
'Their wat'ry eyes him earnestly pursue,  
When to discern him they no longer might,  
Where their sighs ends, their sorrows do renew.  
Com'n to the top, to the appointed place,  
His son in all his ornaments invited,  
Which the good Aaron meekly doth embrace,  
And unto him his office bequeith.

When they the time no longer could . . .  
After embraces and a flood of woes,  
(Which when one ceas'd the other took his turn)  
From either's eyes that on the other flows.  
Now at the last point, at the gasp of death,  
He whom the whole world hath but such another,  
Gives up his latest, his most blessed breath,  
In the dear arms of his beloved brother:  
So wisely worketh that eternal being  
By the still changes of their varying state,  
(As to the end through the beginning seeing)  
'To build the frame of unavowed fate.  
When those given up to their lascivious wills,  
Themselves in Midian wantonness that waste,  
Whose fleshly knowledge sip'd those sugar'd ill,  
'Twenty-four thousand slaughtered at the last.  
Of all those that in Sinai number'd are,  
I' th' plains of Moab muster'd then again,  
Wasted by time, fire, pestilence, and war,  
Those promis'd two, and Moses did remain.

The time expir'd that they for Aaron mourn'd,  
New conquest now, new comfort them doth bring.  
Their former hope successively return'd,  
That seem'd before so sadly languishing.  
When they the glorious victory obtain  
'The plains of Horma scatter'd all with shields,  
Where Arad and his Canaanites are slain,  
Not the least sight of many glorious fields.  
With Schon's slaughter seconded again,  
And Og's great fall of a gigantic strength,  
Whose bed of iron fashion'd to contain  
In breadth four cubits, doubling it in length:  
'The living remnant of the mighty race  
Of big-bon'd Anack terrible and dread,  
Which long time lat'ning in that fertile place,  
Grew like the fat soil wherein they were bred.  
Not poets fictions of the Phleggian fields,  
Where as the giants up to heaven would climb,  
Heaving on mountains not such wonder yields,  
As did the man that lived in that time.  
And five proud kings fell in their recreant fight  
Before arm'd Israel on the Midian plain,  
Zur, Hur, and Lul, men of wonders might,  
Reba and Rekem valiantly slain.  
And as his strength crush'd mighty King . . .  
And cleft the helms that thunder proof were  
thought,  
'That hand that help'd them scourg'd their . . .  
When his high judgment to pervert they . . .  
And first those serpents (with their fiery rings,  
With inflammations that their flesh did swell,  
Sharply to scourge their trustless . . .  
'That still in infidelity did dwell.  
Rare in this creature was his wond'rous sight,  
That should effect the nature of the fire,  
Yet to recure the sorance by the sight,  
Sickne's might learn the remedy to . . .  
Only by mortal miracles to work, . . .  
'That serpent's shape, the serpent's . . .  
'To shew in him the mysteries that lurk,  
And being so strange, so strangely doth reveal  
'That the bright figure of so vile a thing  
Should the unseemly so pretently remove,  
Only by the eye a remedy to bring,  
Deep searching magic leaveth to . . .



laam's beast did Balak's haste delay,  
 he full purpose of the prophet brake,  
 he beheld the angel by the way,  
 out from beast, and to his master spake :  
 e execration able to astound  
 un, when he his summer's height did boast,  
 with a word could instantly confound  
 world, were it a congregated host.  
 hose wise lips could oracles compile,  
 udgments irrevocable did pass,  
 i be confounded by the thing most vile,  
 at base creature, the dull worthless ass,  
 g his mouth as with a rider's bit,  
 n by Balaack to denounce their fall :  
 all his dreadful menaces acquit,  
 ing their blessing and their enemies fall.  
 en this mild man that only did remain,  
 se from Egypt that the Lord did bring,  
 he in justice sundry ways had slain,  
 eir false worship and their murmuring.  
 he remiss at Meriba was prov'd  
 here his zeal not ardently express'd,  
 ord did swear (though him he dearly lov'd)  
 ould not come to Canaan as the rest.  
 ow approaching Abaris, the place  
 whence he might that promis'd country see,  
 uch the Lord good Moses pleas'd to grace)  
 ere his days must consummated be.  
 i this great prophet zealously had bless'd  
 sev'ral tribe with a particular good,  
 e parting them with sorrow so oppress'd,  
 shedding tears, their eyes shed drops of  
 blood.  
 ebo seated admirably high,  
 spirit prepares him safely to retire)  
 h thrusts his head into the cloudy sky,  
 so proudly thither dare aspire.  
 the height of Abaris, and this  
 eight of Pisga over all doth stand,  
 as the eye of mighty Abaris  
 yeth the imparalleled land.  
 e goodly Gilead unto him he shews  
 r as ever he could look to Dan,  
 ength and breadth how every way it goes,  
 er brow kifs the calm Mediterian.

Where the sweet South lays forth her swelling  
 breast.

With a pleas'd eye he silently survey'd,  
 To that fair city whose high towers do rest  
 Under the palm trees most delicious shade.  
 When this meek man approaching to his death,  
 In death ev'n pleas'd fair Canaan to behold,  
 Whilst he had use of his expiring breath,  
 Thus his last farewell mildly doth enfold.  
 Israel (quoth he) dear Israel now adieu,  
 Moses no more is, that your leader was,  
 Joshua and Caleb, none but only you,  
 Of the last age must over Jordan pass.  
 Th' Egyptian horrors yet 'twas I did see,  
 And through those strange calamities did wade,  
 And Israel's charge impos'd was on me,  
 When they (but then) had scarcely learn'd to dade.  
 Forty-two journies have I straitly pass'd  
 Since first this glorious pilgrimage begun,  
 In wrath or mercy where as first or last,  
 Some wond'rous thing hath happily been done.  
 M' immortal Maker that so oft have seen  
 (Tha: God of wonder) these complaints not boot,  
 In yonder fields so delicate and green,  
 That may not set my miserable foot.  
 Thus leaning back against the rising cleave,  
 Raising his saint hands to the hopeful skies,  
 Meek as the morning never seen to strive,  
 Great'it of the prophets, the good Moses dies.  
 An hundred twenty hardly pass'd years,  
 His natural vigour no whit did assuage,  
 His eyes as bright, his body then appears  
 As in the height and summer of his age.  
 Who being dissolv'd, the angels did inter  
 Near to Bethpeor in the vallied ground,  
 But yet so secret kept his sepulchre  
 That it by mortal never should be found.  
 Lest that his people (if the place were known)  
 Seeing by him the miracles were done,  
 That ever to idolatry were prone,  
 Unto his bones a worshipping should run.  
 One that God grac'd so many sundry ways,  
 No former age hath mentioned to be,  
 Arrived at the period of his days  
 The future time in Israel shall not see.

T t iij



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## DAVID AND GOLIAH.

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Our sacred Muse of Israel's finger sings,  
That heavenly harper, whose harmonious strings  
Expell'd that evil spirit which Saul possess'd,  
And of his torments often him recall'd;  
That princely prophet, David, whose high lays,  
Immortal God, are trumpets of thy praise,  
Thou Lord of hosts be helping then to me,  
To sing of him who hath so sung of thee.

What time great Saul, after so bloody fights,  
Return'd a victor of th' Amalekites,  
(Two hundred and ten thousand men at arms  
Under his conduct) had reveng'd the harms  
Done to God's chosen people, when as they  
Came back from Egypt, troubled on their way;  
Saul with their blood had now manur'd the  
plains,

Leading king Agag as a slave, in chains:  
But for that Saul this Agag's blood had spar'd,  
And 'gainst the will of the Almighty dar'd.  
To save that man he should have put to sword,  
For disobeying the Almighty's word,  
Their larded fatlings keeping for a prey,  
Which he commanded to be made away:  
For which the living God displeased, swore  
To holy Samuel, Saul should reign no more;  
Samuel, God's prophet, by whose holy hand  
The oil was pour'd, by his divine command,  
Upon the head of comely Saul when he  
Was chosen over Israel to be:  
But for that place another God had 'pointed,  
Which should by Samuel likewise be anointed:  
And this was David his most dear delight,  
The son of Jesse the just Bethlehemite.

Meanwhile this youth like a poor shepherd clad,  
(Of whom such care the God of Israel had)  
His father's flock was following day by day  
Upon a desert near at hand that lay:  
Whose wealthy fleeces and fat bodies he  
From ravenous vermin hourly us'd to free,  
His only arms his sling and shephook were,  
Other than those he had not us'd to bear;  
With these a wolf oft coming from the wood,  
Or subtle fox, that forag'd for his food,  
He quickly slew; or if a bear, oppress'd  
With cruel hunger, happen'd to molest  
His feeding flocks, he with such bangs him ply'd,  
That with the prey even in his teeth he dy'd;

Or if a lion, as his fair flock graz'd,  
Hapt to assail it, he no whit amaz'd  
At his stern roaring, when his clutches caught  
At this brave shepherd, but such blows him  
wrought,

Till by the beard that kingly beast lie shook,  
And from his jaws the trembling wether took;  
And if it chanc'd that sometime from the air  
An eagle stoop'd a lamb away to bear,  
He with a stone that from a sling he threw,  
Down from the clouds would fetch her as she flew.

His curled tresses on his shoulders hung,  
To which the dews at morn and eve so clung,  
To the beholders that they did appear  
As nature threaded pearl with every hair:  
The bees and wasps, in wildernesses wild,  
Have with his beauties often been beguil'd,  
Roses and lilies thinking they had seen,  
But finding there they have deceived been,  
Play with his eyes, which them that comfort bring,  
That those two suns would shortly get a spring;  
His lips in their pure coral liveries mock  
A row of pales cut from a crystal rock,  
Which flood within them, all of equal height;  
From top to toe each limb so clean and straight,  
By every joint of his that one might try,  
Or give true laws to perfect symmetry;  
The vermin oft his sheep that would surprise  
Became so charm'd with th' splendour of his eyes,  
That they forgot their ravine, and have lain  
Down by his flocks, as they would glad and fair  
Keep them from others that on them would prey.  
Or 'tend upon them, that they should not stray.  
Whether in cotes he had his flock in hold,  
Or for the fallows kept him in the fold,  
He was not idle, though not taking pains,  
Celestial lyrics singing to the swains,  
And often sitting in the silent shade,  
When his fair flock to rest themselves were laid.  
On his lyre tuned such harmonious lays,  
That the birds perch'd upon the tender spray,  
Mad at his music, strain themselves so much  
To imitate th' inimitable touch,  
Breaking their hearts, that they have dropt to  
And dy'd for grief in malicing the sound.  
Sometimes a stag he with his sling would lay.  
Or with his shephook kill a boar at bay,



Which put upon him, as to stir he strives,  
 He thinks himself in manacle and gives,  
 Their ponderousness him to the earth doth press,  
 These arms do make his activeness far less;  
 For he before had not been us'd to these,  
 Nor him at all their boist'rousness can please,  
 His gorget gall'd his neck, his chin beneath,  
 And most extremely hinder'd him to breathe,  
 His cuirass sit too close upon his side,  
 He in no hand his helmet can abide,  
 It is so heavy, and his temples wrings,  
 His pouldrons pinch him, and be cumb'rous things,

His gauntlets clumsy, and do wring his wrists,  
 And be so stiff he cannot clutch his fists:  
 His guses they so strong and stubborn be,  
 That for his life he cannot bend his knee;  
 He knew not how to bear his brazen shield,  
 Such weapons shepherds were not us'd to wield,  
 Their weight and their unwieldiness was such,  
 And they restrain'd his nimbleness so much,  
 That he pray'd Saul of these he might be freed,  
 It is not armour that must do the deed,  
 Let me alone, saith he, and I'll provide  
 Myself of arms, this quarrel to decide.

When forth he goes, shot for his sling to look,  
 And near the camp he finds a purling brook,  
 Whose shallow sides with pebbles did abound,  
 Where seeking such as massy were and round,  
 He picks out five, away with him to bring,  
 Such as he knew would fit his trusty sling,  
 And in his scrip them closely doth bestow,  
 By which he vows Goliath's overthrow.

When swift report throughout the army runs,  
 That youthful David one of Jesse's sons,  
 A very stripling, and the young'st of eight,  
 With the Philistine was that day to fight;  
 That great Goliath which so oft had brav'd  
 Dejected Israel, and the combat crav'd  
 With any one she to the field could bring,  
 Now for it was so pertinent a thing,  
 As that their freedom or subjection lay  
 On the success of this unequal fray;  
 Th' event thereof struck every one with fear,  
 But his sad brethren most perplexed were,  
 And to themselves thus say they: O that we  
 So long should draw our loathed breath, to see  
 That by the pride of this accursed boy,  
 Despised Israel should no more enjoy  
 Her ancient glories, but be made a slave  
 To proud Philistia; and our fathers grave  
 Slander'd by him; his family and name  
 Branded by David with perpetual shame;  
 Curs'd be the time that he was hither sent,  
 Curs'd be the time he came into our tent.  
 And now and then they purposed to fly,  
 Nor would they stay to see their brother die,  
 But at the very point to take their way,  
 Bethink themselves, it better were to stay,  
 To seek his scatter'd limbs to pieces hew'd,  
 And see them in some obscure earth bestow'd.

In this sad manner whilst they murmur'd were,  
 David is busy list'ning still to hear  
 Of great Goliath; scarce can he refrain  
 From calling for him; now in every vein

His blood is dancing, and a sprightly fire  
 Takes up his bosom, which doth him inspire  
 With more than human courage, nor he can  
 Conceive a terror to proceed from man;  
 His nerves and sinews to that vigour grow,  
 As that his strength assures him he can throw  
 Through thicker arms than mortal yet could  
 wield.

Upon the sudden, when through all the field  
 The word was heard, Goliath now appears!  
 Which David's heart in such strange manner  
 cheers,

As that he feels it caper in his breast.  
 When soon that huge uncircumcised beast,  
 As he was wont, between the hosts doth come,  
 And with his harsh voice, like an unbrac'd drum,  
 Calls to the host of Israel, Where's your man,  
 You cowardly nation? Where's your champion  
 To undertake me, bring him to the field,  
 Or to Philistia your subjection yield?  
 It was still summer, and the day so clear,  
 As not a little cloud did once appear;  
 In view of either army the free sun [run,  
 That t'wards the noonstead half his course had  
 On the Philistine darting his clear rays,  
 His bright refulgent arms so sundry ways  
 Reflects the beams, as that he seems to all  
 Like that in painting we a glory call,  
 And from his helmet sharp'ning like a spire,  
 He look'd like to a pyramid on fire.

And now before young David could come in,  
 The host of Israel somewhat doth begin  
 To rouse itself; some climb the nearest tree,  
 And some the tops of tents, whence they might see  
 How this unarmed youth himself would bear  
 Against th' all armed giant (which they fear);  
 Some get up to the fronts of easy hills;  
 That by their motion a vast murmur fills  
 The neighbouring valleys, that th' enemy thought  
 Something would by the Israelites be wrought  
 They had not heard of, and they long'd to see  
 What strange or warlike stratagem 't should be.

When soon they saw a goodly youth descend  
 Himself alone, none after to attend,  
 That at his need with arms might him supply,  
 As merely careless of his enemy:  
 His head uncover'd, and his locks of hair  
 As he came on being play'd with by the air  
 Toss'd to and fro, did with such pleasure move;  
 As they had been provocatives for love:  
 His sleeves stript up above his elbows were,  
 And in his hand a stiff short staff did bear,  
 Which by the leather to it, and the string,  
 They easily might discern to be a sling;  
 Suited to these he wore a shepherd's scrip,  
 Which from his side hung down upon his hip.  
 Those for a champion that did him disdain,  
 Call with themselves what such a thing should  
 mean;

Some seeing him so wonderfully fair.  
 (As in their eyes he stood beyond compare)  
 Their verdict gave that they had sent him sure  
 As a choice bait their champion to allure;  
 Others again, of judgment more precise  
 Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.



That Israel now doth generally lament  
 Upon their king God's grievous punishment,  
 When some who saw this spirit possessing Saul,  
 Amongst themselves a council quickly call,  
 To search if there might remedy be found  
 For this possession, each man doth propound  
 His thoughts of curing, as by phytic some,  
 Each man speaks what into his mind doth come;  
 But some whose souls were ravished more high,  
 Whose composition was all harmony,  
 Of th' angels nature and did more partake,  
 By which as seers prophetically they spake;  
 (With holy magic for some spirits inspir'd  
 Which by a clear divinity are fir'd,  
 And sharpen'd so, each depth and height to try,  
 That from their reach and visibility  
 Nature no secrets shuts, and heaven reveals  
 Those things which else from reason it conceals)  
 Those men conclude the spirit that thus had  
 harm'd

Their sovereign Saul, with music must be charm'd.

And having heard of Israel's dear delight,  
 Beloved David, the brave Bethlehemite,  
 What wond'rous things by music he had done,  
 How he fierce tygers to his hand had won,  
 Had laid the lion and the bear to sleep,  
 And put such spirit into his silly sheep  
 By his high strains, as that they durst oppose  
 The wolf and fox, their most inveterate foes:  
 Of this musician they inform the king,  
 And all assure him, there was no such thing  
 For him as music, and this man was he  
 That his physician in this kind must be.

When Saul dispatch'd his messengers away  
 To aged Jesse, that without delay  
 His young'st son David should to court be sent:  
 The speedy post relating the intent  
 To the old man; who in his heart was glad,  
 For at the first he great suspicion had.  
 That angry Saul might else have been acquainted,  
 By Samuel's hand his son had been anointed,  
 And therefore caus'd David to be sought,  
 At of his death he direly had forethought.

The good old man enjoy'd with this good news,  
 Calls home his darling from his teeming ewes,  
 And to the care of Israel's God commends  
 His loved boy, and kindly by him sends  
 Of bread and wine a present to the king.  
 They him no sooner to Saul's presence bring,  
 But David's beauty so extremely took  
 The doting king, that in each glance or look  
 He thought he saw high valour mixt with truth,  
 And near his person takes the lovely youth;  
 And who but David then with mighty Saul,  
 His only favourite is, his all in all?

Nor long it is e'er Saul the spirit doth feel  
 To stir within him, and begins to reel,  
 And suddenly into a trance he falls,  
 And with his hands lies grasping at the walls,  
 When David takes his well-tun'd harp in hand,  
 By which the spirit he meaneth to command;  
 His quavering fingers he doth now advance  
 Above the trembling strings, which 'gin to dance  
 At his most clear touch, and the winged sound  
 About the spacious room began to bound;

The airs flew high, and every dainty strain  
 Betters the former, which doth so detain  
 The ears of those stood by, that they heard not  
 Saul's sad complaints, and instantly forgot  
 To lift or stir him, and the standers-by  
 Were so intranced with the melody,  
 That to a holy madness some it brought,  
 Others again to prophecy it wrought.  
 The wiry chords now shake so wond'rous clear  
 As one might think an angel's voice to hear  
 From every quaver, or some spirit had pent  
 Itself of purpose in the instrument;  
 The harmony of the untuned 'd string  
 Torments the spirit which so torments the king.  
 Who as he faintly, or he strongly groans,  
 This brave musician altereth so his tones,  
 With sounds so soft, as like themselves to smother,  
 Then like loud echoes answering one the other:  
 Then makes the spirit to shift from place to place,  
 Still following him with a full diapense.  
 Thus day by day as th' evil spirit oppress'd  
 Diseas'd Saul, David himself address'd,  
 T' await the hours before the king to play,  
 Until he made th' unruly fiend obey  
 The force of music, more than that to fear  
 But the least sound of David's harp to hear.

When now the king by David's cunning cur'd  
 Old Jesse's son who thought he had endur'd  
 Restraint too long, gets leave of Saul to go  
 To Bethlehem back (God's holy will was so)  
 He rather chose to view his well-shorn sheep,  
 His yearning ewes, and late-fall'n lambs to keep,  
 Than on a bed of sick himself repose,  
 And the delights of the fresh fields to lose.

When now Philista horribly engag'd,  
 With God's own people had itself engag'd,  
 With a revengeful deadly hand to smite  
 The still-pretend'd oft-troubled Israelite,  
 Who had in battle many times before  
 Upon the earth spilt her unhallow'd gore.  
 Grim-visag'd war more sternly doth awake  
 Than it was wont, and furiously doth shake  
 Her lightning sword, intruding with the force  
 Of men of war, both skilful foot and horse.  
 Two mighty nations are now up in arms,  
 And to both sides the soldiers come in swarms.  
 The fields with ensigns, as 'twere flowers, are  
 deck'd,

Which their resplendence every way reflect  
 Upon the mountains and the vallies nigh,  
 And with their splendor seem to court the sky.  
 Two mighty armies on the plain appear,  
 These Israelites, and these Philistines were:  
 Their great commanders, proved men of war,  
 Their long experience who had fetch'd from far  
 To order fights as they occasion found  
 T' offend the foe, by sitting with the ground,  
 Which chosen Israel's infantry doth call,  
 In this defensive war to follow Saul.  
 And aged Jesse faithfully to shew  
 His love to Saul and Israel he doth ewe,  
 His eldest three into the army sent,  
 That to the field as well appointed went,  
 As on their bravery they that bare them sent.  
 Nor was there in the Israelish host



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
THOMAS CAREW, Esq.

Containing his

POEMS,  
SONGS,

|

SONNETS,  
MASQUE,

&c. &c. &c.

To which is prefixed

*THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.*

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——— Thy verses are as smooth and high,  
As glory, love, or wine, from wit can raise.

DAVENANT.

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EDINBURGH:

PRINTED BY MUNDELL AND SON, ROYAL BANK CLOSE.

*June 1793.*







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## THE LIFE OF CAREW

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THOMAS CAREW was younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, who was killed in the civil war, of the family of the Carews in Gloucestershire, but also of the name in Devonshire.

The year of his birth is not known. He had been educated at Oxford; but it does not appear that he either taught or kept a school as a member.

Afterwards, however, having greatly improved himself in learning and ingenuity at London, he became a favourite of the best of his time, for delicacy of wit and poetic lineaments, his abilities recommending him to the court. He was made a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles I. who was always conversant about his court.

Wood says he was "famed for the charming sweetness of his verse." So favourable an opinion did the court entertain of his poetry, that by Majesty's especial desire that he wrote his *Paraphrase* on the *Psalm* of David, "Veni Domine Deus," to which circumstance, he has preserved the following lines.

*Non habet ingenium, sed est ingenium  
Cur me per te regem, per te per te regem*

He was much respected, if not adored, by the poets of his time, as May, and Suckling.—Dr. Percy places his poems, first printed in octavo, and afterwards in quarto, in 1634, the last edition being in 1774, 12mo, by Wood. The songs, as Wood expresses it, "were written by the Gentleman of the King's Chapel, and the most celebrated poet of the age was performed at Whitehall, on the 18th of December, 1634, by the nobles and noblemen's sons. It was formerly, through the influence of his poems, for the first time, admitted into a collection of poems. His character is given by the Earl of Clarendon, who says, "He was a man of great wit," and is too honourable to his memory to be omitted. The following: "He was very much esteemed by the King, and looked upon by the King himself, some years before his death, when the King conferred that place upon him, which was a great honour, on, which united themselves in recommending his person, his great wit, and made many poems, (especially in the style of the *Paraphrase*), and the elegance of the language in which they were written, superior, to any of that time." Clarendon adds, who was a great poet, Vol. III.







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## THE LIFE OF CAREW.

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**T**HOMAS CAREW was younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, a zealous royalist in the time of the civil war, of the family of the Carews in Gloucestershire; but descended from the ancient family of that name in Devonshire.

The year of his birth is not known. He had his academical education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but it does not appear that he either took any degree there, or was even matriculated as a member.

Afterwards, however, having greatly improved himself by travelling, and conversation with men of learning and ingenuity at London, he became "reckoned," as Philips expresses it, "among the chiefest of his time, for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy."

His abilities recommending him to the court, he was made Gentleman of the Privy Chamber and sewer in ordinary to King Charles I. who always esteemed him as one of the most deserving wits about his court.

Wood says he was "famed for the charming sweetness of his lyric odes, and amorous sonnets." And so favourable an opinion did the court entertain of his abilities in that respect, that it was by his Majesty's especial desire that he wrote his beautiful masque, intitled, *Cæsar, Britannicum*; with a reference to which circumstance, he has prefixed to it the following modest distich:

*Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit; habebo:  
Cur me posse negem, posse quid ille putat?*

He was much respected, if not adored, by the poets of his time, particularly by Jonson, Davenant, Donne, May, and Suckling.—Dr. Percy places his death in the year 1639.

His poems, first printed in octavo, and afterwards being revised and enlarged, were several times reprinted, the last edition being in 1774, 12mo, by T. Davies, the laudable restorer of the elder classics. The songs, as Wood expresses it, "were wedded to the charming notes of Mr. Henry Lawes," gentleman of the King's Chapel, and the most celebrated musical composer in England. The masque was performed at Whitehall, on the 18th February 1633, by the King, and several young lords and noblemen's sons. It was formerly, through mistake, ascribed to Davenant; and is now, with his poems, for the first time, admitted into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character is given by the Earl of Clarendon, who knew him well, in his "Life and Continuation," and is too honourable to his memory to be omitted here. The most material circumstances are the following: "He was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the King himself, some years before he could obtain to be sewer to the King; and when the King conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman. He was of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems, (especially in the amorous way), which, for the sharpness of the fancy, and the elegance of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time." Clarendon adds what it would be injuring the cause of virtue to



conceal, "But his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity and exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire."

Davenant has addressed some stanzas to Carew, celebrating his wit and talent in poetry; among which are the following lines:

Not but thy verses are as smooth and high,  
As glory, love, and wine, from wit can raise:  
But now, the Devil takes such destiny!  
What should commend them turns to their dispraise,  
Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice;  
For every beauty thou hast rais'd so high,  
That now coarse faces carry such a price,  
As must undo a lover that would buy.

Buckling, who delighted to rally the best poets, and spared not Jonson himself, has thus characterised him in his *Saffron of the Poets*:

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault  
That would not well stand with a laureat.  
His muse was hide-bound, and the fibres of a brain  
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.  
And all that were present there did agree,  
That a laureat muse should be easy and free;  
Yet sure 'twas not that; but 'twas thought that his Grace,  
Considered he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place.

Lloyd also, in his *Worthies*, calls him "elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, his poems contain no internal evidence of his having been a laborious writer.

Pope, with more justice, ranks him with Sprat, Sedley, and "the mob of gentlemen, who wrote with ease;" but his consummate elegance, which has not either been sufficiently considered or allowed, entitles him to more attention than is due to "the wits of either Charles's days."

Of the modern testimonies to his merits, that of Mr. Headley alone is equal to his deserts.

Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry, and breeding; indeed many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity, both of thought and expression, much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and on such subjects, rarely surpassed by his successors. He has the ease, without the pedantry, of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttleton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first poet who brought versification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit, are seldom considered. Though love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious, and romantic cast; and with a very few exceptions, its effects upon composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring, was still wanting; in every thing but sincerity of intention, it was deficient. Panegyric, declamatory and nauseous, was rated by those to whom it was addressed by its quantity, not its elegance. Satire, dealing in rancour, rather than reproof, was more inclined to lash than to laugh us out of our vices, and nearly counteracted her intentions by her want of good manners. Carew and Waller jointly began to remedy these defects. In them, gallantry for the first time, was accompanied by the graces, the fulsomeness of panegyric forgot in its gentility, and the edge of satire rendered keener in proportion to its smoothness.

Hume has properly remarked that Waller's pieces "aspire not to the sublime, and still less to the pathetic." The same remark may be as properly made on the pieces of Carew, but with this exception in his favour, that he has sublimity in many parts, particularly in his *masses*; and in his *epistle on Lady Mary Villars*, he is eminently pathetic.



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## POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

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### *The Spring.*

At the winter's gone, the earth hath lost  
Her white robes, and now no more the  
Soft  
The grass, or casts an icy cream  
A silver lake, or crystal stream :  
Warm sun thaws the benumbed earth  
And it tender, gives a sacred birth  
To the swallow, wakes in hollow tree  
The shy cuckoo and the humble bee.  
A quire of chirping minstrels bring  
Joy to the world, the youthful spring :  
The hills, and woods, in rich array,  
Await the coming of the long'd-for May.  
Things smile ; only my love doth low'r ;  
The scalding noon-day-sun the pow'r  
Of that marble ice, which still doth hold  
The congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.  
Which lately did for shelter fly  
The fall, doth now securely lie  
The fields ; and love no more is made  
A side-slice ; but in the cooler shade  
Now doth with his Chloris sleep  
The ycamore, and all things keep  
The season ; only she doth carry  
Her eyes, in her heart January.

TO A. L.

### *Persuasions to Love.*

Not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,  
As April, sweet as May,  
Is the morning-star,  
Are so ; or though you are,  
Before proud, and deem  
Unworthy your esteem :  
So, you lose the pleasure  
Fair, since that rich treasure  
Beauty and sweet feature  
Giv'd on you by nature  
Giv'd, and t'were a sin  
Be scarce, where she hath been  
All of her best graces ;  
Among beauties and mean faces

Shall have more pastime, and enjoy  
The sport you lose by being coy.  
Did the thing for which I sue,  
Only concern myself, not you :  
Were men so fram'd as they alone  
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none,  
Then had you reason to be scant ;  
But 'twere a madness not to grant  
That which affords (if you consent)  
To you the giver, more content  
Than me the beggar ; oh then be  
Kind to yourself, if not to me ;  
Starve not yourself, because you may  
Thereby make me pine away ;  
Nor let brittle beauty make  
You your wiser thoughts forsake :  
For that lovely face will fail ;  
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail ;  
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,  
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun :  
Most fleeting, when it is most dear ;  
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.  
These curious locks so aptly twin'd,  
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,  
Will change their auburn hue, and grow  
White, and cold as winter's snow.  
That eye which now is Cupid's nest  
Will prove his grave, and all the rest  
Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,  
Nor lilly shall be found, nor rose ;  
And what will then become of all  
Those, whom now you servants call ?  
Like swallows, when your summer's done  
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.  
Then wisely choose one to your friend,  
Whose love may (when your beauties end)  
Remain still firm ; be provident  
And think before the summer's spent  
Of following winter ; like the ant  
In plenty hoard for time of scant,  
Cull out amongst the multitude  
Of lovers, that seek to intrude  
Into your favour, one that may  
Love for an age, not for a day ;  
One that will quench your youth'ul fires,  
And feed in age your hot desires.  
For when the storms of time have lov'd  
Waves on that check which was lov'd ;

U 2 if



When a fair lady's face is pin'd,  
 And yellow spread where red once shin'd;  
 When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,  
 Love may return, but lovers never:  
 And old folks say there are no pains  
 Like itch of love in aged veins.  
 Oh love me then, and now begin it,  
 Let us not lose this present minute:  
 For time and age will work that wrack  
 Which time or age shall ne'er call back.  
 The snake each year fresh skin resumes,  
 And eagles change their aged plumes;  
 The faded rose each spring receives  
 A fresh red tincture on her leaves:  
 But if your beauties once decay,  
 You never know a second May.  
 Oh, then be wise, and whilst your season  
 Affords you days for sport, do reason;  
 Spend not in vain your life's short hour,  
 But crop in time your beauty's flow'r:  
 Which will away, and doth together  
 Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

---

*Lips and Eyes.*

In Celia's face a question did arise,  
 Which were more beautiful, her Lips or Eyes:  
 We (said the Eyes) send forth those pointed  
 darts,  
 Which pierce the hardest adamantine hearts.  
 From us (reply'd the Lips) proceed those blisses;  
 Which lovers reap by kind words and sweet kisses.  
 Then wept the Eyes, and from their springs did  
 pour  
 Of liquid oriental pearl a show'r.  
 Whereat the Lips, mov'd with delight and pleasure,  
 Through a sweet smile unlock'd their pearly  
 treasure;  
 And bade Love judge, whether did add more  
 grace,  
 Weeping or smiling pearls in Celia's face.

---

*A Divine Mistress.*

In Nature's pieces still I see  
 Some error, that might mended be;  
 Something my wish could still remove,  
 Alter or add; but my fair Love  
 Was fram'd by hands far more divine;  
 For she hath every beauteous line:  
 Yet I had been far happier  
 Had Nature, that made me, made her;  
 Then likeness might (that love creates)  
 Have made her love what now she hates:  
 Yet I confess I cannot spare  
 From her just shape the smallest hair;  
 Nor need I beg from all the store  
 Of heaven for her one beauty more:  
 She hath too much divinity for me:  
 Ye Gods, teach her some more humanity!

SONG.

*A Beautiful Mistress.*

If when the sun at noon displays  
 His brighter rays,  
 Thou but appear,  
 He then all pale with shame and fear,  
 Quencheth his light,  
 Hides his dark brow, flies from thy sight,  
 And grows more dim,  
 Compar'd to thee, than stars to him.  
 If thou but shew thy face again,  
 When darkness doth at midnight reign,  
 The darkness flies, and light is hurl'd  
 Round about the silent world:  
 So as alike thou driv'st away  
 Both light and darkness, night and day.

---

*A Cruel Mistress.*

We read of kings, and gods, that kindly too  
 A pitcher fill'd with water from the brook:  
 But I have daily tendered without thanks  
 Rivers of tears that overflow their banks.  
 A slaughter'd bull will appease angry Jove;  
 A horse the sun, a lamb the god of love:  
 But she disdains the spotless sacrifice  
 Of a pure heart, that at her altar lies.  
 Vesta is not displeased, if her chaste urn  
 Do with repaired fuel ever burn;  
 But my Saint frowns, though to her bow  
 I consecrate a never-dying flame.  
 Th' Assyrian king did none i' th' furnace th  
 But thole that to his image did not bow;  
 With bended knees I daily worship her,  
 Yet she consumes her own idolater.  
 Of such a goddess no times leave record,  
 That burnt the temple where she was ador'd

---

SONG.

*Murdering Beauty.*

I'll gaze no more on her bewitching face,  
 Since ruin harbours there in every place:  
 For my enchanted soul alike she drowns  
 With calms and tempests of her smiles.  
 I'll love no more those cruel eyes of hers,  
 Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murders.  
 For if she dart (like lightning) through the  
 Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despair.  
 If she behold me with a pleasing eye,  
 I surfeit with excess of joy, and die.

---

*My Mistress commanding me to return her Love*

So grieves th' advent'rous merchant, who  
 throws  
 All the long-toil'd-for treasure his ship stow



Into the angry main, to save from wrack  
Himself and men; as I grieve to give back  
These letters: yet so powerful is your sway,  
As if you bid me die, I must obey.  
Go then, blest papers, you shall kiss those hands  
That gave you freedom, but hold me in bands;  
Which with a touch did give you life, but I,  
Because I may not touch those hands, must die.  
Methinks, as if they knew they should be sent  
Home to their native soil from banishment,  
I see them smile, like dying saints, that know  
They are to leave the earth, and tow'rd heaven  
go.

When you return, pray tell your sovereign,  
And mine, I gave you courteous entertain;  
Each line receiv'd a tear, and then a kiss;  
First bath'd in that, it escap'd unscorch'd from this:  
I kiss it, because your hand had been there;  
But, 'cause it was not now, I shed a tear.  
Tell her no length of time nor change of air,  
No cruelty, disdain, absence, despair,  
No, nor her steadfast constancy can deter  
My vassal heart from ever hon'ring her.  
Though these be pow'rful arguments to prove  
I love in vain; yet I must ever love.  
Say, if she frown when you that word rehearse,  
Service in prose is oft call'd love in verse:  
Then pray her, since I send back on my part  
Her papers, she will send me back my heart.  
If she refuse, warn her to come before  
The God of Love, whom thus I will implore:  
Trav'ling thy country's road (great God) I spy'd  
By chance this lady, and walk'd by her side  
From place to place, fearing no violence,  
For I was well arm'd, and had made defence  
In former fights, 'gainst fiercer foes than she  
Did at our first encounter seem to be:  
But going farther, every step reveal'd  
Some hidden weapon, till that time conceal'd.  
Seeing those outward arms, I did begin  
To fear some greater strength was lodg'd within.  
Looking unto her mind, I might survey  
An host of beauties that in ambush lay;  
And won the day before they fought the field:  
For I, unable to resist, did yield.  
But the insulting tyrant so destroys  
My conquer'd mind, my ease, my peace, my joys;  
Breaks my sweet sleeps, invades my harmless rest,  
Robs me of all the treasure of my breast;  
Spare not my heart, nor yet a greater wrong;  
For having stol'n my heart, she binds my tongue.  
But at the last her melting eyes unseal'd  
My lips, enlarg'd my tongue, then I reveal'd  
To her own ears the story of my harms,  
Wrought by her virtues, and her beauty's charms.  
Now hear (just judge) an act of savageness:  
When I complain, in hope to find redress,  
She bands her angry brow and from her eye  
Shoots thousand darts, I then well hop'd to die;  
But in such sovereign balm-love dips his shot,  
That, though they wound a heart, they kill it not;  
She saw the blood gush forth from many a wound,  
Yet fled, and left me bleeding on the ground,  
Nor sought my cure, nor saw me since; 'tis true,  
Absence and time (two cunning leeches) drew

The flesh together, yet sure though the skin  
Be clos'd without, the wound festers within.  
Thus hath this cruel lady us'd a true  
Servant and subject to herself, and you;  
Nor know I (great Love) if my life be lent  
To shew thy mercy, or my punishment;  
If this inditement fright her, so as she  
Seem willing to return my heart to me,  
But cannot find it, (for perhaps it may,  
'Mongst other trifling hearts, be out of the way)  
If she repent, and would make me amends,  
Bid her but send me hers, and we are friends.

---

*Secrecy Professed.*

FEAR not (dear Love) that I'll reveal  
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;  
No eye shall see, nor yet the sun  
Descry, what thou and I have done;  
No ear shall hear our love, but we  
Silent as the night will be;  
The God of Love himself (whose dart  
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart)  
Shall never know, that we can tell,  
What sweets in stol'n embraces dwell:  
This only means may find it out;  
If, when I die, physicians doubt  
What caus'd my death; and, there to view  
Of all their judgments which was true,  
Rip up my heart: O then I fear  
The world will see thy picture there.

---

*A Prayer to the Wind.*

Go, thou gentle whispering Wind,  
Bear this sigh; and if thou find  
Where my cruel fair doth rest.  
Cast it in her snowy breast;  
So, enflam'd by my desire,  
It may set her heart a-fire:  
Those sweet kisses thou shalt gain,  
Will reward thee for thy pain.  
Boldly light upon her lip,  
There suck odours, and thence skip  
To her bosom; lastly, fall  
Down, and wander over all;  
Range about those ivory hills  
From whose every part distils  
Amber dew; there spices grow,  
There pure streams of nectar flow:  
There perfume thyself, and bring  
All those sweets upon thy wing:  
As thou return'st, change by thy pow'r  
Every weed into a flow'r;  
Turn each thistle to a vine,  
Make the bramble eglantine;  
For so rich a booty made,  
Do but this, and I am paid.  
Thou canst, with thy pow'rful blast,  
Heat apace, and cool as fast:



Thou canst kindle hidden flame,  
And again destroy the same :  
Then, for pity, either stir  
Up the fire of love in her,  
That alike both flames may shine,  
Or else quite extinguish mine.

SONG.

*Mediocrity in Love Rejected.*

GIVE me more love, or more disdain,  
The torrid, or the frozen zone  
Bring equal ease unto my pain ;  
The temperate affords me none ;  
Either extreme, of love or hate,  
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm ; if it be love,  
Like Danz in that golden shower,  
I swim in pleasure ; if it prove  
Disdain, that torrent will devour  
My vulture-hopes ; and he's possess'd  
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd :  
Then crown my joys, or cure my pain ;  
Give me more love, or more disdain.

SONG.

*Good Counsel to a Young Maid.*

GAZE not on thy beauty's pride,  
Tender maid, in the false tide  
That from lovers eyes doth slide.

Let thy faithful chrystal show,  
How thy colours come and go :  
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streams lies  
Under pity's fair disguise,  
Will thy melting heart surprise.

Nets of passion's finest thread,  
Snaring poems, will be spread,  
All to catch thy maidenhead.

Then beware ; for those that cure  
Love's disease, themselves endure  
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,  
Than his pale cheek should assign  
A perpetual blush to thine.

*To my Mistress sitting by a River's Side.*

AN EDDY.

MARK how yon eddy steals away  
From the rude stream into the bay ;

There lock'd up safe, she doth divorce  
Her waters from the channel's course,  
And scorns the torrent that did bring  
Her headlong from her native spring.  
Now doth she with her new love play,  
Whilst he runs murmuring away.  
Mark how she courts the banks, whilst they  
As amorously their arms display,  
To embrace and clip her silver waves :  
See how she strokes their sides, and craves  
An entrance there, which they deny ;  
Whereat she frowns, threatening to fly  
Home to her stream, and 'gins to swim  
Backward, but from the channel's brim  
Smiling returns into the creek,  
With thousand dimples on her cheek.  
Be thou this eddy, and I'll make  
My breast thy shore, where thou shalt take  
Secure repose, and never dream  
Of the quite forsaken stream :  
Let him to the wide ocean haste,  
There lose his colour, name, and taste ;  
Thou shalt save all, and, safe from him,  
Within these arms for ever swim.

SONG.

*Conquest by Flight.*

LADIES, fly from Love's smooth tale,  
Oaths steep'd in tears do oft prevail ;  
Grief is infectious, and the air  
Inflam'd with sighs will blast the fair :  
Then stop your ears when lovers cry,  
Lest yourself weep, when no soft eye  
Shall with a sorrowing tear repay  
That pity which you cast away.  
Young men, fly, when beauty darts  
Amorous glances at your hearts :  
The fixt mark gives the shooter aim,  
And ladies' looks have power to maim ;  
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,  
Wrapt in a smile, or kiss, love lies,  
Then fly betimes, for only they  
Conquer love that run away.

SONG.

*To my Inconstant Mistress.*

WHEN thou, poor excommunicate  
From all the joys of love, shalt see  
The full reward, and glorious fate,  
Which my strong faith shall purchase me,  
Then curse thine own inconstancy.

A fairer hand than thine shall cure  
That heart which thy false oaths did wound ;  
And to my soul, a soul more pure  
Than thine shall by love's hand be bound,  
And both with equal glory crown'd.



## POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS

Then shalt thou weep, entreat, complain  
To Love, as I did once to thee ;  
When all thy tears shall be as vain  
As mine were then, for thou shalt be  
Damned for thy false apostacy.

### SONG.

#### *Persuasions to Enjoy.*

If the quick spirits in your eye  
Now languish, and anon must die ;  
If ev'ry sweet, and ev'ry grace  
Must fly from that forsaken face :  
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,  
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow  
For ever, free from aged snow ;  
If those bright suns must know no shade,  
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade ;  
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow  
What still being gather'd still must grow,  
Thus, either Time his sickle brings  
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

#### *A Deposition from Love.*

I was foretold, your rebel sex  
Nor love nor pity knew ;  
And with what scorn you use to vex  
Poor hearts that humbly sue ;  
Yet I believ'd, to crown our pain,  
Could we the fortress win,  
The happy lover sure should gain  
A paradise within :  
I thought Love's plagues like dragons fate,  
Only to fright us at the gate.

But I did enter, and enjoy  
What happy lovers prove ;  
For I could kiss, and sport, and toy,  
And taste those sweets of love,  
Which, had they but a lasting state,  
Or if in Celia's breast  
The force of love might not abate,  
Jove were too mean a guest.  
But now her breach of faith far more  
Afflicts, than did her scorn before.

Hard fate! to have been once possesst,  
As victor, of a heart  
Atchiev'd with labour and unrest,  
And then forc'd to depart !  
If the stout foe will not resign  
When I besiege a town,  
I lose but what was never mine ;  
But he that is cast down  
From enjoy'd beauty, feels a woe,  
Only deposed kings can know.

#### *Ingrateful Beauty Threatened.*

Know, Celia, since thou art so proud,  
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown :  
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd  
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,  
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,  
And with it impt the wings of Fame.

That killing power is none of thine,  
I gave it to thy voice and eyes :  
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine ;  
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies ;  
Then dart not from thy borrowed sphere  
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,  
Left what I made I uncreate :  
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,  
I'll know thee in thy mortal state  
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,  
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

#### *Disdain Returned.*

He that loves a rosy cheek,  
Or a coral lip admires,  
Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
Fuel to maintain his fires ;  
As old Time makes these decay,  
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,  
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,  
Hearts with equal love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fires.  
Where these are not, I despise,  
Lovely cheeks, or lips or eyes.

No tears, Celia, now shall win  
My resolv'd heart to return ;  
I have search'd thy soul within,  
And find nought but pride and scorn ;  
I have learn'd thy arts, and now  
Can disdain as much as thou.  
Some Pow'r, in my revenge, convey  
That love to her I cast away.

#### *A Looking Glass.*

THAT flattering glass, whose smooth face wears  
Your shadow, which a sun appears,  
Was once a river of my tears.

About your cold heart they did make  
A circle, where the briny lake  
Congeal'd into a crystal cake.

Gaze no more on that killing eye,  
For fear the native cruelty  
Doom you, as it doth all, to die ;  
U u iiij



For fear lest the fair object move  
Your froward heart to fall in love,  
Then you yourself my rival prove.

Look rather on my pale cheeks pin'd;  
There view your beauties; there you'll find  
A fair face, but a cruel mind.

Be not for ever frown'd, coy;  
One beam of love will soon destroy  
And melt that ice to floods of joy.

*An Epig. on the Lady Pen, sent to my Mistress out of France.*

LET him, who from his tyrant mistress did  
This day receive his cruel down, forbid  
His eyes to weep thy loss, and let him here  
Open those flood-gates to bedew this hier;  
So shall those drops, which else would be, but be,  
Be turn'd to manna, falling on her shrine.  
Let him, who, banish'd far from her dear sight  
Whom his soul loves, doth in that absence writ  
Or lines of passion, or some pow'rful charms,  
To vent his own grief, or unlock her arms,  
Take off his pen, and in sad verse bewail  
This general sorrow and forget his own:  
So may those verses live, which else must die;  
For though the Muses give eternity,  
When they embalm with verse, yet she could give  
Life unto that Muse by which others live.  
Oh pardon me (fair soul) that boldly have  
Dropt, though but one tear, on thy silent grave;  
And writ on that earth, which such honour had  
To clothe that flesh wherein thyself was clad,  
And pardon me, sweet Saint, whom I adore,  
That I this tribute pay out of the store  
Of lines and tears, that's only due to thee;  
Oh, do not think it new idolatry!  
Though you are only sovereign of this land,  
Yet universal justice may command  
A subsidy from every private eye,  
And press each pen to write, so to supply  
And feed the common grief: if this excuse  
Prevail not, take these tears to your own use,  
As shed for you; for when I saw her die,  
I then did think on your mortality:  
For since nor virtue, wit, nor beauty, could  
Preserve from death's hand this dear heav'nly  
mould,

Where they were framed all, and where they dwell,  
I then knew you must die too, and did melt  
Into these tears: but thinking on that day,  
And when the gods resolv'd to take away  
A saint from us, I that did know what dearth  
There was of such good souls upon the earth,  
Began to fear lest Death, their officer,  
Might have mistook, and taken thee for her;  
So hadst thou robb'd us of that happiness  
Which she in heaven, and I in thee possess,  
But what can heaven to her glory add?  
The praises she hath dead, living she had,

To say she's now an angel, is no more  
Praise than she had, for she was once better,  
Which of the saints can show more virtues  
Than she had here? E'en those that did adore  
The angels, (and may her, now she is not)  
Did, whilst she liv'd, with pure devotion  
Adore, and worship her; her virtues had  
All honour here, for this world was too bad  
To hate or envy her; these cannot rise  
So high, as to repine at detesties:  
But now she's 'mongst her fellow saints, they may  
Be good enough to envy her: this way  
There's loss i' th' change, 'twixt heav'n and earth,  
if she

Should leave her servants here below, to be  
Hated of her competitors above;  
But sure her matchless goodness needs must move  
Those blest souls to admire her excellency;  
By this means only can her journey hence  
To heav'n prove gain, if as she was but here  
Worship'd by men, she be by angels there.  
But I must weep no more over this war,  
My tears to their own channel must run;  
And having ended these sad obsequies,  
My Muse must back to her old exercises  
To tell the story of my martyrdom.  
But oh! that Mol of my soul, becomes  
Once pitiful, that she may change her style,  
Dry up her blubber'd eyes, and learn to smile;  
Rest then, blest soul; for as ghosts fly away,  
When the shrill cock proclaims the infant day,  
So must I hence—for lo, I see from far,  
The minions of the Muses coming on,  
Each of them bringing to her sacred hearth  
In either eye a tear, each hand a verse.

*To my Mistress in Absence.*

THOUGH I must live here, and by force  
Of your command suffer divorce;  
Though I am parted, yet my mind  
(That's more myself) still stays behind;  
I breathe in you, you keep my heart;  
'Twas but a carcass that did part.  
Then though our bodies are disjoint'd,  
As things that are to place confin'd;  
Yet let our boundless spirits meet,  
And in Love's sphere each other greet;  
There let us work a mystic wreath,  
Unknown unto the world beneath;  
There let our claspt loves sweetly twine;  
There our secret thoughts unseen,  
Like nets be weav'd and interwin'd,  
Wherewith we catch each other's mind:  
There, whilst our souls do sit and kiss,  
Tasting a sweet and sub'tle bliss  
(Such as gross lovers cannot know,  
Whose hands and lips meet here below;)   
Let us look down, and mark what pain  
Our absent bodies here sustain,  
And smile to see how far away  
The one doth from the other stray;



and languish with desire  
and quench their mutual fire.  
It us joy, to see from far  
alous flames at loving war,  
both with equal lustre shine,  
right as yours, yours bright as mine,  
ated in those heavenly bowers,  
neat the lag and ling'ring hours,  
our bitter absence sweet,  
ls and bodies both may meet.

*To her in Absence.*

## A SHIP.

In a troubled sea of griefs, I float  
on the shore in a storm-beaten boat,  
my sad thoughts do (like the compass)  
show, [blow.  
veral points from which cross winds do  
art doth, like the needle, touch'd with love,  
'd on you, point which way I would move,  
the bright pole-star which in the dark  
long absence guides my wand'ring bark.  
the pilot, but o'ercome with fear  
displeasure, dares not homewards steer;  
rful hope hangs on my trembling sail;  
g is wanting but a gentle gale; [lip  
pleasant breath must blow from your sweet  
ut move, and quick as thought, this ship  
ar arms, which are my port. will flie,  
it for ever shall at anchor lie.

## SONG.

*Eternity of Love protested.*

I doth he deserve a lover's name,  
Whose pale weak flame  
Cannot retain  
it, in spite of absence or disdain;  
th at once, like paper set on fire,  
Burn and expire!  
ve can never change his seat,  
d he ever love that could retreat.  
oble flame, which my breast keeps alive,  
Shall still survive  
When my soul's fled;  
all my love die when my body's dead;  
all wait on me to the lower shade,  
And never fade.  
ry ashes in their urn  
like a hallow'd lamp, for ever burn.

*Some Alteration in my Mistress, after my Departure into France.*

ttle Love, do not forsake the guide  
frail bark, on which the swelling tide

Of ruthless pride  
Doth beat, and threaten wrack from every side.  
Gulfs of disdain do gape to overwhelm  
This boat, nigh sunk with grief; whilst at the  
helm

Despair commands,  
And round about the shifting sands  
Of faithless love and false inconstancy,  
With rocks of cruelty,  
Stops up my passage to the neighbour lands.  
My sighs have rais'd those winds, whose fury bears  
My sails o'erboard, and in their place spreads tears;  
And from my tears

This sea is sprung, where nought but death appears,  
A misty cloud of anger hides the light  
Of my fair star, and every where black night  
Usurps the place  
Of those bright rays, which once did grace  
My forth-bound ship; but when it could no more  
Behold the vanish'd shore,  
In the deep flood she drown'd her beamy face.

*Good Counsel to a Young Maid.*

WHEN you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,  
Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;  
Mark how at first with bended knee  
He courts the crystal Nymphs, and flings  
His body to the earth, where he  
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.  
But when his sweaty face is drench'd  
In her cool waves, when from her sweet  
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd;  
Then mark how with disdainful feet  
He kicks her banks, and from the place  
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace;  
So shalt thou be despis'd, fair Maid,  
When by the fated lover tasted;  
What first he did with tears invade,  
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted;  
When all the virgin springs grow dry,  
When no streams shall be left but in thine eye.

*CELIA Bleeding.—To the Surgeon.*

FOND man, that canst believe her blood  
Will from those purple channels flow,  
Or that the pure untainted flood  
Can any foul distemper know;  
Or that thy weak steel can incise  
The crystal case wherein it lies:

Know, her quick blood, proud of his seat,  
Runs dancing through her azure veins;  
Whose harmony no cold nor heat  
Disturbs, whose hue no tincture stains;  
And the hard rock wherein it dwells,  
The keenest darts of Love repels.

But thou reply'st, Behold she bleeds.  
Fool, thou'rt deceiv'd, and dost not know.



The mystic knot whence this proceeds,  
How lovers in each other grow;  
Thou struck'st her arm, but 'twas my heart  
Shed all the blood, felt all the smart.

# TO T. H.

## A Lady reflecting on *Mistress*.

Fair copy of my Celia's face,  
Twin of my soul, thy perfect grace  
Claims in my love an equal place.

Diffidest not a divided heart;  
Though all be here, you shall have part:  
Love is not ty'd to rules of art.

For as my soul first to her flew,  
Yet stay'd with me; so now 'tis true  
It dwells with her, though fled to you.

Then entertain this wand'ring guest,  
And if not love, allow it rest;  
It left not, but mislook the nest.

Nor think my love or your fair eyes  
Cheaper, 'cause from the sympathies  
You hold with her, these flames arise.

To lead or brass, or some such bad  
Metal, a prince's stamp may add  
That value which it never had:

But to the pure refined ore,  
The stamp of kings imparts no more  
Worth, than the metal held before.

Only the image gives the rate  
To subjects; in a foreign state  
'Tis priz'd as much for its own weight:

So though all other hearts resign  
To your pure worth, yet you have mine,  
Only because you are her coin.

# TO SANDHAM.

THOUGH frost and snow lock'd from mine eyes  
That beauty which without door lies.  
The gardens, orchards, walks, that so  
I might not all thy pleasures know;  
Yet, Sandham, thou, within thy gate,  
Art of thyself so delicate,  
So full of native sweets, that blest  
Thy roof with inward happiness;  
As neither from, nor to thy store,  
Winter takes aught, or Spring adds more.  
The cold and frozen air had starv'd  
Much poor, if not by thee preserv'd;  
Whose prayers have made thy table blest  
With plenty, far above the rest.

The season hardly did afford  
Coarse cats unto thy neighbour's hind,  
Yet thou hadst dainties, as the sky  
Had only bern thy volary (a),  
Or else the birds, fearing the snow  
Might to another deluge grow,  
The pheasant, partridge, and the lark,  
Flew to thy house as to the ark.  
The willing ox of himself came  
Home to the slaughter, with the lamb,  
And every beast did thither bring  
Himself to be an offering.  
The scaly herd more pleasure took  
Bath'd in thy dish, than in the brook.  
Water, earth, air, all did conspire  
To pay their tributes to thy fire;  
Whose cherishing flames themselves drest  
Through every room, where they drest  
The night, and cold abroad; whilst thy,  
Like sun within, keep endless day.  
These cheerful beams send forth their light  
To all that wander in the night,  
And seem to beckon from abroad  
The weary pilgrim to thy roof;  
Where, if refresh'd, he will away,  
He's fairly welcome: or, if stay,  
Far more, which he shall heavily find,  
Both from the mistress and the maid.  
The stranger's welcome each more than  
Stamp'd on his cheerful brow hath won;  
Nor doth this welcome, or his cheer  
Grow less, 'cause he stays longer here.  
There's none observes, much less repines,  
How often this man sups or dines.  
Thou hast no porter at the door  
To examine or keep back the poor;  
Nor locks nor bolts; thy gates have been  
Made only to let strangers in;  
Untaught to shut, they do not fear  
To stand wide open all the year;  
Careless who enters, for they know  
Thou never didst deserve a foe;  
And as for thieves, thy bounty's such,  
They cannot steal, thou giv'st so much.

# UPON A RIBBON. (b)

THIS silken wreath, which circles in mine ear,  
Is but an emblem of that mystic charm,  
Wherewith the magic of your beauty bind  
My captive soul, and round about it wind  
Fetters of lasting love: this hath enroll'd  
My flesh alone, that hath enroll'd my mind:  
Time may wear out these flesh, weak limbs; but  
these  
Strong chains of brass fate shall not damp  
This only relic may preserve my wit,  
But my whole frame doth by that power bind.  
To that my prayers, and sacrifices to die  
I only pay a superstitious kiss:

(a) A great bird cage, in which the birds were kept  
by up and down.

(b) A lace ribbon was presented to his mistress.



This but the idol, that's the Deity;  
 Religion there is due, here ceremony.  
 That I receive by faith, this but in trust;  
 Here I *may* tender duty, there I *must*:  
 This order as a layman I may bear,  
 But I become Love's priest when that I wear.  
 This moves like air, that as the centre stands;  
 That knot your virtue ty'd, this but your hands:  
 That nature fram'd, but this was made by art;  
 This makes my arm your prisoner, that my heart.

*To the King, at his Entrance into Saxham.*

BY MASTER JO. CROFT.

SIR,

W<sup>H</sup>EN you pass this threshold, stay,  
 And give your creature leave to pay  
 Those pious rites which unto you,  
 As to our household gods, are due.  
 Instead of sacrifice, each breast  
 Is like a flaming altar drest  
 With zealous fires; which, from pure hearts,  
 Love mix'd with loyalty imparts.

Incense nor gold have we, yet bring  
 As rich and sweet an offering;  
 And such as doth both these express,  
 Which is, our humble thankfulness:  
 By which is paid the all we owe  
 To gods above, or men below.  
 The slaughter'd beast, whose flesh should feed  
 The hungry flames, we, for pure need,  
 Dress for your supper; and the gore,  
 Which should be dash'd on every door,  
 We change into the lusty blood  
 Of youthful vines, of which a flood  
 Shall sprightly run through all your veins,  
 First to your health, then your fair trains.  
 We shall want nothing but good fare  
 To shew your welcome, and our care;  
 Such rarities that came from far,  
 From poor mens houses banish'd are;  
 Yet we'll express, in homely cheer,  
 How glad we are to see you here.  
 We'll have whate'er the season yields,  
 Out of the neighbouring woods and fields;  
 For all the dainties of your board  
 Will only be what those afford;  
 And, having supp'd, we may perchance  
 Present you with a country dance.

Thus much your servants, that bear sway  
 Here in your absence, bade me say;  
 And beg, besides, you'd hither bring  
 Only the mercy of a king,  
 And not the greatness; since they have  
 A thousand faults must pardon crave;  
 But nothing that is fit to wait  
 Upon the glory of your state.  
 Yet your gracious favour will,  
 They hope, as heretofore, shine still  
 On their endeavours; for they swore,  
 Should Jove descend, they could no more.

*Upon the Sickness of E. S.*

MUST she then languish, and we sorrow thus,  
 And no kind god help her, nor pity us?  
 Is Justice fled from heaven? Can that permit  
 A foul deformed ravisher to sit  
 Upon her virgin cheek, and pull from thence  
 The rose-buds in their maiden excellence?  
 To spread cold paleness on her lips, and chase  
 The frighted rubies from their native place?  
 To lick up with his searching flames a flood  
 Of dissolv'd coral, flowing in her blood;  
 And with the damps of his infectious breath,  
 Print on her brow moist characters of death?  
 Must the clear light, 'gainst course of nature, cease  
 In her fair eyes, and yet the flames increase?  
 Must fevers shake this goodly tree, and all  
 That ripen'd fruit from the fair branches fall,  
 Which princes have desired to taste? Must she  
 Who hath preserv'd her spotless chastity  
 From all solicitation, now at last  
 By agues and diseases be embrac'd?  
 Forbid it, holy Dian! else who shall  
 Pay vows, or let one grain of incense fall  
 On thy neglected altars, if thou bless  
 No better this my zealous votaries?  
 Hasten then, O maiden goddess, to her aid;  
 Let on thy quiver her pale cheek be laid,  
 And rock her fainting body in thine arms;  
 Then let the God of Music with still charms  
 Her restless eyes in peaceful slumbers close,  
 And with soft strains sweeten her calm repose.  
 Cupid, descend, and, whilst Apollo sings,  
 Fanning the cool air with thy panting wings,  
 Ever supply her with refreshing wind.  
 Let thy fair mother with her tresses bind  
 Her labouring temples, with whose balmy sweat  
 She shall perfume her hairy coronet,  
 Whose precious drops shall, upon every fold,  
 Hang like rich pearls about a wreath of gold:  
 Her looser locks, as they unbraided lie,  
 Shall spread themselves into a canopy,  
 Under whose shadow let her rest secure  
 From chilling cold, or burning calature;  
 Unless she freeze with ice of chaste desires,  
 Only holy Hymen kindle nuptial fires.  
 And when at last Death comes to pierce her heart,  
 Convey into his hand thy golden dart.

*A New Year's Sacrifice.*

TO LUCINDA.

THOSE that can give, open their hands this day;  
 Those that cannot, yet hold them up to pray;  
 That health may crown the seasons of this year,  
 And mirth dance round the circle; that no tear  
 (Unless of joy) may with its briny dew  
 Discolour on your cheek the rosy hue;  
 That no access of years presume to abate  
 Your beauty's ever-flourishing estate;



# THE WORKS OF CAREW.

Such cheap and vulgar wishes I could lay,  
As trivial offerings, at your feet this day;  
But that it were apostasy in me  
To send a prayer to any deity  
But your divine self, who have power to give  
Those blessings unto others, such as live  
Like me, by the sole influence of your eyes,  
Whose fair aspects govern our desires.

Such incense, vows, and holy rites, as were  
To the involved serpent of the year  
Paid by Egyptian priests, lay I before  
Lucinda's sacred shrine; whilst I adore  
Her beauteous eyes, and her pure altars dress  
With gums and spice of humble thankfulness.

So may my goddess from her heaven inspire  
My frozen bosom with a Delphic fire;  
And then the world shall, by that glorious flame,  
Behold the blaze of thy immortal name!

## SONG.

*To one who, when I praised my Mistress's beauty,  
said I was blind.*

WENST not though I am blind,  
For you must be  
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind;  
If, when you see  
Her face, you prove not blind like me:  
If the powerful beams that fly  
From her eye,  
And those amorous sweets that lie  
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,  
Find a passage to your heart,  
Then you'll confess your mortal light  
Too weak for such a glorious sight:  
For if her graces you discover,  
You grow, like me, a dazzled lover;  
But if those beauties you not spy,  
Then are you blinder far than I.

## SONG.

*To my Mistress—I burning in Love.*

I burn, and cruel you, in vain,  
Hope to quench me with disdain;  
If from your eyes those sparkles came  
That have kindled all this flame,  
What boots it me, though now you shroud  
Those fierce comets in a cloud;  
Since all the flames that I have felt  
Could your snow yet never melt?  
Nor can your snow (though you should take  
Apes into your bosom) stake  
The heat of my enamour'd heart;  
But with wonder learn Love's art,  
No sea of ice can cool desire;  
Equal flames must quench Love's fire:  
Then think not that my heart can die,  
Till you burn as well as I.

## SONG.

*To Her again—She burning in a Fire.*

Now she burns as well as I,  
Yet my heart can never die;  
She burns that never knew desire,  
She that was ice, she that was fire.  
Oh! what cold heart chafte thoughts did arm  
So, as Love's could never warm  
The frozen bosom where it dwelt;  
She burns, and all her beauties melt;  
She loves, and cries, Love's fires are mild;  
Fever are Gods, but he's a child.  
Love, let her know the difference  
Twixt the heat of soul and sense;  
Touch her with thy flames divine,  
So shall thou quench her fire and mine.

*Upon the King's (c) Sicknes.*

SICKNESS, the minister of death, doth lay  
So strong a siege against our brittle clay,  
As whilst it doth our weak forts singly win,  
It hopes at length to take all mankind in.  
First, it begins upon the womb to wait,  
And doth the unborn child there uncreate;  
Then rocks the cradle where the infant lies,  
Where, ere it fully be alive, it dies.  
It never leaves fond youth, until it have  
Found out an early or a later grave.  
By thousand subtle flights from heedless man  
It cuts the short allowance of a span;  
And where both sober life and art combine  
To keep it out, age makes them both resign.  
Thus, by degrees, it only gain'd of late  
The weak, the aged, or intemperate;  
But now the tyrant hath found out a way  
By which the sober, strong, and young decay;  
Ent'ring his royal limbs, that is our head,  
Through us; his mystic limbs, the pain is spread.  
That man that doth not feel his part, hath sent  
In any part of his dominion;  
If he hold land, that earth is forfeited,  
And he unfit on any ground to tread.  
His grief is felt at court, where it doth move  
Through every joint, like the true soul of Love.  
All those fair stars that do attend on him,  
Whence they derive their light, wax pale and dim:  
That ruddy morning beam of majesty,  
Which should the sun's eclipsed light supply,  
Is overcast with mist, and in the lieu  
Of cheerful rays, sends us down drops of dew.  
That curious form made of an earth refin'd,  
At whose blest birth the gentle planets shin'd  
With fair aspects, and sent a glorious flame  
To animate so beautiful a frame;  
That darling of the gods and men doth wear  
A cloud on's brow, and in his eye a tear:  
And all the rest (save when his dread command  
Doth bid them move) like lifeless statues stand.

(c) Charles 1.



of grief, so generally worn,  
a good king is sick, and good men mourn.

---

S O N G.

*To a Lady not yet enjoy'd by her Husband.*

Celia, fix thine eyes on mine,  
I though those crystals, our souls flitting,  
A pure wreath of eye-beams twine,  
Our loving hearts together knitting.  
Angels the bright sun survey,  
Whom the blind mole discern not day.

Clear Aurora leaves her mate,  
The light of her grey eyes despising,  
While the world doth celebrate  
Her sacrifices her fair uprising.  
Angels, &c.

Adam kept the golden fruit,  
He those dainties never tasted;  
Others pin'd in the pursuit,  
He himself with plenty wasted.  
Angels, &c.

---

S O N G.

*The willing Prisoner to his Mistress.*

Tools great Cupid's yoke disdain,  
Finding their own wild freedom better;  
I, proud of my triumphant chain,  
And court my beauteous fetter.

Murdering glances, snaring hairs,  
And her bewitching smiles, so please me,  
(d) brings ruin, that repairs  
The sweet afflictions that disease me.

Not those panting balls of snow  
Through envious veils from my beholding;  
Nor those lips, their pearly row  
And sweet smile of love unfolding.

Let those eyes, whose motion wheels  
The restless fate of every lover,  
By the pains my sick heart feels,  
And wounds themselves have made, discover.

---

*A Fly that flew into my Mistress's Eye.*

In this fly liv'd, she us'd to play  
The sunshine all the day;  
Coming near my Celia's sight,  
Found a new and unknown light,  
Full of glory, as it made  
Noon-day run and only shade;

(d) Cupid.

Then this amorous fly became  
My rival, and did court my flame.  
She did from hand to bosom skip,  
And from her breath, her check, and lip,  
Suck'd all the incense, and the spice,  
And grew a bird of paradise:  
At last into her eye she flew,  
There scorch'd in flames, and drown'd in dew,  
Like Phaeton from the sun's sphere,  
She fell, and with her dropp'd a tear;  
Of which a pearl was straight compos'd,  
Wherein her ashes lie enclos'd.  
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's eye,  
Funeral flame, tomb obsequy.

---

S O N G.

*Celia Singing.*

HARK how my Celia, with the choice  
Music of her hand and voice  
Stills the loud wind; and makes the wild  
Incens'd boar and panther mild!  
Mark how those statues like men move,  
Whilst men with wonder statues prove!  
The stiff rock bends to worship her,  
That idol turns idolater.

Now see how all the new inspir'd  
Images with love are fir'd!  
Hark how the tender marble groans,  
And all the late transform'd stones  
Court the fair nymph with many a tear,  
Which she (more stony than they were)  
Beholds with unrelenting mind:  
Whilst they, amaz'd to see combin'd  
Such matchless beauty with disdain,  
Are all turn'd into stones again.

---

S O N G.

*Celia Singing.*

You that think love can convey,  
No other way  
But through the eyes, into the heart  
His fatal dart,  
Close up those casements, and but hear  
This Syren sing,  
And on the wing  
Of her sweet voice it shall appear  
That love can enter at the ear:  
Then unveil your eyes, behold  
The curious mould  
Where that voice dwells; and as we know,  
When the cocks crow  
We freely may  
Gaze on the day;  
So may you, when the music's done,  
Awake, and see the rising sun.



SONG.

*To one that desired to know my Mistress.*

SEEK not to know my love, for she  
Hath vow'd her constant faith to me;  
Her mild aspects are mine, and thou  
Shalt only find a stormy brow:  
For, if her beauty stir desire  
In me, her kisses quench the fire;  
Or, I can to love's fountain go,  
Or dwell upon her hills of snow:  
But when thou burn'st, she shall not spare  
One gentle breath to cool the air;  
Thou shalt not climb those Alps, nor spy  
Where the sweet springs of Venus lie.  
Search hidden nature, and there find  
A treasure to enrich thy mind;  
Discover arts not yet reveal'd,  
But let my mistress live conceal'd;  
Though men by knowledge wiser grow,  
Yet here 'tis wisdom not to know.

*In the person of a Lady, to her inconstant Servant.*

WHEN on the altar of my hand  
(Bedew'd with many a kiss, and tear)  
Thy new-revolted heart did stand  
As humble martyr, thou didst swear  
Thus, (and the God of Love did hear,)  
By those bright glances of thine eye,  
Unless thou pity me, I die.

When first those perjur'd lips of thine,  
Becal'd with blissing sighs, did seal  
Their violated faith on mine,  
From the soft bosom that did heal  
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steal;  
My soul, inflam'd with thy false breath,  
Poison'd with kisses, suck'd in death.

Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,  
Revenge or mercy to procure  
From the offended God of Love;  
My curse is fatal, and my pure  
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure;  
If I implore the gods, they'll find  
Thee too ungrateful, me too kind.

*True in Love entrants I.*

No more, blind God! for see, my heart  
Is made thy quiver, where remains  
No void place for another dart;  
And, alas! that conquest gains  
Small praise, that only brings away  
A tame and unresisting prey.

Behold a nobler foe, all arm'd,  
Desies thy weak artillery,  
That hath thy bow and quiver charm'd,  
A rebel beauty, conquering thee!

If thou dar'st equal combat try,  
Wound her, for 'tis for her I die.

*To my Rival.*

HENCE, vain intruder! haste away,  
Wash not with thy unhallowed brim.  
The footstep of my Celia's shrine;  
Nor on her pure altars lay  
Thy empty words, accents that may  
Some looser dame to love incline:  
She must have offerings more divine;  
Such pearly drops, as youthful May  
Scatters before the rising day;  
Such smooth soft language, as each line  
Might stroke an angry god, or stay  
Jove's thunder, make the hearers pine  
With envy: Do this, thou shalt be  
Servant to her, rival with me.

*Boldness in Love.*

HARK how the bashful morn in vain  
Courts the amorous marigold  
With sighing blasts and weeping rain;  
Yet she refuses to unfold  
But when the planet of the day  
Approacheth with his powerful ray,  
Then she spreads, then she receives  
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.  
So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;  
If thy tears and sighs discover  
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy  
The just reward of a bold lover:  
But when with moving accents thou  
Shall constant faith and service vow,  
Thy Celia shall receive those charms  
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

CELIA, CLEON.

As Celia rested in the shade,  
With Cleon by her side,  
The swain thus courted the young maid,  
And thus the nymph reply'd.

Cleon. Sweet! let thy captive fetters wear  
Made of thine arms and hands;  
Till such as thralldom scorn or fear,  
Envy those happy bands.

Celia. Then thus my willing arms I wind  
About thee, and am to  
Thy priener; for myself I bind,  
Until I let thee go.

Cleon. Happy that slave, whom the fair set  
Ties in so soft a chain!



Far happier I, but that I know  
You wilt break loose again.

By thy immortal beauties, never.  
*Celia*. Frail as thy love's thine oath.  
Though beauty fade, my faith lasts ever.  
*Celia*. Time will destroy them both.

I doat not on thy snow-white skin.  
*Celia*. What then? *Cleon*. Thy purer mind.  
It lov'd too soon. *Cleon*. Thou hadst not been  
fair, if not so kind.

Oh strange, vain fancy! *Cleon*. But yet true.  
*Celia*. Prove it. *Cleon*. Then make a braid  
Of loose flames that circle you,  
Of suns, and yet your shade.

'Tis Done. *Cleon*. Now give it me. *Celia*. [*Chorus*  
Alas! thine own error find,  
If we were beauties, I am now  
As fair, because more kind.

You shall confess you err; that hair,  
All it not change the hue,  
Have the golden mountain bare?  
*Celia*. Ah me! it is too true.

But this small wreath shall ever stay  
Its first native prime:  
Smiling when the rest decay,  
In triumphs of time.

Let me cut from thy fair grove  
The branch, and let that be  
A emblem of eternal love;  
For such is mine to thee.

Thus are we both redeem'd from time,  
By thy grace. *Cleon*. And I  
Will live in thy immortal rhyme,  
Till the muses die.

Heaven—*Celia*. Swear not: if I must weep,  
We shall not smile at me.  
Kiss, my heart, and thy faith keep.  
*Cleon*. This breathes my soul to thee.

Forth the thicket Thyrsis rush'd,  
Where he saw all their play:  
He wain stood still, and smil'd, and blush'd;  
The nymph fled fast away.

### Grief Ingraft.

BEFORE do thy sad numbers flow  
So full of woe?  
Dost thou melt in such soft strains,  
Whilst she disdains?  
If she must still deny,  
Weep not, but die;  
And in thy funeral fire.  
Shall all her fame expire:

Thus both shall perish, and as thou on thy hearse  
Shalt want her tears, so she shall want thy verse.

Repine not then at thy blest state,  
Thou art above thy fate:  
But my fair Celia will not give  
Love enough to make me live;  
Nor yet dart from her bright eye  
Scorn enough to make me die.

Then let me weep alone, till her kind breath  
Or blow my tears away, or speak my death.

### A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

SHEPHERD, NYMPH, CHORUS.

*Shepherd*.

THIS mossy bank they prest. *Nymph*. That aged oak  
Did canopy the happy pair  
All night from the damp air.

*Chorus*. Here let us sit, and sing the words they spoke,  
Till the day-breaking their embraces broke.

*Shepherd*. See, Love, the blushes of the morn appear;  
And now she hangs her pearly store  
(Robb'd from the eastern shore)  
I' th' cowslip's bell and rose's ear:  
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

*Nymph*. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,  
But shew my sun must set; no morn  
Shall shine till thou return:  
The yellow planets, and the grey  
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

*Shepherd*. If thine eyes gild my path, they may forbear  
Their useless shine. *Nymph*. My tears will quite  
Extinguish their faint light.  
*Shepherd*. Those drops will make their beams more clear,  
Love's flames will shine in every tear.

*Celia*. They kiss, and wept; and from their lips and  
Eyes,  
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,  
Their joys and sorrows meet;  
But she cries out. *Nymph*. Shepherd, arise,  
The sun betrays us else to spies.

*Shepherd*. The winged hours fly fast whilst we em-  
brace;  
But when we want their help to meet,  
They move with leaden feet.  
*Nymph*. Then let us pinion time, and chace  
The day for ever from this place.

*Shepherd*. Hark. *Nymph*. Ah me stay! *Shepherd*. For ever.  
*Nymph*. No, arise;  
We must be gone. *Shepherd*. My nest of spice.  
*Nymph*. My soul. *Shepherd*. My paradise.  
*Chorus*. Neither could say farewell, but through their  
Eyes  
Grief interrupted speech with tears supplies.



*Red and White Rofs.*

Read in these roses the sad story  
Of my hard fate, and your own glory:  
In the white you may discover  
The paleness of a fainting lover;  
In the red, the flames still feeding  
On my heart with fresh wounds bleeding.  
The white will tell you how I languish,  
And the red express my anguish:  
The white my innocence displaying,  
The red my martyrdom betraying.  
The frowns that on your brow resided,  
Have those roses thus divided;  
Oh! let your smiles, but clear the weather,  
And then they both shall grow together.

*To my Cousin C. R. marrying my Lady A.*

Harsh youth, that shall possess  
Such a spring-tide of delights,  
As the fated appetite,  
Still enjoying such excess,  
With the hand of pleasure, lets  
When the Hymeneal rite  
Is perform'd, invade the night,  
That it may in shadows dwell;  
Thy too real happiness,  
Else, as Semeler, the bright  
Deity in her full height  
May thy feeble soul oppress.  
Strong perfumes and glaring light  
Of destroy both smell and sight.

*A Lover upon an Accident necessitating his Departure, consults with Reason.*

## LOVER.

Weep not, nor backward turn your beams,  
Fond eyes; sad sighs, lock in your breath;  
Left on this wind, or in those streams,  
My griev'd soul fly, or sail to death.  
Fortune destroys me if I stay;  
Love kills me if I go away;  
Since Love and Fortune both are blind,  
Come, Reason, and resolve my doubtful mind.

## REASON.

Fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide,  
And 'gainst the blinder god rebel;  
Thy love-sick heart shall not refuse  
Where storn and self-will'd error dwell;  
Where entrance unto truth is barr'd;  
Where love and faith find no reward;  
For my just hand may sometime move  
The wheel of Fortune, not the sphere of Love.

*Parting. Celia weeps.*

Weep not, my dear, for I shall go  
Loaden enough with my own woe:

Add not thy heaviness to mine;  
Since fate our pleasures must divide,  
Why should our sorrows meet? If I  
Must go, and lose thy company,  
I wish not thee; it shall relieve  
My grief, to think thou dost not grieve.  
Yet grieve and weep, that I may bear  
Every sigh and every tear  
Away with me; so shall thy breast  
And eyes, which I enjoy, their rest  
And I will send my heart, to see  
Thou wert thus loath to part with me.

*A Lover.*

I will enjoy thee now, my Celia: Come,  
And fly with me to Love's Elysium:

The giant, Honour, that keeps cowards out,  
Is but a masquer; and the servile rout  
Of baser subjects only bend in vain  
To the vast idol, whilst the nobler train  
Of valiant Lovers daily fall between  
The huge Colossus legs, and pass unseen  
Unto the blissful shore. Be bold and wife,  
And we shall enter; the grim Swiss denie  
Only to tame fools passage, that not know  
He is but form, and only frights in show  
The duller eyes that look'd from far.

And then shake scorn what we were wont to  
We shall see how the flaking pageant goes  
With borrow'd legs, a heavy load to those  
That made, and bear him; not as we once  
thought,

The seed of Gods, but a weak model wrought  
By greedy men, that seek to inclose the common,  
And within private arms empale free womankind.  
Come then, and mounted on the wings of love  
We'll cut the sitting air, and soar above  
The monster's head; and in the noblest fens  
Of those black fens quench and renew our lives,  
There shall the Queen of Love and Innocence,  
Beauty, and Nature, banish all offence  
From our close ivy twines; there I'll behold  
Thy bared snow and thy unbraided gold;  
There my enfranchis'd hand, on every side,  
Shall o'er thy naked polish'd ivory slide.  
No curtain there, though of transparent lawn,  
Shall be before thy virgin treasure drawn:  
But the rich mine, to the inquiring eye  
Expos'd, shall ready still for mintage lie,  
And we will coin young Cupids. There a bed  
Of roset and fresh myrtles shall be spread  
Under the cooler shade of cypress groves,  
Our pillows of the down of Venus' doves,  
Whereon our panting lips we'll gently lay  
In the faint respites of our active play;  
That so our slumbers may in dreams have li-  
sure

To tell the nimble fancy our past pleasure;  
And so our souls that cannot be embrac'd,  
Shall the embraces of our bodies taste.



the bubbling stream shall court the  
 re,  
 ur'd chirping wood-choir shall adore  
 unes the Deity of Love;  
 blasts of western winds shall move  
 oling leaves, and through their close  
 ghs breathe  
 whilst we rest ourselves beneath  
 ing shade; till a soft murmur, sent  
 entranc'd in amorous languishment,  
 nd shoot into our veins fresh fire,  
 their sweet extasy expire.  
 ie empty bee, that lately bore  
 mmon treasure all her store,  
 the painted field with nimble wing;  
 g the fresh virgins of the spring;  
 ifle all the sweets that dwell  
 ous paradise, and swell  
 ith honey, drawn forth by the power  
 kisses from each spicy flower.  
 ie rose buds in their perfum'd bed,  
 knots, like curious mazes spread  
 e garden, taste the ripen'd cherry,  
 firm apple tipt with coral berry;  
 I visit, with a wandering kiss,  
 f lilies and the bower of bliss;  
 e the beauteous region doth divide  
 milky ways, my lips shall slide  
 e smooth allies, wearing as I go  
 lovers on the printed snow;  
 mbing o'er the swelling Appennine,  
 thy grove of eglantine;  
 ill all those ravish'd sweets distil  
 ove's alembic, and with chemic skill  
 mix'd mass one sovereign balm derive,  
 g that great elixir to thy hive.  
 more subtle wreaths I will entwine  
 thighs, my legs, and arms with thine.  
 a sea of milk shalt lie display'd,  
 ie smooth calm ocean invade  
 a tempest, as when Jove of old  
 on Danae in a storm of gold:  
 ll pine shall in the Cyprian streight  
 at anchor, and unlade her freight;  
 r, with thy bold hand, like a try'd  
 l pilot, thou shalt steer, and guide  
 nto love's channel, where it shall  
 the bounding waves do rise or fall;  
 thy circling arms embrace and clip  
 g body, and thy balmy lip  
 in juice of kisses, whose perfume  
 igious incense shall consume,  
 up holy vapours to those powers  
 our loves, and crown our sportful hours;  
 such Halcyon calmness fix our souls  
 peace, as no affright controuls.  
 rude sounds shake us with sudden starts;  
 ears, when we unrip our hearts,  
 discourse in; no observing spies  
 , that glance traduce; no envious eyes  
 r close meetings, nor are we betray'd  
 by the bribed chamber-maid.  
 ck bonds unwreath our twisted loves;  
 o midnight arbour, no dark groves,

To hide our kisses: there, the hated name  
 Of husband, wife, lust, modest, chaste, or shame,  
 Are vain and empty words, whose very sound  
 Was never heard in the Elysian ground.  
 All things are lawful there, that may delight  
 Nature or unrestrained appetite:  
 Like and enjoy, to will and act, is one;  
 We only sin when love's rites are not done;  
 The Roman *Lucretia*, there reads the divine  
 Lectures of love's great master, *Arctine*;  
 And knows as well as *Lais* how to move  
 Her pliant body in the act of love;  
 To quench the burning ravisher, she hurls  
 Her limbs into a thousand winding curls,  
 And studies artful postures, such as be  
 Carv'd on the bark of every neighbouring tree  
 By learned hands; that so adorn'd the rind  
 Of those fair plants, which as they lay entwin'd,  
 Have fann'd their glowing fires. The Grecian

dame,  
 That in her endless web toil'd for a name  
 As fruitless as her work, doth there display  
 Herself before the youth of *Ithaca*,  
 And the am'rous sport of gamesome nights, pre-  
 fer  
 Before dull dreams of the lost traveller.  
*Daphne* hath broke her bark; and that swift  
 foot,

Which th' angry gods had fastened with a root  
 To the fixt earth, doth now unfetter'd run,  
 To meet th' embraces of the youthful sun:  
 She hangs upon him like his Delphique lyre,  
 Her kisses blow the old, and breathe new fire;  
 Full of her God, she sings inspired lays,  
 Sweet odes of love, such as deserve the bays,  
 Which she herself was. Next her, *Laura* lies  
 In *Petrarch's* learned arms, drying those eyes  
 That did in such sweet smooth-pac'd numbers  
 flow,

As made the world enamour'd of his woe.  
 These, and ten thousand beauties more that dy'd  
 Slave to the tyrant, now enlarg'd deride  
 His cruel laws; and for their time mispent,  
 Paid into love's exchequer double rent.

Come then, my *Celia*, we'll no more forbear  
 To taste our joys, struck with a panic fear,  
 But will depose from his imperious sway  
 This proud usurper, and walk free as they,  
 With necks unyok'd; nor is it just that he  
 Should fetter your soft sex with chastity,  
 Which nature made unapt for abstinence;  
 When yet this false impostor can dispense  
 With human justice and with sacred right,  
 And maugre both their laws, command me fight  
 With rivals or with emulous loves that dare  
 Equal with thine their mistress' eyes or hair:  
 If thou complain of wrong, and call my sword  
 To carve out thy revenge, upon that word  
 He bids me fight and kill, or else he brands  
 With marks of infamy my coward hands.  
 And yet religion bids from blood-shed fly,  
 And damns me for that act: Then tell me why  
 This goblin, honour, which the world adores,  
 Should make men atheists, and not women whores?



*Epitaph on the Lady MARY VILLERS\*.*

THE Lady Mary Villers lies  
Under this stone: With weeping eyes  
The parents that first gave her breath,  
And their sad friends, laid her in earth.  
If any of them, reader, were  
Known unto thee, shed a tear:  
Or if thyself possesse a gem,  
As dear to thee as this to them;  
Though a stranger to this place,  
Bewail in their's thine own hard case;  
For thou perhaps at thy return  
May'st find thy darling in an urn.

## A N O T H E R.

THE purest soul that e'er was sent  
Into a clayey tenement,  
Inform'd this dust; but the weak mould  
Could the great guest no longer hold;  
The substance was too pure; the flame  
Too glorious that thither came:  
Ten thousand Cupids brought along  
A grace on each wing, that did throng  
For place there, till they all oppress  
The seat in which they sought to rest;  
So the fair model broke, for want  
Of room to lodge th' inhabitant.

## A N O T H E R.

THIS little vault, this narrow room,  
Of love and beauty is the tomb:  
The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear  
Our clouded sky, lies darken'd here,  
For ever set to us, by death  
Sent to inflame the world beneath.  
'Twas but a bud, yet did contain  
More sweetness than shall spring again;  
A budding star, that might have grown  
Into a sun, when it had blown.  
This hopeful beauty did create  
New life in love's declining state;  
But now his empire ends, and we  
From fire and wounding darts are free:  
His brand, his bow, let no man fear;  
The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

*Epitaph on the Lady S. Wife to Sir W. S.*

THE harmony of colours, features, grace,  
Resulting airs (the magic of a face)  
Of musical sweet tunes, all which combin'd  
To crown one sovereign beauty, lie confin'd  
To this dark vault: She was a cabinet  
Where all the choicest stones of price were set;

\* Daughter of George Villers, Duke of Buckingham.

Whose native colours and pure lustre lent  
Her eye, cheek, lip, a dazzling ornament;  
Whose rare and hidden virtues did express  
Her inward beauties and mind's fairer dress;  
The constant diamond, the wise chrysolite,  
The devout sapphire, em'rald apt to write  
Records of mem'ry, chearful agate, grave  
And serious onyx, topaz that doth save  
The brain's calm temper, witty amethyst;  
This precious quarry, or what else the list  
On Aaron's ephod planted had, she wore:  
One only pearl was wanting to her store;  
Which in her Saviour's book she found express;  
To purchase that, she sold death all the rest.

*Maria Wentworth, Thomæ Comitis Cleveland filia p  
mogenita, virginiam animam exhalavit. an. dom.  
et. sue—*

AND here the precious dust is laid,  
Whose purely-tempered clay was made  
So fine, that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,  
It broke the outward shell of sin,  
And so was hatch'd a cherubin.

In height it soar'd to God above,  
In depth it did to knowledge move,  
And spread in breadth to gen'ral love.

Before, a pious duty shin'd  
To parents; courtesy, behind;  
On either side, an equal mind.

Good to the poor, to kindred dear,  
To servants kind, to friendship clear,  
To nothing but herself severe.

So though a virgin, yet a bride  
To every grace, she justify'd  
A chaste polygamy, and dy'd.

Learn from hence (reader) what small trust  
We owe this world, where Virtue must,  
Frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

## ON THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

*Beatissimis manibus charissimi viri Ilma. conjux f  
parentavit.*

WHEN, in the brazen leaves of fame,  
The life, the death of Buckingham  
Shall be recorded, if truth's hand  
Incise the story our land,  
Posterity shall see a fair  
Structure, by the studious care  
Of two kings raised, that no less  
Their wisdom than their pow'r express;



indred zeal (whose doubtful light  
 murder's scarlet robe seem white,  
 the vain-deluding phantasms charm'd  
 the sullen soul, and arm'd  
 the perate hand thirsty of blood)  
 from the fair earth where it stood;  
 the majestic fabric fell.  
 Actions let our annals tell;  
 write no chronicle; this pile  
 is only sorrow's face and stile,  
 when ev'n the envy, that did wait  
 on his flourishing estate,  
 paid to soft pity of his death,  
 pays his hearse; but that cheap breath  
 not blow here, nor th' unpure brine  
 in those streams that bathe this shrine.

These are the pious obsequies  
 paid from his chaste wife's pregnant eyes  
 frequent showers, and were alone  
 the congealing sighs made stone,  
 which the carver did bestow  
 on forms and characters of woe:  
 the fashion only lent,  
 that she wept all this monument.

## ANOTHER.

*hospes, sine indigena, sine advena: vicissitudinis  
 rerum memor, pauca perlege.*

DEER, when these dumb stones have told  
 borrowed speech what guest they hold,  
 shalt confess the vain pursuit  
 human glory yields no fruit,  
 in untimely grave. If Fate  
 had constant happiness create,  
 ministers, Fortune and Worth,  
 here that miracle brought forth:  
 'twixt this child of honour where  
 room was left for hope or fear,  
 more or less: so high, so great  
 growth was, yet so safe his seat:  
 in the circle of his friends;  
 in his loyal heart and ends:  
 in his native valiant spirit;  
 honour safe, and safe by merit;  
 by the stamp of nature, which  
 strength with shape and grace enrich;  
 in the cheerful courtesies  
 flowing gestures, speech, and eyes;  
 in his bounties, which were more  
 portion'd to his mind than store:  
 though for virtue he becomes  
 liv'd himself in borrow'd sums,  
 in his care, he leaves betray'd  
 friend engag'd, no debt unpaid.

It though the stars conspire to show'r  
 in one head th' united power  
 all their graces, if their dire  
 acts must other breasts inspire

With vicious thoughts, a murderer's knife  
 May cut (as here) their darling's life:  
 Who can be happy then, if Nature must,  
 To make one happy man, make all men just?

*Four Songs by way of Chorus to a Play, at an Entertain-  
 ment of the King and Queen by my Lord Chamberlain.*

## I.

## OF JEALOUSY. DIALOGUE.

*Question.*

FROM whence was first this fury hurl'd,  
 This Jealousy, into the world?  
 Came she from Hell? *Answer.* No, there doth  
 reign

Eternal Hatred, with Disdain:  
 But she the daughter is of Love,  
 Sister of Beauty. *Question.* Then above  
 She must derive from the third sphere  
 Her heavenly offspring *Answer.* Neither there;  
 From those immortal flames could she  
 Draw her cold frozen pedigree?

*Question.*

If nor from heaven nor hell, where then  
 Had she her birth? *Answer.* In th' hearts of men,  
 Beauty and Fear did her create,  
 Younger than Love, elder than Hate.  
 Sister to both, by Beauty's side  
 To Love, by Fear to Hate ally'd.  
 Despair her issue is, whose race  
 Of frightful mischief drowns the space  
 Of the wide earth in a swollen flood  
 Of wrath, revenge, spite, rage, and blood.

*Question.*

Oh how can such a spurious line  
 Proceed from parents so divine?

*Answer.*

As streams, which from their crystal spring  
 Do sweet and clear their waters bring,  
 Yet, mingling with the brackish main,  
 Nor taste nor colour they retain.

*Question.*

Yet rivers 'twixt their own hanks flow  
 Still fresh: Can Jealousy do so?

*Answer.*

Yes, whilst she keeps the steadfast ground  
 Of Hope and Fear, her equal bound:  
 Hope, sprung from favour, worth, or chance,  
 Tow'rd the fair object doth advance;  
 Whilst Fear, as watchful centinel,  
 Doth the invading foe repel;  
 And Jealousy, thus mixt, doth prove  
 The season and the salt of love:  
 But when Fear takes a larger scope,  
 Stifling the child of reason, Hope;  
 Then, sitting on th' usurped throne,  
 She like a tyrant rules alone;  
 As the wild ocean unconfin'd,  
 And raging as the northern wind.



## II.

## FEMININE HONOUR.

In what esteem did the gods hold  
Fair Innocence and the chaste bed,  
When scandal'd Virtue might be bold,  
Bare-foot upon sharp cultures, spread  
O'er burning coals, to march; yet feel  
Nor scorching fire nor piercing steel?

Why, when the hard-edg'd iron did turn  
Soft as a bed of roses blown,  
When cruel flames forgot to burn  
Their chaste, pure limbs, should man alone  
'Gainst female innocents conspire,  
Harder than steel, fiercer than fire?

Oh hapless sex! unequal sway  
Of partial honour! who may know  
Rebels from subjects that obey,  
When Malice can on vestals throw  
Disgrace, and Fame fix high reputo  
On the loose shameless prostitute?

Vain Honour! thou art but disguise,  
A cheating voice, a juggling art;  
No judge of Virtue, whose pure eyes  
Court her own image in the heart,  
More pleas'd with her true figure there,  
Than her false echo in the ear.

## III.

## SEPARATION OF LOVERS.

Stop the chased boar, or play  
With the lion's paw, yet fear  
From the Lover's side to tear  
The idol of his soul away.

Though Love enter by the fight  
To the heart, it doth not fly  
From the mind, when from the eye  
The fair objects take their flight.

But since want provokes desire,  
When we lose what we before  
Have enjoy'd, as we want more,  
So is Love more set on fire.

Love doth an hungry eye  
Glut on Beauty, and you may  
Safer snatch the tiger's prey  
Than his vital food deny.

Yet, though absence for a space  
Sharpen the keen appetite,  
Long continuance doth quite  
All Love's characters efface.

## IV.

## INCOMMUNICABILITY OF LOVE.

*Question.*

By what power was Love confin'd  
To one object? Who can bind,  
Or fix a limit to the free-born mind?

*Answer.*

Nature; for as bodies may  
Move at once but in one way,  
So nor can minds to more than one Love stray.

*Reply.*

Yet I feel double smart;  
Love's twinn'd flame, his forked dart.

*Answer.* Then hath wild Lust, not Love, possess'd  
heart.

*Question.*

Whence springs Love? *Answer.* From Beauty.

*Quest.* Why should th' effect not multiply  
As fast in the heart, as doth the cause in th' eye?

*Answer.*

When two beauties equal are  
Sense preferring neither fair,  
Desire stands still, distracted 'twixt the pair.

So in equal distance lay  
Two fair lambs in the wolf's way,  
The hungry beast will starve ere choose his prey.

But where one is chief, the rest  
Cease, and that's alone possess'd,  
Without a rival monarch of the breast.

## SONGS IN THE PLAY.

*A Lover, in the disguise of an Amazon, is dartsly  
loved of his Mistress.*

CEASE, thou afflicted soul, to mourn,  
Whose love and faith are paid with scorn;  
For I am starv'd that feel the blisses  
Of dear embraces, smiles and kisses,  
From my soul's idol, yet complain  
Of equal love more than disdain.

Cease, beauty's exile, to lament  
The frozen shades of banishment,  
For I in that fair bosom dwell,  
That is my paradise and hell;  
Banish'd at home, at once at ease  
In the safe port, and tost on seas.

Cease in cold jealous fears to pine,  
Sad wretch, whom rivals undermine;  
For though I had lock'd in mine arms  
My life's sole joy, a traitor's charms  
Prevail; whilst I may only blame  
Myself, that mine own rival am.



## ANOTHER.

*A Lady, rescued from Death by a Knight, who in the instant leaves her, complains thus.*

OH whither is my fair sun fled,  
Bearing his light, not heat away?  
If thou repose in the moist bed  
Of the sea-queen, bring back the day  
To our dark clime, and thou shalt lie  
Bath'd in the sea-flows from mine eye.

Upon what whirlwind didst thou ride  
Hence, remain fixt in my heart,  
From me, and to me; fled, and ty'd?  
Dark riddles of the amorous art;  
Love lent thee wings to fly; so be  
Unfeather'd now must rest with me.

Help, help, brave youth! I burn, I bleed!  
The cruel God with bow and brand  
Pursues the life thy valour freed;  
Disarm him with thy conquering hand;  
And that thou may'st the wild boy tame,  
Give me his dart, keep thou his flame.

## TO BEN JONSON,

*Upon occasion of his Ode of Defiance annexed to his Play of the New Inn.*

'Tis true (dear Ben) thy just chastising hand  
Hath fix'd upon the sotted age a brand,  
To their swollen pride and empty scribbling due:  
It can nor judge, nor write; and yet, 'tis true,  
Thy Comic Muse from the exalted line  
Touch'd by the Alchymist, doth since decline  
From that her zenith, and foretels a red  
And blushing evening, when she goes to bed;  
Yet such as shall outshine the glimmering light  
With which all stars shall gild the following night.  
Nor think it much (since all thy eaglets may  
Endure the sunny trial) if we say  
This hath the stronger wing, or That doth shine  
Tuck'd up in fairer plumes, since All are thine.  
Who hath his flock of cackling geese compar'd  
With thy tun'd quire of swans? or else who dar'd  
To call thy births deform'd? But if thou bind,  
By city custom, or by gavel kind,  
In equal shares thy love on all thy race,  
We may distinguish of their sex, and place;  
Though one hand form them, and through one  
brain strike  
Souls into all, they are not all alike.  
Why should the follies then of this dull age  
Draw from thy pen such an immodest rage  
As seems to blast thy (else immortal) bays,  
When thine own tongue proclaims thy itch of  
praise?  
Such thirst will argue drought. No; let be hurl'd  
Upon thy works, by the detracting world,  
What malice can suggest; let the rout say  
The running sands, that (ere thou make a play)

Count the flow minutes, might a Goodwin\* frame,  
To swallow, when th' hast done, thy shipwreck'd  
name;

Let them the dear expence of oil upbraid,  
Suck'd by thy watchful lamp, that hath betray'd  
To theft the blood of martyr'd authors, spilt  
Into thy ink, whilst thou grow'st pale with guilt:  
Repine not at the taper's thrifty waste,  
That flecks thy terser Poems; nor is haste  
Praise, but excuse; and if thou overcome  
A knotty writer, bring the booty home;  
Nor think it theft, if the rich spoils, so torn  
From conquer'd Authors, be as trophies worn.  
Let others glut on thee th' extorted praise  
Of vulgar breath, trust thou to after-days:  
Thy labour'd works shall live, when time devours  
Th' abortive offspring of their hasty hours:  
Thou art not of their rank; the quarrel lies  
Within thine own verge; then let this suffice,  
The wiser world doth greater thee confesse  
Than all men else, than thyself only less.

## AN HYMENEAL DIALOGUE.

BRIDE AND GROOM.

Groom.

TELL me (my love) since Hymen ty'd  
The holy knot, hast thou not felt  
A new infused spirit slide  
Into thy breast, whilst thine did melt?

Bride.

First tell me (sweet) whose words were those?  
For though your voice the air did break,  
Yet did my soul the sense compose,  
And through your lips my heart did speak.

Groom.

Then I perceive, when from the flame  
Of love my scorch'd soul did retire.  
Your frozen heart in her place came,  
And sweetly melted in that fire.

Bride.

'Tis true; for when that mutual change  
Of souls was made with equal gain,  
I straight might feel diffus'd a strange  
But gentle heat through every vein.

Chorus.

Oh blest disunion! that doth so  
Our bodies from our souls divide,  
As two do one, and one four grow,  
Each by contraction multiply'd.

Bride.

Thy bosom then I'll make my nest,  
Since there my willing soul doth perch.

Groom. And for my heart in thy chaste breast  
I'll make an everlasting search.

Chorus. Oh blest disunion, &c.

\* The Goodwin Sands in Kent.



*Obsequies to the Lady ANNE HAY\*.*

I HEARD the virgins sigh; I saw the sleek  
And polish'd courtier channel his fresh check  
With real tears; the new betrothed maid  
Smil'd not that day; the graver Senate laid  
Their business by; of all the courtly throng  
Grief seal'd the heart, and silence bound the  
tongue:

I that ne'er more of private sorrow knew  
Than from my pen some froward mistress drew,  
And for the public woe had my dull sense  
So fear'd with ever-adverse influence,  
As the invader's sword might have, unfelt,  
Pierc'd my dead bosom, yet began to melt:  
Grief's strong instinct did to my blood suggest  
In the unknown loss peculiar interest.  
But when I heard the noble Carlisle's gem,  
The fairest branch of Denny's ancient stem,  
Was from that casket stol'n, from this trunk torn,  
I found just cause why they, why I should mourn.

But who shall guide my artless pen, to draw  
Those blooming beauties which I never saw?  
How shall posterity believe my story,  
If I her crowded graces, and the glory  
Due to her riper virtues, shall relate  
Without the knowledge of her mortal state?  
Shall I, as once Apelles here a feature,  
There steal a grace; and rifling so whole nature  
Of all the sweets a learned eye can see,  
Figure one Venus, and say, Such was she?  
Shall I her legend fill with what of old  
Hath of the worthies of her sex been told;  
And what all pens and times to all dispense,  
Restrain to her by a prophetic sense?  
Or shall I, to the moral and divine  
Exactest laws, shape by an even line  
A life so straight, as it should shame the square  
Left in the rules of Katherine or Clare,  
And call it hers? Say, So did she begin;  
And, had she liv'd, such had her progress been?  
These are dull ways, by which base pens, for hire,  
Daub glorious Vice, and from Apollo's quire  
Steal holy ditties, which prophane they  
Upon the horse of every strumpet lay.

We will not bathe thy corps with a forc'd tear,  
Nor shall thy train borrow the blacks they wear  
Such vulgar spice and gums embalm not thee;  
Thou art the theme of Truth, not Poetry.  
Thou shalt endure a trial by thy Peers;  
Virgins of equal birth, of equal years,  
Whose virtues held with thine an emulous strife,  
Shall draw thy picture, and record thy life:  
One shall ensphere thine eyes, another shall  
Impearl thy teeth, a third thy white and small  
Hand shall bestow, a fourth incarnadine  
Thy rosy cheek; until each beauteous line,  
Drawn by her hand in whom that part excels,  
Meet in one centre, where all Beauty dwells.

\* Daughter of James Hay, first Earl of Carlisle.

Others, in task, shall thy choice virtues share;  
Some shall their birth, some their ripe growth de-  
clare,

Though niggard Time left much unhatch'd by  
They shall relate how thou hadst all the seeds  
Of every virtue, which in the pursuit  
Of time, must have brought forth admired fruit;  
Thus shalt thou from the mouth of Envy raise  
A glorious journal of thy thrifty days, [race  
Like a bright star shot from his sphere, whole  
In a continued line of flames we trace.  
This, if survey'd, shall to thy view impart  
How little more than late thou wert, thou art:  
This shall gain credit with succeeding times,  
When nor by bribed pens, nor partial rhimes  
Of engag'd kindred, but the sacred truth  
Is storied by the partners of thy youth;  
Their breath shall saint thee, and be this thy pride,  
Thus ev'n by rivals to be deify'd.

*To the Countess of Anglesey\*, upon the immortality  
by her lamented Death of her Husband.*

MADAM, men say you keep with dropping eyes  
Your sorrows fresh, wat'ring the Rose that lies  
Fall'n from your cheeks upon your dear Lov'd  
hearse.

Alas! those odours now no more can pierce  
His cold, pale nostril nor the crimson dye  
Present a graceful blush to his dark eye.  
Think you that flood of pearly moisture bath  
The virtue fabled of old Eton's bath?  
You may your beauties and your youth consume  
Over his urn, and with your sighs perfume  
The solitary vault, which, as you groan,  
In hollow echoes shall repeat your moan:  
There you may wither, and an autumn bring  
Upon yourself, but not call back his spring.  
Forbear your fruitless grief then; and let those  
Whose love was doubted, gain belief with show:  
To their suspected faith; you whose whole life  
In every act crown'd you a constant wife,  
May spare the practice of that vulgar trade,  
Which superstitious custom only made:  
Rather, a widow now of wisdom prove  
The pattern, as a wife you were of love.  
Yet since you fasten on your grief 'tis fit  
I tell the world upon what cares you sit  
Glutting your sorrows; and at once include  
His story, your excuse, my gratitude.

You, that behold how yon sad Lady bleeds  
Those ashes with her tears, lest, as the spews  
Her tributary sighs, the frequent gust  
Might scatter up and down the noble dust;  
Know, when that heap of atoms was writhed  
Kneaded to solid flesh, and firmly stood  
On stately pillars, the rare form might move  
The froward Ino's, or chaste Cynthia's love.

+ Elizabeth, the wife of Arthur Anne-Sey, first Earl of Anglesey, and daughter of Sir James Annesley.



tion, active grace; in rest, a calm;  
 tive sweetness brought both wound and balm  
 ery heart; he was compos'd of all  
 ishes of ripe virgins, when they call  
 ymen's rites, and in their fancies wed  
 e of studied beauties to their bed.  
 i this curious palace dwelt a Soul  
 ustre to each part, and to the whole:  
 rest his face in courteous smiles; and so  
 comely gestures sweeter manners flow.  
 ourage join'd to strength; so the hand, bent,  
 'alor's; open'd, Bounty's instrument;  
 i did the scale and sword of Justice hold,  
 how to brandish steel and scatter gold.  
 ought him not t' engage his modest tongue  
 s of private gain, though public wrong;  
 use employ (as is the great man's use)  
 edit with his Master, to produce,  
 ve, malign, and ruin Innocence,  
 ud revenge of some mis-judg'd offence:  
 l his actions had the noble end  
 vance desert, or grace some worthy friend.  
 ose not in the active stream to swim,  
 anted Honour, which yet hunted him;  
 ce a quiet eddy that hath found  
 hollow creek, there turns his waters round,  
 i continual circles dances, free  
 the impetuous torrent; so did he  
 thers leave to turn the wheel of state,  
 le steerless motion spins the subject's fate)  
 : he, retir'd from the tumultuous noise  
 irt, and suitors press, apart enjoys  
 m, and mirth, himself, his time, and friends,  
 ith sweet relish tastes each hour he spends.  
 I remember how his noble heart  
 indled at your beauties; with what art  
 ic'd his game through all opposing fears,  
 I his sighs to you, and back your tears  
 y'd to him; how loyal then, and how  
 nt he prov'd since to his marriage vow,  
 his wand'ring eyes never drew in  
 istful thought to tempt his soul to sin;  
 at I fear such mention rather may  
 : new grief, than blow the old away.

n let him rest, join'd to great Buckingham,  
 ith his brother's mingle his bright flame.  
 up, and meet their beams, and you from  
 thence  
 hance derive a cheerful influence.  
 im no more in dust, but call again  
 catter'd beauties home; and so the pen,  
 now I take from this sad elegy,  
 ng the trophies of your conqu'ring eye.

*Elegy upon the Death of DOCTOR DONNE,*  
*Dean of Saint Paul's.*

ve not force from widow'd poetry,  
 ou art dead, Great Donne, one elegy  
 wn thy hearse? Why yet did we not crust,  
 h with unkneaded dough-bak'd prose, thy  
 dust;

Such as th' uncizar'd lect'rer from the flow'r  
 Of fading rhetoric, short-liv'd as his hour,  
 Dry as the sand that measures it, mighty lay  
 Upon the ashes on the funeral day?  
 Have we not time, nor voice? Didst thou dispense  
 Through all our language both the words and sense?  
 'Tis a sad truth. The pulpit may her plain  
 And sober Christian precepts still retain;  
 Doctrines it may, and wholesome uses, frame,  
 Grave homilies, and lectures; but the flame  
 Of thy brave soul (that shot such heat and light  
 As burnt our earth, and made our darkness bright,  
 Committed holy rapes upon the will,  
 Did through the eye the melting hours distil,  
 And the deep knowledge of dark truths to teach  
 As sense might judge what fancy could not reach)  
 Must be desir'd for ever. So the fire  
 That fills with spirit and heat the delphic quire,  
 Which, kindled first by the Promethean breath,  
 Glow'd here a while, lies quench'd now in thy death.  
 The Muses garden, with pedantic weeds  
 O'erspread, was purg'd by thee; the lazy seeds  
 Of servile imitation thrown away,  
 And fresh invention planted. Thou didst pay  
 The debts of our penurious bankrupt age;  
 Licentious thefts, that make poetic rage  
 A mimic fury, when our souls must be  
 Possess'd or with Anacreon's extasy  
 Or Pindar's, not their own; the subtle chat  
 Of fly exchanges, and the juggling feat  
 Of two-edg'd swords; or whatsoever wrong  
 By ours was done the Greek or Latin tongue,  
 Thou hast redeem'd; and open'd us a mine  
 Of rich and pregnant fancy; drawn a line  
 Of masculine expression, which had good  
 Old Orpheus seen, or all the ancient brood  
 Our superstitious fools admire, and hold  
 Their lead more precious than thy burnish'd gold,  
 Thou hadst been their Exchequer, and no more  
 They each in other's dung had search'd for ore.  
 Thou shalt yield no precedence, but of time,  
 And the blind face of language, whose tun'd chime  
 More charms the outward sense: yet thou may'st  
 claim

From so great disadvantage greater fame,  
 Since to the awe of thy imperious wit  
 Our troublesome language bends, made only fit.  
 With her tough thick-rib'd hoops to gird about  
 Thy giant Fancy, which had prov'd too stout  
 For their soft, melting phrases. As in time  
 They had the start, so did they cull the prime  
 Buds of invention many a hundred year,  
 And left the rifled fields, besides the fear  
 To touch their harvest; yet from those bare lands  
 Of what was only thine, thy only hands  
 (And what their smallest work) have gleaned more  
 Than all those Times and Tongues could reap  
 before.

But thou art gone, and thy strict laws will be  
 Too hard for libertines in poetry;  
 They will recall the goodly, exil'd train  
 Of gods and goddesses, which in thy just reign  
 Was banish'd noble poems. Now, with these,  
 The silenc'd tales i' th' Metamorphoses



Shall stuff their lines; and swell the windy page;  
Till verse, refin'd by thee, in this last age  
Turn ballad rhyme, or those old idols be  
Ador'd again with new apostacy.

Oh pardon me! that break with untun'd verse  
The reverend silence that attends thy hearse;  
Whose solemn, awful murmurs were to thee,  
More than those rude lines, a loud elegy;  
That did proclaim in a dumb eloquence  
The death of all the Arts, whose influence,  
Grown feeble, in these panting numbers lies,  
Gasping short-winded accents, and so dies:  
So doth the swiftly-turning wheel not stand  
I' th' instant we withdraw the moving hand,  
But some short time retains a faint, weak course,  
By virtue of the first impulsive force;  
And so, whilst I cast on thy funeral pile  
Thy crown of bays, oh let it crack a while,  
And spit disdain, till the devouring flames  
Suck all the moisture up, then turn to ashes.

I will not draw the envy, to engross  
All thy perfections, or weep all the loss;  
Those are too numerous for one elegy,  
And 'tis too great to be express'd by me:  
Let others carve the rest; it shall suffice,  
I only grave this epitaph incise.  
"Here lies a king that rul'd as he thought fit  
"The Universal Monarchy of Wit;  
"Here lies two Flamens, and both those the best;  
"Apollo's first, at last the true God's Priest."

*In Answer to an Elegiacal Letter upon the Death of  
the King of Sweden, from Aurelian Townsend, in-  
viting me to write on that subject.*

Why dost thou sound, my dear Aurelian,  
In so shrill actions, from thy Barbican,  
A loud alarm to my drowly eyes,  
Bidding them wake in tears and elegies  
For mighty Sweden's fall? Alas! how may  
My lyric feet, that of the smooth soft way  
Of Love and Beauty only know the tread,  
In dancing paces celebrate the dead  
Victorious King, or his majestic hearse  
Profane with th' humble touch of their low verse?  
Virgil nor Lucan, no, nor Tasso, more  
Than both, not Donne, worth all that went before,  
With the united labour of their wit  
Could a just poem to this subject fit.  
His actions were too mighty to be rais'd  
Higher by verse: let him in prose be prais'd,  
In modest faithful story, which his deeds  
Shall turn to poems: When the next age reads  
Of Franckfort, Leipzig, Warburgh, of the Rhine,  
The Leck, the Danube, Tilly, Wallestein,  
Bavaria, Dapenheim, Lutzen field, where he  
Gain'd after death a posthumous victory,  
'They'll think his acts things rather feign'd than  
done,  
Like our romances of the Knight o' th' Sun.

Leave we him then to the grave Chronicler,  
Who, though to annals he cannot refer  
His too-brief story, yet his journals may  
Stand by the Cæsar's years; and every day  
Cut into minutes, each shall more contain  
Of great designment than an Emperor's reign:  
And (since 'twas but his church-yard) let him lay  
For his own ashes now no narrower grave  
Than the whole German continent's vast womb,  
Whilst all her cities do but make his tomb.  
Let us to Supreme Providence commit  
The fate of Monarchs, which first thought it fit  
To rend the empire from the Austrian grasp,  
And next from Sweden's, even when he did clasp  
Within his dying arms the sov'reignty  
Of all those provinces, that men might see  
The Divine Wisdom would not leave that land  
Subject to any king's sole command.  
Then let the Germans fear, if Cæsar shall,  
Or the United Princes, rise and fall;  
But let us that in myrtle bowers sit  
Under secure shades, use the benefit  
Of peace and plenty, which the blessed hand  
Of our good king gives this obdurate land:  
Let us of revels sing, and let thy breath  
(Which fill'd Fame's trumpet with Gustavus' death,  
Blowing his name to Heaven) gently inspire  
Thy pastoral pipe till all our swains admire  
Thy song and subject, whilst they both compare  
The Beauties of the *Shepherd's Paradise* (a):  
For who, like thee, (whose loose discourse is  
More neat and polish'd than our poems are,  
Whose very gait's more graceful than our own:  
In sweetly flowing numbers may advance  
The glorious night: when, not to a soul rare  
Like birds, or beasts, but in their angel-shape  
A troop of deities came down to guide  
Our steerless barks in Passion's swelling tide  
By Virtue's croud, and brought us from above  
A pattern of their own celestial love.  
Nor lay it in dark sullen precepts drown'd:  
But with rich fancy and clear action crown'd.  
Through a mysterious fable (that was drawn  
Like a transparent veil of purest lawn  
Before their dazzling beauties) the divine  
Venus did with her heavenly Cupid flame:  
The story's curious web, the masculine tale,  
The subtle sense, did time and sleep beguile.  
Pinion'd and charn'd, they stood to gaze at  
Th' angel-like forms, gestures, and motion:  
To hear those ravishing sounds, that did diffuse  
Knowledge and pleasure to the soul and sense.  
It fill'd us with amazement to behold  
Love made all spirit; his corporeal mold,  
Dissected into atoms, melt away  
To empty air, and from the gross alloy  
Of mixtures and compounding accidents,  
Refin'd to immaterial elements.  
But when the Queen of Beauty did inspire  
The air with perfumes, and our hearts with fire,  
Breathing, from her celestial organ, sweet  
Harmonious notes, our souls fell at her feet,  
And did with humble, reverend duty, more  
Her rare perfections than high state adore.

(a) The title of a poem written by Aurelian Townsend.



These harmless pastimes let my Townsend sing  
To rural tunes; not that thy Muse wants wing  
To soar a loftier pitch, (for she hath made  
A noble flight, and plac'd th' heroic shade  
Above the reach of our faint, flagging rhyme);  
But these are subjects proper to our clime.  
Fornica, masks, theatres better become  
Our Halcion days. What though the German  
drum

Bellow for freedom and revenge? the noise  
Concerns not us, nor should divert our joys;  
Nor ought the thunder of their carabins  
Drown the sweet airs of our tun'd violins.  
Believe me, friend, if their prevailing pow'rs  
Gain them a calm security like ours,  
They'll hang their arms upon the olive bough,  
And dance and revel then as we do now.

*Upon Mr. W. MONTAGUE's return from Travel.*

LEAD the black bull to slaughter, with the boar  
And lamb; then purple with their mingled gore  
The ocean's curled brow, that so we may  
The sea-gods for their careful wastage pay:  
Send grateful incense up in pious smoke  
To those mild spirits that cast a curbing yoke  
Upon the stubborn winds, that calmly blew  
To the wish'd shore our long'd-for Montague:  
Then, whilst the aromatic odours burn  
In honour of their darling's safe return,  
The Muse's quire shall thus with voice and hand  
Bless the fair gale that drove his ship to land.

Sweetly-breathing vernal air,  
That with kind warmth do'st repair  
Winter's ruins; from whose breast  
All the gums and spice of th' east  
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye  
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;  
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed  
Pearls upon the violet bed;  
On whose brow, with calm smiles dress'd,  
The Halcyon sits and builds her nest;  
Beauty, Youth, and endless Spring,  
Dwell upon thy rosy wing,  
Thou, if stormy Boreas throws  
Down whole forests when he blows,  
With a pregnant flow'ry birth  
Canst refresh the teeming earth:  
If he nip the early bud,  
If he blast what's fair or good,  
If he scatter our choice flowers,  
If he shake our hills or bowers,  
If his rude breath threaten us;  
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,  
And from him the grace obtain  
To bind him in an iron chain.

Thus, whilst you deal your body 'mongst your  
friends,  
And fill their circling arms, my glad soul sends  
This her embrace: thus we of Delphos greet;  
As laymen clasp their hands, we join our feet.

*To MASTER W. MONTAGUE.*

SIR, I arrest you at your country's suit,  
Who, as a debt to her, requires the fruit  
Of that rich stock, which she by Nature's hand  
Gave you in trust, to th' use of this whole land:  
Next she indites you of a felony,  
For stealing what was her propriety (b),  
Yourself, from hence; so seeking to convey  
The public treasure of the state away.  
More: y'are accus'd of ostracism, the fate  
Impos'd of old by the Athenian state  
On eminent virtue; but that curse which they  
Cast on their men, you on your country lay:  
For, thus divided from your noble parts,  
This kingdom lives in exile, and all hearts  
That relish worth or honour, being rent  
From your perfections, suffer banishment.  
These are your public injuries; but I  
Have a just private quarrel, to defy  
And call you coward; thus to run away  
When you had pierc'd my heart, not daring stay  
Till I redeem'd my honour: but I swear  
By Celia's eyes, by the same force to tear  
Your heart from you, or not to end this strife,  
Till I or find revenge, or lose my life.  
But as in single fights it oft hath been  
In that unequal equal trial seen,  
That he who had receiv'd the wrong at first,  
Came from the combat oft too with the worst;  
So if you foil me when we meet, I'll then  
Give you fair leave to wound me so again.

*On the Marriage of T. K. and C. C.—The Morning stormy.*

SUCH should this day be, so the sun should hide  
His bashful face, and let the conquering bride  
Without a rival shine, whilst he forbears  
To mingle his unequal beams with hers;  
Or if sometimes he glance his squinting eye  
Between the parting clouds, 'tis but to spy,  
Not emulate her glories, so comes dress'd  
In veils, but as a masker to the feast.  
Thus Heav'n should lowr, such stormy gusts should  
blow,  
Not to denounce ungentle fates, but shew,  
The cheerful bridegroom to the clouds and wind  
Hath all his tears and all his sighs assign'd.  
Let tempests struggle in the air, but rest  
Eternal calms within thy peaceful breast!  
Thrice happy youth! but ever sacrifice  
To that fair hand that dry'd thy blubber'd eyes,  
That crown'd thy head with roses, and turn'd all  
The plagues of love into a cordial,  
When first it join'd her virgin snow to thine,  
Which when to-day the Priest shall recombine,  
From the mysterious, holy touch, such charms  
Will flow, as shall unlock her wreathed arms;  
And open a free passage to that fruit  
Which thou hast toil'd for with a long pursuit,  
(b) Property.



But ere thou feed, that thou may'st better taste  
 Thy present joys, think on thy torments past :  
 Think on the mercy freed thee, think upon  
 Her virtues, graces, beauties, one by one ;  
 So shalt thou relish all, enjoy the whole  
 Delights of her fair body and pure soul :  
 Then boldly to the fight of love proceed ;  
 'Tis mercy not to pity, though she bleed.  
 We'll strew no nuts, but change that ancient form,  
 For till to-morrow we'll prorogue this storm,  
 Which shall confound with its loud whistling noise  
 Her pleasing shrieks, and fan thy panting joys.

*For a Picture where the Queen laments over the Tomb  
 of a slain Knight.*

BRAVE Youth, to whom Fate in one hour  
 Gave death and conquest, by whose pow'r  
 Those chains about my heart are wound,  
 With which the foe my kingdom bound ;  
 Freed, and captiv'd by thee, I bring  
 For either act an offering :  
 For victory, this wreath of bay ;  
 Ensign of thralldom down I lay  
 Sceptre and crown : Take from my fight  
 Those royal robes ; since Fortune's spite  
 Forbids me live thy Virtue's prize,  
 I'll die thy Valour's sacrifice.

*To a Lady that desired I would love her.*

I.  
 Now you have freely given me leave to love,  
     What will you do ?  
     Shall I your mirth, or passion move,  
     When I begin to woo ?  
 Will you torment, or scorn, or love me too ?

II.  
 Each petty Beauty can disdain, and I,  
     Spite of your hate,  
 Without your leave can see and die :  
     Dispense a nobler fate ;  
 'Tis easy to destroy, you may create.

III.  
 Then give me leave to love and love me too :  
     Not with design  
 To raise, as Love's curst rebels do,  
     When puling poets whine,  
 Fame to their beauty from their blubber'd eyn.

IV.  
 Grief is a puddle, and reflects not clear  
     Your Beauty's rays :  
 Joys are pure streams, your eyes appear  
     Sullen in sadder lays ;  
 In cheerful numbers they shine bright with praise ;

V.  
 Which shall not mention, to express you fair,  
     Wounds, flames, and darts,  
 Storms in your brow, nets in your hair,  
     Suborning all your parts,  
 Or to betray or torture captive hearts,

VI.  
 I'll make your eyes like morning suns appear,  
     As mild and fair ;  
 Your brow, as crystal smooth and clear ;  
     And your dishevel'd hair  
 Shall flow like a calm region of the air.

VII.  
 Rich Nature's store (which is the poet's treasure)  
     I'll spend to dress  
 Your beauties, if your mine of pleasure  
     In equal thankfulness  
 You but unlock, so we each other bless.

*Upon my Lord Chief Justice's Election of the Lady  
 A. W. for his Mistress.*

I.  
 HEAR this, and tremble all  
     Usurping Beauties that create  
 A government tyrannical  
     In Love's free state :  
 Justice hath to the sword of your edg'd eyes  
 His equal balance join'd ; his sage head lies  
 In Love's soft lap, which must be just and wise.

II.  
 Hark how the stern Law breaths  
     Forth amorous sighs, and now prepares  
 No fetters but of silken wreaths  
     And braided hairs :  
 His dreadful rods and axes are exil'd,  
 Whilst he sits crown'd with roses : Love hath  
 His native roughness ; Justice is grown mild.

III.  
 The golden age returns ;  
     Love's bow and quiver useless lie ;  
 His shaft, his brand, nor wounds nor burns ;  
     And cruelty  
 Is sunk to hell : the Fair shall all be kind ;  
 Who loves shall be belov'd ; the froward mind  
 To a deformed shape shall be confin'd.

IV.  
 Astræa hath possess'd  
     An earthly seat, and now remains  
 In Finch's heart ; but Wentworth's breast  
     That guest contains :  
 With her she dwells, yet hath not left the skies  
 Nor lost her sphere ; for, new-enthron'd, she cries  
 " I know no heaven but fair Wentworth's eyes."

*To A. D. unreasonably distrustful of her own Beauty.*

FAIR Doris, break thy glass ; it hath perplex'd,  
 With a dark comment, Beauty's clearest text ;  
 It hath not told thy face's story true,  
 But brought false copies to thy jealous view :  
 No colour, feature, lovely air, or grace,  
 That ever yet adorn'd a beautiful face,  
 But thou may'st read in thine, or justly doubt,  
 Thy glass hath been summon'd to leave it out.  
 But if it offer to thy nice survey  
 A spot, a stain, a blemish or decay,



ings to thee; the treacherous light  
 stone abuse thy credulous sight.  
 e magic of thy face hath wrought  
 enchanted crystal, and so brought  
 adows to delude thine eyes  
 repercussive sorceries:  
 enamoured image pines away  
 f the fair object, and so may  
 and wan; and though the substance grow  
 fresh, that may consume with woe.  
 no faith to the false specular stone,  
 beauties by th' effects be known:  
 etest Doris, on my love-sick heart;  
 e mirror see how fair thou art.  
 Love's never-erring pencil drawn,  
 behold thy face, like th' early dawn,  
 ough the shady covert of thy hair,  
 and perfuming the calm air  
 ls and roses, till thy suns display  
 and let out the imprison'd day.  
 phic priests (enlighten'd by their themes)  
 s numbers count thy golden beam,  
 Love's altars clouds of sighs arise  
 g incense to adore thine eyes:  
 ve flow from Beauty as th' effect,  
 : thou the resistless cause suspect?  
 I not brand that fool that should contend,  
 e no fire where smoke and flames ascend?  
 worse than scorn; not to believe  
 , is greater wrong than not to grieve.  
 can for my felt ring sore be found,  
 u believ'st thy beauty cannot wound?  
 ole thoughts more cruel tyrants prove,  
 he pride that e'er usurp'd in love;  
 y's herald here denounceth war,  
 false spies betray me to a snare.  
 uis'd in halls of snow were hurl'd,  
 sted might consume the world:  
 : prevention ends, danger begins;  
 in sheep's, lions in asses skins  
 more mischief work, because less fear'd;  
 : whole flock, these might kill all the  
 d.  
 n as thou art, break through this cloud,  
 y beauty, though thou thence grow proud.  
 ough scornful; rather let me find  
 l, than thus mild and more unkind.  
 y doth only me defy,  
 ull thoughts thee to thyself deny.  
 hou mean to barter or bestow  
 is fit thou thine own value know.  
 cheat thee of thyself, nor pay  
 ce than thou'rt worth; thou shalt not say,  
 t brittle glass which I have found  
 quiry a firm diamond.  
 with no such Indian fool as sells  
 ls, and precious stones, for beads and bells;  
 take a present from your hand,  
 or prize not, or not understand.  
 ears your bounty that I do  
 ur gift, unless you do so too.  
 value me, when you bestow  
 at you nor care for, nor yet know.  
 Doris, change thy thoughts, and be  
 st with thyself, and then with me.

You are afflicted that you are not fair,  
 And I as much tormented that you are:  
 What I admire, you scorn; what I love, hate;  
 Through different faiths both share an equal fate;  
 Fast to the truth, which you renounce, I stick;  
 I die a martyr, you an heretic.

*To my Friend G. N. from Wreſt.*

I BREATHE sweet Ghibs, the temperate air of  
 Wreſt,  
 Where I, no more with raging storms oppress'd,  
 Wear the cold nights out by the banks of Tweed,  
 On the bleak mountains where fierce tempests breed,  
 And everlasting winter dwells; where mild  
 Favonius and the vernal winds, exil'd,  
 Did never spread their wings: but the wild North  
 Brings sterile fern, thistles, and brambles forth.  
 Here, steep'd in balmy dew, the pregnant earth  
 Sends forth her teeming womb a flow'ry birth;  
 And, cherish'd with the warm sun's quick'ning  
 heat,  
 Her porous bosom doth rich odours sweat;  
 Whose perfumes through the ambient air diffuse  
 Such native aromatics, as we use  
 No foreign gums, nor essence fetch'd from far,  
 No volatile spirits, nor compounds that are  
 Adulterate; but, at Nature's cheap expence,  
 With far more genuine sweets refresh the sense,  
 Such pure and uncompounded beauties bless  
 This mansion with an useful comeliness  
 Devoid of art; for here the architect  
 Did not with curious skill a pile erect  
 Of carved marble, touch, or prophecy,  
 But built a house for hospitality.  
 No sumptuous chimney-piece of shining stone  
 Invites the stranger's eye to gaze upon,  
 And coldly entertain his sight; but clear  
 And cheerful flames cherish and warm him here.  
 No Doric nor Corinthian pillars grace  
 With imagery this structure's naked face:  
 The lord and lady of this place delight  
 Rather to be in act, than seem, in sight.  
 Instead of statues to adorn their wall,  
 They throng with living men their merry hall,  
 Where, at large tables fill'd with wholesome meats,  
 The servant, tenant, and kind neighbour eats:  
 Some of that rank, spun of a finer thread,  
 Are with the women, steward, and chaplain, fed  
 With daintier cates; others of better note,  
 Whom wealth, parts, office, or the herald's coat  
 Have sever'd from the common, freely sit  
 At the lord's table, whose spread sides admit  
 A large access of friends to fill those seats  
 Of his capacious sickle, fill'd with meats  
 Of choicest relish, till his oaken back  
 Under the load of pil'd-up dishes crack.  
 Nor think, because our pyramids and high  
 Exalted turrets threaten not the sky,  
 That therefore Wreſt of narrowness complains,  
 Or straighten'd walls; for the more numerous trains  
 Of noble guests daily receives, and those  
 Can with far more conveniency dispose,



Than prouder piles, where the vain builder spent  
 More cost in outward gay embellishment  
 Than real use; which was the sole design  
 Of our contriver, who made things not fine,  
 But fit for service. Amalthea's horn  
 Of plenty is not in effigy worn  
 Without the gate; but she within the door  
 Empties her free and unexhausted store. [stand  
 Nor crown'd with wheaten wreaths doth Ceres  
 In stone, with a crook'd sickle in her hand;  
 Nor on a marble tun, his face besmear'd  
 With grapes, is curl'd, unsciz'd Bacchus rear'd.  
 We offer not, in emblems, to the eyes,  
 But to the taste, those useful deities:  
 We press the juicy God, and quaff his blood,  
 And grind the yellow Goddess into food.  
 Yet we decline not all the work of Art;  
 But where more bounteous Nature bears a part,  
 And guides her handmaid, if she but dispense  
 Fit matter, she with care and diligence  
 Employs her skill; for where the neighbour source  
 Pours forth her waters, she directs her course,  
 And entertains the flowing streams in deep  
 And spacious channels, where they slowly creep  
 In snaky windings, as the shelving ground,  
 Leads them in circles, till they twice surround  
 This island mansion, which i' th' centre plac'd,  
 Is with a double crystal heaven embrac'd;  
 In which our wat'ry constellations float,  
 Our fishes, swans, our waterman, and boat,  
 Envy'd by those above, which wish to stake  
 Their star-burnt limbs in our refreshing lake;  
 But they stick fast nail'd to the barren sphere,  
 Whilst our increase, in fertile waters here,  
 Disport, and wander freely where they please  
 Within the circuit of our narrow seas.

With various trees we fringe the water's brink,  
 Whose thirsty roots the soaking moisture drink,  
 And whose extended boughs in equal ranks  
 Yield fruit, and shade, and beauty to the banks.  
 On this side young Vertumnus sits, and courts  
 His ruddy-check'd Pomona; Zephyr sports  
 On th' other, with lov'd Flora, yielding there  
 Sweets for the smell, sweets for the palate here.  
 But did you taste the high and mighty drink [think  
 Which from that luscious fountain flows, you'd  
 The God of wine did his plump clusters bring,  
 And crush the Falern grape into our spring;  
 Or else, disguis'd in wat'ry robes, did swim  
 To Ceres' bed, and make her beg of him,  
 Begetting so himself on her: for know,  
 Our vintage here in March doth nothing owe  
 To theirs in autumn; but our fire boils here  
 As lusty liquor as the sun makes there.

Thus I enjoy myself, and taste the fruit  
 Of this blest place; whilst, toil'd in the pursuit  
 Of bucks and stags, th' emblem of war, you strive  
 To keep the memory of our arms alive.

*A New Year's Gift.—To the KING.*

Look back, old Janus, and survey,  
 From Time's birth till this new-born day,

All the successful seasons bound  
 With laurel wreaths, and trophies crown'd;  
 Turn o'er the annals past, and, where  
 Happy auspicious days appear,  
 Mark'd with the white stone that cast  
 On the dark brow of th' ages past  
 A dazzling lustre, let them shine  
 In this succeeding circle's twine,  
 Till it be round with glories spread;  
 Then with it crown our Charles his head,  
 That we th' ensuing year may call  
 One great continu'd festival.  
 Fresh joys in varied forms apply  
 To each distinct captivity.  
 Season his cares by day with nights  
 Crown'd with all conjugal delights.  
 May the choice beauties that inflame  
 His royal breast be still the same,  
 And he still think them such, since more  
 Thou canst not give from Nature's store:  
 Then as a father let him be  
 With numerous issue blest, and see  
 The fair and godlike offspring grown  
 From budding stars to suns full blown.  
 Circle with peaceful olive boughs  
 And conquering bays his regal brows:  
 Let his strong virtues overcome,  
 And bring him bloodless trophies home:  
 Strew all the pavements where he treads  
 With loyal hearts or rebels heads:  
 But, Byfront, open thou no more,  
 In his blest reign, the temple door.

*To the QUEEN.*

Thou great commandress, that dost now  
 Thy sceptre o'er the crown of Love,  
 And through his empire, with the awe  
 Of thy chaste beams, dost give the law;  
 From his prophaner altars we  
 Turn to adore thy deity.  
 He only can wild lust provoke;  
 Thou those impurer flames canst choke:  
 And where he scatters looser fires,  
 Thou turn'st them into chaste desires:  
 His kingdom knows no rule but this,  
 "Whatever pleaseth lawful is."  
 Thy sacred lord shews us the path  
 Of modesty and constant faith,  
 Which makes the rude male satisfy'd  
 With one fair female by his side;  
 Doth either sex to each unite,  
 And from Love's pure hermaphrodite  
 To this thy faith behold the wild  
 Satyr already reconcil'd,  
 Who from the influence of thine eye  
 Hath suck'd the deep divinity.  
 O free them then, that they may teach  
 The centaur and the horseman: preach  
 To beasts and birds, sweetly to rest  
 Each in his proper lair and nest:  
 They shall convey it to the flood,  
 Till there thy law be understood.



thou, with thy pregnant fire,  
 er, earth, and air inspire.

*Year, for the Countess of CARLISLE (c).*

ada pearl nor stone,  
 light who else have none :  
 duty shine alone.

spice bring from the east,  
 enix in her breast  
 funeral pile and nest.

re thou canst invent  
 ice her form be sent ;  
 all ornament.

othing, but restore  
 t smiles which heretofore  
 rful eyes she wore.

e envious clouds away,  
 have o'ercast my day,  
 'd her brighter ray.

al Goth mow down  
 harvest with his own  
 spare Lucinda's frown.

hen next I trace  
 et lines, I in her face  
 harter of my grate ;

n bright Apollo's tree,  
 land wreath'd shall be  
 own both her and thee.

*our'd Friend, MASTER THOMAS MAY,  
 upon his Comedy, the HEIR.*

being born, was in his tender age  
 the cradle of a private stage,  
 ted up by many a willing hand,  
 did from the first day fairly stand.  
 ing gather'd strength, he dares prefer  
 nto the public theatre,  
 ; where he despairs not but to find  
 om me more able, not less kind.  
 s usber am, yet if my word  
 I dare be bound he will afford  
 ist deserve a welcome, if well known,  
 ft writers would have with'd their own.  
 ll observe his words in order meet,  
 y stealing on with equal feet,  
 even numbers with such grace  
 ord had been moulded for that place.  
 ll perceive an amorous passion spun  
 ooth a web, as had the sun,

daughter of Edward Lord Howard of Effrick,  
 Charles Howard, first Earl of Castle.

When he pursu'd the swiftly-flying maid,  
 Courted her in such language, she had stay'd.  
 A love so well express'd must be the same  
 The author felt himself from his fair flame.  
 The whole plot doth alike itself disclose  
 Through the five acts, as doth the lock that goes  
 With letters ; for till every one be known,  
 The lock's as fast as if you had found none :  
 And where his sportive muse doth draw a thread  
 Of mirth, chaste matrons may not blush to read.

Thus have I thought it fitter to reveal  
 My want of art, dear friend, than to conceal  
 My love. It did appear I did not mean  
 So to commend thy well-wrought comic scene,  
 As men might judge my aim rather to be,  
 To gain praise to myself, than give it thee ;  
 Though I can give thee none, but what thou hast  
 Deserv'd, and what must my faint breath out-last.

Yet was this garment (though I skilless be  
 To take thy measure) only made for thee ;  
 And if it prove too scant, 'tis 'cause the stuff  
 Nature allow'd me was not large enough.

*To my worthy Friend, Mr. GEORGE SANDS, on his  
 Translation of the Psalms.*

I PRESS not to the choir, nor dare I greet  
 The holy place with my unhallowed feet ;  
 My unwash'd muse pollutes not things divine,  
 Nor mingles her prophane notes with thine :  
 Here, humbly waiting at the porch, she stays,  
 And with glad ears sucks in thy sacred lays.  
 So, devout penitents of old were wont,  
 Some without door, and some beneath the font,  
 To stand and hear the church's liturgies,  
 Yet not assist the solemn exercise :  
 Sufficeth her, that she a lay-place gain,  
 To trim thy vestments, or but bear thy train ;  
 Though nor in tune, nor wing, she reach thy lark,  
 Her lyric feet may dance before the ark.  
 Who knows, but that her wand'ring eyes that run,  
 Now hunting glow-worms, may adore the sun :  
 A pure flame may, shot by Almighty pow'r  
 Into her breast, the earthy flame devour :  
 My eyes in penitential dew may sleep  
 That brine, which they for sensual love did weep.  
 So (though 'gainst nature's course) fire may be  
 quench'd

With fire, and water be with water drench'd ;  
 Perhaps my restless soul, tir'd with pursuit  
 Of mortal beauty, seeking without fruit  
 Contentment there, which hath not, when enjoy'd,  
 Quench'd all her thirst, nor satisfy'd, though cloy'd,  
 Weary of her vain search below, above  
 In the first fair may find th' immortal love.  
 Prompted by thy example then, no more  
 In moulds of clay will I my God adore ;  
 But tear those idols from my heart, and write  
 What his blest spirit, not fond love, shall indite ;  
 Then I no more shall court the verdant bay,  
 But the dry leafless trunk on Golgotha ;  
 And rather strive to gain from thence one thorn,  
 Than all the flourishing wreaths by laureats worn.



*To my much honoured Friend, HENRY LORD CAREY  
of Lepington, upon his Translation of Malvezzi.*

*My Lord,*

In every trivial work, 'tis known,  
Translators must be masters of their own  
And of their author's language; but your task  
A greater latitude of skill did ask;  
For your Malvezzi first requir'd a man  
To teach him speak vulgar Italian:  
His matter's so sublime, so new his phrase,  
So far above the stile of Bembo's days,  
Old Varchie's rules, or what the Trusca; yet  
For current Truscan mintage will admit,  
As I believe your Marquis by a good  
Part of his natives hardly understood.  
You must expect no happier fate; 'tis true;  
He is of noble birth, of nobler you:  
So nor your thoughts nor words fit common ears;  
He writes, and you translate, both to your peers.

*To my worthy Friend, Mr. D'AVENANT, upon his excellent Play, The Just Italian.*

I'll not mispend in praise the narrow room  
I borrow in this leaf; the garlands bloom  
From thine own seeds, that crown each glorious  
page  
Of thy triumphant work; the sullen age  
Requires a satyr. What star guides the soul  
Of these our froward times, that dare controul,  
Yet dare not learn to judge? When didst thou fly  
From hence, clear, candid ingenuity?  
I have beheld, when perch'd on the smooth brow  
Of a fair modest troop, thou didst allow  
Applause to slihter works; but then the weak  
Spectator gave the knowing leave to speak.  
Now noise prevails, and he is tax'd for drowth  
Of wit, that with the cry spends not his mouth.  
Yet ask him reason why he did not like;  
Him, why he did; their ignorance will strike  
Thy soul with scorn and pity: mark the places  
Provoke their smiles, frowns or distorted faces,  
When they admire, and shake the head, they'll be  
A scene of mirth, a double comedy  
But thy strong fancies (raptures of the brain,  
Drest in poetic flames) they entertain  
As a bold, impious reach; for they'll still flight  
All that exceeds Red Bull and Cockpit flight.  
These are the men in crouded heaps that throng  
To that adulterate stage, where not a tongue  
Of th' untun'd kennel can a line repeat  
Of serious sense, but the lips meet like meat;  
Whilst the true brood of actors, that alone  
Keep nat'ral, unstrain'd action in her throne,  
Behold their benches bare, though they rehearse  
The terser Beaumont's or great Jonson's verse.  
Repine not thou then, since this churlish fate  
Rules not the stage alone; perhaps the state

§ Tuscany.

Hath felt this rancor, where men great and good  
Have by the rabble been misunderstood.  
So was thy play; whose clear, yet lofty strain,  
Wise men, that govern fate, shall entertain.

*To the Reader of Mr. WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S  
Play.*

It hath been said of old, that plays are feasts,  
Poets the cooks, and the spectators guests;  
The actors, waiters: from this simile,  
Some have deriv'd an unsafe liberty  
To use their judgments as their tastes, which chuse,  
Without controul, this dish, and that refuse:  
But wit allows not this large privilege,  
Either you must confess or feel its edge;  
Nor shall you make a current inference,  
If you transfer your reason to your sense:  
Things are distinct, and must the same appear  
To every piercing eye or well-tun'd ear.  
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my  
taste meet:  
Both must agree, this meat's or sharp, or sweet.  
But if I scent a stench, or a perfume,  
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume  
You have that sense imperfect: So you may  
Affect a sad, merry, or humorous play;  
If, though the kind distaste or please, the good  
And bad be by your judgment understood:  
But if, as in this play, where with delight  
I feast my Epicurean appetite  
With relishes so curious, as dispense  
The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,  
You should profess that you can nothing meet  
That hits your taste either with sharp or sweet,  
But cry out, 'Tis insipid; your bold tongue  
May do its master, not the author, wrong;  
For men of better palate will by it  
Take the just elevation of your wit.

*To my Friend WILLIAM D'AVENANT.*

I CROWDED 'mongst the first, to see the stage  
(Inspir'd by thee) strike wonder in our age,  
By thy bright fancy dazzled; where each scene  
Wrough' like a charm, and forc'd the audience  
lean  
To th' passion of thy pen: Thence ladies went  
(Whose absence lovers sigh'd for) to repent  
Their unkind scorn; and courtiers, who by art  
Made love before, with a converted heart,  
To wed those virgins, whom they would not abuse;  
Both render'd Hymen's pros'lites by thy muse.  
But others, who were proof 'gainst love, did sit  
To learn the subtle dictates of thy wit;  
And, as each profited, took his degree,  
Master, or bachelor, in comedy.  
We of th' adult'rate mixture not complain,  
But thence more characters of virtue gain;  
More pregnant patterns of transcendent worth  
Than barren and insipid fruit brings forth;



bastard nobler fortune meets,  
dull issue of the lawful sheets.

*The Complaint.*

thy tresses are not threads of gold,  
of diamonds, nor do I hold  
for rubies, thy fair cheeks to be  
as, or thy teeth of ivory :  
that doth thy dainty body sheath,  
after is, nor dost thou breath  
odours; those the earth brings forth,  
d with which, would but impair thy  
worth.  
y be others mistresses, but mine  
thing earthly, but is all divine.  
les are those rays that do arise,  
one sun, but two; such are thy eyes;  
congealed nectar are, and such  
a deity, there's none dare touch;  
ect crimson that thy cheek doth clothe  
y that it far exceeds them both)  
blush resembles, or that red  
s struts in when her mantle's spread;  
th in white do Leda's swan exceed;  
s a heavenly and immortal weed;  
en thou breath'st, the winds are ready  
traight  
it from thee; and do therefore wait  
thy lips, and snatching it from thence,  
o heaven, where 'tis Jove's frankincense.  
lders, since thy feature makes thee one,  
not such for these respects alone;  
ou are divine in outward view,  
ithin as fair, as good, as true.

*The Inquiry.*

ST the myrtles as I walk'd,  
d my sighs thus intertalk'd :  
me, (said I in deep distress)  
e I may find my shepherds."

fool, (said Love) know'st thou not this,  
ery thing that's good she is?  
nder tulip go and seek,  
e thou may'st find her lip, her cheek.

u enamel'd pansy by,  
e thou shalt have her curious eye.  
om of peach, in rosy bud,  
e wave the streamers of her blood.

ightest lilies that there stand,  
emblems of her whiter hand.  
nder rising hill there smell  
sweets as in her bosom dwell."

ue" (said I): and thereupon  
to pluck them one by one,

To make of parts a union;  
But on a sudden all was gone.

With that I stopt: said Love, "These be;  
" Fond man, resemblances of thee :  
" And, as these flow'rs, thy joys shall die,  
" Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye :  
" And all thy hopes of her shall wither,  
" Like these short sweets thus knit together."

*The Spark.*

My first Love, whom all beauties did adorn,  
Firing my heart, suppress'd it with her scorn;  
Sunlike to tinder in my breast it lies,  
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.  
Each wanton eye now kindles my desire,  
And that is free to all, that was entire.  
Desiring more by thee, desire I lost,  
As those that in consumptions hunger most;  
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd  
Unto one woman, but to womankind :  
This for her shape I love; that for her face;  
This for her gesture or some other grace;  
And where I none of these do use to find,  
I choose there by the kennel, not by the rind :  
And so I hope, since first my hopes are gone,  
To find in many what I lost in one;  
And, like to merchants after some great loss,  
Trade by retail, that cannot now in gross.  
The fault is hers that made me go astray;  
He needs must wander that hath lost his way.  
Guileless I am; she did this change provoke,  
And made that charcoal which to her was oak :  
And as a looking-glass, from the aspect,  
Whilst it is whole, doth but one face reflect,  
But being crack'd or broken, there are shewn  
Many half faces, which at first were one;  
So Love unto my heart did first prefer  
Her image, and there planted none but her;  
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,  
Many less faces in her face are born :  
Thus, like to tinder, am I prone to catch  
Each falling sparkle, fit for any match.

*The Compliment.*

O my Dearest, I shall grieve thee,  
When I swear (yet, Sweet, believe me.)  
By thine eyes, the tempting book,  
On which even crabbed old men look;  
I swear to thee, (though none abhor them)  
Yet I do not love thee for them.

I do not love thee for that fair  
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;  
Though the wires thereof be drawn  
Fairer than the threads of lawn,  
And are softer than the leaves  
On which the subtle spinner weaves.

I do not love thee for those flow'rs,  
Growing on thy cheeks (Love's bow'rs),



Though such cunning them hath spread  
None can paint their white and red :  
Love's golden arrows thence are shot ;  
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft  
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft ;  
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard  
To speech, whence music still is heard :  
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,  
Might Tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee, O my fairest,  
For that richest, for that rarest  
Silver pillar which stands under  
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder ;  
Though that neck be whiter far,  
Than tow'rs of polish'd ivory are.

I do not love thee for those mountains  
Hill'd with snow, whence milky fountains  
(Sugar'd sweets, as syrup'd berries)  
Must one day run through poplars of cherries ;  
O how much those breasts do move me !  
Yet for them I do not love thee.

I do not love thee for that belly,  
Sleek as fatten, soft as jelly,  
Though within that crystal round  
Heaps of treasure might be found,  
So rich, that for the best of them,  
A king might leave his diadem.

I do not love thee for those thighs,  
Whose alabaster rocks do rise  
So high and even, that they stand  
Like sea-marks to some happy land :  
Happy are those eyes have seen them ;  
More happy they that fall between them.

I love not thee for thy moist palm,  
Though the dew thereof be balm :  
Nor for thy pretty leg and foot,  
Although it be the precious root  
On which the goodly cedar grows :  
Sweet, I love thee not for those.

Nor for thy wit, though pure and quick,  
Whose substance no arithmetic  
Can number down ; nor those for charms  
Mask'd in thy embracing arms ;  
Though in them one night to lie,  
Dearest, I would gladly die.

I love not for those eyes, nor hair,  
Nor cheeks, nor lips, nor teeth so rare ;  
Nor for thy speech, thy neck, nor breast,  
Nor for thy belly, nor the rest ;  
Nor for thy hand, nor foot so small ;  
But, wouldst thou know, dear Sweet, for All.

*On Sight of a Gentlewoman's Face in the Water.*

Stand still, you floods, do not deface  
That image which you bear :

So votaries, from every place,  
To you shall altars rear.

No winds but lovers sighs blow here,  
To trouble these glad streams,  
On which no star from any sphere  
Did ever dart such beams.

To crystal then in haste conceal,  
Lest you should lose your bliss ;  
And to my cruel fair reveal,  
How cold, how hard she is.

But if the envious Nymphs shall fear  
Their beauties will be scorn'd,  
And hire the ruder winds to tear  
That face which you adorn'd ;

Then rage and foam again, that we  
Their malice may despise ;  
And from your froth we soon shall see  
A second Venus rise.

#### SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,  
When June is past, the fading rose ;  
For in your beauties orient deep  
These flow'rs, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more, whither do stray  
The golden atoms of the day ;  
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste  
The nightingale, when May is past ;  
For in your sweet dividing throat  
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more, where those stars light,  
That downwards fall in dead of night ;  
For in your eyes they sit, and there  
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west,  
The phoenix builds her spicy nest ;  
For unto you at last she flies,  
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

#### SONG.

Would you know what's soft, I dare  
Not bring you to the downy air ;  
Nor to stars to shew what's bright,  
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,  
Call the orbs to take your ear ;  
Nor, to please your sense, bring forth  
Bruised hard, or what's more worth.



od were your thoughts plac'd,  
 i nectar for a taste :  
 ou have all these in one,  
 r mistress, and 'tis done.

---

*The second Rapture.*

dling, no ; 'tis not thy gold,  
 ou dost use but to behold,  
 ne, honour, nor long life,  
 , or friends, nor a good wife,  
 kes thee happy ; these things be  
 ows of felicity :

a wench about thirteen,  
 voted to the queen  
 ad lovers ; whose soft hair,  
 ith the breath of gentle air,  
 ds her shoulders like a tent,  
 er veil and ornament ;  
 nder touch will make the blood  
 the aged and the good ;  
 isses, fasten'd to the mouth  
 core years and longer slouth,  
 he age ; and whose bright eye  
 those lesser lights of sky ;  
 nowy breasts (if we may call  
 ow, that never melts at all)  
 ove invent a new disguise,  
 of Juno's jealousies ;  
 very part doth reinvite  
 decayed appetite ;  
 whose sweet embraces I  
 lt myself to lust, and die.  
 is true bliss ; and I confess,  
 : is no other happiness.

---

*The Hue and Cry.*

's name, you are charg'd hereby,  
 e a speedy hue and cry  
 face which, t' other day,  
 y wand'ring heart away.  
 Et you, these, in brief,  
 dy marks to know the thief.  
 hair a net of beams would prove,  
 enough to captiv'd Jove  
 gle shape ; her brow  
 uly field of snow ;  
 e so rich, so pure a grey,  
 eam creates a day ;  
 he but sleep (not when  
 a sets) 'tis night again ;  
 cheeks are to be seen  
 vers both the king and queen,  
 r by the graces led,  
 shly laid in nuptial bed ;  
 om lips like nymphs do wait,  
 eplore their virgin state ;  
 y blush, and blush for this,  
 ey one another kiss :

. III.

But observe, besides the rest,  
 You shall know this felon best  
 By her tongue ; for if your ear  
 Once a heavenly music hear,  
 Such as neither gods nor men,  
 But from that voice, shall hear again,  
 That, that is she. O straight surprise,  
 And bring her unto Love's affize :  
 If you let her go, she may  
 Antedate the latter day,  
 Fate and philosophy controul,  
 And leave the world without a soul.

---

S O N G.

*To his Mistress confined.*

O THINK not, Phœbe, 'cause a cloud  
 Doth now thy silver brightness shroud,  
 My wand'ring eye  
 Can stoop to common beauties of the sky.  
 Rather be kind, and this eclipse  
 Shall neither hinder eye nor lips ;  
 For we shall meet  
 With our hearts, and kiss, and none shall see't.

Nor canst thou in thy prison be,  
 Without some living sign of me :  
 When thou dost spy  
 A sun-beam peep into the room, 'tis I ;  
 For I am hid within a flame,  
 And thus into thy chamber came,  
 To let thee see  
 In what a martyrdom I burn for thee.

When thou dost touch thy lute, thou may'st  
 Think on my heart, on which thou play'st ;  
 When each sad tune  
 Upon the strings doth shew my deeper groan.  
 When thou dost please, they shall rebound  
 With nimble airs, struck to the sound  
 Of thy own voice ;  
 O think how much I tremble and rejoice !

There's no sad picture that doth dwell  
 Upon thy Arras wall, but well  
 Resembles me.  
 No matter though our age do not agree,  
 Love can make old, as well as time ;  
 And he that doth but twenty climb,  
 If he dare prove  
 As true as I, shews fourscore years in love.

---

*The Primrose.*

Ask me why I send you here  
 This firstling of the infant year ;  
 Ask me why I send to you  
 This primrose all bepearl'd with dew

Y y



I straight will whisper in your ear,  
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears:  
Ask me why this flow'r doth show  
So yellow, green, and sickly too;  
Ask me why the stalk is weak,  
And bending, yet it doth not break;  
I must tell you, these discover  
What doubts and fears are in a flower.

*The Tinder.*

Or what would did nature frame me?  
Or was it her intent to shame me,  
That no woman can come near me,  
Fair, but her I court to hear me?  
Sure that mistress, to whose beauty  
First I paid a lover's duty,  
Burnt in rage my heart to tinder;  
That nor pray'rs, nor tears can hinder;  
But wherever I do turn me,  
Every spark let fall doth burn me.  
Women, since you thus inflame me,  
Flint and steel I'll ever name ye.

A SONG.

In her fair cheeks two pits do lie,  
To bury those slain by her eye;  
So, spight of death, this comforts me,  
That fairly buried I shall be:  
My grave with rose and lily spread,  
O 'tis a life to be so dead  
Come then, and kill me with thy eye,  
For if thou let me live, I die.

When I behold those lips again  
Reviving what those eyes have slain  
With kisses sweet, whose balsam pure  
Love's wounds, as soon as made, can cure;  
Methinks 'tis sickness to be sound,  
And there's no health to such a wound.  
Come then, &c.

When in her chaste breast I behold,  
Those downy mounts of snow ne'er cold,  
And those blest hearts her beauty kills,  
Reviv'd by climbing those fair hills;  
Methinks there's life in such a death,  
And so 't' expire inspires new breath.  
Come then, &c.

Nymph, since no death is deadly, where  
Such choice of antidotes are near,  
And your keen eyes but kill in vain  
Those that are sound; as soon as slain,  
That I no longer dead survive,  
Your ways to bury me alive  
In Cupid's cave, where happy I  
May cying live, and living die:  
Come then, and kill me with thy eye,  
For if thou let me live, I die.

THE CARVER.

*To his Mistress.*

A CARVER, having lov'd too long in vain,  
How'd out the portraiture of Venus' son  
In marble rock, upon the which did rain  
Small drizzling drops that from a fount did run  
Imagining the drops would either wear  
His fury out, or quench his living flame:  
But when he saw it bootless did appear,  
He swore the water did augment the flame.  
So I, that seek in verse to carve thee out,  
Hoping thy beauty will my flame allay,  
Viewing my lines impolish'd all throughout,  
Find my will rather than my love obey;  
That, with the carver, I my work do blame,  
Finding it still th' augmenter of my flame.

*To the Painter.*

Fond man, that hop'st to catch that face  
With those false colours, whose short grace  
Serves but to shew the lookers on  
The faults of thy presumption;  
Or at the least to let us see,  
That is divine, but yet not she:  
Say you could imitate the rays  
Of those eyes that outshine the days;  
Or counterfeit, in red and white,  
That most uncounterfeited light  
Of her complexion; yet canst thou,  
(Great master though thou be) tell how  
To print a virtue? Then desist;  
This fair your artifice hath mis'd;  
You should have mark'd how she begins  
To grow in virtue, not in sins;  
Instead of that same rosy dye,  
You should have drawn out modesty,  
Whose beauty sits enthroned there,  
And learns to look and blush at her.  
Or can you colour just the same,  
When virtue blushes; or when shame,  
When sickness, and when innocence,  
Shews pale or white unto the sense?  
Can such coarse varnish e'er be said  
To imitate her white and red?  
This may do well else where in Spain,  
Amongst those faces dy'd in grain;  
So you may thrive, and what you do  
Prove the best picture of the two.  
Besides (if all I hear be true)  
'Tis taken ill by some, that you  
Should be so insolently vain,  
As to contrive all that rich gain  
Into one tablet, which alone  
May teach us superstition;  
Instructing our amazed eyes  
To admire and worship imag'ries,  
Such as quickly might outshine  
Some new saint, we're't allow'd a shrine.



urn each wand'ring looker on  
new Pygmalion.  
our art cannot equalize  
picture in her lover's eyes :  
es the pencils are, which limb  
uly, as hers copy him :  
art the tablet, which alone  
hat portrait the tru'st stone ;  
would a truer see,  
it in their posterity,  
ou shall read it truly there,  
the glad world shall see their heir.

*Love's Courtship.*

lovely Celia, and be kind ;  
y desires freedom find :  
Sit thee down,  
c will make the gods confess,  
ls enjoy some happiness.

would disdain his mistress' charms,  
eheld thee in my arms,  
And descend,  
his mortal queen to make,  
as mortal for thy sake.

must lose her title new,  
ave to brag of Cupid's bow ;  
Silly queen !  
th but one, but I can spy  
ousand Cupids in thy eye.

ay the sun behold our bliss,  
e thy eyes do dazzle his ;  
If thou fear  
e'll betray thee with his light,  
eclipse thee from his sight.

hile I shade thee from his eye,  
me hear thee gently cry,  
Celia yields.  
often lose their maidenhead,  
y set foot in nuptial bed.

*Damask Rose sticking upon a Lady's Breast.*

ide grow big, my rose, and let the clear  
mask colour of thy leaves appear.  
it and looks be sweet, and bless that hand  
d transplant thee to that sacred land.  
y thou that in that garden rests,  
radise between that lady's breasts :  
an eternal spring ; there shalt thou lie,  
two lily mounts, and never die :  
halt thou spring among the fertile vallies,  
, like thee, that grow in midst of allies.  
one dare pluck thee, for that place is such,  
it a God divine there's none dare touch ;  
ut approach, straight doth arise  
ing lightning flash, and blasts his eyes.

There, 'stead of rain, shall living fountains flow ;  
For wind, her fragrant breath for ever blow.  
Nor now, as erst, one sun shall on thee shine,  
But those two glorious suns, her eyes divine.  
O then what monarch would not think't a grace,  
To leave his regal throne to have thy place ?  
Myself, to gain thy blessed seat, do vow  
Would be transform'd into a rose as thou.

THE PROTESTATION.

*A Sonnet.*

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,  
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bowers ;  
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,  
Nor warbling birds delight to sing ;  
Nor April violets paint the grove ;  
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,  
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn ;  
The humble oak no flood shall know  
When floods shall highest hills o'erflow ;  
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave ;  
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shaft lay by,  
And Venus' doves want wings to fly ;  
The sun refuse to shew his light,  
And day shall then be turn'd to night,  
And in that night no star appear ;  
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,  
Nor lovers more shall love for worth ;  
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,  
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell ;  
Grim death no more shall horrid prove ;  
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

*The Tooth-Ach cured by a Kiss.*

FATE's now grown merciful to men,  
Turning disease to bliss :  
For had not kind rheum vex'd me then,  
I might not Celia kiss.  
Physicians, you are now my scorn ;  
For I have found a way  
To cure diseases, when forlorn  
By your dull art, which may  
Patch up a body for a time,  
But can restore to health  
No more than chemists can sublime  
True gold, the Indies' wealth.  
The angel, sure, that us'd to move  
The pool men so admir'd,  
Hath to her lip, the seat of love,  
As to his heaven, retir'd.



*To the Jealous Mistress.*

ADMIT (thou darling of mine eyes)  
I have some idol lately fram'd;  
That, under such a false disguise,  
Our true loves might the less be fam'd;  
Canst thou, that know'st my heart, suppose  
I'll fall from thee, and worship those?

Remember (dear) how loath and slow  
I was to cast a look or smile,  
Or one love line to misbestow,  
Till thou hadst chang'd both face and style;  
And art thou grown afraid to see  
That mask put on thou mad'st for me?

I dare not call those childish fears,  
Coming from love, much less from thee,  
But wash away with frequent tears  
This counterfeit idolatry;  
And henceforth kneel at ne'er a shrine,  
To blind the world, but only thine.

*The Dart.*

Ort when I look, I may descry  
A little face peep through that eye:  
Sure that's the boy, which wisely chose  
His throne among such beams as those,  
Which, if his quiver chance to fall,  
May serve for darts to kill withal.

*The Mistake.*

WHEN on fair Celia I did spy  
A wounded heart of stone,  
The wound had almost made me cry,  
Sure this heart was my own:

But when I saw it was enthron'd  
In her celestial breast,  
O then! it no longer own'd,  
For mine was ne'er so blest.

Yet if in highest heavens do shine  
Each constant martyr's heart;  
Then she may well give rest to mine,  
That for her sake doth smart:

Where, seated in so high a bliss,  
Though wounded, it shall live:  
Death enters not in paradise;  
The place free life doth give.

Or, if the place less sacred were,  
Eid but her saving eye  
Bath my kind heart in one kind tear,  
Then should I never die.

Slight helms may heal a slighter sore;  
No medicine his divine

Can ever hope for to restore  
A wounded heart like mine.

*To my Lord Admiral †, on his late Sickness and Recovery.*

WITH joy like ours, the Thracian youth invade  
Orpheus returning from th' Elysian shade,  
Embrace the hero, and his stay implore,  
Make it their public suit he would no more  
Desert them so, and for his spouse's sake,  
His vanish'd love, tempt the Lethæan lake:  
The ladies too, the brightest of that time,  
Ambitious all his lofty bed to climb,  
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed,  
Which shall the fair Eurydice succeed;  
Eurydice, for whom his numerous moan  
Makes list'ning trees and savage mountains groan  
Through all the air; his sounding strings debate  
Sorrow like that which touch'd our hearts of late;  
Your pining sickness, and your restless pain,  
At once the land affecting, and the main.  
When the glad news, that you were admiral,  
Scarce through the nation spread, 'twas fear'd by all  
That our great Charles, whose wisdom shines in  
you,  
Should be perplexed how to choose a new:  
So more than private was the joy and grief,  
That at the worst it gave our souls relief,  
That in our age such sense of virtue liv'd,  
They joy'd so justly, and so justly griev'd.

Nature her fairest light eclipsed, seems  
Herself to suffer in these sad extremes;  
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,  
But from those cheeks which all the world admires.  
The stem thus threat'ned, and the sap, in thee  
Drop all the branches of that noble tree;  
Their beauties they, and we our love suspend,  
Nought can our wishes save thy health intend;  
As trees overcharg'd with rain, they bend  
Their beauteous heads, and with high heaven attend,  
Fold thee within their snowy arms, and cry,  
He is too faultless, and too young to die:  
So, like immortals, round about thee they  
Sit, that they fright approaching death away.  
Who would not languish by so fair a train,  
To be lamented and restor'd again?  
Or thus withheld, what hasty soul would go,  
Though to the blest? O'er young Adonis  
Far Venus mourn'd, and with the precious dew  
Of her warm tears cherish'd the springing flower.  
The next support, fair hope of your great name,  
And second pillar of that noble frame,  
By loss of thee would no advantage have,  
But, step by step, pursues thee to thy grave.  
And now relentless fate, about to end  
The line, which backward doth so far extend

† The Duke of Buckingham, the unhappy favourite of Charles I. to whom he was appointed Lord High Admiral of England.



que stock, which still the world supplies  
 'est spirits, and with brightest eyes,  
 bus interposing, bade me say,  
 as no more shall shake that house; but  
 y,  
 une and his sea-born niece, shall be  
 ig glories of the land and sea,  
 age guard, and beauty warm our age,  
 s fill with like poetic rage.

### N MISTRESS N.

*To the Green Sickness.*

vard blood, and do not yield  
 le sister beauty's field,  
 e displaying round her white  
 ath usurp'd thy right;  
 thy peculiar throne,  
 here thou should'st rule alone;  
 le cheek, where nature's care  
 ach an equal share,  
 ding lily only grows,  
 lky deluge drowns thy rose.

at the field, faint blood, nor rush  
 rt fally of a blush  
 sister foe, but strive  
 n endless war alive;  
 eace do petty states maintain,  
 alone makes beauty reign.

*A Mole in Celia's Bosom.*

ely spot which thou dost see  
 bosom was a bee,  
 t her amorous spicy nest  
 las of her either breast;  
 close ivory hives, she flew  
 he aromatic dew  
 om the neighbour vale distils,  
 rts those two twin-sister hills;  
 sting on ambrosial meat,  
 g file of balmy sweet  
 t murmurs, before death,  
 she sung) chok'd up her breath.  
 water did expire,  
 icious than the Phoenix' fire;  
 l her shadow there remains  
 o those Elysian plains;  
 strict law, that who shall lay  
 lips on that milky way,  
 t and smart from thence shall bring  
 's honey and her sting.

*Real Song on the Nuptials of the Lady ANNE  
 NEWBORN, and the Lord Lovelace.*

at the slumbers of the bride,  
 e sun in triumph ride,  
 Scattering his beamy light;

er of Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stafford, by  
 ise, Arabella daughter of Lord Clare.

When she awakes, he shall resign  
 His rays, and she alone shall shine  
 In glory all the night.

For she, till day return, must keep  
 An amorous vigil, and not sleep  
 Her fair eyes in the dew of sleep.

Yet gently whisper as she lies,  
 And say her lord waits her aprise,  
 The priests at th' altar stay;  
 With flow'ry wreaths the virgin crew  
 Attend, while some with roses strew,  
 And myrtles trim the way.

Now to the temple and the priest  
 See her convey'd, thence to the feast;  
 Then back to bed, though not to rest.

For now, to crown his faith and truth,  
 We must admit the noble youth  
 To revel in love's sphere;  
 To rule, as chief intelligence,  
 That orb, and happy time dispense  
 To wretched lovers here.

For there, exalted far above  
 All hope, fear, change, or they to move  
 The wheel that spins the fates of love;

They know no night, nor glaring noon,  
 Measure no hours of sun or moon,  
 Nor mark time's restless glass;  
 Their kisses measure as they flow,  
 Minutes, and there embraces shew  
 The hours as they do pass,

Their motions the year's circle make,  
 And we from their conjunctions take  
 Rules to make love an almanack.

### *A Married Woman.*

WHEN I shall marry, if I do not find  
 A wife thus moulded, I'll create this mind:  
 Nor from her noble birth, nor ample dower,  
 Beauty, or wit, shall she derive a power  
 To prejudice my right; but if she be  
 A subject born, she shall be so to me,  
 As to the soul the flesh, as appetite  
 To reason is; which shall our wills unite  
 In habits so confirm'd, as no rough sway  
 Shall once appear, if she but learn t' obey.  
 For, in habitual virtues, sense is wrought  
 To that calm temper, as the body's thought  
 To have nor blood nor gall, if wild and rude  
 Passions of lust and anger are subdu'd;  
 When 'tis the fair obedience to the soul  
 Doth in the birth those swelling acts controul  
 If I in murder steep my furious rage,  
 Or with adult'ry my hot lust assuage,  
 Will it suffice to say my sense, the beast,  
 Provok'd me to't? Could I my soul divest,  
 Y y ij



My plea were good. Lions and bulls commit  
Both freely, but man must in judgment sit,  
And tame this beast; for Adam was not free,  
When in excuse he said, Eve gave it me:  
Had he not eaten, she perhaps had been  
Unpunish'd; his consent made hers a sin.

#### *A Divine Love.*

I.  
Why should dull art, which is wise nature's ape,  
If she produce a shape  
So far beyond all patterns that of old  
Fell from her mould,  
As thine, admir'd Lucinda! not bring forth  
An equal wonder to express that worth  
In some new way, that hath,  
Like her great work, no print of vulgar path?

II.  
Is it because the rapes of poetry,  
Rifling the spacious sky  
Of all his fires, light, beauty, influence,  
Did those dispense  
On airy creations that surpass  
The real works of nature, she at last,  
To prove their raptures vain,  
Shew'd such a light as poets could not feign?

III.  
Or is it 'cause the factious wits did vie  
With vain idolatry,  
Whose goddess was supreme, and so had hurl'd  
Schism through the world;  
Whose priest sung sweetest lays, thou didst appear  
A glorious mystery, so dark, so clear,  
As nature did intend  
All should confesse, but none might comprehend?

IV.  
Perhaps all other beauties share a light  
Proportion'd to the light  
Of weak mortality, scatt'ring such loose fires  
As stir desires,  
And from the brain distil salt, amorous rheums;  
Whilst thy immortal flame such dross consumes,  
And from the earthy mould  
With purging fires severs the purer gold.

V.  
If so, then why in Fame's immortal scrol  
Do we their names enrol,  
Whose easy hearts and wanton eyes did sweat  
With sensual heat?  
If Petrarch's unarm'd bosom catch a wound  
From a light glance, must Laura be renown'd?  
Or both a glory gain,  
He from ill-govern'd love, she from disdain?

VI.  
Shall he more fam'd in his great art become  
For wilful martyrdom?  
Shall he more title gain to chaste and fair,  
Through his despair?  
Is Troy more noble 'cause to ashes turn'd,  
Than virgin cities that yet never burn'd?  
Is Fire, when it consumes  
Temples, more fire, than when it melts perfumes?

VII.

'Cause Venus from the ocean took her son,  
Must love needs be a son?  
'Cause she her wanton shrines in Ithaca,  
Through seas of tears,  
O'er rocks and gulfs, with our own sighs  
Must we to Cyprus or to Paphos sail?  
Can there no way be given,  
But a true hell, that leads to her false heaven?

#### *Love's Force.*

In the first ruder rage, when love was wild,  
Not yet by laws reclaim'd, not reconcil'd  
To order, not by reason mann'd, but free,  
Full-illum'd by Nature, on the instant star,  
Upon the wings of appetite, at all  
The eye could fair or sense delightful call,  
Election was not yet; but as their cheap  
Food from the oak, or the next acorn heap,  
As water from the nearest spring or brook,  
So men their undistinguish'd females took  
By chance, not choice. But soon the heavenly  
spark,  
That in man's bosom lurk'd, broke through  
Confusion; then the noblest breast first set  
Itself for its own proper object met.

#### *A Fancy.*

MARK how this polish'd eastern sheet  
Doth with our northern tincture meet;  
For though the paper seem to sink,  
Yet it receives and bears the ink;  
And on her smooth, soft brow these spots  
Seem rather ornaments than blots,  
Like those you ladies use to place  
Mysteriously about your face;  
Not only to set off and break  
Shadows and eye-beams, but to speak  
To the skill'd lover, and relate,  
Unheard, his sad or happy fate.  
Nor do their characters delight,  
As careless works of black and white;  
But 'cause you underneath may find  
A sense that can inform the mind;  
Divine or moral rules impart,  
Or raptures of poetic art:  
So what at first was only fit  
To fold up silks, may wrap up wit.

#### *To his Mistress.*

I.  
GRIEVE not, my Celia, but with haste  
Obey the fury of thy fate,  
'Tis some perfection to waste  
Discreetly out our wretched state,  
To be obedient in this sense  
Will prove thy virtue, though offence.



II.

knows but destiny may relent,  
 many miracles have been,  
 proving thus obedient  
 all the griefs she plung'd thee in;  
 when the certainty she meant  
 ed is by accident.

III.

that I must confess 'tis much,  
 when we remember'd what hath been,  
 parting never more to touch,  
 let eternal absence in;  
 though never was our pleasure yet  
 'e, but chance distracted it.

IV.

shall we then submit to Fate,  
 to die to one another's love?  
 Celia, no, my soul doth hate  
 these lovers that inconstant prove.  
 may be cruel, but if you decline,  
 time is your's, and all the glory mine.

and the planets sometimes bodies part,  
 darker'd Nature only alters th' heart.

*In praise of his Mistress.*

I.

that will a wonder know,  
 Go with me,  
 runs in a heaven of snow  
 Both burning be,  
 by fire, that do but eye them,  
 the snow's unmelted by them.

II.

of crimson tulips met,  
 Guide the way  
 to two pearly rows be set  
 As white as day.  
 they part themselves asunder,  
 reaches oracles of wonder.

III.

of milk with azure mix'd  
 Swell beneath,  
 ing sweetly, yet still fix'd,  
 While she doth breathe.  
 those hills descends a valley  
 e all fall, that dare to dally.

IV.

four pillars understand  
 Statues two,  
 r than the silver swan  
 That swims in Po;  
 ny time they move her,  
 slept begets a lover.

V.

All this but the casket is  
 Which contains  
 Such a jewel, as the miss  
 Breeds endless pains;  
 That's her mind, and they that know it  
 May admire, but cannot shew it.

*To CELIA upon Love's Ubiquity.*

As one that strives, being sick, and sick to death,  
 By changing places, to preserve a breath,  
 A tedious restless breath, removes and tries  
 A thousand rooms, a thousand policies,  
 To cozen pain, when he thinks to find ease,  
 At last he finds all change, but in his disease;  
 So (like a ball with fire and powder fill'd)  
 I restless am, yet live, each minute kill'd,  
 And with that moving torture must retain,  
 With change of all things else, a constant pain.  
 Say I stay with you, presence is to me,  
 Nought but a light to shew my misery,  
 And parting are as racks, to plague love on,  
 The further stretch'd, the more affliction.  
 Go I to Holland, France, or Furthest Ind,  
 I change but only countries, not my mind.  
 And though I pass through air and water free,  
 Despair and hopeless fate still follow me.  
 Whilst in the bosom of the waves I reel,  
 My heart I'll liken to the tottering keel,  
 The sea to my own troubled fate, the wind  
 To your disdain, sent from a soul unkind:  
 But when I lift my sad looks to the skies,  
 Then shall I think I see my Celia's eyes;  
 And when a cloud or storm appears between,  
 I shall remember what her frowns have been.  
 Thus, whatsoever course my fates allow,  
 All things but make me mind my business, you.  
 The good things that I meet, I think streams be  
 From you the fountain; but when bad I see,  
 How vile and curst is that thing, think I,  
 That to such goodness is so contrary?  
 My whole life is 'bout you, the centre star,  
 But a perpetual motion circular.  
 I am the dial's hand, still walking round;  
 You are the compass; and I never found  
 Beyond your circle; neither can I shew  
 Aught but what first expressed is in you,  
 That wheresoe'er my tears do cause me move,  
 My fate still keeps me bounded with your love;  
 Which ere it die, or be extinct in me,  
 Time shall stand still, and moist waves flaming be:  
 Yet being gone, think not on me; I am  
 A thing too wretched for thy thoughts to name;  
 But when I die, and with all comforts given,  
 I'll think on you, and by you think on heaven.

Y y iijj



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# COELUM BRITANNICUM:

## A MASQUE.

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### *The Description of the SCENE.*

THE first thing that presented itself to the sight was a rich ornament that enclosed the Scene; in the upper part of which were great branches of foliage growing out of leaves and husks, with a cornice at the top: and in the midst was placed a large compartment, composed of grotesque work, wherein were Harpies with wings and lions claws, and their hinder parts converted into leaves and branches. Over all was a broken frontispiece, wrought with Scrolls and Masque heads of children, and within this, a table adorned with a lesser compartment, with this inscription, *Celum Britannicum*. The two sides of this ornament were thus ordered: First, from the ground arose a square basement, and on the plinth stood a great vase of gold, richly enchased, and beautified with sculptures of great relieve, with fruitages hanging from the upper part. At the foot of this sat two youths naked, in their natural colours; each of these with one arm supported the vase, on the cover of which stood two young women in draperies, arm in arm; the one figuring the glory of princes, and the other manifold: their other arms bore up an oval, in which, to the King's Majesty, was this impress, a lion with an imperial crown on his head; the words, *Animum sub pedore fatis*. On the other side was the like composition, but the design of the figures varied; and in the oval on the top, being borne up by Nobility and Fecundity, was this impress to the Queen's Majesty, a lily growing with branches and leaves, and three lesser lilies springing out of the stem; the words, *Semper inclita virtus*. All this ornament was heightened with gold, and for the invention, and various composition, was the newest and most gracious that hath been done in this place.

The curtain was watchet (a), and a pale yellow in panes, which flying up on the sudden, discovered the Scene, representing old arches, old places, decayed walls, parts of temples, theatres, basilica's (b) and thermes (c), with confused heaps of broken columns, bases, cornices, and statues, lying as underground, and altogether resembling the ruins of some great city of the ancient Romans, or civilized Britons. The strange prospect detained the eyes of the spectators some time, when to a loud music Mercury descends. On the upper part of his chariot stands a cock in action of crowing. His habit was a coat of flame-colour girt to him, and a white mantle trimmed with gold and silver: upon his head a wreath with small falls of white feathers, a caducens in his hand, and wings at his heels: Being come to the ground, he dismounts, and goes up to the state.

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### MERCURY.

From the high senate of the gods, to you,  
Bright glorious twins of Love and Majesty,  
Before whose throne three warlike nations bend  
Their willing knees; on whose imperial brow  
The regal circle prints no awful frowns  
To fright your subjects, but whose calmer eyes  
Shed joy and safety on their melting hearts,  
That flow with cheerful loyal reverence;  
Come I, Cyllenius, Jove's ambassador,  
Not, as of old, to whisper amorous tales  
Of wanton love into the glowing ear  
Of some choice beauty in this numerous train:

(a) Pale blue.

(b) has heads, in architecture, are public halls with two ranges of pillars, and galleries over them.

(c) Baths.



days are fled; the rebel flame is quench'd  
 venly breasts; the gods have sworn by Styx,  
 to tempt yielding Mortality  
 se embraces. Your exemplar life  
 not alone transfus'd a zealous heat  
 itation through your virtuous court,  
 ose bright blaze your palace is become  
 nvy'd pattern of this under world;  
 e aspiring flame hath kindled heaven:  
 mortal bosoms burn with emulous fires:  
 ivals your great virtues, royal Sir,  
 uno, Madam, your attractive graces;  
 wild lusts, her raging jealousies  
 ys aside, and through th' Olympic hall,  
 rs doth here, their great example spreads.  
 hough, of old, when youthful blood conspir'd  
 his new empire, prone to heats of lust,  
 ted incests, rapes, adulteries,  
 rthly beauties, which his raging Queen,  
 with revengeful fury, turn'd to beasts,  
 a despite he transformed to stars,  
 e had fill'd the crowded firmament  
 his loose strumpets, and their spurious race,  
 e the eternal records of his shame  
 to the world in flaming characters:  
 in the crystal mirror of your reign  
 ew'd himself, he found his loathsome stains;  
 now, to expiate th' infectious guilt  
 ose detested luxuries, he'll chase  
 nsamous lights from their usurped sphere,  
 brown in the Lethean flood their curs'd  
 names and memories: In whose vacant rooms  
 you succeed, and of the wheeling orb,  
 : most eminent and conspicuous point,  
 dazzling beams and spreading magnitude,  
 the bright Pole-star of this hemisphere.  
 by your side, in a triumphant chair,  
 crown'd with Ariadne's diadem,  
 he fair consort of your heart and throne;  
 'd about you, with that share of light  
 ey of virtue have deriv'd from you,  
 fix this noble train of either sex;  
 the British stars this lower globe  
 owe his light, and they alone dispense  
 ' world a pure, refined influence.

*Momus attired in a long darkish robe, all wrought  
 with poniards, serpents, tongues, eyes, and ears;  
 beard and hair party-coloured, and upon his head  
 a wreath stuck with feathers, and a porcupine in the  
 part.*

*Momus.*

your leave, mortals. Good cousin Hermes,  
 pardon, good my Lord Ambassador: I found  
 bles of your arms and titles in every inn be-  
 this and Olympus, where your present ex-  
 on is registered: your nine thousand nine  
 ed ninety-ninth legation. I cannot reach  
 policy why your master breeds so few statef-  
 it suits not with his dignity, that in the  
 Empyræum there should not be a God fit  
 d on these honourable errands but yourself,  
 re not yet so careful of his honour or your  
 as might become your quality, when you

are itinerant. The hosts upon the high-way cry  
 out with open mouth upon you, for supporting  
 plafery in your train; which though, as you are  
 the God of petty larceny, you might protect, yet  
 you would know it is directly against the new  
 orders, and opposes the reformation in diamever.

*Merc.* Peace, railer; bridle your licentious tongue.  
 And let this presence teach you modesty.

*Mom.* Let it, if it can; in the mean time I  
 will acquaint it with my condition. Know, gay  
 people, that though your poets (who enjoy by  
 patent a particular privilege to draw down any of  
 the deities from Twelfth Night to Shrove Tues-  
 day, at what time there is annually a most familiar  
 intercourse between the two courts) have as yet  
 never invited me to these solemnities, yet it shall  
 appear by my intrusion this night, that I am a  
 very considerable person upon these occasions, and  
 may most properly assist at such entertainments.  
 My name is *Momus ap-Somnus ap-Erebus ap-Cbaos*  
*ap-Deinogorgon ap-Eternity*. My offices and titles  
 are, the Supreme Theomastix, Hypercritic of Man-  
 ners, Prothonotary of Abuses, Arch Informer, Di-  
 lator General, Universal Calumniator, Eternal  
 Plaintiff, and perpetual Foreman of the General  
 Inquest. My privileges are an urbiquitary, circum-  
 ambulatory, speculatory, interrogatory, redargu-  
 tory immunity over all the privy lodgings; be-  
 hind hangings, doors, curtains; through key-  
 holes, chinks, windows; about all venereal lob-  
 bies, sconces, or redoubts, though it be to the  
 surprise of a perdu (*d*) page or chambermaid; in  
 and at all courts of civil and criminal judicature;  
 all councils, consultations, and parliamentary assem-  
 blies, where, though I am but a wool-sack God,  
 and have no vote in the sanction of new laws, I  
 have yet a prerogative of wresting the old to any  
 whatsoever interpretation, whether it be to the  
 behoof or prejudice of Jupiter, his crown, and  
 dignity; for or against the rights of either house  
 of Patrician or Plebeian Gods. My natural qua-  
 lities are to make Jove frown, Juno pout, Mars  
 chafe, Venus blush, Vulcan glow, Saturn quake,  
 Cynthia pale, Phœbus hide his face, and Mercury  
 here take his heels. My recreations are witty  
 mischiefs, as when Saturn gelt his father; the  
 smith caught his wife and her bravo in a net of  
 cobweb iron; and Hebe, through the lubricity of  
 the pavement tumbling over the halSPACE, pre-  
 sented the emblem of the forked tree, and disco-  
 vered to the tanned Ethiops the snowy cliffs of  
 Calabria, with the grotto of Puteolum. But that  
 you may arrive at the perfect knowledge of me,  
 by the familiar illustration of a bird of mine own  
 feather, old Peter Arctine, who reduced all the  
 sceptres and mitres of that age tributary to his  
 wit, was my parallel, and Frank Rabelais suck'd  
 much of my milk too; but your modern French  
 Hospital of Oratory is a mere counterfeit, an ar-  
 rant mountebank; for though, fearing no other  
 fortunes than his Sciatica, he discourses of kings  
 and queens with as little reverence as of grooms

(*d*) Lying in wait to watch any thing.



and chambermaid, yet he wants their fangteeth and scorpion's tail, I mean that fellow, who, to add to his stature thinks it a greater grace to dance on his tip toes like a dog in a doublet, than to walk like other men on the soles of his feet.

*Merc.* No more, impertinent trifter; you disturb

'The great affair with your rude scurrilous chat.  
What doth the knowledge of your object state  
Concern Jove's solemn message.

*Mom.* Sir, by your favour, though you have a more especial commission of employment from Jupiter, and a larger entertainment from his exchequer, yet, as a freeborn God, I have the liberty to travel at mine own charges, without your pass or countenance legatine; and that it may appear, a sedulous, acute observer may know as much as a dull phlegmatic ambassador, and wears a treble key to unlock the mysterious symbols of your dark secretaries, I will discourse the politic state of heaven to this trim audience.

*At this the Scene changeth, and in the heaven is discovered a sphere, with stars placed in their several images borne up by a huge naked figure (only a piece of decency hanging over his thigh) kneeling and bowing forward, as if the great angel lying on his shoulders oppress him, upon his head a crown. By all which he might easily be known to be ATLAS.*

—You shall understand, that Jupiter, upon the inspection of I know not what virtuous precedents extant (as they say) here in this court, but, as I more probably guess, out of the consideration of the decay of his natural abilities, hath, before a frequent convocation of the superlunary peers, in a solemn oration recanted, disclaimed, and utterly renounced all the laticious extravagancies and riotous enormities of his forepast licentious life, and taken his oath on Juno's breviary, religiously kissing the two-leaf'd book, never to stretch his limbs more betwixt adulterous sheets, and hath with pathetical remonstrances exhorted, and under strict penalties enjoined, a respective conformity in the several subordinate deities; and because the liberties of antiquity, the ribald poets, to perpetuate the memory and example of their triumphs over chastity, to all future imitation, have in their immortal songs celebrated the martyrdom of those strumpets under the persecution of the wives, and devolved to posterity the pedigrees of their whorcs, hawds, and bastards, it is, therefore, by the authority aforesaid enacted, that this whole army of constellations be immediately disbanded and cashiered, so to remove all imputation of impiety from the celestial spirits, and all lustful influences upon terrestrial bodies, and consequently that there be an injunction erected to expunge in the ancient, and suppress in the modern and succeeding poems and pamphlets, all past, present, and future mention of those abjur'd heresies, and to take particular notice of a lenient incontinencies, and punish them as it our High Commission Court. Am

not I in election to be a full statesman, thank you, that can repeat a passage thus punctually?

*Merc.* I flum in vain the importunity  
With which this snail'er vexeth all the Gods;  
Jove cannot 'scape him: Well, what else from  
heaven?

*Mom.* Heaven! Heaven is no more the place it was; a cloister of Carthusians, a monastery of converted Gols, Jove is grown old and tardul, apprehends a subversion of his empire, and doubts lest Fate should introduce a legal succession in the legitimate heir, by repossessing the Jovian law, and hence springs all this innovation. We have had new orders read in the Prefence Chamber by the Vice President of Parnassus, too good to be observed long. Monopolies are call'd in to the regulation of wares punished, and rates imposed on commodities. Injunctions are gone out to the Nectar Brewers, for the purging of the heavenly beverage of a narcotic weed which hath corrupted the ideas confuted in the divine intellects, and reducing it to the composition used in Saturn's brew. Edicts are made for the restraining of decayed house-keeping, prohibiting the repair of lanterns to the metropolis; but this did endanger an Amazonian mutiny, till the females put on a more masculine resolution of soliciting businesses in their own persons, and leaving their husbands at home for notions of holprality. Bacchus hath commanded taverns to be shut, and no liquor drawn after a o'clock at night. Cupid must go to bed scandalously naked, but is enjoined to make his breeches, though of his mother's petticoats. Saturne is forbidden the bed-chamber and may only minister in public. The Gods must keep pages, nor grooms of their chamber. Venus, under the age of twenty-five, and those provided of a competent stock of beard. Pan may not pipe, nor Proteus juggle, but by especial permission. Vulcan was brought to an octenus and fined, for driving in a plate of iron into one of the Sun's chariot wheels, and frost-nailing his horses upon the fifth of November last, for breach of a penal statute, prohibiting work upon holidays, that being the annual celebration of the Gygantomachy. In brief, the whole state of the hierarchy suffers a total reformation, especially in the point of reciprocation of conjugal affection. Venus hath confessed all her adulteries, and is received to grace by her husband, who, conscious of the great disparity between her perfections and his deformities, allows their invines as an equal counterpoise; but it is the strictest spectacle to see her stroaking with her very hand his collid cheeks, and with her snowy fingers combing his sooty beard. Jupiter too begins to learn to lead his own wife, I left him practising in the milky way; and there is no doubt of an universal obedience, where the lawgiver himself in his own person observes his decrees. punctually, who besides, to eternize the memory of that great example of matrimonial union what he derives from hence, hath on his bed-chamber door and ceiling, frescoed with stars, in capital letters,



engraven the inscription of CARLO-MARIA. This is as much, I am sure, as either your knowledge or instructions can direct you to, which I having in a blunt round tale, without state, formality, politic inferences, or suspected rhetorical elegancies, already delivered, you may now dextrously proceed to the second part of your charge, which is the raking of your heavenly sparks up in the embers, or reducing the ethereal lights to their primitive opacity and gross, dark subsistence: They are all unrivett'd from the sphere, and hang loose in their sockets, where they but attend the waving of your caduce, and immediately they reinvest their pristine shapes, and appear before you in their own natural deformities.

*Merc.* Momus, thou shalt prevail; for since thy bold  
Intrusion hath inverted my resolves,  
I must obey necessity, and thus turn  
My face to breathe the Thund'rer's just decree  
'Gainst this adulterate sphere, which first I purge  
Of lothsome monsters and mishapen forms:  
Down from her azure concave, thus I charm  
The Lernean Hydra, the rough unlick'd Bear;  
The watchful Dragon, the storm-boding Whale,  
The Centaur, the horn'd goat-fish Capricorn,  
The snake-head Gorgon, and fierce Sagittar,  
Divested of your gorgeous starry robes,  
Fall from the circling orb, and ere you suck  
Fresh venom in, measure this happy earth:  
Then to the fens, caves, forests, deserts, seas,  
Fly, and resume your native qualities.

*They dance in these monstrous shapes, the First Antimasque of Natural Deformity.*

*Mom.* Are not these fine companions, trim play-fellows for the deities? Yet these and their fellows have made up all our conversation for some thousands of years. Do not you, fair ladies, acknowledge yourselves deeply engaged now to those poets, your servants, that in the height of commendation have rais'd your beauties to a parallel with such exact proportions, or at least rank'd you in their spruce society? Hath not the consideration of these inhabitants rather frighted your thoughts utterly from the contemplation of the place? But now that these heavenly mansions are to be void, you that shall hereafter be found unlodged will become inexcusable; especially since Virtue alone shall be sufficient title, fine, and rent: Yet if there be a lady not competently stock'd that way, she shall not on the instant utterly despair, if she carry a sufficient pawn of handsomeness; for, however the letter of the law runs, Jupiter, notwithstanding his age and present austerity, will never refuse to stamp beauty, and make it current, with his own impression: but to such as are destitute of both I can afford but small encouragement. Proceed, cousin Mercury. What follows?

*Merc.* Look up, and mark where the bright zodiac Hangs like a belt about the breast of heaven

On the right shoulder, like a flaming jewel,  
His shell with nine rich topazes adorn'd,  
Lord of this Tropic, sits the skalding Crab:  
He, when the sun gallops in full career  
His annual race, his ghastly claws uprear'd,  
Frights at the confines of the Torrid Zone  
The fiery team, and proudly stops their course,  
Making a solstice; till the fierce steeds learn  
His backward paces, and so, retrograde,  
Post down hill to th' oppos'd Capricorn.  
Thus I depose him from his lofty throne;  
Drop from the sky into the briny flood;  
There teach thy motion to the ebbing sea;  
But let those fires, that beautify'd thy shell,  
Take human shapes, and the disorder show  
Of thy regressive paces here below.

*The Second Antimasque is danced in retrograde paces, expressing Obliquity in Motion.*

*Mom.* This Crab, I confess, did ill become the heavens; but there is another that more infests the earth, and makes such a solstice in the politer arts and sciences, as they have not been observed for many ages to have made any sensible advance. Could you but lead the learned squadrons, with a masculine resolution, past this point of retrogradation, it were a benefit to mankind, worthy the power of a god, and to be payed with altars; but that not being the work of this night, you may pursue your purposes. What now succeeds?

*Merc.* Vice, that, unbodied, in the appetite Erects his throne, hath yet, in bestial shapes, Branded by Nature with the character And distinct stamp of some peculiar ill, Mounted the sky, and fix'd his trophies there. As fawning Flattery in the little dog;  
I' th' bigger, churlish Murder; Cowardice  
I' th' timorous hate; Ambition in the eagle;  
Rapine and avarice in th' adventurous ship  
That sail'd to Colchos for the golden fleece;  
Drunken Dis temper in the goblet flows;  
I' th' dart and scorpion, biting Calumny;  
In Hercules and the lion, furious Rage;  
Vain Ostentation in Cassiope:  
All these I to eternal exile doom,  
But to this place their emblem'd vices summon,  
Clad in those proper figures by which best  
Their incorporeal nature is exprest.

*The Third Antimasque is danced of these several Vices, expressing their deviation from Virtue.*

*Mom.* From henceforth it shall be no more said in the Proverb, when you would express a riotous assembly, that Hell, but Heaven, is broke loose. This was an arrant gaol-delivery; all the prisons of your great cities could not have vomited more corrupt matter. But, cousin Cyllenius, in my judgment it is not safe, that these infectious persons should wander here to the hazard of this island; they threatened less danger when they were nail'd to the firmament. I should conceive it a very discreet course, since they are provided of



a tall vessel of their own ready rigg'd, to embark them altogether in that good ship called the Argo, and send them to the plantation in New England, which hath purged more virulent humours from the politic body than Guaiacum and all the West-Indian drugs have from the natural bodies of this kingdom. Can you devise how to dispose of them better?

*Merc.* They cannot breathe this pure and temperate air,  
Where Virtue lives, but will with hasty flight,  
'Mongst fogs and vapours, seek unsound abodes.  
Fly after them from your usurped seats,  
You foul remainders of that viperous brood :  
Let not a star of a luxurious race  
With his loose blaze stain the sky's crystal face.

*All the Stars are quenched, and the Sphere darkened.*

*Before the entry of every Antimasque, the stars in those figures in the sphere which they were to represent, were extinct; so as by the end of the Antimasque in the sphere no more stars were seen.*

*Mom.* Here is a total eclipse of the eighth Sphere, which neither Booker, Allestre, nor any of your prognosticators, no, nor their great master Tycho, were aware of; but yet in my opinion there were some innocent and some generous constellations, that might have been reserved for noble uses; as the Scales and Sword to adorn the statue of Justice, since she resides here on earth only in picture and effigy. The eagle had been a fit present for the Germans, in regard their bird hath mew'd most of her feathers lately. The dolphin too had been most welcome to the French; and then had you but clapt Perseus on his Pegasus, brandishing his sword, the dragon yawning on his back under the horse's feet, with Python's dart through his throat, there had been a divine St. George for this nation: but since you have improvidently shuffled them altogether, it rests only that we provide an immediate succession; and to that purpose I will instantly proclaim a free election.

*O-yes ! O-yes ! O-yes !  
By the Father of the Gods,  
and the King of Men.*

Whereas we having observed a very commendable practice taken into frequent use by the princes of these later ages, of perpetuating the memory of their famous enterprises, sieges, battles, victories, in picture, sculpture, tapestry, embroideries, and other manufactures, wherewith they have embellished their public palaces; and taken into our more distinct and serious consideration, the particular Christmas-hanging of the Guard Chamber of this Court, wherein the naval victory of '88 is, to the eternal glory of this nation, exactly delineated; and whereas, we likewise, out of a prophetic imitation of this so laudable custom, did

for many thousand years before, adorn and beautify the eighth room of our celestial mansion, commonly called the Star-chamber, with the military adventures, stratagems, atchievements, feats and defeats, performed in our own person, whilst yet our standard was erected, and we a combatant in the amorous warfare; it hath notwithstanding, after mature deliberation and long debate, held first in our own inscrutable bosom, and afterwards communicated with our privy-council, seemed meet to our Omnipotency, for causes to ourself best known, to unfurnish and disarray our foresaid Star-chamber of all those ancient constellations which have for so many ages been sufficiently notorious, and to admit into their vacant places such persons only as shall be qualified with exemplary virtue and eminent desert, there to shine in indelible characters of glory to all posterity; it is therefore our divine will and pleasure, voluntarily, and out of our own free and proper motion, mere grace, and special favour, by these presents to specify and declare to all our loving people, that it shall be lawful for any person whatsoever, that conceiveth him or herself to be really endued with any heroical virtue or transcendent merit, worthy so high a calling and dignity, to bring their several pleas and pretences before our right trusty and well beloved cousin and counsellor, Don Mercury, and good Momus, &c. our peculiar delegates for that affair, upon whom we have transferr'd an absolute power to conduct, and determine, without appeal or revocation, according to their Wisdoms it shall appear to be most honest and expedient.

Given at our palace in Olympus, the first day of the first month, in the first year of the Reformation.

*Plutus enters, an old man full of wrinkles, a bald head, a thin white beard, spectacles on his nose, with a bunch'd back, and attired in a robe of cloth of gold.*

*Merc.* Who's this appears?

*Mom.* This is a subterranean fiend, Plutus, in this dialect term'd Riches, or the God of gold; a poison hid by Providence in the bottom of the seas and navel of the earth from man's discovery, where if the seeds begun to sprout above ground, the excrecence was carefully guarded by dragons; yet, at last, by human curiosity brought to light, to their own destruction; this being the true Pandora's box, whence issued all those mischiefs that now fill the universe.

*Plut.* That I prevent the message of the Gods. Thus with my haste, and not attend their summons,

Which ought in justice call me to the place  
I now require of right, is not alone  
To show the just precedence that I hold  
Before all earthly, next th' immortal powers,  
But to exclude the hopes of partial grace  
In all pretenders, who, since I descend  
To equal trial, must, by my example,  
Waving your favour, claim by sole desert.



If virtue must inherit, she's my slave;  
 I lead her captive in a golden chain,  
 About the world. She takes her form and being  
 From my creation; and those barren seeds  
 That drop from Heaven, if I not cherish them  
 With my distilling dew, and fotive heat,  
 They know no vegetation; but, expos'd  
 To blasting winds of freezing Poverty,  
 Or not shoo forth at all, or, budding, wither.  
 Should I proclaim the daily sacrifice  
 Brought to my temples by the toiling rout,  
 Not of the fat and gore of abject beasts,  
 But human sweat and blood pour'd on my altars,  
 I might provoke the envy of the Gods.  
 Turn but your eyes, and mark the busy world  
 Climbing steep mountains for the sparkling stones;  
 Piercing the centre for the shining ore,  
 And th' ocean's bosom to take pearly sands;  
 Crossing the torrid and the frozen zones,  
 'Midst rocks and swallowing gulfs; for gainful  
 trade;  
 And, through opposing swords, fire, murdering  
 cannon,  
 Scaling the walled towns for precious spoils.  
 Plant in the passage to your heavenly seats  
 These horrid dangers, and then see who dares  
 Advance his desperate foot: Yet am I sought,  
 And oft in vain, through these and greater ha-  
 zards.

I could discover how your deities  
 Are for my sake slighted, despis'd, abus'd;  
 Your temples, shrines, altars, and images,  
 Uncover'd, rifled, robb'd, and disarray'd,  
 By sacrilegious hands: Yet is this treasure  
 To th' Golden Mountain, where I sit ador'd,  
 With superstitious solemn rites convey'd,  
 And becomes sacred there; the sordid wretch  
 Not daring touch the consecrated ore,  
 Or with profane hands lessen the bright heap.  
 But this might draw your anger down on mor-  
 tals,

For rend'ring me the homage due to you:  
 Yet what is said may well express my power,  
 Too great for earth, and only fit for Heaven.  
 Now, for your pastime, view the naked root,  
 Which, in the dirty earth and base mould drown'd,  
 Sends forth this precious plant and golden fruit,  
 You lusty swains, that to your grazing flocks  
 Pipe amorous roundelays; you toiling hinds,  
 That barb the fields, and to your merry teams  
 Whistle your passions; and you mining moles,  
 That in the bowels of your mother-earth  
 Dwell, the eternal burden of her womb;  
 Cease from your labours, when Wealth bids you  
 play;  
 Sing, dance, and keep a cheerful holiday.

*They dance the Fourth Antimasque, consisting of Coun-  
 try-people, Music, and Measures.*

*Merc.* Plutus, the Gods know and confess  
 your power,  
 Which feeble Virtue seldom can resist,  
 Stronger than towers of brass or chastity:

Jove knew you when he courted Danaë,  
 And Cupid wears you on that arrow's head  
 That still prevails. But the Gods keep their  
 throne

To instal Virtue, not her enemies:  
 They dread thy force, which ev'n themselves have  
 felt;

Witness Mount Ida, where the martial maid  
 And frowning Juno did to mortal eyes,  
 Naked, for Gold, their sacred bodies show;  
 Therefore for ever be from Heaven banish'd.  
 But since with toil from undiscover'd worlds  
 Thou art brought hither, where thou first did  
 breathe

The thirst of empire into regal breasts,  
 And frightedst quiet Peace from her meek throne.  
 Filling the world, with tumult, blood, and war;  
 Follow the camps of the contentious earth,  
 And be the conq'rors slave; but he that can  
 Or conquer thee, or give thee virtuous stamp,  
 Shall shine in Heaven a pure immortal lamp.

*Mom.* Nay, stay, and take my benediction  
 along with you. I could, being here a co-judge,  
 like others in my place, now that you are con-  
 demn'd, either rail at you, or break jests upon  
 you. But I rather choose to lose a word of good  
 counsel, and entreat you be more careful in your  
 choice of company; for you are always found  
 either with misers that not use you at all, or  
 with fools that know not how to use you well.  
 Be not hereafter so reserved and coy to men of  
 worth and parts; so you shall gain such credit, as  
 at the next sessions you may be heard with better  
 success. But till you are thus reformed, I pro-  
 nounce this positive sentence, that wheresoever  
 you shall choose to abide, your society shall add  
 no credit or reputation to the party, nor your dis-  
 continuance or total absence be matter of dispa-  
 ragement to any man; and whosoever shall hold  
 a contrary estimation of you, shall be condemned  
 to wear perpetual motley, unless he recant his opi-  
 nion. Now you may void the court.

*Pania enters, a woman of a pale colour, large brims of  
 a hat upon her head, through which her hair started  
 up like a Fury; her robe was of a dark colour, full  
 of patches; about one of her hands was tied a chain  
 of iron, to which was fastened a weighty stone, which  
 she bore up under her arm.*

*Merc.* What creature's this?

*Mom.* The Antipodes to the other; they  
 move like

Two buckets, or as two nails drive out one an-  
 other.

If Riches depart, Poverty will enter.

*Pov.* I nothing doubt, great and immortal  
 powers!

But that the place your wisdom hath deny'd  
 My foe, your justice will confer on me;  
 Since that which renders him incapable  
 Proves a strong plea for me. I could pretend,



E'en in these rags, a larger sovereignty  
 Than gaudy Wealth in all his pomp can boast;  
 For mark how few they are that share the world:  
 The numerous armies, and the swarming ants  
 That fight and toil for them, are all my subjects;  
 They take my wages, wear my livery:  
 Invention too, and Wit, are both my creatures,  
 And the whole race of Virtue is my offspring:  
 As many mischiefs issue from my womb,  
 And those as mighty as proceed from Gold.  
 Oft o'er his throne I wave my awful sceptre,  
 And in the bowels of his state command,  
 When, 'midst his heaps of coin and hills of gold,  
 I pine and starve the avaritious fool.  
 But I decline those titles, and lay claim  
 To heaven, by right of divine contemplation;  
 She is my darling; I, in my soft lap.  
 Free from disturbing cares, bargains, accounts,  
 Leases, rents, stewards, and the fear of thieves,  
 That vex the rich, nurse her in calm repose,  
 And with her all the Virtues speculative,  
 Which, but with me, find no secure retreat.

For entertainment of this hour, I'll call  
 A race of people to this place, that live  
 At Nature's charge, and not importune heaven  
 To chain the winds up, or keep back the storms,  
 To stay the thunder, or forbid the hail  
 To thresh the un-reap'd ear; but to all weathers,  
 The chilling frost and scalding sun, expose  
 Their equal face. Come forth, my swarthy train,  
 In this fair circle dance; and as you move,  
 Mark and foretell happy events of Love.

*They dance the Fifth Antimasque of Gypsies.*

*Mom.* I cannot but wonder that your perpetual conversation with poets and philosophers hath furnished you with no more logic, or that you should think to impose upon us so gross an inference, as because Plutus and you are contrary, therefore, whatsoever is denied of the one must be true of the other; as if it should follow of necessity, because he is not Jupiter, you are. No, I give you to know, I am better vers'd in cavils with the Gods, than to swallow such a fallacy; for though you cannot be together in one place, yet there are many places that may be without you both; and such is heaven, where neither of you are likely to arrive. Therefore let me advise you to marry yourself to Content, and beget sage apophthegms and goodly moral sentences in dispraise of Riches, and contempt of the world.

*Merc.* Thou dost presume too much, poor needy wretch,  
 To claim a station in the firmament,  
 Because thy humble cottage, or thy tub,  
 Nurses some lazy or pedantic Virtue  
 In the cheap sun-shine, or by shady springs  
 With roots and pot-herbs, where thy right hand,  
 Tearing those human passions from the mind  
 Upon whose stocks fair blooming Virtues flourish,  
 Degradeth nature, and benumbeth sense,  
 And, Gorgon-like, turns active men to stone.

We not require the dull society  
 Of your necessitated temperance,  
 Or that unnatural stupidity  
 That knows not joy nor sorrow; nor your sort'd  
 Falsely exalted passive fortitude  
 Above the active: This low, abject brood,  
 That fix their seats in mediocrity,  
 Become your servile mind; but we advance  
 Such virtues only as admit excess,  
 Brave bounteous acts, regal magnificence,  
 All-seeing prudence, magnanimity  
 That knows no bound, and that heroic virtue  
 For which antiquity hath left no name,  
 But patterns only; such as Hercules,  
 Achilles, Theseus. Back to thy loath'd cell,  
 And when thou seest the new enlighten'd sphere,  
 Study to know but what those Worthies were.

*Tyche enters, her head bald behind, and one great lock before, wings at her shoulders, and in her hand a wheel, her upper parts naked, and the skirt of her garment wrought all over with crowns, sceptres, books, and such other things as express both her greatness and smallest gifts.*

*Mom.* See where dame Fortune comes; you may know her by her wheel, and that veil over her eyes, with which she hopes, like a scold's pigeon, to mount above the clouds, and perch in the eighth sphere. Listen: she begins.

*Fort.* I come not here, you Gods, to plead right

By which antiquity assign'd my deity,  
 Though no peculiar station 'mongst the stars,  
 Yet general power to rule their influence,  
 Or boast the title of omnipotent,  
 Ascrib'd me then, by which I rival'd Jove,  
 Since you have cancell'd all those old records:  
 But confident in my good cause and merit,  
 Claim a succession in the vacant orb;  
 For since Astræa fled to heaven, I fit  
 Her deputy on earth; I hold her scales,  
 And weigh men's fates out, who have made me  
 blind

Because themselves want eyes to see my causes;  
 Call me inconstant, 'cause my works surpass  
 The shallow fathom of their human reason:  
 Yet here, like blinded Justice, I dispense  
 With my impartial hands their constant lots,  
 And if desertless, impious men engross  
 My best rewards, the fault is yours, ye Gods,  
 That scant your graces to mortality,  
 And, niggards of your good, scarce spare the  
 world

One virtuous for a thousand wicked men.  
 It is no error to confer a dignity,  
 But to bestow it on a vicious man;  
 I gave the dignity, but you made the vice.  
 Make you men good, and I'll make good men  
 happy:

That Plutus is refus'd, dismays me not;  
 He is my drudge, and the external pomp

\* Hooded. Term of Falconry.



which he decks the world proceeds from me,  
him ; like harmony, that not resides  
brings or notes, but in the hand and voice,  
revolution of empires, states,  
tires, and crowns, are but my game and sport ;  
ch as they hang on the events of war,  
hose depend upon my turning wheel.  
ou warlike squadrons, who in battles join'd,  
ute the right of kings, which I decide,  
ent the model of that martial frame,  
which, when crowns are stak'd, I rule the  
game.

*They dance the Sixth Antimasque, being the Representation of a Battle.*

*Merc.* Madam, I should censure you, *pro falso*  
*ore*, for preferring a scandalous cross-bill of  
mination against the Gods, but your blindness  
excuse you. Alas ! what would it advance  
you, if Virtue were as universal as Vice is :  
ould only follow, that as the world now ex-  
is upon you for exalting the vicious, it would  
rail as fast at you for depressing the virtuous ;  
ey would still keep their tune, though you  
g'd their ditty.

*Merc.* The mists, in which future events are  
wrapp'd,  
t oft succeed beside the purposes  
im that works, his dull eyes not discerning  
first great cause, offer'd thy clouded shape  
his inquiring search ; so in the dark  
groping world first found thy deity,  
gave thee rule over contingencies,  
ch, to the piercing eye of Providence,  
g fix'd and certain, where past, and to come  
always present, thou dost disappear,  
st thy being, and art not at all.  
ou then only a deluding phantom,  
est a blind guide, leading blinder fools ;  
would they but survey their mutual wants,  
help each other, there were left no room  
hy vain aid. Wisdom, whose strong-built plots  
e nought to hazard, mocks thy futile power.  
trious Labour drags thee by the locks,  
nd to his toiling car, and not attending  
thou dispense, reaches his own reward :  
the lazy sluggard yawning lies  
e thy threshold, gaping for thy dole,  
licks the easy hand that feeds his sloth ;  
shallow, rash, and unadvised man  
es thee his stale, disburdens all the follies  
is misguided actions on thy shoulders.  
h from hence, and seek those idiots out  
thy fantastic godhead hath allow'd,  
rule that giddy superstitious crowd.

*Merc.* *Pleasure, a young woman with a smiling*  
*face, in a light lascivious habit, adorn'd with silver*  
*and gold, her temples crown'd with a garland of roses,*  
*and over that a rainbow circling her bead down*  
*her shoulders.*

*Merc.* What Wanton's this ?

*Mom.* This is the sprightly lady, Hedone, a  
merry Gamester ; the people call her Pleasure.

*Pleas.* The reasons, equal Judges, here alleg'd  
By the dismiss'd pretenders, all concur  
To strengthen my just title to the sphere.  
Honour, or wealth, or the contempt of both,  
Have in themselves no simple real good,  
But as they are the means to purchase pleasure,  
The paths that lead to my delicious palace :  
They for my sake, I for mine own am priz'd.  
Beyond me nothing is. I am the goal,  
The journey's end, to which the sweating world,  
And wearied Nature tends. For this, the best  
And wisest sect of all philosophers  
Made me the seat of supreme happiness :  
And though some more austere, upon my ruins,  
Did, to the prejudice of nature, raise  
Some petty low-built virtues, 'twas because  
They wanted wings to reach my soaring pitch.  
Had they been princes born, themselves had  
prov'd

Of all mankind the most luxurious :  
For those delights, which to their low condition  
Were obvious, they with greedy appetite  
Suck'd and devour'd : From offices of state ;  
From cares of family, children, wife, hopes, fears,  
Retir'd, the churlish cynic, in his tub,  
Enjoy'd those pleasures which his tongue de-  
fam'd.

Nor am I rank'd 'mongst the superfluous goods :  
My necessary offices preserve  
Each single man, and propagate the kind.  
Then am I universal as the light,  
Or common air we breathe ; and since I am  
The general desire of all mankind,  
Civil felicity must reside in me.  
Tell me what rate my choicest pleasures bear,  
When, for the short delight of a poor draught  
Of cheap cold water, great Lyfimachus  
Render'd himself slave to the Scythians.  
Should I the curious structure of my seats,  
The art and beauty of my several objects,  
Rehearse at large, your bounties would reserve  
For every sense a proper constellation ;  
But I present the persons to your eyes.

Come forth, my subtle organs of delight,  
With changing figures please the curious eye,  
And charm the ear with moving harmony.

*They dance the Seventh Antimasque of the five Senses.*

*Merc.* Bewitching Syren ! gilded rottenness !  
Thou hast with cunning artifice display'd  
Th' enamel'd out-side, and the honied verge  
Of the fair cup where deadly poison lurks.  
Within, a thousand Sorrows dance the round ;  
And, like a shell, Pain circles thee without.  
Grief is the shadow waiting on thy steps,  
Which, as thy joys 'gin towards their West de-  
cline,  
Doth to a giant's spreading form extend  
Thy dwarfish stature. Thou thyself art Prin,  
Greedy intense Desire ; and the keen edge



Of thy fierce appetite oft strangles thee,  
And cuts thy slender thread; but still the terror  
And apprehension of thy hasty end  
Mingles with gall thy most refined sweets;  
Yet thy Circean charms transform the world,  
Captains that have resisted war and death,  
Naupons that over Fortune have triumph'd,  
Are by thy magic made effeminate:  
Empires, that knew no limits but the poles,  
Have in thy wanton lap melted away.  
Thou wert the author of the first excess  
That drew this reformation on the Gods.  
Canst thou then dream, those Powers, that from  
Heaven

Banish'd th' effect, will there enthrone the cause?  
To thy voluptuous den fly, Witch, from hence;  
There dwell, for ever drown'd in brutish sense.

*Alon.* I concur, and am grown so weary of  
these tedious pleadings, as I'll pack up too and be  
gone. Besides, I see a crowd of other suitors pre-  
ferring hither; I'll stop 'em, take their petitions, and  
prefer 'em above; and as I came in bluntly with-  
out knocking, and nobody bid me welcome, so  
I'll depart as abruptly without taking leave, and  
bid nobody farewell.

*Merc.* These, with forc'd reasons, and strain'd  
arguments,  
Urge vain pretences, whilst your actions plead,  
And, with a silent importunity,  
Awake the drowsy justice of the Gods,  
To crown your deeds with immortality.  
The growing titles of your ancestors,  
These nations' glorious acts, join'd to the stock  
Of your own royal virtue, and the clear  
Reflex they take from the imitation  
Of your fam'd court, make Honour's story full,  
And have to that secure fix'd state advanc'd  
Both you and them, to which the labouring world,  
Wading through streams of blood, sweats to as-  
pire

Those ancient worthies of these famous isles,  
That long have slept in fresh and lively shapes,  
Shall straight appear, where you shall see yourself  
Circled with modern heroes, who shall be,  
In act, whatever elder times can boast,  
Noble, or great; as they in prophecy  
Were all but what you are. Then shall you see  
The sacred band of bright eternity  
Mould you to mine, and fix you in the sphere,  
To you your royal hall, to them she'll join  
Such of this train, as with a cautious step,  
In the fair prints your virtuous feet have made,  
Though with unequal paces, follow you.  
Thus is decreed by Jove, which ray return  
Shall see perform'd; but first behold the rude  
And oldish deers here, and in them view  
The point from which your full perfections grew.  
You naked, uncult, wild inhabitants,  
That breath'd this air, and press'd this flow'ry  
earth,  
Come from those shades where dwells eternal  
night,  
And see what wonders time hath brought to light.

*Atlas and the spheres manifest, and on  
peaks of mountains, whose ancient high  
clouds which passed beneath them, the  
suns wild and windy. Out of the  
firth a more grove Antimachus of Fife  
inhabitants of this age, and with  
these dance a Pyrrhic, or martial dance*

*When this Antimachus was past, there lay  
the earth the top of a hill, which by it  
grew to be a huge mountain that stood  
The under part of this was cold and  
above somewhat more pleasant and fiery  
the middle part of this mountain was  
kingdoms of England, Scotland, and  
richly attired in regal habits, apparel  
several nations, with crowns on their  
of them bearing the ancient arms of the  
there presented. At a distance, a  
young man in a robe embroidered with  
hair an olive garland, with wings  
and holding in his hand a cornucopia  
and fruits, representing the Genius of a*

## SONG I.

## GENIUS.

RAISE from these rocky cliffs your  
Brave sons, and see where glory lies  
Her glittering wings; where Majesty  
Crown'd with sweet smiles, shoots fire  
Diffusive joy; where Good and Fair  
United sit in Honour's chair.  
Call forth your aged priests and crystals  
To warm their hearts, and wave in  
beasts.

## KINGDOMS.

1. From your consecrated woods,  
Holy Druids. 2. Silver-foods,  
From your channels bring'd with  
3. Hither move; forsake your bowen  
1. Strew'd with hallowed eaken leave  
1. Deck'd with flags and sedge seaw  
And behold a wonder. 3. Day,  
What do your duller eyes survey!

## CHORUS OF DRUIDS and RITE

We see at once in dead of night  
A sun appear, and yet a bright  
Noon-day springing from star-light.

## GENIUS.

Look up, and see the darken'd sphere  
Depriv'd of light; her eyes shade the

## CHORUS.

These are more sparkling than the

## KINGDOMS.

1. These shed a nobler influence,  
2. These by a pure intelligence  
Of more transcendent virtue move;  
3. These first feel, then kindly love;  
1. 2. From the bosoms they inspire,  
These receive a mutual fire;  
1. 2. 3. And where their flames may  
These can quench as well as burn.



## GENIUS.

Here the fair victorious eyes  
 Make worth only beauty's prize;  
 Here the hand of Virtue ties  
 'Bout the heart love's amorous chain,  
 Captives triumph, vassals reign;  
 And none live here but the slain. [bear  
 'These are th' Hesperian bow'rs, whose fair trees  
 Rich golden fruit, and yet no dragon near.

## GENIUS.

Then, from your impris'ning womb,  
 Which is the cradle and the tomb  
 Of British worthies, (fair sons!) send  
 A troop of heroes, that may lend  
 Their hands to ease this loaden grove,  
 And gather the ripe fruits of Love.

## KINGDOMS.

Open thy stony entrails wide,  
 And break old Atlas, that the pride  
 Of three fam'd kingdoms may be spy'd.

## CHORUS.

Pace forth, thou mighty British Hercules,  
 With thy choice band! for only thou and these  
 May revel here in Love's Hesperides.

*At this the under part of the rock opens, and out of a cave are seen to come the Masquers richly attired like ancient heroes; the colours yellow, embroidered with silver; their antique helmets curiously wrought, and great plumes on the top; before them a troop of young Lords and Noblemen's sons, bearing torches of virgin wax: These were apparelled, after the old British fashion, in white coats embroider'd with silver, girt, and full gathered, cut square collar'd, and round caps on their heads, with a white feather wreathen about them. First, these dance with their lights in their hands: After which, the Masquers descend into the room, and dance their entry.*

*The dance being past, there appears in the further part of the Heaven, coming down, a pleasant cloud, bright and transparent, which, coming softly downwards before the upper part of the mountain, embraceth the Genius, but so, as through it all his body is seen; and then, rising again with a gentle motion, bears up the Genius of the Three Kingdoms, and, being past the airy region, pierceth the Heavens, and is no more seen. At that instant the rock with the Three Kingdoms on it sinks, and is hidden in the earth. This strange spectacle gave great cause of admiration; but especially how so huge a machine, and of that great height, could come from under the stage, which was but six feet high.*

## SONG II.

## KINGDOMS.

1. HERE are shapes form'd fit for Heaven;  
 2. Those move gracefully and even.  
 3. Here the air and paces meet  
 So just, as if the skilful feet  
 Had struck the viols. 1. 2. 3. So the ear  
 Might the tuneful footing bear.

## CHORUS.

And had the music silent been,  
 The eye a moving time had seen.  
 VOL. III.

## GENIUS.

These must in th' unpeopled sky  
 Succeed, and govern destiny.  
 Jove is temp'ring purer fire,  
 And will with brighter flames attire  
 These glorious lights. I must ascend,  
 And help the work.

## KINGDOMS.

1. We cannot lend  
 Heaven so much treasure. 2. Nor that pay,  
 But rend'ring what it takes away.  
 Why should they that here can move  
 So well, be ever fix'd above?

## CHORUS.

Or be to one eternal posture ty'd,  
 That can into such various figures slide?

## GENIUS.

Jove shall not, to enrich the sky,  
 Beggar the earth; their fame shall fly  
 From hence alone, and in the sphere  
 Kindle new stars, whilst they rest here.

## KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. How can the shaft stay in the quiver,  
 Yet hit the mark?

## GENIUS.

Did not the river,  
 Eridanus, the grace acquire  
 In heaven and earth to flow,  
 Above in streams of golden fire,  
 In silver waves below?

## KINGDOMS.

1. 2. 3. But shall not we, now thou art gone,  
 Who wert our nature, wither?  
 Or break that triple Union  
 Which thy soul held together?

## GENIUS.

In concord's pure, immortal spring  
 I will my force renew,  
 And a more active virtue bring  
 At my return. Adieu!

KINGDOMS. Adieu! CHORUS. Adieu!

*The Masquers dance their main dance, which done, the scene again is varied into a new and pleasant prospect, clean differing from all the other. the nearest part shewing a delicious garden with several walks, and parterres set round with low trees, and on the sides, against these walks, were fountains and grotts, and in the furthest part a palace, from whence went high walks upon arches, and above them open terraces planted with cypress trees; and all this together was composed of such ornaments as might express a princely Villa.*

*From hence the Chorus descending into the room, goes up to the State.*

## SONG III.

*By the CHORUS, going up to the QUEEN.*

WHILST thus the darlings of the Gods,  
 From honour's temple to the shrine  
 Of beauty, and these sweet abodes  
 Of Love, we guide; let thy divine



Aspects, bright Deity, with fair  
And halcyon beams becalm the air.

We bring Prince Arthur, or the brave  
Saint George himself, great Queen, to you;  
You'll soon discern him: And we have  
A Guy, a Beavis, or some true  
Round-table Knight, as ever fought  
For lady, to each beauty brought.

Plant in their martial hands, War's seat,  
Your peaceful pledges of warm snow,  
And, if a speaking touch, repeat  
In Love's known language tales of woe;  
Say in soft whispers of the palm,  
And eyes shoot darts, so lips shed balm.

For though thou seem, like captives, led  
In triumph by the foe away,  
Yet on the conqu'ror's neck you tread,  
And the fierce victor proves your prey.  
What heart is then secure from you,  
'T hat can, though vanquish'd, yet subdue?

*The song done they retire, and the Masquers dance the  
revels with the ladies, which continued a great part  
of the night.*

*The revels being past, and the King's Majesty seated  
under the state by the Queen; for conclusion to this  
Masque there appears coming forth from one of the  
sides, as moving by a gentle wind, a great cloud,  
which, arriving at the middle heaven, sayeth; this  
was of several colours, and so great, that it covered  
the whole Scene; out of the further part of the  
heaven began to break forth two other clouds, differing  
in colour and shape; and being fully discovered, there  
appeared sitting in one of them, Religion, Truth, and  
Wisdom. Religion was apparelled in white, and  
part of her face was covered with a light veil; in  
one hand a book, and in the other a flame of fire.  
Truth in a watchet robe, a sun upon her forehead,  
and bearing in her hand a palm. Wisdom in a mantle  
wrought with eyes and hands, golden rays about her  
head, and Apollo's Citiborn in her hand. In the  
other cloud sat Concord, Government, and Reputation.  
The habit of Concord was carnation, bearing in her  
hand a little faggot of sticks bound together, and on  
the top of it a hart, and a garland of corn on her  
head: Government was figured in a coat of armour  
bearing a shield, and on it a Medusa's head; upon  
her hand a plumed helm, and in her right hand a  
lance. Reputation, a young man in a purple robe  
wrought with gold, and wearing a laurel on his  
head. These being come down in an equal distance  
to the middle part of the air, the great cloud began to  
break open, out of which broke beams of light; in the  
midst, suspended in the air, sat Eternity on a globe;  
his garment was long, of a light blue, wrought all  
over with stars of gold, and bearing in his hand a  
serpent lent into a circle, with his tail in his mouth.  
In the firmament about him was a troop of fifteen  
stars, expressing the stellifying of our British heroes;  
but one more great and eminent than the rest, which  
was over his head, figured his Majesty; and in  
the lower part afar off was seen the prospect of*

*Windsor-Castle, the famous seat of the most honour-  
able Order of the Garter.*

#### SONG IV.

ETERNITY, EUSEBIA, ALTHEIA, SOPHIA, HOM-  
NOIA, DICARCHIE, EUPHEMIA.

*Eternity.*

Be fix'd, you rapid orbe, that bear  
The changing seasons of the year  
On your swift wings, and see the old  
Decrepid spheres grown dark and cold;  
Nor did Jove quench her fires; these bright  
Flames have eclips'd her sullen light:  
This royal pair, for whom Fate will  
Make Motion cease, and Time stand still:  
Since good is here so perfect, as no worth  
Is left for after-ages to bring forth.

*Eusebia.*

Mortality cannot with more  
Religious zeal the gods adore.

*Altheia.*

My truths from human eyes conceal'd,  
Are naked to their sight reveal'd.

*Sophia.*

Nor do their actions from the guide  
Of my exactest precepts slide.

*Homoclia.*

And as their own pure souls entwin'd,  
So are their subjects hearts combin'd.

*Dicarchie.*

So just, so gentle is their sway,  
As it seems empire to obey.

*Euphemia.*

And their fair fame, like incense hurl'd  
On altars, hath perfum'd the world.  
So. Wisdom, Al. Truth, Euf. Pure adoration,  
Hom. Concord, Dic. Rule, Eup. Clear reputation

*Chorus.*

Crown this King, this Queen, this Nation.

*Chorus.*

Wisdom, truth, &c.

*Eternity.*

Brave spirits, whose advent'rous feet  
Have to the mountain's top aspir'd,  
Where fair Desert and Honour meet:  
Here, from the toiling press retir'd,  
Secure from all disturbing evil,  
For ever in my temple revel.

With wreaths of stars circled about,  
Gild all the spacious firmament,  
And smiling on the panting rout  
That labour in the sleep ascent,  
With your resistless influence guide  
Of human change th' uncertain tide.

*Euf. Al. Sop.*

But oh, you royal turtles, shed,  
Where you from earth remove,  
On the ripe fruits of your chaste bed,  
Those sacred seeds of love.

*Chorus.*

Which no power can but yours dispense,  
Since you the pattern bear from hence.



*Hem. Dic. Exp.*

Then from your fruitful rate shall flow  
Endless succession.  
Sceptres shall bud, and laurels blow  
'Bout their immortal throne.

*Chorus.*

Propitious stars shall crown each birth,  
Whilst you rule them, and they the earth.

The Song ended, the two clouds with the person sitting  
on them ascend; the great cloud closeth again, and so  
passeth away overtwart the Scene; leaving behind  
it nothing but a Serene Sky. After which the  
Masquers dance their last dance, and the curtain was  
let fall.

*The NAMES of the MASQUERS.*

*The KING'S MAJESTY.*

|                     |                 |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| Duke of Lennox.     | Lord Fielding.  |
| Earl of Devonshire. | Lord Digby.     |
| Earl of Holland.    | Lord Dungarvin. |
| Earl of Newport.    | Lord Dunluce.   |
| Earl of Elgin.      | Lord Wharton.   |
| Viscount Grandison. | Lord Paget.     |
| Lord Richie.        | Lord Saltine.   |

*The NAMES of the YOUNG LORDS and NOBLEMENS  
SONS.*

|                   |                        |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| Lord Walden.      | Mr. Thomas Howard.     |
| Lord Cranborn,    | Mr. Thomas Egerton.    |
| Lord Brackley.    | Mr. Charles Cavendish. |
| Lord Shadnos.     | Mr. Robert Howard.     |
| Mr. Wil. Herbert. | Mr. Henry Spencer.     |

Z ij







**T H E**  
**P O E T I C A L   W O R K S**  
**O F .**  
**S I R   J O H N   S U C K L I N G .**

Containing his

**SESSION OF THE POETS,  
BALLAD ON A WEDDING,**



**SONGS,  
EPISTLES,**

*U. U. U.*

To which is prefixed

***T H E   L I F E   O F   T H E   A U T H O R .***

---

Suckling next was call'd, but did not appear,  
But straight one whisper'd Apollo i' th' ear,  
That of all men living he cared not for't,  
He lov'd not the Muses so well as his sport;  
And priz'd black eyes, or a lucky hit  
At bowls, above all the trophies of wit;  
But Apollo was angry, and publicly said,  
'Twere fit that a fine were set upon's head.

**SESSION OF THE POETS.**

---

**E D I N B U R G H :**

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*Anno 1793.*





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# THE LIFE OF SUCKLING.

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SIR JOHN SUEKLING, was son of Sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Household to Charles I. and was born at Witham in the county of Middlesex, in the year 1613, with the remarkable circumstance of his mother going till the eleventh month with him.

“ His life,” says Langbaine, “ was not less remarkable than his birth ; for he had so pregnant a genius, that he spoke Latin at five years old, and writ it at nine years of age.” If this circumstance is true, it would seem that he had learned Latin from his nurse, nor ever heard any other language, for it is not to be supposed that he could speak Latin at five, in consequence of study.

From this early foundation, he proceeded in the course of his studies, and acquired a general knowledge of polite literature ; but applied himself more particularly to music and poetry.

In the acquisition of polite and general knowledge, his proficiency exceeded his application ; for though the sprightliness and vivacity of his temper would not suffer him to be long intent upon any particular study, he was made ample amends for it by the strength of his genius and quickness of his apprehension.

When he had completed his studies, and taken a survey of the most remarkable things at home, he travelled to digest and enlarge his knowledge, from a view of the government and manners of other countries.

In his travels, he made a campaign under Gustavus Adolphus, where he was present at three battles, five sieges, and several skirmishes.

He returned to England a most accomplished gentleman, and devoted himself to the Court, where he became conspicuous for his gaiety, wit, and gallantry, and was allowed to have the peculiar happiness of making every thing he did become him.

Already a finished courtier and a man of fashion, he was now a prodigy of poetry ; the intimate friend and companion of Jonson, Carew, Davenant, and other wits, and like them had the honour of writing plays for the diversion of the Court, in the exhibition of which he went to great expence. “ Sir John Suckling’s (Suckling’s) play cost *three or four hundred pounds* setting out ; eight or ten suits of new clothes he gave the players ; an unheard-of prodigality.” *Strafford’s Letters*, vol. ii. p. 150. The play on which he expended this large sum was *Aglaure*.

At the breaking out of the civil war, his loyalty was more conspicuous than his valour. He raised a troop of horse for the king’s service, entirely at his own charge, and so richly and completely mounted, that it cost him 12,000 l. But this troop, and their leader, distinguished themselves only by their finery, for they did nothing for the king’s service. He laid his millcarriage very much to heart ; but the immaturity of his death prevented him from repairing it. He died of a fever, the 7th of May 1641, in the 28th year of his age.

The advantages of birth, person, education, parts, and fortune, with which he set out in life, had raised the expectations of his contemporaries to a prodigious height ; and, perhaps, his dying so young, was better for his fame than if he had lived longer.

While he valued himself upon nothing more than the character of a courtier, and a fine gentleman, it is no wonder that he neglected the higher excellencies of genius, and cultivated poetry merely as an amusement.

He did enough, however, in the short space he lived, to procure him the esteem of his own age, and to entitle him to the gratitude of posterity.



He wrote four dramatic pieces. The *Goblins*, a comedy, acted at the private house in Blackfriars, 1636. In this play he has followed the footsteps of Shakspeare, of whom he was a professed admirer. His *Reginella* is an imitation of Miranda in the *Tempest*; and his *Goblins*, though counterfeits, being only thieves in disguise, seem to be copied from Ariel in the same play. *Aglaure*, acted at Court, and at the private house in Blackfriars, 1637, with much applause; it has the last act so altered, that it may be either represented as a tragedy, or tragi-comedy. The *Discontented Colonel*. The first sketch of *Brennerville*, a tragedy, exhibited in 1639. The *Sad One*, a tragedy, unfinished.

His plays were printed together in 1646. There are several editions of his *Poems, Letters, and Plays*, under the title of *Fragments Aureæ*; or, *a Collection of all the Incomparable Pieces of Sir John Suckling*, 8vo.; the last in 2 vol. 12mo. 1774, by T. Davies. His poems, commonly seen in detached portions, are now, for the first time, inserted in a collection of classical English poetry.

*The Session of the Poets*, his most celebrated performance, was written in 1637, about the time of Jonson's death, as appears from *Stratford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 114. It contains a species of satire, humour, and raillery, that has been imitated by many succeeding poets, and applied to a variety of occasions. *The Palled on a Wedding*, has much humour and vivacity. His other pieces, which are chiefly amatory, contain marks of genius and true poetry, with much levity and extravagance. The poem *Against Fruition*, in particular, has some weighty and vigorous lines; but there is a lascivious warmth in some of his descriptions, which is rather to be admired than approved of. *The Supplement of some verses of Shakspeare*, is not inferior to the imperfect copy in *Tarquin and Lucretia*. The *Songs* are gay and sprightly, and more polished than his other pieces; the general defect of which is want of smoothness and harmony, in which he does not much excel Jonson, and is greatly inferior to Carew, Davenant, and other poets of that age.

His character is given by Dryden, who calls him "a sprightly wit, and a courtly writer."

Winstanley says, "he was the delight of the Court, and the darling of the Muses, and one so filled with Phœbean fire, as for excellency of his wit, was worthy to be crowned with a wreath of stars."

Lloyd, with less exaggeration, and more truth, says "his poems are clear, sprightly and natural; his discourses full and convincing; his plays well humoured and taking; his letters fragrant and sparkling."

He observes farther, that his thoughts were not so loose as his expressions, nor his life so vain as his thoughts; and, at the same time, makes allowance for his youth and sanguine complexion, which a little more time and experience would have corrected.

The justness of the observation is exemplified by his *Discourse on Religion*, to Lord Dorset, and his *Thoughts on the State of the Nation*, 1640, in which he has shewn that he could think as coolly, and reason as justly, as men of more years and less fire.

Lloyd concludes his account of him with the following character, in which he alludes to his *Thoughts on Public Affairs*, and to some serious reflections which he delivered to his friends, during his last illness.

Ne hæ zelantis animæ sacriores  
Scintillæ ipsum, unde deciderant, spirantes  
Cælum et Author magnus ipsa, quam  
Aliis dedit, careret memoria, interesse  
Posteris putavimus brevem honoratissimi  
Viri *Johannis Sucklingii* vitam historia  
Esse perennandam.

Utpote qui nobilissima *Sucklingiorum* familia oriundus, cui tantum reddidit, quantum accepit, honorem, *Nat. Cal. April 1613. Witbawa in agro Middlei. renatus ibid. Maii 7mo. et denatus 1641*, haud jam trigessimus, et scripta dignissima fecit, et factu dignissima scripsit, calamo pariter et gladio celebris, pacis artium gnarus et belli,



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# POEMS ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

---

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1640,

TO THE KING,

I.

AWAKE, great Sir! the sun shines here,  
Gives all your subjects a New-Year,  
Only we stay till you appear,  
For thus by us your pow'r is understood,  
He may make fair days, you must make them good.

Awake, awake,

And take

Such presents as poor men can make;  
They can add little unto bliss  
Who cannot wish.

II.

May no ill vapour cloud the sky,  
Bold storms invade the sovereignty;  
But gales of joy, so fresh, so high,  
That you may think heaven sent to try this year,  
What sail or burthen, a king's mind cou'd bear.

Awake, awake, &c.

III.

May all the discords in your state,  
Like those in music we create,  
Be govern'd at so wise a rate,  
That what wou'd of itself sound harsh, or fright,  
May be so temper'd that it may delight.

Awake, awake, &c.

IV.

What conquerors from battles find,  
Or lovers when their doves are kind,  
Take up henceforth our master's mind,  
Make such strange rapes upon the place 't may be  
No longer joy there, but an ecstasy.

Awake, awake, &c.

V.

May every pleasure and delight  
That has or does your sense invite  
Double this year, save those o' th' night:  
For such a marriage-bed must know no more  
Than repetition of what was before.

Awake, awake,

And take

Such presents as poor men can make;  
They can add little unto bliss.  
Who cannot wish.

---

*Loving and Belov'd.*

I.

THERE never yet was honest man  
That ever drove the trade of love;  
It is impossible, nor can  
Integrity our ends promote:  
For kings and lovers are alike in this  
That their chief art in reign dissembling is.

II.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love;  
Good nature now and passion strive  
Which of the two shou'd be above,  
And laws unto the other give,  
So we false fire with art sometimes discover,  
And the true fire with the same art do cover.

III.

What rack can fancy find so high?  
Here we must court, and here engage;  
Though in the other place we die.  
'Tis torture all, and cozenage;  
And which the harder is I cannot tell,  
To hide true love, or make false love look well.

IV.

Since it is thus, God of Desire,  
Give me my honesty again,  
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;  
I'm weary of the state I'm in:  
Since, if the very best should now befall,  
Love's triumph must be honour's funeral.



# OCCASIONS.

735

jealously, and fear,  
 Into mine, cause tumbled there.

Flora was my Sun, for as  
 Sun, so but one Flora was :  
 Other faces borrow'd hence  
 Their light and grace, as stars do thence.

My horses I call my Moon ; for they  
 Inconstant still, were at no stay ;  
 But as my Sun inclin'd to me,  
 Or more or less were sure to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then  
 Oh ! too, too soon decrease again ;  
 Eclips'd sometimes, that 'twou'd so fall  
 There wou'd appear no hope at all.

My thoughts, cause infinite they be,  
 Must be those many stars we see ;  
 Of which some wander'd at their will,  
 But most on her were fixed still.

My burning flame and hot desire  
 Must be the element of fire,  
 Which hath as yet so secret been  
 That it as that was never seen :

No kitchen fire, nor eating flame,  
 But innocent, hot, but in name ;  
 A fire that's starv'd when fed, and gone  
 When too much fuel is laid on ;

But, as it plainly doth appear  
 That fire subsists by being near  
 The Moon's bright orb, so I believe  
 Our's doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the air, most fires  
 And full of mutability,  
 Big with chimeras, vapours here  
 Innumerable hatch'd as there.

The sea's my mind, which calm would be  
 Were it from winds, my passions, free ;  
 But out alas ! no sea I find  
 Is troubled like a lover's mind.

Within it rocks and shallows be,  
 Despair, and fond credulity.

But in this world it were good reason  
 We did distinguish time and season ;  
 Her presence then did make the day,  
 And night shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place  
 Creates the winter ; and the space  
 She tarry'd with me, well I might  
 Call it my summer of delight.

Diversity of weather came  
 From what she did ; and thence had name ;  
 Sometimes she'd smile, that made it fair ;  
 And when she laugh'd, the sun shin'd clear.

and  
 behind :

I know it,  
 his poet.

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 ter,

of coin,  
 ,  
 id.

but gaze  
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ing ;  
 is crown  
 wa.



When this I do desire,  
Then thus think I,  
Love is the sort  
Of every heart:  
It pains a man when 'tis kept close,  
And others does offend, when 'tis let loose.

*A Session of the Poets.*

A Session was held the other day,  
And Apollo himself was at it, they say,  
To see what laurel that had been so long reserv'd,  
Was now to be given to him best deserv'd.

Before the wits of the town came thither,  
To see how they flocked together,  
He was confident of his own way,  
To win the laurel away that day.

Then came the wits, and he sat close by the chair;  
Very far off, which was very fair;  
For Townsend, for they kept the order;  
And Shillingworth a little further:

There was Lucan's translator too, and he  
That makes God so big in's poetry:  
Selwin and Waller, and Bartlets both the brothers;  
Jack Vaughan and Porter, and divers others.

The first that broke silence was good old Ben,  
Prepar'd with Canary wine,  
And he told them plainly he deserv'd the bays,  
For his were call'd works, where others were but plays.

And bid them remember how he had purg'd the  
stage

William Lavenant, altham'd of  
That he had got lately travell'd  
Modestly hop'd the handfome  
Might any deformity about

And surely the company was  
If they cou'd have found any  
But in all their records, eith  
There was not one Laureat

To Will Bartlet sure all the  
But first they wou'd see how  
Will smil'd, and swore in t  
went less,

That concluded of merit upo  
Suddenly taking his place ag  
He gave way to Selwin, wh  
But alas! he had been so lat  
That Apollo himself scarce h

Toby Matthews (pox on him  
Was whispering nothing in  
When he had the honour to  
But Sir, you may thank my

For had not her characters  
With something of handfome  
You and your sorry Lady-M  
In the number of those that

In haste from the court two  
And they brought letters, for  
'Twas discreetly done too, for  
Without them, th' had scarce

This made a dispute; for 't  
Each man had a mind to gr  
But Apollo himself could n  
There was difference, he sa



Matagré now stood forth to his trial,  
 not so much as suspect a denial;  
 y Apollo ask'd him first of all  
 understood his own pastoral.

could do it, 'twould plainly appear  
 understood more than any man there,  
 merit the bays above all the rest,  
 Monsieur was modest; and silence confest.

these troubles in the court was hid  
 Apollo's miss'd, little Cid; [throng,  
 wing spy'd him, call'd him out of the  
 vis'd him in his ear not to write so strong.

was summon'd, but 'twas urg'd, that he  
 of already of another company,

by himself most gravely did smile  
 hem about nothing keep such a coil;  
 had spy'd him, but knowing his mind  
 and call'd Falkland, that sat just behind:

was of late so gone with divinity,  
 had almost forgot his poetry,  
 to say the truth, and Apollo did know it,  
 it have been both his priest and his poet.

who but an Alderman did appear,  
 Will Davenant began to swear;  
 er Apollo bade him draw nigher,  
 hen he was mounted a little higher,

ly declar'd, that the best sign  
 store of wits to have good store of coin,  
 hout a syllable more or less said,  
 the laurel on the Alderman's head.

all the wits were in such amaze  
 r a good while, they did nothing but gaze  
 on another; not a man in the place  
 discontent writ at large in his face.

small Poets cheer'd up again,  
 ope, as 'twas thought, of borrowing;  
 they were out, for he forfeits his crown  
 lends to any Poet about the town.

### *Love's World.*

man's heart that doth begin  
 there's ever fram'd within  
 world, for so I found,  
 rst my passion reason drown'd.

of earth unto this frame,  
 aith was still the same,  
 e right it doth behove,  
 that, fix'd and not move.

he earth may sometimes shake  
 ds shut up will cause a quake)

So often jealousy, and fear,  
 Stol'n into mine, cause tremblings there.

My Flora was my Sun, for as  
 One Sun, so but one Flora was:  
 All other faces borrow'd hence  
 Their light and grace, as stars do thence.

My hopes I call my Moon; for they  
 Inconstant still, were at no stay;  
 But as my Sun inclin'd to me,  
 Or more or less were sure to be.

Sometimes it would be full, and then  
 Oh! too, too soon decrease again;  
 Eclips'd sometimes, that 'twou'd so fall  
 There wou'd appear no hope at all.

My thoughts, cause infinite they be,  
 Must be those many stars we see;  
 Of which some wander'd at their will,  
 But most on her were fixed still.

My burning flame and hot desire  
 Must be the element of fire,  
 Which hath as yet so secret been  
 That it as that was never seen:

No kitchen fire, nor eating flame,  
 But innocent, hot, but in name;  
 A fire that's starv'd when fed, and gone  
 When too much fuel is laid on;

But, as it plainly doth appear  
 That fire subsists by being near  
 The Moon's bright orb, so I believe  
 Our's doth, for hope keeps love alive.

My fancy was the air, most free  
 And full of mutability,  
 Big with chimeras, vapours here  
 Innumerable hatch'd as there.

The sea's my mind, which calm would be  
 Were it from winds, my passions, free;  
 But out alas! no sea I find  
 Is troubled like a lover's mind.

Within it rocks and shallows be,  
 Despair, and fond credulity.

But in this world it were good reason  
 We did distinguish time and season;  
 Her presence then did make the day,  
 And night shall come when she's away.

Long absence in far distant place  
 Creates the winter; and the space  
 She tarry'd with me, well I might  
 Call it my summer of delight.

Diversity of weather came  
 From what she did; and thence had name;  
 Sometimes she'd smile, that made it fair;  
 And when she laugh'd, the sun shin'd clear.



Sometimes she'd frown, and sometimes weep,  
So clouds and rain their turns do keep;  
Sometimes again she'd be all ice,  
Extremely cold, extremely nice,

But soft, my muse, the world is wide,  
And all at once was not descry'd:  
It may fall out some honest lover  
The rest hereafter will discover.

## SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
Pr'ythee why so pale?  
Will, when looking well can't move her,  
Looking ill prevail?  
Pr'ythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
Pr'ythee why so mute?  
Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
Saying nothing do't?  
Pr'ythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,  
This cannot take her;  
If of herself she will not love,  
Nothing can make her:—  
The devil take her.

## SONNET I.

I.

Dost see how unregarded now  
That piece of beauty passes?  
There was a time when I did vow  
To that alone;  
But mark the fate of faces;  
That red and white works now no more on me,  
Than if it cou'd not charm, or I not see.

II.

And yet the face continues good,  
And I have still desires,  
Am still the self-same flesh and blood,  
As apt to melt  
And suffer from those fires;  
Oh! some kind power unriddle where it lies,  
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.

III.

She every day her man does kill,  
And I as often die;  
Neither her power then, nor thy Will  
Can question'd be,  
What is the mystery?  
Sure Beauty's empires, like to greater states,  
Have certain periods set, and hidden fates.

## SONNET II.

I.

Or thee, kind boy, I ask no red and white  
To make up my delight,

No odd becoming graces,  
Black eyes, or little know-not-whats, in faces;  
Make me but mad enough, give me good store  
Of love, for her I court,

I ask no more;

'Tis love in love that makes the sport.

II.

There's no such thing as that we beauty call,  
It is mere cosenage all;  
For though some long ago  
Lik'd certain colours mingl'd so and so,  
That does not tie me now from choosing new,  
If I a fancy take

To black and blue,

That fancy doth it beauty make.

III.

'Tis not the meat, but 'tis the appetite  
Makes eating a delight,

And if I like one dish

More than another, that a pheasant is;  
What in our watches, that in us is found,  
So to the height and nick

We up be wound.

No matter by what hand or trick,

## SONNET III.

I.

On! for some honest lover's ghost,  
Some kind unbody'd post  
Sent from the shades below;  
I strangely long to know  
Whether the nobler Chaplets wear,  
Those that their Mistress scorn did bear,  
Or those that were us'd kindly.

II.

For whatsoe'er they tell us here  
To make those sufferings dear,  
'Twill there, I fear, be found,  
That to the being crown'd,  
T' have lov'd alone will not suffice,  
Unless we also have been wise,  
And have our loves enjoy'd.

III.

What posture can we think him in,  
That here unlov'd again,  
Departs, and's thither gone  
Where each sits by his own?  
Or how can that Elysium be,  
Were I my Mistress still must see  
Circled in others arms?

IV.

For there the judges all are just,  
And Sophonisba must  
Be his whom she held dear:  
Not his who lov'd her here:  
The sweet Philoclea, since she dy'd  
Lies by her Pirocles his side.  
Not by Amphialus.

V.

Some bays, perchance, or myrtle bought  
For difference crowns the brow.



Of those kind souls that were  
The noble martyrs here ;  
And if that be the only odda,  
As who can tell? ye kinder Gods,  
Give me the woman here.

*To the Lord LEFINGTON, upon his Translation of  
MALVEZZI'S ROMULUS and TARQUIN.*

It is so rare and a new thing to see  
Ought that belongs to young nobility  
In print (but their own clothes) that we must praise.  
You, as we wou'd do those first shew the ways  
To arts, or to new worlds: You have begun,  
Taught travel'd youth what 'tis it should have  
done :  
For't has indeed too strong a custom been  
To carry out more wit than we bring in.  
You have done otherwise, brought home (my Lord)  
The choicest things fam'd countries do afford :  
Malvezzi by your means is English grown,  
And speaks our tongue now as well as his own,  
Malvezzi, he, whom 'tis as hard to praise  
To merit, as to imitate his ways.  
He does not shew us Rome great suddenly,  
As if the empire were a tympany,  
But gives it natural growth, tells how, and why  
The little body grew so large and high,  
Describes each thing so lively, that we are  
Concern'd ourselves before we are aware :  
And at the wars they and their neighbours wag'd,  
Each man is present still and still engag'd.  
Like a good perspective he strangely brings  
Things distant to us; and in these two kings  
We see what made greatness, and what 't has been  
Made that greatness contemptible again.  
And all this not tediously deriv'd,  
But like the worlds in little maps contriv'd.  
'Tis he that does the Roman dame restore,  
Makes Lucrece chaster for her being whore ;  
Gives her a kind revenge for Tarquin's sin ;  
For ravish'd first, she ravishes again.  
She says such fine things after, that we must  
In spite of virtue thank foul rape and lust,  
Since 'twas the cause no woman wou'd have had,  
Though she's of Lucrece side, Tarquin less bad.  
But stay ;—like one that thinks to bring his  
friend  
A mile or two, and sees the journey's end,  
I straggle on too far : Long graces do  
But keep good stomachs off that wou'd fall too.

*Against Fruition.*

STAY here, fond youth ! and ask no more, be wise,  
Knowing too much long since lost paradise ;  
The virtuous joys thou hast, thou wou'd'st should  
still  
Last in their pride ; and wou'd'st not take it ill  
If rudely from sweet dreams, and for a toy,  
Thou wert wak'd? he wakes himself that does  
enjoy.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but destroys,  
And, while it pleases much, the palate cloy ;  
Who thinks he shall be happier for that,  
As reasonably might hope he might grow fat  
By eating to a surfeit ; this once past,  
What relishes ? even kisses lose their taste.

Urge not 'tis necessary, alas ! we know  
The homeliest thing which mankind does is so ;  
The world is of a vast extent, we see,  
And must be peopled ; children there must be ;  
So must bread too ; but since there are enough  
Born to the drudgery, what need we plough ?

Women enjoy'd, whate'er before they've been,  
Are like romances read, or fights once seen :  
Fruition's dull, and spoils the play much more  
Than if one read or knew the plot before ;  
'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,  
Heav'n were not heav'n, if we knew what it  
were.

And as in prospects we are there pleas'd most  
Where something keeps the eye from being lost,  
And leaves us room to guess ; so here restraint  
Holds up delight, that with excess would faint.  
They who know all the wealth they have, are  
poor,  
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

I.

THERE never yet was woman made,  
Nor shall, but to be curst ;  
And oh ! that I (fond I) should first  
Of any lover  
This truth at my own charge to other fools disco-  
ver.

II.

You that have promis'd to yourselves  
Propriety in love,  
Know womens hearts like straws do move,  
And what we call  
Their sympathy, is but love to jett in general.

III.

All mankind is alike to them ;  
And though we iron find  
That never with a loadstone join'd,  
'Tis not its fault :  
It is because the loadstone yet was never brought.

IV.

If where a gentle bee hath fallen  
And labour'd to his power,  
A new succeeds not to that flower,  
But passes by ;  
'Tis to be thought, the gallant elsewhere loads his  
thigh.

V.

For still the flowers ready stand,  
One buzzes round about,  
One lights and tastes, gets in, gets out,  
All, all ways use them,  
Till all their sweets are gone, and then again  
refuse them.



SONG.

I.

No, no, fair heretic, it needs must be  
But an ill love in me,  
And worse for thee;

For were it in my power,  
To love thee now this hour  
More than I did the last;  
I would then so fall

I might not love at all;  
Love that can flow, and can admit increase,  
Admits as well an ebb, and may grow less.

II.

True love is still the same; the torrid zones,  
And those more frigid ones  
It must not know;

For love grown cold or hot  
Is lust or friendship, not  
The thing we have,

For that's a flame would die  
Held down, or up too high:  
Then think I love more than I can express,  
And would love more, could I but love thee less.

*To my Friend WILL. DAVENANT, upon his Poem of  
Madagascar.*

WHAT mighty princes poets are? those things  
The great ones stick at, and our very kings  
Lay down, they venture on; and with great ease,  
Discover, conquer what and where you please.  
Some flegmatic sea captain would have stay'd  
For money now, or victuals; not have weigh'd  
Anchor without 'em; thou Will, dost not stay  
So much as for a wind, but go'st away,  
Land'st, view'st the country; fight'st, put'st all  
to rout,

Before another could be putting out!  
And now the news in town is, Davenant's come  
From Madagascar, fraught with laurel home;  
And welcome, Will! for the first time, but prithee  
In thy next voyage, bring the gold too with thee.

*To my Friend WILL. DAVENANT, on his other  
Poems.*

Thou hast redeem'd us, Will, and future times  
Shall not account unto the age's crimes  
Death of pure wit: Since the great lord of it,  
Doun, parted hence, no man has ever writ  
So near him in his own way; I would commend  
Particulars, but then, how should I end  
Without a volume; every line of thine  
Would ask, to praise it right, twenty of mine.

I.

Love, Reason, Hate, did once bespeak  
Three mates to play at barley-break;

Love, Folly took; and Reason, Fancy;  
And Hate confests with Pride; so dance they!  
Love coupled last, and so it fell  
That Love and Folly were in hell.

II.

They break, and Love would Reason meet,  
But Hate was nimbler on her feet;  
Fancy looks for Pride, and thither  
Hies, and they two hug together:  
Yet this new coupling still doth tell  
That Love and Folly were in hell.

III.

The rest do break again, and Pride  
Hath now got Reason on her side;  
Hate and Fancy meet, and stand  
Untouch'd by Love in Folly's hand;  
Folly was dull, but Love ran well,  
So Love and Folly were in hell.

SONG.

I.

I fear thee spare me, gentle boy!  
Press me no more for that slight toy,  
That foolish trifle of an heart;  
I swear it will not do its part,  
Though thou dost thine, employ'st thy pen  
and art.

II.

For through long custom it has known  
The little secrets, and is grown  
Sullen and wise, will have its will,  
And, like old hawks, pursues that still  
Which makes least sport, flies only where't can kill

III.

Some youth that has not made his story,  
Will think per chance the pain's the glory;  
And mannerly sit out Love's feast;  
I shall be carving of the best,  
Rudely call for the last course 'fore the rest.

IV.

And oh! when once that course is past,  
How short a time the feast doth last!  
Men rise away, and scarce say grace,  
Or civilly once thank the face  
That did invite; but seek another place.

DIALOGUE

*Upon the Lady CARLISLE's walking in Hampton  
Court Garden.*

T. C. I. L.

T. C.

DIDST thou not find the place inspir'd,  
And flowers, as if they had desir'd  
No other sun, start from their beds,  
And for a sight steal out their heads?  
Heard'st thou not music when she talkt?  
And didst not find, that as she walkt



She threw rare perfumes all about,  
Such as bean blossoms newly out,  
Or chafed spices give?—

I. s. I must confess those perfumes, Tom,  
I did not smell; nor found that from  
Her passing by, ought sprung up new,  
The flowers had all their birth from you:  
For I past o'er the self same walk,  
And did not find one single stalk  
Of any thing that was to bring  
This unknown after after spring.

T. c. Dull and insensible, could'st see  
A thing so near a deity  
Move up and down, and feel no change?

I. s. None and so great, were alike strange.  
I had my thoughts, but not your way;  
All are not born, Sir, to the bay;  
Alas! Tom, I am flesh and blood,  
And was consulting how I could  
In spite of masks and hoods descry  
The parts deny'd unto the eye;  
I was undoing all she wore,  
And had she walkt but one turn more,  
Eve in her first state had not been  
More naked or more plainly seen.

T. c. 'Twas well for thee she left the place,  
There's great danger in that face;  
But had'st thou view'd her leg and thigh,  
And upon that discovery  
Search'd after parts that are more dear  
(As fancy seldom stops so near)  
No time or age had ever seen  
So lost a thing as thou had'st been.

*To Mr. DAVENANT, for Absence.*

WONDER not if I stay not here,  
Hurt lovers, like to wounded deer,  
Must shift the place; for standing still  
Leaves too much time to know our ill:  
Where in a traitor eye  
That lets it from th' enemy,  
All that may supplant a heart,  
'Tis time the chief should use some art;  
What parts the object from the sense,  
Wisely cuts off intelligence,  
Oh how quickly men must die,  
Should they stand all love's battery;  
Perfida's eyes great mischief do,  
So do we know the cannon too;  
But men are safe at distance still,  
Where they reach not, they cannot kill,  
Love is a fit and soon is past,  
Ill diet only makes it last:  
Who is still looking, gazing ever,  
Drinks wine i' th' very height of fever.

*Against Absence.*

Mr whining lover, what needs all  
These vows of life monastical?

Despairs, retirements, jealousies,  
And subtle sealing up of eyes?  
Come, come, be wise; return again,  
A finger burnt's as great a pain;  
And the same physick, self same art  
Cures that, would cure a flaming heart;  
Would'st thou whilst yet the fire is in  
But hold it to the fire again.  
If you, dear Sir, the plague have got,  
What matter is't whether or not  
They let you in the same house lie,  
Or carry you abroad to die?  
He whom the plague, or love once takes,  
Every room a pest-house makes.  
Absence were good, if it were but sense  
That only holds the intelligence:  
Pure love alone no hurt would do,  
But love is love, and magic too;  
Brings a mistress a thousand miles,  
And the sleight of looks beguiles,  
Makes her entertain thee there,  
And the same time your rival here;  
And—oh, the devil! that she should  
Say finer things now than she would;  
So nobly fancy doth supply  
What the dull sense lets fall and die.  
Beauty, like man's old enemies, known  
To tempt him most when he's alone.  
The air of some wild o'ergrown wood,  
Or pathless grove is the boy's food.  
Return then back, and feed thine eye,  
Feed all thy senses, and feast high.  
Spare diet is the cause love lasts,  
For surfeits sooner kill than fasts.

*A Supplement of an imperfect Copy of Verses of Mr.  
WILL. SHAKESPEARE'S.*

I.  
ONE of her hands, one of her cheeks lay under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,  
Which therefore swell'd, and seem'd to part asunder,  
As angry to be robb'd of such a bliss:  
The one look'd pale, and for revenge did long,  
While th' other blush'd, 'cause it had done the  
wrong.

II.  
Out of the bed the other fair hand was  
On a green sattin quilt, whose perfect white  
Look'd like a daizy in a field of grass,  
\* And shew'd like unmelt snow unto the sight,  
There lay this pretty verdure, safe to keep  
The rest o' th' body that lay fast asleep.

III.  
Her eyes (and therefore it was night) close laid,  
Strove to imprison beauty till the morn,  
But yet the doors were of such fine stuff made,  
That it broke through, and shew'd itself in scorn,  
Throwing a kind of light about the place,  
Which turn'd to smiles still as't came near her  
face.

\* Thus sat Shakspeare.



## IV.

Her beams (which some dull men call'd hair) divided,

Part with her cheeks, part with her lips did sport,  
But these, as rude, her breath put by still; some  
Wifelier downwards sought, but falling short  
Curl'd back in rings, and seem'd to turn again  
To bite the part so unkindly held them in.

THAT none beguiled be by time's quick flowing,  
Lovers have in their hearts a clock still going;

For though time be nimble, his motions  
Are quicker  
And thicker

Where love hath its notions:

Hope is the main spring on which moves desire,  
And these do the less wheels, fear, joy inspire;

The balance is thought, evermore  
Clicking

And striking,

And ne'er giving o'er.

Occasion's the hand which still's moving round,  
Till by it the critical hour may be found,

And when that falls out, it will strike

Kisses,

Strange blisses,

And what you best like.

## I.

'Tis now, since I sat down before  
That foolish fort, a heart;  
(Time strangely spent) a year and more,  
And still I did my part:

## II.

Made my approaches, from her hand  
Unto her lip did rise,  
And did already understand  
The language of her eyes.

## III.

Proceeded on with no less art,  
My tongue was engineer;  
I thought to undermine the heart  
By whispering in the ear.

## IV.

When this did nothing, I brought down  
Great cannon oaths, and shot  
A thousand thousand to the town,  
And still it yielded not.

## V.

I then resolv'd to starve the place  
By cutting off all kisses,  
Praising and gazing on her face,  
And all such little blisses.

## VI.

To draw her out, and from her strength,  
I drew all batteries in:  
And brought myself to lie at length  
As if no siege had been.

## VII.

When I had done what man could do,  
And thought the place mine own,

The enemy lay quiet too,  
And smil'd at all was done.

## VIII.

I sent to know from whence and where,  
These hopes, and this relief?  
A spy inform'd, honour was there,  
And did command in chief.

## IX.

March, march, (quoth I) the word straight  
Let's lose no time, but leave her;  
That giant upon air will live,  
And hold it out for ever.

## X.

To such a place our camp remove  
As will not siege abide;  
I hate a fool that starves her love  
Only to feed her pride.

*Upon my Lord BROHALL'S Wedding,*

## DIALOGUE.

## S. B.

IN bed, dull man?  
When love and Hymen's revels are begun,  
And the church ceremonies past and done.

B. Why, who's gone mad to day?

S. Dull heretic, thou woud'st say,

He that is gone to heav'n is gone astray;  
Brohall our gallant friend

Is gone to church, as martyrs to the fire:  
Who marry differ but i' th' end,

Since both do take

The hardest way to what they most desire:  
Nor stay'd he till the formal priest had done,  
But e'er that part was finish'd, his begun:

Which did reveal

The haste and eagerness men have to seal  
That long to tell the money.

A sprig of willow in his hat he wore,  
(The loser's badge and liv'ry heretofore)  
But now so order'd that it may be taken  
By lookers on, forsaking as forsaken:

And now and then

A careless smile broke forth, which spoke his m  
And seem'd to say she might have been more k

When this (dear Jack) I saw  
Thought I

How weak is lovers law?

The bonds made there (like gypsies knots) with  
Are fast and loose, as they that hold them please

But was the fair nymph's praise or power less  
That lead him captive now to happiness?  
'Cause she did not a foreign aid despise,  
But enter'd breaches made by others eyes:

The Gods forbid,

There must be some to shoot and batter down  
Others to force and to take in the town.

To hawks (good Jack) and hen  
There may

Be several ways and arts;

One watches them perchance, and makes them tar  
Another, when they're ready, shews them game



SIR,

**Whether** these lines do find you out,  
 Putting or clearing of a doubt ;  
 (Whether Predelination,  
 Or reconciling Three in One,  
 Or the unriddling how men die,  
 And live at once eternally,  
 Now take you up) know 'tis decreed  
 You straight bestride the College steed.  
 Leave Socinus and the schoolmen.  
 (Which Jack Bond swears do but fool men)  
 And come to town ; 'tis fit you shew  
 Yourself abroad, that men may know  
 (Whate'er some learned men have guest)  
 That Oracles are not yet ceas'd :  
 There you shall find the wit, and wine  
 Flowing alike, and both divine :  
 Dishes, with names not known in books,  
 And leis amongst the College cooks,  
 With sauce so poignant that you need  
 Not stay till hunger bids you feed.  
 The sweat of learned Johnson's brain,  
 And gentle Shakespear's easier strain  
 A hackney-coach conveys you to,  
 In spite of all that rain can do :  
 And for your eighteen-pence you sit  
 The Lord and Judge of all fresh wit.  
 News in one day as much we've here  
 As serves all Windsor for a year ;  
 And which the carrier brings to you,  
 After t' has here been found not true.  
 Then think what company's design'd  
 To meet you here, men so refin'd,  
 Their very common talk at board,  
 Makes wise, or mad, a young Court Lord :  
 And makes him capable to be  
 Umpire in's father's company.  
 Where no disputes nor forc'd defence  
 Of a man's person for his sense  
 Take up the time ; all strive to be  
 Masters of truth, as victory :  
 And were you come, I'd boldly swear  
 A synod might as eas'ly err.

*Against Fruition.*

Fire upon hearts that burn with mutual fire ;  
 I hate two minds that breathe but one desire :  
 Were I to curse th' unhallow'd sort of men,  
 I'd wish them to love, and be lov'd again.  
 Love's a Camellion, that lives on mere air ;  
 And surfeits when it comes to grosser fare :  
 'Tis petty jealousies, and little fears,  
 Hopes join'd with doubts, and joys with April  
 tears,  
 That crown our love with pleasures : These are  
 gone  
 When once we come to full fruition.  
 Like waking in a morning, when all night  
 Our fancy has been fed with true delight.  
 Oh ! what a stroke 'twou'd be ! Sure I shou'd die,  
 Shou'd I but hear my mistress once say, I.

VOL. III,

That monster Expectation feeds too high  
 For any woman e'er to satisfy :  
 And no brave spirit ever car'd for that  
 Which in down beds with ease he cou'd come at,  
 She's but an honest whore that yields, although  
 She be as cold as ice, as pure as snow :  
 He that enjoys her has no more to say,  
 But keep us fasting if you'll have us pray.  
 Then, fairest Mistress, hold the power you have,  
 By still denying what we still do crave :  
 In keeping us in hopes strange things to see  
 That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.

*A Ballad upon a Wedding.*

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,  
 Where I the rarest things have seen :  
 Oh things without compare !  
 Such sights again cannot be found  
 In any place on English ground,  
 Be it at wake, or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way  
 Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,  
 There is a house with stairs ;  
 And there did I see coming down  
 Such folks as are not in our town,  
 Vorty at least, in pairs.

Among'st the rest, one pest'ient fine,  
 (His beard no bigger though than thine)  
 Walk'd on before the rest :  
 Our landlord looks like nothing to him :  
 The king (God bless him) 'twou'd undo him ;  
 Shou'd he go still so dress'd.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,  
 He should have first been taken out  
 By all the maids i' th' town :  
 Though lusty Roger there had been,  
 Or little George upon the green,  
 Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was going  
 To make an end of all his wooing ;  
 The parson for him staid :  
 Yet by his leave, for all his haste,  
 He did not so much wish all past  
 (Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid—and thereby hangs a tale——  
 For such a maid no Whitson ale  
 Could ever yet produce :  
 No grape that's kindly ripe, could be  
 So round, so plump, so soft as she,  
 Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
 Wou'd not stay on which they did bring,  
 It was too wide a peck :  
 And to say truth (for out it must)  
 It look'd like the great collar (just)  
 About our young colt's neck.



Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
Like little mice stole in and out,  
As if they fear'd the light :  
But oh ! she dances such a way !  
No fun upon an Easter Day,  
Is half so fine a fight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or twice,  
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,  
She wou'd not do't in fight ;  
And then she look'd as who shou'd say  
I will do what I list to day ;  
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No dairy makes comparison,  
(Who sees them is undone)  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
Such as are on a Katherine pear,  
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin  
Compar'd to that was next her chin,  
Some bee had stung it newly,  
But (Dick) her eyes so guard her face,  
I durst no more upon them gaze,  
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,  
Thoud'it swear her teeth her words did break,  
That they might passage get,  
But she so handled still the matter,  
They came as good as ours, or better,  
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,  
The parson himself had guilty been,  
She look'd that day so purely :  
And did the youth so oft the feat  
At night, as some did in conceit,  
It would have spoil'd him, surely.

Passion o'me ! how I run on !  
'There's that that wou'd be thought upon,  
I trow ; besides the bride.  
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,  
For it is fit that men should eat ;  
Nor was it there deny'd.

Just in the nick the cock knock'd thrice,  
And all the waiters in a trice  
His summons did obey,  
Each serving-man with dish in hand,  
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,  
Presented and away.

When all the meat was on the table,  
What man of knife, or teeth, was able  
To stay to be entreated :  
And this the very reason was,  
Before the parson could say grace,  
The company was seated.

How hats fly off, and youths carouse ;  
Healths first go round, and then the house,  
The bride's came thick and thick ;

And when 'twas nam'd another's health,  
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,  
And who could help it, that !

O th' sudden up they rise and dance ;  
Then sit again, and sigh and glance :  
Then dance again and kiss,  
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,  
Whilst ev'ry woman wish'd her place,  
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside  
To counsel and undress the bride ;  
But that he must not know ;  
But yet 'twas thought he guess her mood,  
And did not mean to stay behind  
Above an hour or so.

When in he came (Dick) there she lay,  
Like new-fall'n snow melting away,  
'Twas time, I trow, to part.  
Kisses were now the only stay,  
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd say,  
Good by'y, with all my heart.

But just as heav'n's wou'd have to cross it,  
In came the bride-maids with the posset :  
The bridegroom eat in spite ;  
For had he left the women to't  
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't,  
Which were too much that night.

At length the candles out ; and now,  
All that they had not done, they do :  
What that is, who can tell ?  
But I believe it was no more  
Than thou and I have done before  
With Bridget, and with Nell.

My dearest rival, lest our love  
Should with excentric motion move,  
Before it learn to go astray,  
We'll teach and set it in a way ;  
And such directions give unto't,  
That it shall never wander foot.  
Know first then, we will serve as true  
For one poor smile, as we wou'd do  
If we had what our higher fame,  
Or our vainer wish cou'd frame.  
Impossible shall be our hope ;  
And love shall only have his scope  
To join with fancy now and then,  
And think what reason wou'd condemn :  
And on these grounds we'll love as true,  
As if they were most sure t' ensue :  
And chaste for these things we'll stay,  
As if to-morrow were the day.  
Meantime we two will teach our hearts  
In love's burdens to bear their parts :  
Thou first shalt sigh, and say she's fair ;  
And I'll still answer, past compare,



Thou shalt set out each part o' th' face,  
 While I extol each little grace;  
 Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit;  
 And I, that she so governs it.  
 Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,  
 That lip, that look, that majesty;  
 And in good language them adore:  
 While I want words, and do it more.  
 Yea, we will sit and sigh a while,  
 And with soft thoughts some time beguile;  
 But straight again break out, and praise  
 All we had done before, new ways.  
 Thus will we do, till paler death  
 Come with a warrant for our breath;  
 And then whose fate shall be to die  
 First of us two, by legacy  
 Shall all his store bequeath, and give  
 His love to him that shall survive:  
 For no one stock can ever serve  
 To love so much as she'll deserve.

## SONG.

I.

HONEST lover whosoever,  
 If in all thy love there ever  
 Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame  
 Were not still even, still the same:  
 Know this,  
 Thou lov'st amiss,  
 And to love true,  
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

II.

If, when she appears i' th' room,  
 Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb;  
 And in striving this to cover  
 Dost not speak thy words twice over,  
 Know this,  
 Thou lov'st amiss,  
 And to love true,  
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

III.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,  
 And all defects for graces take,  
 Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,  
 When she has little or nothing spoken:  
 Know this,  
 Thou lov'st amiss,  
 And to love true,  
 Thou must begin again, and love anew,

IV.

If when thou appear'st to be within,  
 Thou let'st not men ask and ask again;  
 And when thou answer'st, if it be  
 To what was ask'd thee properly,  
 Know this,  
 Thou lov'st amiss,  
 And to love true,  
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

V.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,  
 Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;

And with much gazing on her face  
 Dost not rise hungry from the place,  
 Know this,  
 Thou lov'st amiss,  
 And to love true,  
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

VI.

If by this thou dost discover  
 That thou art no perfect lover,  
 And desiring to love true,  
 Thou dost begin to love anew:  
 Know this,  
 Thou lov'st amiss,  
 And to love true,  
 Thou must begin again, and love anew.

*Upon two Sisters.*

BELIEVE'T, young man, I can as eas'ly tell,  
 How many yards, and inches 'tis to hell;  
 Unriddle all predetermination,  
 Or the nice points we now dispute upon.  
 Had the three Goddesses been just as fair,  
 It had not been so easily decided,  
 And sure the apple must have been divided:  
 It must, it must; he's impudent, dares say  
 Which is the handsomer till one's away.  
 And it was necessary it should be so;  
 Wise Nature did foresee it, and did know  
 When she had fram'd the eldest, that each heart  
 Must at the first sight feel the blind God's dart:  
 And sure as can be, had she made but one,  
 No plague had been more sure destruction;  
 For we had lik'd, lov'd, burnt to ashes too,  
 In half the time that we are choosing now:  
 Variety, and equal objects make  
 The busy eye still doubtful which to take;  
 This lip, this hand, this foot, this eye, this face,  
 The other's body, gesture, or her grace:  
 And whilst we thus dispute which of the two,  
 We unresolv'd go out, and nothing do.  
 He sure is happy'st that his hopes of either,  
 Next him is he that sees them both together.

*To his Rival.*

Now we have taught our love to know  
 That it must creep where't cannot go,  
 And be for once content to live,  
 Since here it cannot have to thrive;  
 It will not be amiss t' inquire  
 What fuel thou'd maintain the fire:  
 For fires do either flame too high,  
 Or where they cannot flame, they die.  
 First then (my half but better heart)  
 Know this must wholly be her part;  
 (For thou and I, like clocks, are wound  
 Up to the height, and must move round)  
 She then by still denying what  
 We fondly crave, shall such a rate



Set on each trifle, that a kiss  
 Shall come to be the utmost bliss.  
 Where sparks and fire do meet with tinder,  
 Those sparks mere fire will still engender :  
 To make this good, no debt shall be  
 From service or fidelity ;  
 For she shall ever pay that score,  
 By only bidding us do more :  
 So, though she still a niggard be,  
 In gracing, where none's due, she's free :  
 The favours she shall cast on us,  
 Lest we shou'd grow presumptuous,  
 Shall not with too much love be shewn,  
 Nor yet the common way still done ;  
 But ev'ry smile and little glance  
 Shall look half lent, and half by chance :  
 The ribbon, fan, or muff, that she  
 Wou'd shou'd be kept by thee or me,  
 Shou'd not be giv'n before too many,  
 But neither thrown to's, when there's any ;  
 So that herself should doubtful be  
 Whether 'twere fortune flung't, or she.  
 She shall not like the thing we do  
 Sometimes, and yet shall like it too ;  
 Nor any notice take at all  
 Of what, we gone, she wou'd extol :  
 Love she shall feed, but fear to nourish,  
 For where fear is, love cannot flourish ;  
 Yet live it must, nay, must and shall,  
 While Desdemona is at all ;  
 But when she's gone, then love shall die,  
 And in her grave shall buried lie.

*Farewell to Love.*

I.  
 WELL shadow'd landskip, fare-ye-well ;  
 How I have lov'd you, none can tell,  
     At least so well  
     As he that now hates more  
     Than e'er he lov'd before.

II.  
 But my dear nothings, take your leave,  
 No longer must you me deceive,  
     Since I perceive  
     All the deceit, and know  
     Whence the mistake did grow.

III.  
 As he whose quicker eye do's trace  
 A false star shot to a mark'd place,  
     Do's run apace,  
     And thinking it to catch,  
     A gelly up does snatch.

IV.  
 So our dull souls tasting delight  
 Far off, by sense, and appetite,  
     Think that is right  
     And real good ; when yet  
     ' Tis but the counterfeit.

V.  
 Oh ! how I glory now, that I  
 Have made this new discovery !  
     Each wanton eye

Enflam'd before : no more  
 Will I increase that score.

VI.

If I gaze, now, 'tis but to see  
 What manner of death's-head 'twill be,  
     When it is free  
     From that fresh upper skin ;  
     The gazers joy, and sin.

VII.

The gum and glist'ning which with art  
 And study'd method, in each part  
     Hangs down the heart,  
     Looks just as if that day  
     Snails there had crawl'd the bay.

VIII.

The locks, that curl'd o'er each ear be,  
 Hang like two master worms to me,  
     That, as we see  
     Have tasted to the rest  
     Two holes, where they lik'd best.

IX.

A quick course methinks I spy  
 In ev'ry woman ; and mine eye,  
     At passing by,  
     Check, and is troubled, just  
     As if it rose from dust.

X.

They mortify, not heighten me ;  
 These of my sins the glasses be :  
     And here I see  
     How I have lov'd before,  
     And so I love no more.

*The Invocation.*

Ye juster powers of love and fate  
 Give me the reason why  
     A lover crost,  
     And all hopes lost,  
     May not have leave to die.

It is but just, and love needs must  
 Confess it is his part,  
     When he does spie,  
     One wounded lie,  
     To pierce the other's heart.

But yet if he so cruel be  
 To have one breast to hate,  
     If I must live,  
     And thus survive,  
     How far more cruel's Fate ?

In this same state I find too late  
 I am ; and here's the grief :  
     Cupid can cure,  
     Death heal I'm sure,  
     Yet neither sends relief.

To live or die, beg only I,  
 Just powers some end me give ;  
     And traitor-like,  
     Thus force me not  
     Without a heart to live,



*Sir J. S.*

I.

Out upon it, I have lov'd.  
Three whole days together;  
And am like to love three more,  
If it prove fair weather.

II.

Time shall mould away his wings  
E'er he shall discover  
In the wide world again  
Such a constant lover.

III.

But the spite on't is, no praise  
Is due at all to me:  
Love with me had made no staies,  
Had it any been but she.

IV.

Had it any been but she,  
And that very face,  
There had been at least e'er this  
A dozen dozen in her place.

*Sir TOBY MATHEWS.*

I.

SAY, but did you love so long?  
In truth I needs must blame you:  
Passion did your judgment wrong.  
Or want of reason shame you.

II.

But, time's fair and witty daughter,  
Shortly shall discover,  
Y'are a subject fit for laughter,  
And more fool than lover.

III.

But I grant you merit praise  
For your constant folly:  
Since you devoted three whole days,  
Were you not melancholy?

IV.

She to whom you prov'd so true,  
And that very very face,  
Puts each minute such as you  
A dozen dozen to disgrace.

*Love turn'd to Hatred.*

I WILL not love one minute more, I swear,  
No not a minute; not a sigh or tear  
Thou gett'st from me, or one kind look again,  
Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st  
begin,

I will not think of thee but as men do  
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too:  
For thy like woman shall be now to me  
Less welcome, than at midnight ghosts shall be:  
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be  
Treason to love that man that loves a she;  
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,  
That's in thy sex, because it does lie there;

Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,  
And all for thee; what, wilt thou love me yet?

*The Careless Lover.*

NEVER believe me if I love,  
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;  
And yet in faith I lie, I do,  
And she's extremely handsome too;  
She's fair, she's wond'rous fair,  
But I care not who knows it,  
E'er I'll die for love, I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,  
My foolish heart could never bear:  
One sigh imprison'd ruins more  
Than earthquakes have done heretofore:  
She's fair, &c.

When I am hungry I do eat,  
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat;  
Nor with much gazing on her face,  
Do e'er rise hungry from the place:  
She's fair, &c.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,  
To this and t'other friend I drink;  
And if 'tis nam'd another's health,  
I never make it her's by stealth:  
She's fair, &c.

Blackfriars to me, and old Whitehall;  
Is even as much as is the fall  
Of fountains on a pathless grove,  
And nourishes as much as my love:  
She's fair, &c.

I visit, talk, do business, play,  
And for a need laugh out a day:  
Who does not thus in Cupid's school,  
He makes not love, but plays the fool:  
She's fair, &c.

*Love and Debt alike troublesome.*

THIS one request I make to him that sits the clouds  
above,  
That I were freely out of debt, as I am out of love;  
Then for to dance, to drink and sing, I shou'd be  
very willing;  
I should not owe one lass a kiss, nor ne'er a knave  
a shilling.  
'Tis only being in love and debt, that breaks us  
of our rest.  
And he that is quite out of both, of all the world  
is blest:  
He sees the golden age wherein all things were  
free and common;  
He eats, he drinks, he takes his rest, he fears no  
man nor woman.



Though Cræsus compassed great wealth, yet he  
 still craved more,  
 He was as needy a beggar still, as goes from door  
 to door.  
 Though Ovid was a merry man, love ever kept  
 him sad; [mad.  
 He was as far from happiness, as one that is stark  
 Our merchant he in goods is rich, and full of gold  
 and treasure;  
 But when he thinks upon his debts, that thought  
 destroys his pleasure.  
 Our courtier thinks that he's preferr'd, whom  
 every man envies;  
 When Love so rumbles in his pate, no sleep comes  
 in his eyes.  
 Our gallant's case is worst of all, he lies so just  
 betwixt them;  
 For he's in love, and he's in debt, and knows not  
 which most vex him.  
 But he that can eat beef, and feed on bread which  
 is so brown,  
 May satisfy his appetite, and owe no man a crown:  
 And he that is content with lasses clothed in plain  
 woollen;  
 May cool his heat in every place, he need not to  
 be fullen,  
 Nor sigh for love of lady fair; for this each wise  
 man knows, [clothes.  
 As good stuff under flannel lies, as under silken

## SONG.

I pray thee send me back my heart,  
 Since I cannot have thine:  
 For if from yours you will not part,  
 Why then shouldst thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,  
 To find it were in vain.  
 For thou'lt a thief in either eye  
 Would steal it back again,

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,  
 And yet not lodge together?  
 Oh Love! where is thy sympathy.  
 If thus our breasts thou sever?

Put love is such a mystery  
 I cannot find it out:  
 For when I think I'm best resolv'd,  
 I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,  
 I will no longer pine:  
 For I'll believe I have her heart,  
 As much as she has mine.

*To a Lady that refused to love before Company.*

What is more favour'd of a ribbon more,  
 Not for no mist to hold as a net more?

Must all the little blisses then be left,  
 And what was once love's gift, become our theft?  
 May we not look ourselves into a trance,  
 Teach our souls parley at our eyes, not glance,  
 Not touch the hand, not by soft wringing them,  
 Whisper a love that only yes can hear?  
 Not free a sigh, a sigh that's there for you,  
 Dear must I love you, and not love you too?  
 Be wise, nice fair; for sooner shall they trace  
 The feather'd cheristers from place to place,  
 By prints they make in th' air, and sooner by  
 By what right line the last star made his way  
 That fled from heav'n to earth, than guess to  
 know  
 How our loves first did spring, or how they grow.  
 Love is all spirit, fairies sooner may  
 Be taken tardy, when they night-tricks play,  
 Than we, we are too dull and lumpish rather,  
 Wou'd they cou'd find us both in bed together.

*The Guiltless Inconstant.*

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,  
 Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;  
 Since like the tinder in my breast it lies,  
 By every sparkle made a sacrifice,  
 Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,  
 And that is free to all which was entire,  
 Desiring more by the desire I lost,  
 As those that in consumptions linger most.  
 And now my wandring thoughts are not confin'd  
 Unto one woman, but to womankind:  
 This for her shape I love, that for her face;  
 This for her gesture, or some other grace:  
 And where that none of all these things I find,  
 I choose her by the kernel not the rhind:  
 And so I hope, since my first hope is gone,  
 To find in many what I lost in one;  
 And like to merchants after some great loss,  
 Trade by retail, that cannot do in gross.  
 The fault is here that made me go astray,  
 He needs must wander that has lost his way:  
 Guiltless I am; she does this change provoke,  
 And made that charcoal, which to her was oak.  
 And as a looking-glass from the aspect,  
 Whilst it is whole, does but one face reflect,  
 But being crackt or broken, there are grown  
 Many less faces, where there was but one:  
 So love unto my heart did first prefer  
 Her image, and there placed none but her;  
 But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn,  
 Many less faces in her place are born.

*Love's Representation.*

LEAVING her hand upon my breast,  
 There on love's bed she lay to rest;  
 My panting heart rock'd her asleep,  
 My heedful eyes the watch did keep,  
 Then love by me being harbour'd there,  
 Chose Hope to be his harbinger;



Desire, his rival, kept the door;  
 For this of him I begg'd no more,  
 But that, our mistress t' entertain,  
 Some pretty fancy he wou'd frame,  
 And represent it in a dream,  
 Of which myself should give the theme.  
 Then first these thoughts I bid him show;  
 Which only he and I did know,  
 Array'd in duty and respect,  
 And not in fancies that reflect;  
 Then those of value next present,  
 Approv'd by all the world's consent;  
 But to distinguish mine asunder,  
 Apparell'd they must be in wonder.  
 Such a device then I would have,  
 As service, not reward, should crave,  
 Attir'd in spotless innocence,  
 Not self-respect, nor no pretence:  
 Then such a faith I would have shown,  
 As heretofore was never known,  
 Cloth'd with a constant clear intent,  
 Professing always as it meant.  
 And if love no such garments have,  
 My mind a wardrobe is so brave,  
 That there sufficient he may see  
 To clothe impossibility.  
 Then beamy setters he shall find,  
 By admiration subt'ly twin'd,  
 That will keep fast the wantonest thought,  
 That e'er imagination wrought:  
 There he shall find of joy a chain,  
 Fram'd by despair of her disdain,  
 So curiously that it can't tie  
 The smallest hopes that thoughts now spie.  
 There acts as glorious as the sun,  
 Are by her veneration spun,  
 In one of which I wou'd have brought  
 A pure unspotted abstract thought.  
 Considering her as she is good,  
 Not in her frame of flesh and blood.  
 These atonis then, all in her sight,  
 I bade him join, that so he might  
 Discern between true love's creation,  
 And that love's form that's now in fashion.  
 Love, granting unto my request,  
 Began to labour in my breast;  
 But with the motion he did make,  
 It heav'd so high that she did wake.  
 Blush'd at the favour she had done,  
 Then smil'd, and then away did run.

## S O N G.

THE crafty boy, that had full oft essay'd  
 To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,  
 But still the bluntness of his darts betray'd,  
 Resolv'd at last of setting up his rest,  
 Either my wild unruly heart to tame,  
 Or quit his godhead, and his bow disclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,  
 All his sweet motions, all his taking smiles;  
 All that awakes, all that inflames desires,  
 All that sweetly commads, all that beguiles,

He does into one pair of eyes convey,  
 And there begleave that he himself may stay.

And there he brings me, where his ambush lay  
 Secure, and careless to a stranger land:  
 And never warning me, which was foul play,  
 Does make me close by all this beauty stand.  
 Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,  
 To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess,  
 The blind lad's pow'r, whilst he inhabits there;  
 But I'll be even with him nevertheless,  
 If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere.  
 If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,  
 I'll fly to her's as to a sanctuary.

*Upon the black Spots worn by my Lady D. R.*

MADAM,  
 I know your heart cannot so guilty be,  
 That you should wear those spots for vanity;  
 Or as your beauties trophies, put on one  
 For every murder which your eyes have done;  
 No, they're your mourning-weeds for hearts for-  
 lorn; [scorn]  
 Which though you must not love, you could not  
 To whom since cruel honour does deny  
 Those joys could only cure their misery;  
 Yet you this noble way to grace 'em found,  
 Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has  
 crown'd:  
 Of which take heed you prove not prodigal,  
 For if to every common funeral,  
 By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allow'd,  
 Your face wou'd wear not patches, but a cloud.

## S O N G.

If you refuse me once, and think again,  
 I will complain  
 You are deceiv'd; love is no work of art,  
 It must be got and born,  
 Not made and worn,  
 By every one that has a heart.

Or do you think they more than once can die,  
 Whom you deny.  
 Who tell you of a thousand deaths a day,  
 Like the old poets feign  
 And tell the pain  
 They met, but in the common way.

Or do you think't too soon to yield,  
 And quit the field.  
 Nor is that right they yield that first entreat;  
 Once one may crave for love,  
 But more would prove  
 This heart too little, that too great.



Oh! that I were all soul, that I might prove  
     For you as fit a love,  
 As you are for an angel; for I know  
 None but pure spirits are fit loves for you.  
 You are all etherial, there's in you no dross,  
     Nor any part that's gross,  
 Your courtest part is like a curious lawn,  
 The vestal relics for a covering drawn.

Your other parts, part of the purest fire  
     That e'er heav'n did inspire;  
 Make every thought that is refin'd by it,  
     A quintessence of goodness and of wit.

Thus have your raptures reach'd to that degree  
     In love's philosophy,  
 That you can figure to yourself a fire  
 Void of all heat, a love without desire.

Nor in divinity do you go less,  
     You think, and you profess,  
 That souls may have a plenitude of joy,  
 Although their bodies meet not to employ.

But I must needs confess, I do not find  
     The motions of my mind  
 So purify'd as yet, but at the best  
 My body claims in them an interest.

I hold that perfect joy makes all our parts  
     As joyful as our hearts.  
 Our senses tell us, if we please not them,  
 Our love is but a dotage or a dream.

How shall we then agree? You may descend,  
     But will not, to my end.  
 I fain would tune my fancy to your key,  
 But cannot reach to that obstructed way.

There rests but this, that whilst we sorrow here  
     Our bodies may draw near:  
 And when no more their joys they can extend,  
 Then let our souls begin where they did end.

---

*Proser's Love Rej. Ret.*

It is not four years ago,  
 I offer'd forty crowns,  
 To lie with her a night or so:  
 She answer'd me in frowns.

Not two years since, she meeting me  
 Did whisper in my ear,  
 That she would at my service be,  
 If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as snow,  
 And had no great desire;  
 But should be well content to go  
 To twenty, but no higher.

Some three months since, or thereabout,  
 She that so coy had been,

Bethought herself, and found me out,  
 And was content to sin.

I smil'd at that, and told her, I  
 Did think it something late:  
 And that I'd not repentance buy,  
 At above-half the rate.

This present morning early she,  
 Forsooth, came to my bed,  
 And *gratis* there she offer'd me  
 Her high-priz'd maiden-head.

I told her that I thought it then  
 Far dearer than I did,  
 When I at first the forty crowns  
 For one night's lodging bid.

---

*Disdain.*

I.  
 A quoy servent d' artifices  
 Et serments aux vents jettez,  
 Si vos amours et vos services  
 Me sont des importunités?

II.  
 L'amour a d'autres vœux m'appelle,  
 Entendez jamais rien de moy,  
 Ne pensez nous rendre infidèle,  
 A me tesmoignant vostre foy.

III.  
 L'amant qui mon amour possède  
 Est trop plein de perfection,  
 Et doublement il vous excède  
 De merit et d'affection.

IV.  
 Je ne puis estre refroidie,  
 Ni rompre un cordage si doux.  
 Ni le rompre sans perfidie,  
 En d'estre perfidi pour vous.

V.  
 Vos attentes sont toutes en vain,  
 Le vous dire est nous obliger,  
 Pour vous faire epergner vos peines  
 Du vous et du temps mesnager.

---

*Engl's thus:*

I.  
 To what end serve the promises  
 And oaths lost in the air?  
 Since all your proffer'd services  
 To me but tortures are.

II.  
 Another now enjoys my love,  
 Set you your heart at rest:  
 Think not me from my faith to move,  
 Because you faith protest.

III.  
 The man that does possess my heart,  
 Has twice as much perfection,



And does excel you in desert,  
As much as in affection.

iv.

I cannot break so sweet a bond,  
Unless I prove untrue :  
Nor can I ever be so fond,  
To prove untrue for you.

v.

Your attempts are but in vain,  
To tell you is a favour :  
For things that may be, rack your brain ;  
Then lose not thus your labour.

LUTEA ALLANSON.

*Si sola es, nulla es.*

THOUGH you, Diana-like, have liv'd still chaste,  
Yet must you not, fair, die a maid at last ;  
The rose on your cheeks were never made  
To blest the eye alone, and so to fade ;  
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being  
To please no other sense than that of seeing :  
You were not made to look on, though that be  
A bliss too great for poor mortality :  
In that alone those rarer parts you have,  
To better uses sure wise Nature gave,  
Than that you put 'em to ; to love, to wed,  
For Hymen's rights, and for the marriage-bed  
You were ordain'd, and not to lie alone ;  
One is no number, 'till that two be one.  
To keep a maidenhead but 'till fifteen,  
Is worse than murder, and a greater sin,  
Than to have lost it in the lawful sheets,  
With one that should want skill to reap those  
sweet :

But not to lose't at all, by Venus, this,  
And by her son, inexorable is ;  
And should each female guilty be o' th' crime,  
The world would have its end before its time.

*Perjury Excus'd.*

ALAS it is too late ! I can no more  
Love now, than I have lov'd before :  
My Flora, 'tis my fate, not I ;  
And what you call contempt, is destiny.  
I am no monster sure, I cannot shew  
'Two hearts one I already owe :  
And I have bound myself with oaths, and  
vow'd  
Oftner, I fear, than heaven has e'er allow'd,  
'That faces now should work no more on me,  
Than if they could not charm, or I not see.  
And shall I break 'em ? that I think you can  
Love, if I could, so foul a perjurd man ;  
Oh no, 'tis equally impossible that I  
Should love again, or you love perjury.

A S O N G.

HAST thou seen the down in the air,  
When wanton blasts have tost it ?  
Or the ship on the sea,  
When ruder winds have crost it ?  
Hast thou mark'd the crocodiles weeping,  
Or the foxes sleeping ?  
Or hast thou view'd the peacock in his pride,  
Or the dove by his bride,  
When he courts for his leachery ?  
Oh ! so fickle, oh ! so vain, oh ! so false, so false  
is she !

*Upon T. C. having the P.*

TROTH, Tom, I must confess I much admire  
Thy water should find passage through the fire :  
For fire and water never could agree,  
These now by nature have some sympathy :  
Sure then his way he forces ; for all know  
The French ne'er grants a passage to his foe :  
If it be so, his valour I must praise,  
That being the weaker, yet can force his ways ;  
And wish, that to his valour he had strength,  
That he might drive the fire quite out, at length :  
For, troth, as yet the fire gets the day.  
For evermore the water runs away

*Upon the first sight of my LADY SEIMOUR.*

WONDER not much if thus amaz'd I look,  
Since I saw you, I have been planet-struck :  
A beauty, and so rare I did descry,  
As should I set her forth, you all, as I,  
Would lose your hearts ; for he that can  
Know her and live, he must be more than man.  
An apparition of so sweet a creature,  
That, credit me, she had not any feature  
That did not speak her angel. But no more  
Such heavenly things as these we must adore,  
Nor prattle of ; lest when we do but touch,  
Or strive to know, we wrong her too too much.

*Upon L. M. Weeping.*

WHOEVER was the cause your tears were shed,  
May these my curses light upon his head :  
May he be first in love, and let it be  
With a most known and black deformity,  
Nay, far surpass all witches that have been  
Since our first parents taught us how to sin !  
Then let this hag be coy, and he run mad  
For that which no man else would e'er have had :  
And in this fit may he commit the thing  
May him impenitent to th'allows bring !  
Then might he for one tear his pardon have,  
But want that single grief his life to save !



*A Pedlar of Small Wares.*

A PEDLAR I am, that take great care  
And mickle pains for to sell small ware:  
I had need so, when women do buy,  
That in small wares trade so unwillingly.

*L. W.* A looking-glass, will please you much more,  
buy,  
A rare one 'tis indeed; for in it I  
Can shew what all the world besides can't do,  
A face like to your own, so fair, so true.

*L. E.* For you a girdle, madam; but I doubt me  
Nature has order'd there's no waste about ye:  
Pray therefore be but pleas'd to search my pack,  
There's no ware that I have that you shall lack.

*L. E. L. M.* You ladies, want you pins? If  
that you do,  
I have those will enter, and that stily too:  
Its time you choose in troth, you will bemoan  
Too late your tarrying, when my pack's once gone.

*L. B. L. A.* As for you ladies, there are those  
behind  
Whose ware perchance may better take your mind;  
One cannot please ye all; the Pedlar will draw  
back, [knack.  
And wish against himself, that you may have the

*An Answer to some Verses made in his Praise.*

THE ancient poets, and their learned rhimes,  
We still admire in these our latter times,  
And celebrate their fames. Thus though they die,  
Their names can never taste mortality:  
Blind Homer's muse, and Virgil's stately verse,  
While any live, shall never need a hearse.  
Since then to these such praise was justly due  
For what they did, what shall be said to you?  
These had their helps; they write of Gods and  
Kings,  
Of temples, battles, and such gallant things:  
But you of nothing; how could you have writ,  
Had you but chose a subject to your wit?  
To praise Achilles, or the Trojan crew,  
Shew'd little art, for praise was but their due.  
To say she's fair that's fair, this is no pains:  
He shews himself most poet, that most feigns:  
To find our virtues strangely hid in me;  
Ay there's the art, and learned poetry!  
To make one striding of a barbed steed,  
Prancing a stately round: I use indeed  
To ride Bat Jewel's jade; this is the skill,  
This shews the poet wants not wit at will.  
I must admire aloof, and for my part  
Be well contented, since you do't with art.

*Love's Burning-Glass.*

Wondering how long I could harmless see  
Men gazing on those beams that fired me;

At last I found, it was the crystal love  
Before my heart, that did the heat imbue  
Which by contracting of those scatter'd  
Into itself, did so produce my blaze.  
Now lighted by my love, I see the same  
Beam dazzle through; that we are wont  
And now I bless my love, when I do this  
By how much I had rather burn than  
But how much happier were it thus to  
If I had liberty to choose my urn?  
But since those beams do promise only  
This flame shall purge me of the dross, and

*The Miracle.*

If thou be'st ice, I do admitte  
How thou could'st set my heart on fire;  
Or how thy fire could kindle me,  
Thou being ice, and not melt thee;  
But even my flames, light at thy own,  
Have hard'ned thee into a stone!  
Wonder of love! that canst fulfil,  
Inverting nature thus, thy will;  
Making ice one another burn,  
Whilst itself does harder turn.

Εἰ μὴ ἦ μαθὼν  
'Α δὲ μαθὼν;  
Καὶ μὴ μαθὼν  
Καλὸν ἦ εἰ μαθὼν;  
Εἰ δὲ δὲ μαθὼν  
'Α δὲ μαθὼν;  
Τὶ δὲ μαθὼν  
Χρὴ γὰρ μαθὼν.

*Scire si liceret qua debes subire,  
Et non subire, pulchrum est si scire:  
Sed si subire deb-s qua debes scire,  
Quersum vis scire, nam debes subire.*

Englisht thus:

If man might know  
The ill he must undergo,  
And shun it so,  
Then it were good to know:  
But if he undergo it,  
Though he know it,  
What boots him know it?  
He must undergo it.

## A S O N G.

WHEN, dearest, I but think of thee,  
Methinks all things that lovely be  
Are present, and my soul delight'd;  
For beauties that from worth arise,  
Are like the grace of deities,  
Still present with us, though unsight!

Thus whilst I sit, and sigh the day  
With all his borrow'd lights away,



Too soon : For, credit me, 'tis true,  
Men most of all enjoy, when least they do.

---

*A Candle.*

THERE is a thing which in the light  
Is seldom us'd, but in the night  
It serves the maiden female crew,  
The ladies, and the good wives too :  
They use to take it in their hand,  
And then it will uprightly stand ;  
And to a hole they it apply,  
Where by its good will it would die.  
It spends, goes out, and still within  
It leaves its moisture thick and thin.

---

*The Metamorphosis.*

THE little boy, to shew his might and pow'r,  
Turn'd lo to a cow, Narcissus to a flow'r ;  
Transform'd Apollo to a homely swain,  
And Jove himself into a golden rain.  
These shapes were tolerable, but by th' mass  
He's metamorphos'd me into an ass.

---

*To B. C.*

WHEN first, fair mistress, I did see your face,  
I brought, but carried no eyes from the place :  
And since that time god Cupid has me led,  
In hope that once I shall enjoy your bed.  
But I despair ; for now, alas, I find,  
Too late for me, the blind does lead the blind.

---

*Upon Sir JOHN LAURENCE's bringing Water over  
the Hills to my Lord MIDDLESEX's House at  
Witten.*

AND is the water come ? sure't cannot be ;  
It runs too much against philosophy ;  
For heavy bodies to the centre bend,  
Light bodies only naturally ascend.  
How comes this then to pass ? The good knight's  
skill  
Could nothing do without the water's will :  
Then 'twas the water's love that made it flow,  
For love will creep where well it cannot go.

---

*A Barber.*

IAM a barber, and I'd have you know,  
A shaver too, sometimes no mad one though.  
The reason why you see me now thus bare,  
Is 'cause I always trade against the hair :

BUT yet I keep a state ; who comes to me,  
Whoe'er he is, he must uncover'd be,  
When I'm at work, I'm bound to find discourse  
To no great purpose, of great Sweden's force,  
Of Witel, and the burse, and what 'twill cost  
To get that back which was this summer lost.  
So fall to praising of his lordship's hair,  
Ne'er so deform'd, I swear 'tis *juns* compare :  
I tell him that the king's does sit no fuller,  
And yet his is not half so good a colour :  
Then reach a pleasing glass, that's made to lie  
Like to its master, most notoriously :  
And if he must his mistress see that day,  
I with a powder send him straight away.

---

*A Soldier.*

IAM a man of war and might,  
And know thus much, that I can fight,  
Whether I am i' th' wrong or right,  
Devoutly.

NO woman under heav'n I fear,  
New oaths I can exactly swear,  
And forty healths my brains will bear  
Most stoutly.

I cannot speak, but I can do  
As much as any of our crew ;  
And if you doubt it, some of you  
May prove me.

I dare be bold thus much to say,  
If that my bullets do but play,  
You would be hurt so night and day,  
Yet love me.

---

*To my Lady E. C. on her going out of England.*

I MUST confess, when I did part from you,  
I could not force an artificial dew  
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase  
Express how many hundred several ways  
My heart was tortur'd, nor with arms across  
In discontented garbs set forth my loss :  
Such loud expressions many times do come  
From lightest hearts, great griefs are always dumb ;  
The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still ;  
Numbers of painted words may shew much skill ;  
But little anguish and a cloudy face  
Is oft put on, to serve both time and place :  
The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,  
But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,  
And keeps it long : True sorrow's like to wine,  
That which is good does never need a sign.  
My eyes were channels far too small to be  
Conveyers of such floods of misery :  
And so pray think ; or if you'd entertain  
A thought more charitable, suppose some strain  
Of sad repentance had, not long before,  
Quite empty'd for my sins, that wat'ry store.  
So shall you him oblige that still will be  
Your servant to his best ability.







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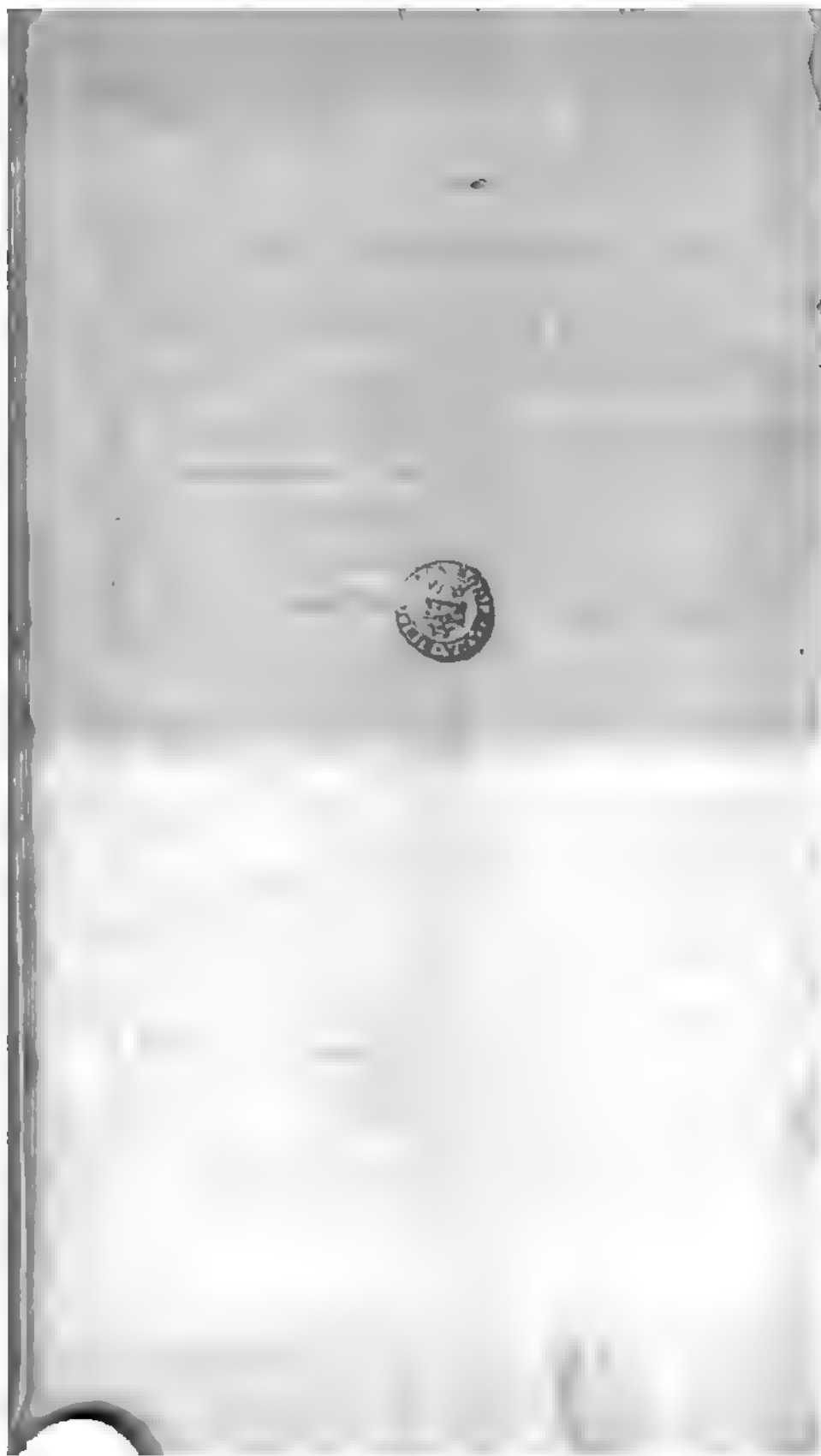
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